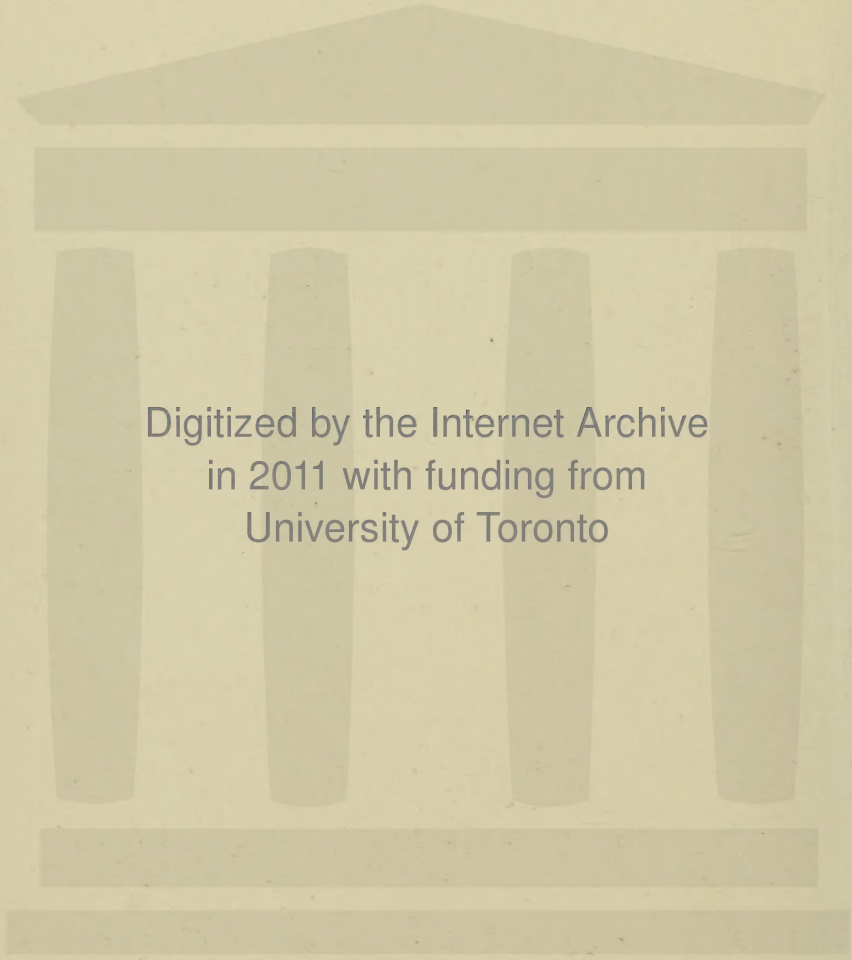
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Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

AUCASSIN SEEKS FOR NICOLETTE.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV JULY, 1903 NO. 1

ROMANCE

By A. M. Davies Ogden

How quaintly sweet the ancient strain
  Of joyous maiden Nicolette;
How she, to find her love again,
  Outslips the guard about her set,
  And treads amid the daisies wet,
With slender feet more white than they.
  How far away she seems—and yet—
These are the loves of yesterday.

His tender Sweetheart to regain,
  Aucassin seeks for Nicolette
Through woodlands green; yet all in vain,
  An eager captive in Love's net;
  And almost jealous of regret,
Till, drawn by Love's imperious sway,
  Within her leafy bower they met—
These are the loves of yesterday.

The sunshine filters through the rain,
  The robins peep at Nicolette;
The stallion strays with loosened chain
  Lest he at double burden fret.
  And many a wandering rivulet
Sings low of love that lives alway
  'Neath summer skies all star inset—
These are the loves of yesterday.

L'Envoi.

Prince, as we ride with Nicolette
  'Mid flow'ring branches white with May,
We smile and sigh and fain forget—
  These are the loves of yesterday.

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Culp's Hill, Gettysburg.

From a photograph taken July, 1863.

GETTYSBURG

By General John B. Gordon

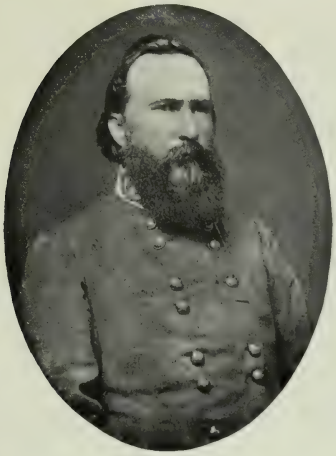
of the Confederate Army

FROM Gettysburg to Appomattox; from the zenith of assurance to the nadir of despair; from the compact ranks, boundless confidence and exultant hopes of as proud and puissant an army as was ever marshalled—to the shattered remnants, withered hopes, and final surrender of that army—such is the track to be followed, describing the Confederacy's declining fortunes and ultimate death. No picture can be drawn by human hand vivid enough to portray the varying hues, the spasmodic changes, the rapidly gathering shadows of the scenes embraced in the culminating period of the great struggle.

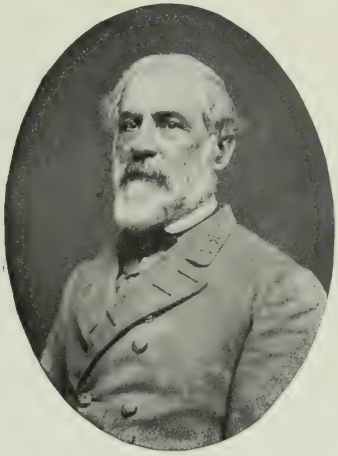
A brief analysis of the reasons for General Lee's crossing of the Potomac is now in order. In the logistics of defensive war, offensive movements are often the wisest strategy. Voltaire has somewhere remarked that "to subsist one's army at the expense of the enemy, to advance on their own ground and force them to retrace their steps—thus rendering strength useless by skill—is regarded as one of the masterpieces of military art."

It would be difficult to group together words more concisely and clearly descriptive of General Lee's purposes in crossing the Potomac, both in '62 and '63. It must be added, however, that while the movement into Maryland in 1862, and into Pennsylvania in 1863, were each defensive in design, they differed in some particulars as to the immediate object which General Lee hoped to accomplish. Each sought to force the Union Army to retrace its steps; "each sought to render strength useless by skill;" but in 1862 there was not so grave a necessity for subsisting his army on Union soil as in 1863. The movement into Maryland was of course a more direct threat upon Washington. Besides, at that period there was still a prevalent belief among Southern leaders that Southern sentiment was strong in Maryland, and that an important victory within her borders might convert the Confederate camps into recruiting stations, and

add materially to the strength of Lee's army. But the Confederate graves which were dug in Maryland's soil vastly outnumbered the Confederate soldiers recruited from her citizens. It would be idle to speculate as to what might have been the effect of a decisive victory by Lee's forces at South Mountain, or Boonesboro, or Antietam—Sharpsburg. The poignancy of disappointment at the small number recruited for our army was intensified by the recognition of the splendid fighting qualities of Maryland soldiers who had previously joined us.



Gen. James Longstreet, C. S. A.



Gen. Robert E. Lee, C. S. A.

The movement into Pennsylvania in 1863 was also, in part at least, a recruiting expedition. We did not expect, it is true, to gather soldiers for our ranks, but beeves for our commissary. For more than two years the effort to fill the ranks of the Southern armies had alarmingly reduced the ranks of Southern producers, with no appreciable diminution in the number of consumers. Indeed, the consumers had materially increased; for while we were not then seeking to encourage Northern immigration, we had a large number of visitors from that and other sections, who were exploring the country under such efficient guides as McClellan, Hooker, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and others. We had, therefore, much need of borrowing supplies from our neighbors beyond the Potomac. The bill of fare of some commands was already very short and by no means appetizing. General Ewell, having exhausted the contents of his larder, thought to replenish it from the surrounding country by a personal raid, and returned after a long and dusty hunt with a venerable ox, which would not have made a morsel, on division, for one per cent. of his command. Ewell's ox had on him, however, that peculiar quality of flesh which is essential in feeding an army on short rations. It was durable—irreducible.

The whole country in the Wilderness and around Chancellorsville, where both Hooker's and Lee's armies had done some foraging, and thence to the Potomac, was well-nigh exhausted. This was true, also, of a large portion of the Piedmont region and of the Valley of Virginia beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains; while the lower valley, along the Shenandoah, had long been the beaten track and alternate camping-ground of both Confederate and Union armies. It had contributed to the support of both armies until it could contribute no more. How to subsist, therefore, was becoming a serious question. The hungry hosts of Israel did not look across Jordan to the vine-clad hills of Canaan with more longing eyes than did Lee's braves contemplate

the yellow grain-fields of Pennsylvania beyond the Potomac.

Again, to defend Richmond by threatening Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia was perhaps the most promising purpose of the Confederate invasion. Incidentally, it was hoped that a defeat of the Union Army in territory so contiguous to these great cities would send gold to such a premium as to cause financial panic in the commercial centres, and induce the great business interests to demand that the war should cease. But the hoped-for victory, with its persuasive influence, did not materialize. Indeed, the presence of Lee's army in Pennsylvania seemed to arouse the North to still greater efforts, as the presence of the Union armies in the South had intensified, if possible, the decision of her people to resist to the last extremity.

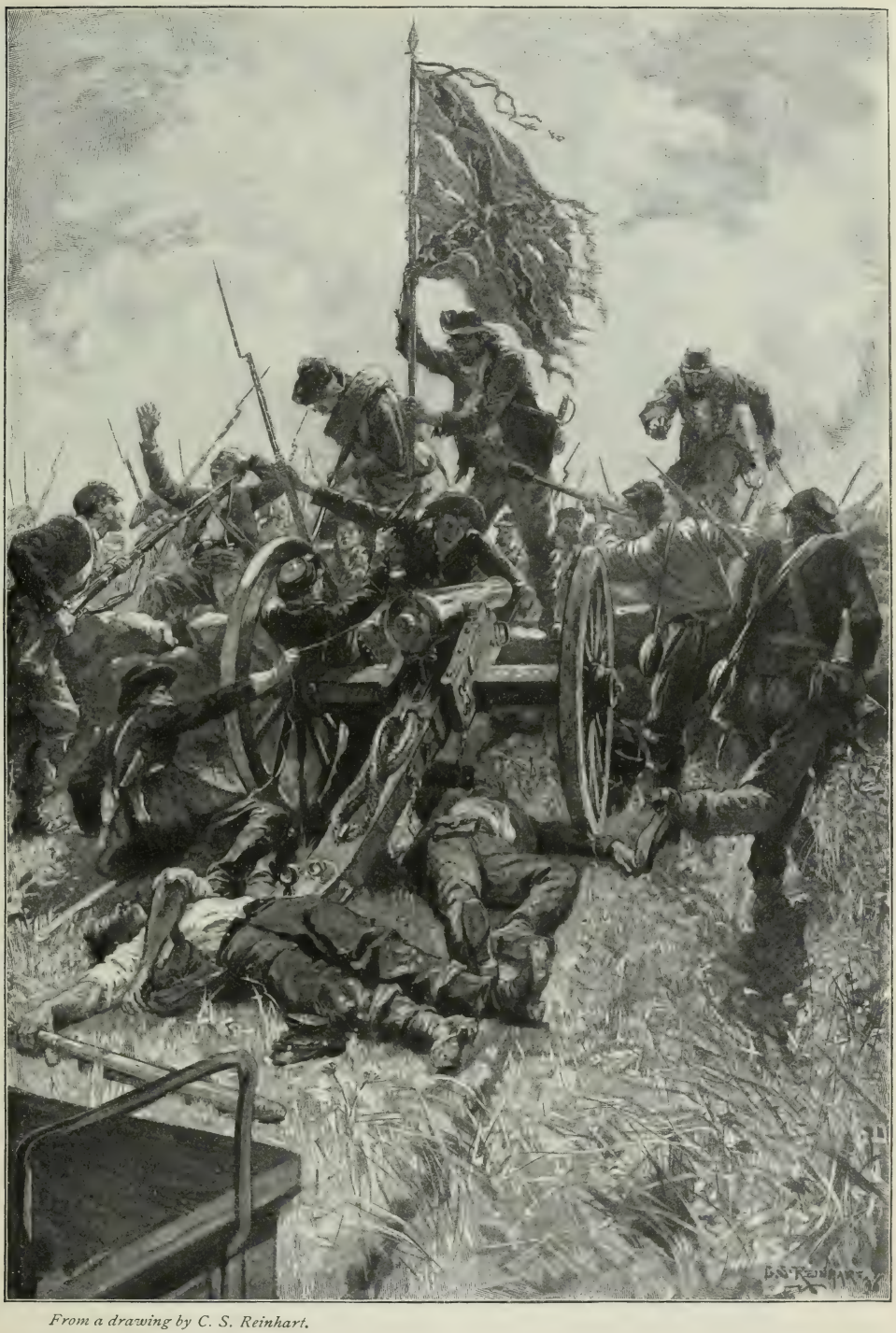


Gen. George E. Pickett, C. S. A.

The appearance of my troops on the flank of General Meade's army during the battle of Gettysburg was not our first approach into that little city, which was to become the turning-point in the Confederacy's fortunes. Having been detached from General Lee's army, my command had, some days prior to the great battle, passed through Gettysburg on our march to the Susquehanna. Upon those now historic hills, I had met a small force of Union soldiers, and had there fought a diminutive battle when the armies of both Meade and Lee were many miles away. When, therefore, my command—which penetrated further, I believe, than any other Confederate infantry into the heart of Pennsylvania—was recalled from the banks of the Susquehanna to take part in the prolonged and stupendous struggle, I expressed to my staff the opinion that if the battle should be fought at Gettysburg, the army which held the heights would probably be the victor. The insignificant encounter I had had on those hills impressed their commanding importance upon me as nothing else could have done.

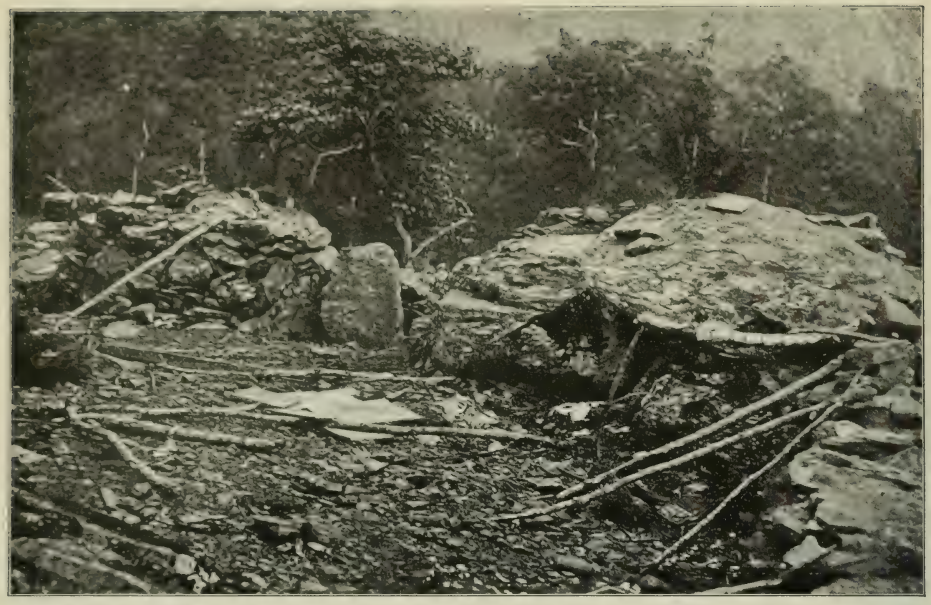
The Valley of Pennsylvania, through which my command marched from Gettysburg to Wrightsville on the Susquehanna, awakened the most conflicting emotions. It was delightful to look upon such a scene of universal thrift and plenty. Its broad grain-fields clad in golden garb were waving their welcome to the reapers and binders. Some fields were already dotted over with harvested shocks. The huge barns on the highest grounds meant to my sore-footed marchers a mount, a ride and a rest on broad-backed horses. On every side, as far as our alert vision could reach, all aspects and conditions conspired to make this fertile and carefully tilled region a panorama both interesting and enchanting. It was a type of the fair and fertile Valley of Virginia at its best, before it became the highway of armies and the ravages of war had left it wasted and bare. This melancholy contrast between these charming districts, so similar in other respects, brought to our Southern sensibilities a touch of sadness. In both these lovely valleys were the big red barns representing in their silent dignity the independence of their owners. In both were the old-fashioned brick or stone mansions, differing in style of architecture and surroundings as Teutonic manners and tastes differ from those of the Cavalier. In both were the broad green meadows with luxuriant grasses and crystal springs.

One of these springs impressed itself on my memory by its marvellous beauty and the unique uses to which its owner had put it. He was a staid and laborious farmer of German descent. With an eye to utility, as well as to the health and convenience of his household, he had built his dining-room immediately over this fountain gushing from a cleft in an



From a drawing by C. S. Reinhart.

High Tide at Gettysburg.



Entrenchments on Little Round Top, Gettysburg.

From a wartime photograph.

underlying rock. My camp for the night was near by, and I accepted his invitation to breakfast with him. As I entered the quaint room, one-half floored with smooth limestone, and the other half covered with limpid water bubbling clear and pure from the bosom of Mother Earth, my amazement at the singular design was perhaps less pronounced than the sensation of rest which it produced. For many days we had been marching on the dusty turnpikes, under a broiling sun, and it is easier to imagine than to describe the feeling of relief and repose which came over me, as we sat in that cool room, with a hot breakfast served from one side, while from the other the frugal housewife dipped cold milk and cream from immense jars standing neck deep in water.

We entered the city of York on Sunday morning. A committee, composed of the Mayor and prominent citizens, met my command on the main pike before we reached the corporate limits, their object being to make a peaceable surrender and ask for protection to life and property. They returned, I think, with a feeling of assured safety. The church bells were ringing, and the streets were filled with well-dressed people. The appearance of these church-going men, women, and children, in their Sunday attire, strangely contrasted with that of my marching soldiers. Begrimed as we were from head to foot with the impalpable gray powder which rose in dense columns from the macadamized pikes and settled in sheets on men, horses, and wagons, it is no wonder that many of York's inhabitants were terror-stricken as they looked upon us. We had been compelled on these forced marches to leave baggage wagons behind us, and there was no possibility of a change of clothing, and no time for brushing uniforms or washing the disfiguring dust from faces, hair, or beard. All these were of the same hideous hue. The grotesque aspect of my troops was accentuated here and there, too, by bare-footed men mounted double upon huge horses with shaggy manes and long fetlocks. Confederate pride, to say nothing of Southern gallantry, was subjected to the sorest trial by the consternation produced among the ladies of York. In my eagerness to relieve the citizens from all apprehension, I had lost sight of the fact that this turnpike powder was no respecter of persons, but that it enveloped all alike—



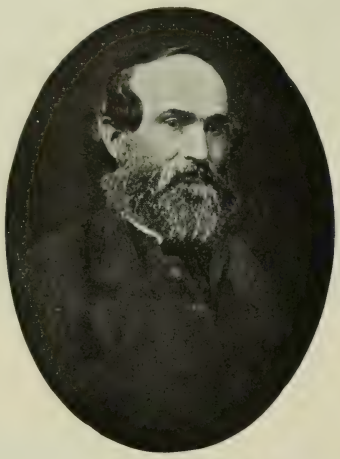
Slaughter pen, foot of Little Round Top, Gettysburg.

From a war-time photograph.

officers as well as privates. Had I realized the wish of Burns, that some power would "the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us," I might have avoided the slight panic created by my effort to allay a larger one. Halting on the main street, where the sidewalks were densely packed, I rode a few rods in advance of my troops, in order to speak to the people from my horse. As I checked him and turned my full dust-begrimed face upon a bevy of young ladies very near me, a cry of alarm came from their midst; but after a few words of assurance from me, quiet and apparent confidence was restored. With my first sentence I assured these ladies that the troops behind me, though ill-clad and travel-stained, were good men and brave; that beneath their rough exteriors were hearts as loyal to women as ever beat in the breasts of honorable men; that their own experience and the experience of their mothers, wives, and sisters at home had taught them how painful was the sight of a hostile army in their town; that under the orders of the Confederate commander-in-chief, both private property and non-combatants were safe; that the spirit of vengeance and of rapine had no place in the bosoms of these dust-covered but knightly men; and I closed by pledging to York the head of any soldier under my command who destroyed private property, disturbed the repose of a single home or insulted a woman.

As we moved along the street after this episode, a little girl, probably twelve years of age, ran up to my horse and handed me a large bouquet of flowers, in the centre of which was a note in delicate hand-writing, purporting to give the numbers and describe the position of the Union forces of Wrightsville, towards which I was advancing. I carefully read and reread this strange note. It bore no signature, and contained no assurance of sympathy for the Southern cause, but it was so terse and explicit in its terms as to compel my confidence. The second day we were in front of Wrightsville, and from the high ridge, on which this note suggested that I halt and examine the position of the Union troops, I eagerly scanned the prospect with my field-glasses, in order to verify the truth of the mysterious communication or detect its misrepresentations. There, in full view before us, was the town, just as described, nestling on the banks of the Susquehanna. There was the blue line of soldiers guarding the approach, drawn

up as indicated, along an intervening ridge and across the pike. There was the long bridge spanning the Susquehanna and connecting the town with Columbia on the other bank. Most important of all, there was the deep gorge or ravine running off to the right and extending around the left flank of the Federal line and to the river below the bridge. Not an inaccurate detail in that note could be discovered. I did not hesitate, therefore, to adopt its suggestion of moving down the gorge in order to throw my command on the flank, or possibly in the rear, of the Union troops and force them to a rapid retreat or surrender. The result of this movement vindicated the strategic wisdom of my unknown and — judging by the handwriting — female correspondent, whose note was none the less martial because embedded in roses, and whose evident genius for war, had occasion offered, might have made her a captain equal to Catherine.



Lieut. Gen. Jubal A. Early, C. S. A.

As I have intimated, the orders from General Lee for the protection of private property and persons were of the most stringent character. Guided by these instructions and by my own impulses, I resolved to leave no ruins along the line of my march through Pennsylvania; no marks of a more enduring character than the tracks of my soldiers along its superb pikes. I cannot be mistaken in the opinion that the citizens who then lived and still live on these highways will bear me out in the assertion that we marched into that delightful region and then marched out of it, without leaving any scars to mar its beauty or lessen its value. Perhaps I ought to record two insignificant exceptions.

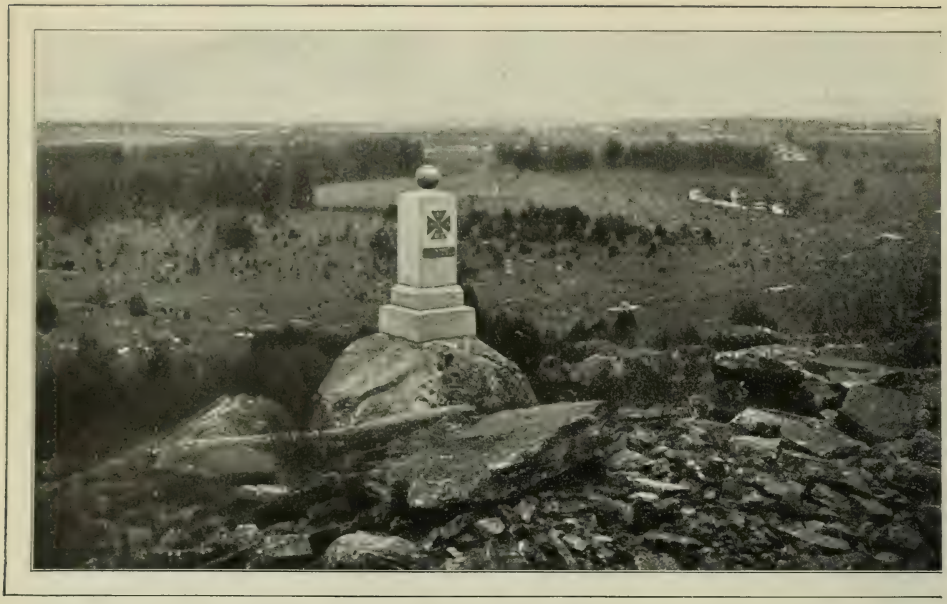
Going into camp in an open country and after dark, it was ascertained that there was no wood to be had for even the limited amount of necessary cooking, and I was appealed to by the men for permission to use a few rails from an old-fashioned fence near the camp. I agreed that they might take the top layer of rails, as the fence would still be high enough to answer the farmer's purpose. When morning came, the fence had nearly all disappeared, and each man declared that he had taken only the top rail! The authorized (?) destruction of that fence is not difficult to understand! It was a case of adherence to the letter and neglect of the spirit; but there was no alternative except good-naturedly to admit that my men had gotten the better of me that time.

The other case of insignificant damage inflicted by our presence in the Valley of Pennsylvania, was the application of the Confederate "conscript law," in drafting Pennsylvania horses into service. That law was passed by the Confederate Congress in order to call into our ranks able-bodied men at the South, but my soldiers seemed to think that it might be equally serviceable for the ingathering of able-bodied horses at the North. The trouble was that most of these horses had fled the country or were in hiding, and the owners of the few that were left were not submissive to Southern authority. One of these owners, who, I believe, had not many years before left his fatherland, and was not an expert in the use of English, attempted to save his favorite animal by a verbal combat with my quartermaster. That officer, however, failing to understand him, sent him to me. The "Pennsylvania Dutchman," as his class was known in the valley, was soon firing at me his broken English, and opened his argument with the announcement: "You be's got my mare." I replied, "It is not at all improbable, my friend, that I have your mare, but the game we are now playing is what was called in my boyhood 'tit for tat,'" and I endeavored to explain to him that the country was at war; that at the



The charge up Little Round Top.

From a painting by A. C. Redwood, who was in the battle.



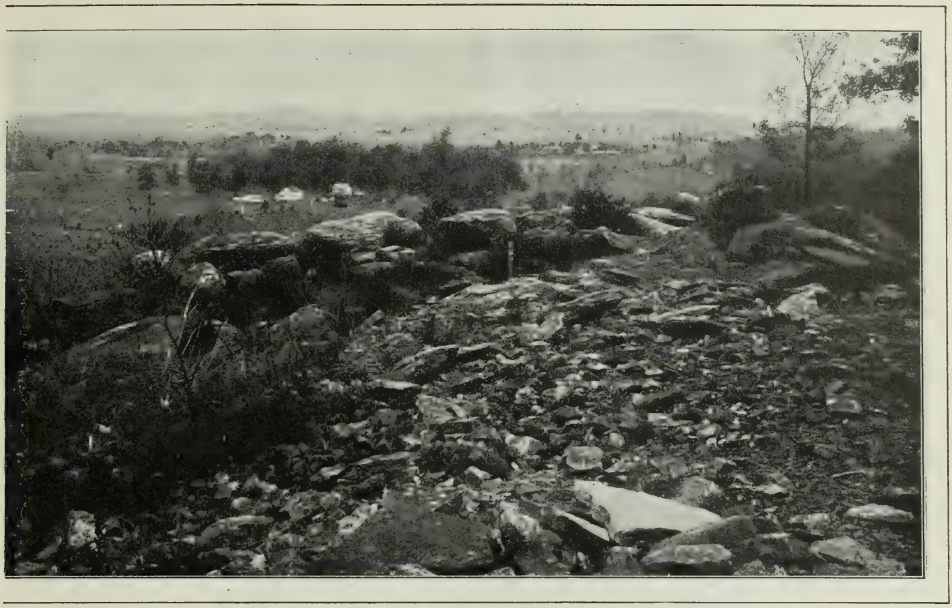
A general view of the Gettysburg

South horses were being taken by the Union soldiers, and that I was trying on a small scale to balance accounts. I flattered myself that this statement of the situation would settle the matter; but the explanation was far more satisfactory to myself than to him. He insisted that I had not paid for his mare. I at once offered to pay him—in Confederate money. I had no other. This he indignantly refused. Finally, I offered to give him a written order for the price of his mare on the President of the United States. This offer set him to thinking. He was quite disposed to accept it, but like a dim ray of starlight through a rift in the clouds at night, there gradually dawned on him the thought that there might possibly be some question as to my authority for drawing on the President. The suggestion of this doubt exhausted his patience, and in his righteous exasperation, like his great countryman hurling the inkstand at the devil, he pounded me with expletives in so furious a style that, although I could not interpret them into English, there was no difficulty in comprehending their meaning. The words which I did catch and understand showed that he was making a comparison of values between his mare and his "tree vifes." The climax of his argument was in these words: "I've been married, sir, tree times, and I vood not geef dot mare for all dose voomans."

With so sincere an admirer of woman as myself, such an argument could scarcely be recognized as forcible; but I was also a great lover of fine horses, and this poor fellow's distress at the loss of his favorite mare was so genuine and acute that I finally yielded to his entreaties and had her delivered to him.

When General Early reached York a few days later, he entered into some business negotiations with the officials and prominent citizens of that city. I was not advised as to the exact character of those negotiations, but it was rumored through that portion of the army at the time that General Early wanted to borrow, or secure in some other way, for the use of his troops, a certain amount of greenbacks, and that he succeeded in making the arrangement. I learned afterward that the only promise to repay, like that of the Confederate notes, was at some date subsequent to the establishment of Southern independence.

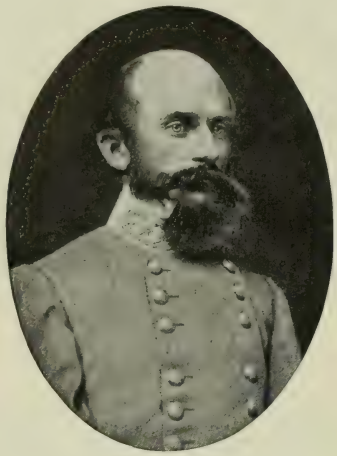
It will be remembered that the note concealed in the flowers handed me at York had indicated a ravine down which I could



Battlefield from Little Round Top.

move, reaching the river not far from the bridge. As my orders were not restricted, except to direct me to cross the Susquehanna, if possible, my immediate object was to move rapidly down that ravine to the river, then along its right bank to the bridge, seize it and cross to the Columbia side. Once across, I intended to mount my men, if practicable, so as to pass rapidly through Lancaster in the direction of Philadelphia, and thus compel General Meade to send a portion of his army to the defence of that city. This programme was defeated, first, by the burning of the bridge, and second, by the imminent prospect of battle near Gettysburg. The Union troops stationed at Wrightsville had, in their retreat across it, fired the bridge which I had hoped to secure. With great energy my men labored to save it. I called on the citizens of Wrightsville for buckets and pails, but none were to be found. There was, however, no lack of buckets and pails a little later, when the town was on fire. The bridge might burn, for that incommoded, at the time, only the impatient Confederates, and these Pennsylvanians were not in sympathy with my expedition, nor anxious to facilitate the movement of such unwelcome visitors. But when the burning bridge fired the lumber-yards on the river's banks, and the burning lumber fired the town, buckets and tubs and pails and pans innumerable came from their hiding-places, until it seemed that had the whole of Lee's army been present, I could have armed them with these implements to fight the rapidly spreading flames. My men labored as earnestly and bravely to save the town as they did to save the bridge. In the absence of fire engines or other appliances, the only chance to arrest the progress of these flames was to form my men around the burning district, with the flank resting on the river's edge, and pass rapidly from hand to hand the pails of water. Thus and thus only was the advancing, raging fire met, and at a late hour of the night, checked and conquered. There was one point especially at which my soldiers combated the fire's progress with immense energy, and with great difficulty saved an attractive home from burning. It chanced to be the home of one of the most superb women it was my fortune to meet during the four years of war. She was Mrs. L. L. Rewalt, to whom I refer in my lecture, the "Last Days of the Confederacy," as the heroine of the Susquehanna. I met Mrs. Rewalt the morning after the fire had been checked.

She had witnessed the furious combat with the flames around her home, and was unwilling that those men should depart without receiving some token of appreciation from her. She was not wealthy, and could not entertain my whole command, but she was blessed with an abundance of those far nobler riches of brain and heart which are the essential glories of exalted womanhood. Accompanied by an attendant, and at a late hour of the night, she sought me in the confusion which followed the destructive fire, to express her gratitude to the soldiers of my command and to inquire how long we would remain in Wrightsville. On learning that the village would be relieved of our presence at an early hour the following morning, she insisted that I should bring with me to breakfast at her house as many as could find places in her dining-room. She would take no excuse, not even the nervous condition in which the excitement of the previous hours had left her. At a bountifully supplied table in the early morning sat this modest, cultured woman, surrounded by soldiers in their gray and dusty uniforms. The welcome she gave us was so gracious, she was so self-possessed, so calm and kind, that I found myself in an inquiring state of mind as to whether her sympathies were with the Northern or Southern side in the pending war. Cautiously, but with sufficient clearness to indicate to her my object, I ventured some remarks which she could not well ignore and which she instantly saw were intended to evoke some declaration upon the subject. She was too brave to evade it; too self-poised to be confused by it, and too firmly fixed in her convictions to hesitate as to the answer. With no one present except Confederate soldiers who were her guests, she replied, without a quiver in her voice, but with womanly gentleness: "General Gordon, I fully comprehend you, and it is due to myself that I candidly tell you that I am a Union woman. I cannot afford to be misunderstood, nor to have you misinterpret this simple courtesy. You and your soldiers last night saved my home from burning, and I was unwilling that you should go away without receiving some token of my appreciation. I must tell you, however, that with my assent and approval, my husband is a soldier in the Union Army, and my constant prayer to Heaven is that the Union cause may triumph and our country be saved."



Lieut. Gen. Richard S. Ewell, C. S. A.

No Confederate left that room without a feeling of profound respect, of unqualified admiration, for that brave and worthy woman. No Southern soldier, no true Southern man who reads this account, will fail to render to her a like tribute of appreciation. The spirit of every high-souled Southerner was made to thrill over and over again at the evidence around him of the more than Spartan courage, the self-sacrifices and devotion of Southern women, at every stage and through every trial of the war, as they hurried from first to last, their brothers and fathers, their husbands and sons to the front. No Southern man can ever forget the words of cheer that came from these heroic women's lips, and their encouragement to hope and fight on in the midst of despair. When I met Mrs. Rewalt in Wrightsville, the parting with my own mother was still fresh in my memory. Nothing short of death's hand can ever obliterate from my heart the impression of that parting. Holding me in her arms, her heart almost bursting with anguish, and the tears running down her cheeks, she asked God to take care of me, and then said: "Go, my son; I shall perhaps never see you again, but I commit you freely to God and the service of your country." I had witnessed, as all South-

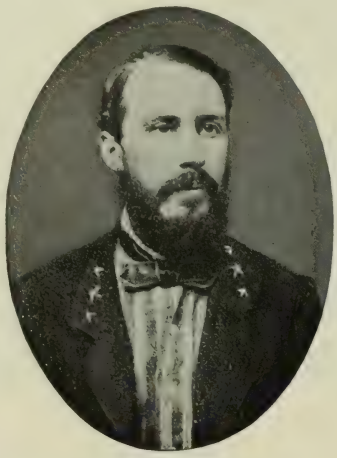


Major General W. S. Hancock, U. S. A., Division Commander.
Gen. Francis C. Barlow, Gen. David B. Binney and Gen. John Gibbon.

ern soldiers had witnessed, the ever-increasing consecration of those women to their cause. No language can fitly describe their saintly spirit of martyrdom, which grew stronger and rose higher when all other eyes could see the inevitable end of the terrific struggle, slowly but surely approaching.

Returning from the banks of the Susquehanna, and meeting at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, the advance of Lee's forces, my command was thrown quickly and squarely on the right flank of the Union Army. A more timely arrival never occurred. The battle had been raging for four or five hours. The Confederate General Archer, with a large portion of his brigade, had been captured. Heth and Scales, Confederate generals, had been wounded. The ranking Union commander on the field, General Reynolds, had been killed, and Hancock was assigned to command. The battle, upon the issue of which hung, perhaps, the fate of the Confederacy, was in full blast. The Union forces, at first driven back, now reinforced, were again advancing and pressing back Lee's left and threatening to envelop it. The Confederates were stubbornly contesting every foot of ground, but the Southern left was slowly yielding. A few moments more and the day's battle might have been ended by the complete turning of Lee's flank. I was ordered to move at once to the aid of the heavily pressed Confederates. With a ringing yell, my command rushed upon the line posted to protect the Union right. Here occurred a hand-to-hand struggle. That protecting Union line once broken, left my command not only on the right flank, but obliquely in rear of it. Any troops that were ever marshalled would, under like conditions, have been as surely and swiftly shattered. There was no alternative for Howard's men except to break and fly, or to throw down their arms and surrender. Under the concentrated fire from front and flank, the marvel is that any escaped. In the midst of the wild disorder in his ranks,

and through a storm of bullets, a Union officer was seeking to rally his men for a final stand. He, too, went down, pierced by a minie ball. Riding forward with my rapidly advancing lines, I discovered that brave officer lying upon his back, with the July sun pouring its rays into his pale face. He was surrounded by the Union dead, and his own life seemed to be rapidly ebbing out. Quickly dismounting and lifting his head, I gave him water from my canteen, asked his name and the character of his wounds. He was Major-General Francis C. Barlow, of New York, and of Howard's corps. The ball had entered his body in front and passed out near the spinal cord, paralyzing him in legs and arms. Neither of us had the remotest thought that he could possibly survive many hours. I summoned several soldiers who were looking after the wounded, and directed them to place him upon a litter and carry him to the shade in the rear. Before parting, he asked me to take from his pocket, a package of letters and destroy them. They were from his wife. He had but one request to make of me. That request was, that if I should live to the end of the war, and should ever meet Mrs. Barlow, I would tell her of our meeting on the field of Gettysburg and of his thoughts of her in his last moments. He wished me to assure her that he died doing his duty at the front; that he was willing to give his life for his country, and that his deepest regret was that he must die without looking upon her face again. I learned that Mrs. Barlow was with the Union Army, and near the battlefield. When it is remembered how closely Mrs. Gordon followed me, it will not be difficult to realize that my sympathies were especially stirred by the announcement that his wife was so near him. Passing through the day's battle unhurt, I despatched at its close, under flag of truce, the promised message to Mrs. Barlow. I assured her that if she wished to come through the lines, she should have safe escort to her husband's side. In the desperate encounters of the two succeeding days, and the retreat of Lee's army, I dismissed all thought of Barlow, except to number him with the noble dead of the two armies who had so gloriously met their fate. The ball, however, had struck no vital point, and Barlow slowly recovered, though this fact was wholly unknown to me. The following summer, in battle near Richmond, my kinsman, with the same initials, General J. B. Gordon of North Carolina, was killed. Barlow, who had recovered, saw the announcement of his death, and entertained no doubt that he was the Gordon whom he had met on the field of Gettysburg. To me, therefore, Barlow was dead; to Barlow, I was dead. Nearly fifteen years passed before either of us was undeceived. During my second term in the United States Senate, the Hon. Clarkson Potter, of New York, was a member of the House of Representatives. He invited me to dinner in Washington to meet a General Barlow who had served in the Union Army. Potter knew nothing of the Gettysburg incident. I had heard that there was another Barlow in the Union Army, and supposed, of course, that it was this Barlow with whom I was to dine. Barlow had a similar reflection as to the Gordon he was to meet. Seated at Clarkson Potter's table, I asked Barlow: "General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" He replied: "Why, I am the man, sir. Are you related to the Gordon who killed me?" "I am the man, sir," I responded. No words of mine can convey any conception of the emotions awakened by those startling announcements. Nothing short of an actual resurrection from the dead could have

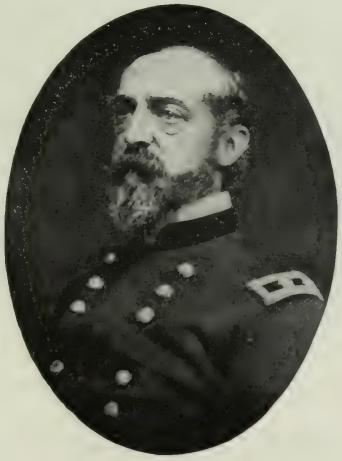


Gen. E. P. Alexander, C. S. A.

Chief of Artillery in Longstreet's Corps at the Battle of Gettysburg.

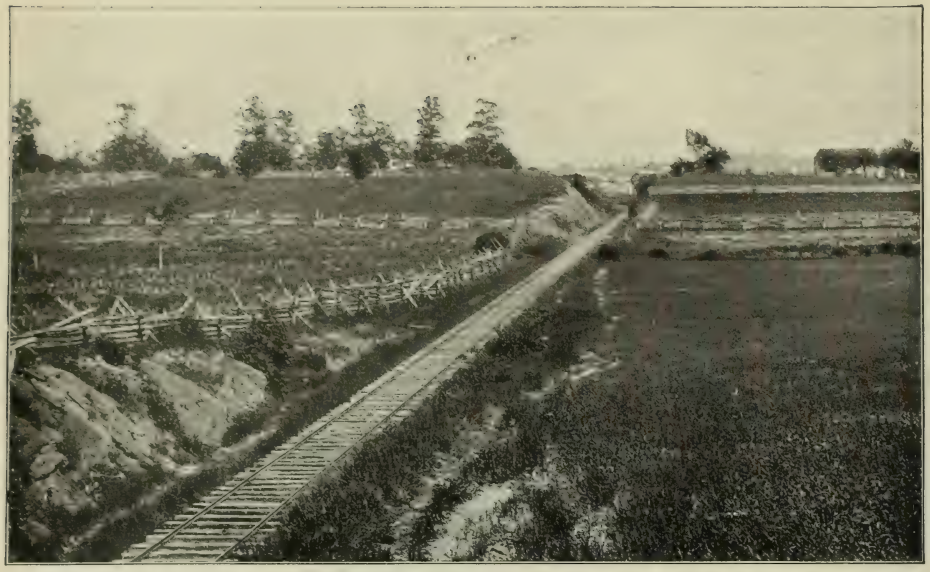
amazed either of us more. Thenceforward, until his untimely death in 1896, the friendship between us which was born amidst the thunders of Gettysburg was greatly cherished by both.

No battle of our Civil War—no battle of any war—more forcibly illustrates the truth that officers at a distance from the field cannot, with any wisdom, attempt to control the movements of troops actively engaged. On the first day neither General Early nor General Ewell could possibly have been fully cognizant of the situation at the time I was ordered to halt. The whole of that portion of the Union Army in my front was in inextricable confusion and in flight. They were necessarily in flight, for my troops were upon the flank and rapidly sweeping down the lines. The firing upon my men had almost ceased. Large bodies of the Union troops were throwing down their arms and surrendering, because in disorganized and confused masses they were wholly powerless either to check the movement or return the fire. As far down the lines as my eye could reach, the Union troops were in retreat. Those at a distance were still resisting, but giving ground, and it was only necessary for me to press forward in order to insure the same results which invariably follow such flank movements. In less than one-half hour my troops would have swept up and over those hills, the possession of which was of such momentous consequence. It is not surprising, with a full realization of the consequences of a halt, that I should have refused at first to obey the order. Not until the third or fourth order of the most peremptory character reached me, did I obey. I think I should have risked the consequences of disobedience even then, but for the fact that the order to halt was accompanied with the explanation that General Lee, who was several miles away, did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg. It is stated on good authority that General Lee said, sometime before his death, that if Jackson had been there, he would have won in this battle a great and possibly decisive victory. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement as I did not hear it, but no soldier in a great crisis ever wished more ardently for a deliverer's hand than I wished for one hour of Jackson, when I was ordered to halt. Had he been there, his quick eye would have caught at a glance the entire situation, and instead of halting me, he would have urged me forward and have pressed the advantage to the utmost, simply notifying General Lee that the battle was on, and he had decided to occupy the heights. Had General Lee himself been present this would undoubtedly have been done. Absent, as he necessarily was, and intending to meet General Meade at another point and in defensive battle, he would still, when the facts were made known, have applauded the most aggressive movements though in conflict with his general plan. From the situation plainly to be seen on the first afternoon, and from facts that afterward came to light as to the position of the different corps of General Meade's army, it seems certain that if the Confederates had simply moved forward, following up the advantages gained, and striking the separated Union commands in succession, the victory would have been Lee's instead of Meade's.



Major Gen. George G. Meade, U. S. A.

I should state here that General Meade's army at that hour was stretched out along the line of his march for nearly thirty miles. General Lee's was much more concentrated. General Hancock's statement of the situation is true and pertinent: "The rear of our troops were hurrying through the town pursued by Confederates. There had been an attempt to reform some of the Eleventh



Railroad cut on the old "Tapeworm" road,

Scene of the capture of the Confederate Brigade during the first day's fight—Battle of Gettysburg.

Corps as they passed over Cemetery Hill, but it had not been very successful." And yet I was halted!

My thoughts were so harrowed and my heart so burdened by the fatal mistake of the afternoon that I was unable to sleep at night. Mounting my horse at two o'clock in the morning, I rode with one or two staff officers to the red barn in which General Ewell and General Early then had their headquarters. Much of my time after nightfall had been spent on the front picket line, listening to the busy strokes of Union picks and shovels on the hills, to the rumble of artillery wheels and the tramp of fresh troops as they were hurried forward by Union commanders and placed in position. There was, therefore, no difficulty in divining the scene that would break on our view with the coming dawn. I did not hesitate to say to both Ewell and Early that a line of heavy earthworks, with heavy guns and ranks of infantry behind them would frown upon us at daylight. I expressed the opinion that, even at that hour, two o'clock, by a concentrated and vigorous night assault, we could carry those heights, and that if we waited till morning it would cost us 10,000 men to take them. There was a disposition to yield to my suggestions, but other counsels finally prevailed. Those works were never carried, but the cost of the assault upon them, the appalling carnage resulting from the effort to take them, far exceeded that which I had ventured to predict.

Late in the afternoon of this first day's battle, when the firing had greatly decreased along most of the lines, General Ewell and I were riding through the streets of Gettysburg. He had lost, in a previous battle, one of his legs, but prided himself on the efficiency of the wooden one which he used in its place. As we rode together, a body of Union soldiers, posted behind some buildings and fences on the outskirts of the town, suddenly opened a brisk fire. A number of Confederates were killed or wounded, and I heard the ominous thud of a minie ball as it struck General Ewell at my side. I quickly asked: "Are you hurt, sir?" "No, no," he replied; "I'm not hurt. But suppose that ball had struck you: we would have had the trouble of carrying you off the field, sir. You see how much better fixed for a fight I am than you are. It don't hurt a bit to be shot in a wooden leg."

Ewell was one of the most eccentric

characters, and taking him all in all, one of the most interesting that I have ever known. It is said that in his early manhood he had been disappointed in a love affair, and had never fully recovered from its effects. The fair young woman to whom he had given his affections had married another man; but Ewell, like the truest of knights, carried her image in his heart through long years. When he was promoted to the rank of brigadier or major-general, he evidenced the constancy of his affections by placing upon his staff the son of the woman whom he had loved in his youth. The meddlesome Fates, who seem to revel in the romances of lovers, had decreed that Ewell should be shot in battle and become the object of solicitude and tender nursing by this lady, who had been for many years a widow—Mrs. Brown. Her gentle ministrations soothed his weary weeks of suffering, and they were at last married, and with it came the realization of Ewell's long-deferred hope. It was most interesting to note the change that came over the spirit of this formerly irascible old bachelor. He no longer sympathized with General Early, who, like himself, was known to be more intolerant of soldiers' wives than the crusty French Marshal who pronounced them the most inconvenient sort of baggage for a soldier to own. Ewell had become a husband, and was sincerely devoted to Mrs. Ewell. He never seemed to realize, however, that her marriage to him had changed her name, for he proudly presented her to his friends as "My wife, Mrs. Brown, sir."

Whatever differences of opinion may now or hereafter exist as to the results which might have followed a defeat of the Union arms at Gettysburg, there is universal concurrence in the judgment that this battle was the turning-point in the South's fortunes. The point where Pickett's Virginians, under Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead, in their immortal charge, swept over the rock wall, has been appropriately designated by the Government as "The high-water mark of the Rebellion." To the Union commander, General George Gordon Meade, history will accord the honor of having handled his army at Gettysburg with unquestioned ability. The record and results of the battle entitle him to a high place among Union leaders. To him and to his able subordinates and heroic men is due the credit of having successfully met and repelled the army of Northern Virginia in the meridian of its hope and confidence and power. This much seems secure to him, whether his failure to vigorously follow General Lee and force him to another battle is justified or condemned by the military critics of the future. General Meade's army halted, it is true, after having achieved a victory. The victory, however, was not of so decisive a character as to demoralize Lee's forces. The great Bonaparte said that bad as might be the condition of a victorious army after battle, it was invariably true that the condition of the defeated army was still worse. If, however, any successful commander was ever justified in disregarding this truism of Bonaparte's, General Meade was that commander; for a considerable portion of Lee's army, probably one-third of it, was still in excellent fighting trim, and nearly every man in it would have responded with alacrity to Lee's call to form a defensive line and deliver battle.

It was my pleasure to know General Meade well after the war, when he was the Department Commander or Military Governor of Georgia. An incident at a banquet in the city of Atlanta illustrates his high personal and soldierly characteristics. The first toast of the evening was to General Meade as the honored guest. When this toast had been drunk, my health was proposed. Thereupon, objection was made upon the ground that it was "too soon after the war to be drinking the health of a man who had been fighting for four years in the Rebel army." It is scarcely necessary to say that this remark came from one who did no fighting in either army. He belonged to that curious class of soldiers who were as valiant in peace as they were docile in war; whose defiance of danger became dazzling after the danger was all over. General Meade belonged to the other class of soldiers, who fought as long as fighting was in order, and was ready for peace when there was no longer any foe in the field. This chivalric chieftain of the Union forces at Gettysburg was far more indignant at this speech of the bomb-proof warrior than I was myself. The moment this objection to drinking my health was suggested, General Meade sprang to his feet, and with a compliment to myself which I shall not be

expected to repeat, and a rebuke to the objector, he held high his glass and said, with significant emphasis: "I propose to drink, and drink now, to my former foe, but now my friend, General Gordon, of Georgia."

It will not be expected that any considerable space be devoted to the unseemly controversy over those brilliant but disastrous Confederate charges which lost the day at Gettysburg. I could scarcely throw upon the subject any additional light nor bring to its elucidation any material testimony not already adduced by those who have written on the one side or the other. A sense of justice, however, to say nothing of loyalty to Lee's memory, impels me to submit one observation; and I confidently affirm that nearly every soldier who fought under him will sympathize with that suggestion. It is this: that nothing that occurred at Gettysburg, nor anything that has been written since of that battle, has lessened the conviction that, had Lee's orders been promptly and cordially executed, Meade's centre on the third day would have been penetrated and the Union army overwhelmingly defeated. Lee's hold upon the confidence of his army was absolute. The repulse at Gettysburg did not shake it. I recall no instance in history where a defeated army retained in its retreating commander a faith so complete, and gave to him subsequent support so enthusiastic and universal.

General Longstreet is undoubtedly among the great American soldiers who attained distinction in our Civil War; and to myself, and, I am sure, to a large majority of the Southern people, it is a source of profound regret, that he and his friends should have been brought into such unprofitable and ill-tempered controversy with the friends of his immortal chieftain.

A third of a century has passed since, with Lee's stricken but still puissant army, I turned my back upon the field of Gettysburg, on which nearly 40,000 Americans went down, dead or wounded, at the hands of fellow Americans. The commanders-in-chief and nearly all the great actors upon it are dead. Of the heroes who fought there and survived the conflict, a large portion have since joined the ranks of those who fell. A new generation has taken their places since the battle's roar was hushed, but its thunders are still reverberating through my memory. No tongue, nor pen, can adequately portray its vacillating fortunes at each dreadful moment. As I write of it now, a myriad thrilling incidents and rapidly changing scenes, now appalling and now inspiring, rush over my memory. I hear again the words of Barlow: "Tell my wife that I freely gave my life for my country." Yonder, resting on his elbow, I see the gallant young Avery in his bloody gray uniform among his brave North Carolinians, writing as he dies, "Tell father that I fell with my face to the foe." On the opposite hills, Lee and Meade, surrounded by staff and couriers and with glasses in hand, are surveying the intervening space. Over it the flying shells are plunging, shrieking, bursting. The battered Confederate line staggers, reels, and is bent back before the furious blast. The alert Federals leap from the trenches and over the walls and rush through this thin and wavering line. Instantly, from the opposite direction, with deafening yells, come the Confederates in countercharge, and the brave Federals are pressed back to the walls. The Confederate banners sweep through the riddled peach orchard; while further to the Union left on the gory wheat field the impacted forces are locked in deadly embrace. Across this field in alternate waves rolls the battle's tide, now from the one side, now from the other, until the ruthless Harvester piles his heaps of slain thicker than the grain shocks gathered by the husbandman's scythe. Hard by is Devil's Den. Around it and over it, the deadly din of battle roars. The rattle of rifles, the crash of shells, the shouts of the living and groans of the dying, convert that dark woodland into a harrowing Pandemonium. Further to the Union left, Hood, with his stalwart Texans, is climbing the Round Tops. For a moment he halts to shelter them behind the great boulders. A brief pause for rest, and to his command, "Forward!" they mount the huge rocks reddened with blood—and Hood's own blood is soon added. He falls seriously wounded; but his intrepid troops under Law press forward. The fiery brigades of McLaws move to his aid. The fiercest struggle is now for the possession of Little Round Top. Standing on its rugged summit like a lone sentinel is seen

an erect but slender form clad in the uniform of a Union officer. It is Warren, Meade's chief of engineers. With practised eye, he sees at a glance that quickly seized, that rock-ribbed hill would prove a Gibraltar amidst the whirling currents of the battle, resisting its heaviest shocks. Staff and couriers are summoned, who swiftly bear his messages to the Union leaders. Veterans from Hancock and Sykes respond at a "double-quick." Around its base, along its sides, and away toward the Union right, with the forces of Sickles and Hancock, the gray veterans of Longstreet are in herculean wrestle. Barksdale's Mississippians seize a Union battery and rush on. The Union lines under Humphries break through a Confederate gap and sweep around Barksdale's left. Wright's Georgians and Perry's Floridians are hurled against Humphries and break him in turn. Amidst the smoke and fury, Sickles with thigh-bone shivered, sickens and falls from his saddle into the arms of his soldiers. Sixty per cent. of Hancock's veterans go down with his gallant Brigadiers Willard, Zook, Cross, and Brooke. The impetuous Confederate leaders, Barksdale and Semmes, fall and die, but their places are quickly assumed by the next in command. The Union forces of Vincent and Weed, with Hazlett's artillery, have reached the summit, but all three are killed. The apex of Little Round Top is the point of deadliest struggle. The day ends, and thus ends the battle. As the last rays of the setting sun fall upon the summit, they are reflected from the batteries and bayonets of the Union soldiers still upon it, with the bleeding Confederates struggling to possess it. The embattled hosts sleep upon their arms. The stars look down at night upon a harrowing scene of pale faces all over the field, and of sufferers in the hospitals behind the lines—an army of dead and wounded numbering over twenty thousand.

THE THIRD DAY

The third day's struggle was the bloody postscript to the battle of the first and second. There was a pause. Night had intervened. It was only a pause for breath. Of sleep there was little for the soldiers; perhaps none for the throbbing brains of the great chieftains. Victory to Lee meant Southern independence. Victory to Meade meant an inseparable Union. The life of the Confederacy: the unity of the Republic—these are the stakes of July the third. Meade decided to defend. Lee resolved to assault. The decisive blow at Meade's left centre was planned for the early morning. The morning came and the morning passed. The Union right, impatient at the Confederate delay, opens fire on Lee's left. The challenge is answered by a Confederate charge under Edward Johnson. The Union trenches are carried. Ruger's Union lines sweep down from the heights on Johnson's left and recover these trenches. High noon is reached, but the assault on the left centre is still undelivered. With every moment of delay, Lee's chances are diminishing with geometrical progression. At last the heavy signal-guns break the fatal silence and summon the gray lines of infantry to the charge. Pickett's Virginians are leading. The tired veterans of Heth and Wilcox and Pettigrew move with them. Down the long slope and up the next the majestic column sweeps. With Napoleonic skill, Meade's artillerists turn the converging, galling fire of all adjacent batteries upon the advancing Confederates. The heavy Southern guns hurl their solid shot and shell above the Southern lines and into the Union ranks on the summit. The air trembles and the hills quiver. Onward, still onward, the Southern legions press. Through a tempest of indescribable fury, they rush toward the crest held by the compact Union lines. The Confederate leaders, Garnett, Trimble, and Kemper, fall in the storm—the first dead, the others down and disabled. On the Union side, Hancock and Gibbon are borne bleeding to the rear. Still onward press the men in gray, their ranks growing thinner, their lines shorter, as the living press toward the centre to fill the great gaps left by the dead. Nearly every mounted officer goes down. Riderless horses are flying hither and thither. Above the battle's roar is heard the familiar Southern yell. It proclaims fresh hope, but false hope. Union batteries are seen to limber up, and the galloping horses carry them to the rear. The Confederate shout is evoked by a misapprehension. These guns are not disabled. They do not fly before the Confederate lines from fear of capture. It is simply to cool their heated

throats. Into their places quickly wheel the fresh Union guns. Like burning lava from volcanic vents, they pour a ceaseless current of fire into the now thin Confederate ranks. The Southern left is torn to fragments. Quickly, the brilliant Alexander, his ammunition almost exhausted, flies at a furious gallop with his batteries to the support of the dissolving Confederate infantry. Here and there his horses and riders go down and check his artillery's progress. His brave gunners cut loose the dead horses, seize the wheels, whirl the guns into position, and pour the hot grape and canister into the faces of the Federals. The Confederates rally under the impulse, and rush onward. At one instant their gray jackets and flashing bayonets are plainly seen in the July sun. At the next they disappear, hidden from view as the hundreds of belching cannon conceal and envelop them in sulphurous smoke. The brisk west wind lifts and drives the smoke from the field, revealing the Confederate banners close to the rock wall. "Will they go over?" Look! They are over and in the Union lines. The left centre is pierced, but there is no Union panic, no general flight. The Confederate battle-flags and the Union banners are floating side by side. Face to face, breast to breast, are the hostile hosts. The heavy guns are silent. The roar of artillery has given place to the rattle of rifles and crack of pistol shots, as the officers draw their side arms. The awful din and confusion of close combat is heard, as men batter and brain each other with clubbed muskets. The brave young Pennsylvanian, Lieutenant Cushing, shot in both thighs, still stands by his guns. The Confederates seize them; but he surrenders them only with his life. One Southern leader is left. It is the heroic Armistead. He calls around him the shattered Southern remnants. Lifting his hat on the point of his sword, he orders "Forward!" on the second line, and dies with half these remnants, amidst the culminating fury of Gettysburg's fires.

The collision had shaken the continent. For three days the tumult and roar around Cemetery Heights and the Round Tops seemed the echo of the internal commotion which ages before had heaved these hills above the surrounding plain.

It is a great loss to history and to posterity that General Lee did not, like General Grant, write his own recollections. It was his fixed purpose to do so, for some years after the war ended. From correspondence and personal interviews with him, I know that he was profoundly impressed with the belief that it was his duty to write, and he expended much time and labor in getting the material for such a work. From his reports, which are models of official papers, were necessarily excluded the free and full comments upon plans, movements, men, failures, and the reasons for such failures, as they appeared to him, and of which he was the most competent witness. To those who knew General Lee well, and who added to this knowledge a just appreciation of his generous nature, the assumption by him of entire responsibility for the failure at Gettysburg means nothing except an additional and overwhelming proof of his almost marvellous magnanimity. He was commander-in-chief, and as such and in that sense he was responsible; but in that sense he was also responsible for every act of every officer and every soldier in his army. This, however, is not the kind of responsibility under discussion. This is not the standard which history will erect and by which he will be judged. If by reason of repeated mistakes or blunders he had lost the confidence and respect of his army, and for this cause could no longer command its cordial and enthusiastic support, this fact would fix his responsibility for the failure. But no such conditions appertained. As already stated, the confidence in him before and after the battle was boundless. Napoleon Bonaparte never more firmly held the faith of Frenchmen, when thrones were trembling before him, than did Lee hold the faith of his devoted followers, even amidst the gloom of his heaviest disasters.

If his plan of battle was faulty, then for this he is responsible; but if his general plan promised success, and if there was a lack of cheerful, prompt, and intelligent co-operation in its execution, or if there were delays that General Lee could not foresee, nor provide against, and which delays or lack of co-operation enabled General Meade to concentrate his reserves behind the point of contemplated attack, then the responsibility is shifted to other shoulders.

There was nothing new or especially remarkable in General Lee's plans. Novelties in warfare are confined rather to its implements than to the methods of delivering battle. To Hannibal and Cæsar, to Frederick and Napoleon, to Grant and Lee, to all great soldiers, the plan was familiar. It was to assault along the entire line and hold the enemy to hard work on the wings, while the artillery and heaviest impact of infantry penetrated the left centre. Co-operation by every part of his army was expected and essential. However well-trained and strong may be the individual horses in a team, they will never move the stalled wagon when one pulls forward while the other holds back. They must all pull together, or the heavily loaded wagon will never be carried to the top of the hill. Such co-operation at Gettysburg was only partial, and limited to comparatively small forces. Pressure—hard, general, and constant pressure—upon Meade's right would have called him to its defence and weakened his centre. That pressure was only spasmodic and of short duration—Lee and his plan could only promise success on the proviso that the movement was both general and prompt. It was neither. Moments in battle are pregnant with the fate of armies. When the opportune moment to strike arrives, the blow must fall; for the next instant it may be futile. Not only moments, but hours, of delay occurred. I am criticising officers for the lack of complete co-operation, not for unavoidable delays. I am simply stating facts which must necessarily affect the verdict of history. Had all the commands designated by General Lee co-operated by a simultaneous assault, thus preventing Meade from grouping his troops around his centre, and had the onset upon that centre occurred in the early morning, as intended by Lee, it requires no partiality to see that this great commander's object would have been assuredly achieved. That the plan involved hazard is undoubtedly true. All battles between such troops as confronted each other at Gettysburg are hazardous and uncertain. If the commanders of the Confederate and Union armies had all waited for opportunities free of hazard and uncertainty, no great battle would have been fought and the war would never have ended. The question which history will ask is this: "Was General Lee justified in expecting success?" The answer will be that, with his experience in meeting the same Union Army at Fredericksburg, at the second Manassas, in the seven-days' battle around Richmond and at Chancellorsville; with an army behind him which he believed well-nigh invincible, and which army believed its commander well-nigh infallible; with a victory for his troops on the first day at Gettysburg, the completeness of which had been spoiled only by an untimely and fatal halt; with the second-day's battle ending with alternate successes and indecisive results; and with the expectation of prompt action and vigorous united co-operation, he was abundantly justified in confidently expecting success.

Wellington at Waterloo and Meade at Gettysburg, each held the highlands against his antagonist. Wellington on Mont-Saint-Jean, and Meade on Cemetery Ridge, had the bird's-eye view of the forces of attack. The English batteries on the plateau and the Union batteries on Cemetery Heights, commanded alike the intervening undulations across which the charging columns must advance. Behind Mont-Saint-Jean, to conceal Wellington's movements from Napoleon's eye, were the woodlands of Soignes. Behind Cemetery Ridge, to conceal Meade's movements from the field-glasses of Lee, was a sharp declivity, a protecting and helpful depression. As the French under Napoleon at Waterloo, so the Confederates under Lee at Gettysburg, held the weaker position. In both cases the assailants sought to expel their opponents from the stronger lines. I might add another resemblance in the results which followed. Waterloo decreed the destiny of France, of England, of Europe. Gettysburg, not so directly or immediately, but practically, decided the fate of the Confederacy.

There were points of vast divergence. The armies which met at Waterloo were practically equal. This was not true of the armies that met at Gettysburg. Napoleon's artillery far exceeded that of Wellington. Lee's was far inferior to Meade's, in the metal from which the guns were moulded, as well as in number. Waterloo was a rout, Gettysburg a repulse. Napoleon, in the ensuing panic, was a deserted

fugitive. Lee rode amidst his broken lines calmly majestic, the idol of his followers. With no trace of sympathy for Napoleon's selfish aims, with righteous condemnation of his vaulting ambition, one cannot fail to realize the profound pathos of his position on that dismal night of wildest panic and lonely flight. Abandoned by fortune, deserted by his army, discrowned and doomed, he is described by Hugo as having not an organized company to comfort him, not even his faithful old guard to rally around him. In Lee's army there was neither panic nor precipitate retreat. There was no desertion of the great commander. Around him still stood his heroic legions, with confidence in him unshaken, love for him unabated, ready to follow his lead and to fight under his orders to the last extremity.

General Meade evidently, perhaps naturally, expected far greater confusion and disorganization in Lee's army, from the terrific repulse to which it had been subjected. He wisely threw his cavalry upon Lee's flank in order to sweep down upon the rear and cut to pieces or capture the fragments of Southern infantry, in case of general retreat or demoralization. As the Union bugles sounded the charge, however, for the gallant horsemen under Farnsworth, Lee's right was ready to receive them. Proudly they rode, but promptly were they repulsed. Many saddles were emptied by Confederate bullets. The intrepid commander, General Farnsworth himself, lost his life in the charge. On the other flank, and with similar design, Lee had placed Stuart with his dashing Confederate riders. Stuart was to attack when Lee's infantry had pierced Meade's centre, and when the Union Army was cut in twain and in rapid retreat. This occasion never came to Stuart, but he found all the opportunity he could reasonably desire for the exercise of his men and horses in a furious combat with Gregg's five thousand Union troopers.

The introduction of gunpowder and bullets and of long range repeating-rifles, has, in modern warfare, greatly lessened the effectiveness of cavalry in general battle with infantry, and deprived that great arm of the service of the terror which its charges once inspired. In wars of the early centuries, the swift horsemen rode down the comparatively helpless infantry and trampled its ranks with the feet of the horses. For ages after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, it was the vast bodies of cavalry that checked and changed the currents of battles, and settled the fate of armies and empires. This is not true now—can never be true again; but a cavalry charge, met by a countercharge of cavalry, is still, perhaps, the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge, he can form little conception of its awe-inspiring fury. Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg's Heights upon the open, wide-spreading plain below, where five thousand horses are marshalled in battle line. Standing beside them are five thousand riders armed, booted and spurred, and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly five thousand plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places. The fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, ten to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are five thousand hostile horsemen clad in different uniforms, ready to meet these in countercharge. Under those ten thousand horses are their hoofs, iron-shod and pitiless, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabres leap from scabbards and glisten in the sun. The trained horses chafe their restraining bits, and as the bugle notes sound the charge, their nostrils dilate and their flanks swell in sympathetic impulse with the dashing riders. "Forward!" shouts the commander. Down the lines and through the columns in quick succession ring the echoing commands, "Forward, forward!" As this order thrills through eager ears, sabres flash, and spurs are planted in palpitating flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron-rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread, crush the stones to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall. As front against front these furious riders plunge, their sweeping sabres slashing edge against edge, cutting a way through opposing ranks, gashing faces,

breaking arms, and splitting heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle, short-lived but terrible.

Ewell's Corps, of which my command was a part, was the last to leave Gettysburg, and the only corps of either army, I believe, that forded the Potomac. Reaching this river, we found it for the time an impassable barrier against our further progress southward. The pontoons had been destroyed. The river was deep and muddy, swollen and swift. We were leaving Pennsylvania and the full granaries that had fed us. Pennsylvania was our Egypt whither we had "gone to buy corn." We regretted leaving, although we had found far less favor with the authorities of this modern Egypt than had Joseph and his brethren with the rulers of the ancient land of abundance.

The fording of the Potomac in the dim starlight of that 13th of July night, and early morning of the 14th, was a spectacular phase of war so quaint and impressive as to leave itself lastingly daguerreotyped on the memory. To the giants in the army the passage was comparatively easy, but the short-legged soldiers were a source of anxiety to the officers, and of constant amusement to their long-legged comrades. With their knapsacks high up on their shoulders, their cartridge boxes above the knapsacks and their guns lifted still higher to keep them dry, these little heroes of the army battled with the current from shore to shore. Borne down below the line of march by the swiftly rolling water, slipping and sliding in the mud and slime, and stumbling over the boulders at the bottom, the marvel is that none were drowned. The irrepressible spirit for fun-making, for jests and good-natured gibes, was not wanting to add to the grotesque character of the passage. Let the reader imagine himself, if he can, struggling to hold his feet under him, with the water up to his armpits, and some tall, stalwart man just behind him shouting, "Pull ahead, Johnny; General Meade will help you along directly by turning loose a battery of Parrott guns on you." Or another, in his front, calling to him: "Run here, little boy, and get on my back, and I'll carry you over safely." Or still another, with mock solemnity, proposing to change the name of the corps to "Lee's Waders," and this answered by a counter proposition to petition the Secretary of War to imitate old Frederick the Great and organize a corps of "Six-footers" to do this sort of work for the whole army. Or still another offering congratulations on this opportunity for being washed, "the first we have had, boys, for weeks, and General Lee knows we need it."

Most of our wounded and our blue-coated comrades who accompanied us as prisoners were shown greater consideration—they were ferried across in boats. The only serious casualty connected with this dangerous crossing occurred at the point least expected. From the pontoon bridge, which had been repaired, and which was regarded as not only the most comfortable, but by far the safest method of transit, the horses and a wagon loaded with sick and wounded were plunged into the river. By well-directed effort they were rescued – not one of the men, I believe, being lost.

General Meade was deliberate in his pursuit, if not considerate in his treatment of us. He had induced us to change our minds. Instead of visiting Philadelphia on this trip, he had persuaded us to return toward Richmond. He doubtless thought that the last day's fight at Gettysburg was fairly good work for one campaign, and that if he attempted to drive us more rapidly from Pennsylvania, the experiment might prove expensive. As previously intimated, he was probably correct in this opinion. Had he left his strong position while Lee stood waiting for him to come out on the 4th of July at Gettysburg and to assume the offensive, the chances are at least even that his assault would have been repelled and might have led to a Union disaster. One of the wisest adages in war is to avoid doing what your antagonist desires, and it is beyond dispute that, from General Lee down through all the grades, even to the heroic privates in the ranks, there was a readiness if not a desire to meet General Meade should he advance upon us. Meade's policy after the Confederate repulse at Gettysburg did not differ materially from that of Lee after the Union repulse at Fredericksburg. General Halleck, as he surveyed the situation from Washington, did not like General Meade's

deliberation, and pelted him with telegrams extremely nettling to that proud soldier's sensibilities. In the citadel of the War Office at Washington, General Halleck could scarcely catch so clear a view of the situation as could General Meade from the bloody and shivered rocks of the Round Tops. No one doubts General Halleck's ability or spiritual ardor or verbal impetuosity. To Southern apprehension, however, there was far more serious work to be expected from the silent Grant and the undemonstrative Meade than from the explosive Halleck or fulminating Pope.

It is one of the curious coincidences of the war that the results at Gettysburg furnished the occasion for the tender of resignation by each of the commanders-in-chief. Lee offered to resign, because he had not satisfied himself; Meade, because he had not satisfied his Government. Lee feared discontent among his people; Meade found it with General Halleck. Relief from command was denied to Lee; it was granted at last to Meade.

It would have been a fatal mistake, a blunder, to have accepted General Lee's resignation. There was no other man who could have filled his place in the confidence, veneration, and love of his army. His relief from command in Virginia would have brought greater dissatisfaction if not greater disaster, than did the removal from command of Joe Johnston in Georgia. The Continental Congress might as safely have dispensed with the services of Washington as could the Confederacy with those of Lee. Looking back now over the records of that Titanic sectional struggle, in the light of Lee's repeated successes prior to the Gettysburg battle and of his prolonged resistance in 1864–5, with depleted ranks and exhausted resources, how strangely sounds the story of his self-abnegation and desire to turn over his army to some "younger and abler man." How beautiful and deeply sincere the words, coming from his saddened heart, in which he characterized his devoted followers in that official letter tendering his resignation! Speaking of the new commander, whose selection he was anxious should at once be made, he said: "I know he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it will be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader—one who can accomplish more than I can hope to perform, and all that I have wished." He urged with characteristic earnestness as his reason for asking the selection of another commander, "the desire to serve my country, and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause." He had no grievances to ventilate; no scapegoat to bear the burden of his responsibilities; no puerile repinings at the fickleness of Fortune; no complaints to lodge against the authorities above him for the paucity of the resources they were able to provide. Of himself, and of himself only, did he complain; and he was the only man in his army who would have made such complaint. General Lee might criticise himself, but criticisms of him by any other officer would have been answered by an indignant and crushing rebuke from the whole Confederate Army. The nearest approach he made to fault-finding was his statement that his own sight was not perfect, and that he was so dull that, in attempting to use the eyes of others, he found himself often misled.

To General Lee's request to be relieved, and to have an abler man placed in his position, Mr. Davis very pointedly and truthfully replied, that to request him to find someone "more fit for command, or who possessed more of the confidence of the army, or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility."

THE FLYING COLLEEN BAWN

By James B. Connolly

Illustrations by H. Reuterdahl

IT was a howling gale outside, but howling gales were common things to Peter, and he did not see why this one need hinder his taking a little stroll along the docks. Something in the appearance of the vessel just rounding the Point helped to give new life to the idea he had been entertaining for some minutes, now, that a little trip along the harbor front wouldn't be a half bad notion.

Exactly what that something was Peter could not say. Queer inner workings were not to be argued as if they were Trust or Tariff questions; but this vessel—and she certainly was an able vessel—and the vessel just before her was an able vessel too—both these vessels, he might say, tearing around the Point, rails buried and booms dragging, did suggest in some way Peter couldn't quite reason out, that his intended little voyage was a good idea.

It had been ever so with Peter. Never one of his favorites came swinging in before a breeze that he did not begin to get nervous. So, having made a note of the *Colleen Bawn*, Tom O'Donnell, master, under a note of the *Nannie O*, Tommie Ohlsen, master, and seeing nothing further to hinder, he just the same as conferred a decoration on the most meritorious of his volunteer staff by giving him full charge of the tower while he should be gone; then, with conscience clear, he climbed down the winding back stairs and out onto the street.

In and about among the wharves did Peter jog under easy sail until he felt somewhat more rested. He was, indeed, about to return to Crow's Nest, but happening to glance down Duncan's Dock, he made out Dexter Warren painting dories under the lee of the long shed. "Miracles!" murmured Peter, "Dexter's workin'." Picking his course over the planks of the dock, tacking in and out among the fish flakes, empty hogsheads and old broken spars, Peter noticed Dexter step away from his dories, raise his hands to his eyes, take a squint across the harbor, shake his head sadly, come back and resume his dory-painting.

But resumed it leisurely, for Dexter, as everybody in Gloucester that knew him knew, was not the man to do things in a bull-headed way. That some men painted portraits with less care than Dexter painted bankers' dories was readily believed by anyone who had ever seen Dexter painting dories. Dexter would have told you that the dories were the more useful. He was now putting in the discriminating touches that distinguish the type of man who works for something other than the money there is in it. It was the precise little dab of the brush here and a deft little flirt of the wrist there, and the holding of the head first to one side and then the other that caught the eye of Peter when he rounded to under Dexter's quarter and hailed.

"Hulloh, Dexter boy, and what's it you're paintin'?"

"Miniachoors—miniachoors on iv'ry," responded Dexter, with brush suspended at arm's length, and himself swinging slowly around. He had some more little repartee on the tip of his tongue, but seeing who it was he forgot it, and "Hulloh, Peter," he said instead, "and what ever druv you out this mornin'?"

"I dunno. The confinement, maybe."

"Ah, that's bad—too much confinement."

"That's what I was thinkin' myself. For who are the dories?"

"Captain O'Donnell."

"For the *Colleen Bawn*? A man'd think'd be a new vessel and not new dories he'd be gettin', for the old one's all wracked apart. Red bottoms, yeller sides, and green gunnels—m'm—but they'll be swell-lookin' dories when you get 'em done, won't they?"



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

When we hit the light he shook off like an apple from a tree.—Page 33.

"They'll be the prettiest dories that was ever put aboard a trawler out of Gloucester," said Dexter, appreciatively.

"I'll bet. And he'll be pleased with 'em, I know—'specially the green gunnels —and he ought t' be along soon."

"Who along soon?—not the *Colleen Bawn*?"

"Sure. She was comin' around the Point just as I left Crow's Nest."

"No! Well, I'm glad," breathed Dexter. "I'm glad he's home again. And so'll his wife be, too. There was that gale just after she left. His wife, I'll bet, ain't slept a wink since."

Peter straddled the sheer of a broken topmast. "Whose wife, Dexter?—not meanin' to be inquisitive."

"Why, Jimmie Johnson's. He's on the *Colleen* this trip."

"Him? The little fellow lumps around here sometimes? Why, we used to scare him 'most to death up in Crow's Nest tellin'—— How came it he got it into his head to go fishin'?"

"Oh, it was what the papers'd call a little matrimonial difference. I expect that him and his wife ain't got real well acquainted with each other yet. He's pretty young yet, and she don't know too much about the world. I know, because she's my first cousin. Young married couples, I s'pose, got to have 'bout so many arguments before they find each other out. I ain't married myself, but ain't it about that way, Peter?"

"Well, gen'rally, Dexter, though not always." Peter jabbed the point of his knife-blade into his spar. "You see, Dexter, it's a good deal like vessels. You don't always know how to take them at first. There's some sails best down by the head, and some by the stern. There's some'll come about in the wildest gale under headsail alone, and others you have to drive around with the trys'l or a bit of the mains'l and that, too, when a minute too late means the vessel gone up on the rocks. Some you c'n find all about how they trim the first trip, and some you c'n never find out about; and some fine day they rolls over or goes under, and the whole gang's lost. But about Jimmie, Dexter—how'd the Irishman ever come to ship him?"

"Lord, I dunno. I only know I came down on the dock that mornin', and he was standin' right where I am now, just goin' to begin on a new set of dories for the *Scarrabee* that was fittin' out to go halibutin'. When I came along I was wonderin' where I could get about a week's work. I didn't want more'n a week, because I'd been promised a job in the glue factory the first of the month, and I never did see the use of wearin' yourself out beforehand when you're goin' to start in soon on a steady job, would you, Peter?"

"Well,"—Peter made a few more thoughtful jabs into the topmast—"well, no, maybe not—more especially if 't was a glue factory job."

"That's what I say. Well, I notices something was wrong, and I asks what the matter was. 'Tired of work?' I says, thinkin' to cheer him up."

"'Tired of everything,' says Jimmie, and I see he was most ready to cry. Well, you know the kind he is, Peter. He ain't one of them fellows that'll go out and have a few drinks for himself and forget it. No; he thinks over things that don't amount to nothin' till he's near crazy—you've met them kind? Yes? Well, Jimmie was that way this mornin'. I drew it out of him that he'd had a scrap up home. He told me, knowin' I wouldn't tell it all over the place, and——"

"And he wound up by shippin' with Tom O'Donnell? How'd Jimmie ever get a chance with that gang? They're an able crew."

"Lord, I dunno. I went away, and warn't gone more than an hour when the boy from the office came huntin' for me and says that Jimmie Johnson'd gone a haddockin' trip in the *Colleen Bawn* and did I want his job? And I came back and went to work thinkin' I had a week ahead of me or so, and here it's the fourteenth day—not countin' Sundays—and I'm glad he's back, and I hope he hurries ashore as soon's they come to anchor. Fourteen days now paintin' dories and lumpin' around this dock, and——"

"And that poor boy out in the *Colleen Bawn* in that last blow! Well, maybe it'll do him good. Your cousin, you say, Dexter? I think I've seen her—and a nice little woman, too—though I expect there was a little to blame on both sides; there gen'rally is. But, I must be gettin' back. I left a lad in charge of Crow's



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

"All the looseness in my oil-pants is ketched tight."—Page 35.

Nest that I'm afeard ain't able to pick out a Georgesman from an Eye-Talian barque loaded with salt till they're under his nose, and maybe he won't be reportin' one or two to the office till after they know it themselves, and then somebody'll ketch the devil—me, most likely. So, so long, Dexter."

Regretfully relinquishing his old topmast, and leaving Dexter and his dories in his wake, Peter gradually gathered steerage-way, and headed up the dock, from where, in time, he managed to work into the street, and then, with Duncan's office to port and a good beam wind, he bore away for Crow's Nest. He had it in mind to go by way of the Anchorage, and laying his course therefor—no'west by nothe—he hauled up for the Anchorage corner.

Luffing the least bit to clear the brass railings outside the Anchorage windows, and having in mind all the while how fine it would be once he was around with a fair wind at his back, and bending his head at the same time to the breeze, Peter ran plump into somebody coming the other way.

"I say, matey, but could you swing her off a half-point or so?" sung out the other cheerfully.

"Swing off? Why, of course, but gen'rally a vessel close-hauled is s'posed to have right of way where I come from."

"Close-hauled are you? Well, so'm I—or I thought I was."

"And so maybe y'are, if you're so round-bowed and flat-bottomed a craft you can't sail closer than seven or eight points. Anyway, I'm starboard tack."

"Well, who in——" The other peered up: "Why, hello-o, Peter!"

"What! Well, well, Tommie Clancy! the *Colleen Bawn* in already?"

"To anchor in the stream not two minutes ago. I hurried ashore on an errand for her."

"And what kind of a trip d'you have?"

"Oh, nothing extra so far as the fish went, but good and lively every other way. Stayed out in that breeze week before last and left George's last night with that latest spoon-bow model and I guess she's still a-comin'. Some wind last night comin' home, Peter."

"M-m—I'll bet she came a-howlin'."

"Oh, maybe she didn't. Peter boy, but if you only could've seen her hoppin' over the shoals last night and comin' up to Cape Ann this mornin'! But let's step inside, and have a little touch."

"Well, I don't mind, seein' the kind of a day it is, Tommie. And I want to ask you about that little fellow you shipped—Jimmie Johnson."

"Ho, ho—'Your oilskins are too loose,' says the Skipper to him. Ho, ho—wait and I'll tell you about him, Peter—'Your oilskins too loose—' ho, ho."

"What did he mean by that?"

"Wait, till I tell you, Peter boy. But let's sit down and drink in comfort. There y'are. Here's a shoot. G-g-g-h-! m-m-! but ain't it fine to feel that soaking into your inside planking after you've been carryin' a dry hold for sixteen days? Ain't it? What? You bet, and about the little lumper-man, it was funny from the start. I was down the end of the dock the mornin' we left, with the dory, waiting for the Skipper, when along comes this little fellow lookin' like something sad'd happened. I kind of half knew him from seein' him around the dock now and again. He seemed to be lookin' for some good sympathetic party to tell his troubles to and I let him pour them into me. He talks away and I listens and before he's through I begin to see what the trouble was. 'What you need is a couple of drinks,' I says—'What d'y' say if we go up and have a little touch?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I ain't drunk a drop since I got married—and I never will whilst I am married.' 'Then if you don't hurry up and get a divorce, I can see that you are goin' to carry around an awful thirst,' I says, but the way he took it I see he didn't want any foolin'. And then, to soothe him, I asked him why he didn't go a haddockin' trip, and forget it."

"'Do you think I'd forget it?' he asks, eager-like.

"'Well,' I said, 'I can't say. Some people remember things a long time, but you go a trip with Tom O'Donnell, and you'll stand a pretty good chance, especially 'bout this time o' year,' I says; 'and maybe it'll teach people a lesson,' I adds on; and just then down the dock comes the Skipper, with big Jerry Sullivan. Ain't he a whale though—big Jerry?"

"Yes, and gettin' bigger every day."



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

What's that a-drivin' in from sea,
Like a ghost from out the dawn?—Page 37.

"Yes. Well, the Skipper was layin' down the law to big Jerry, and you could hear him the length of the dock. He was sayin', 'I told him we'd leave at nine o'clock, and it's quarter-past now, and I told him above all the others, knowin' his failin'. He knows me, and he oughter know that when I say nine o'clock that 'tis nine o'clock I mean, and not ten, or eleven, or two in the afternoon; and we been in two nights now, and he's had plenty o' time to loosen up since.'

"'That's right enough, Skipper,' says Jerry. 'I heard you myself, and I said myself, "Now, mind, Bartley, what the Skipper's tellin' you;" but you see, Skipper, it was a weddin' last night, and a wake the night before——'

"'A wake and a weddin'! And whose weddin'—his?' roars the Skipper.

"'Why, no,' says Jerry.

"'Was it his wake, then?'

"'Why, Skipper, don't you know it couldn't been his wake?'

"'Not his wake and not his weddin'? Then what the devil reason has he?'

"'Why,' said Jerry, 'I ain't sayin' he's got any good reason. But you know what he thinks of you and of the vessel. He's been in the *Colleen* ever since she was built, and he's a fisherman—a fisherman, Skipper, stem to stern a fisherman—and he knows your ways and the vessel's ways.' says Jerry.

" 'Indeed, and I'm not sure he knows my ways too well,' says the Skipper. 'It's so proud he should be to sail in the *Colleen Bawn*, the fastest, ablest vessel out of Gloucester, if I do say it myself, that—— But no more talk. To the divil with him. There's the dory; jump in and go aboard.'

" 'But what 'll I do for a dory-mate?' says Jerry.

" 'Oh, I'll get you a dory-mate. When we put into Boston for bait there 'll be plenty to pick up on T wharf.'

"Well just there I nudges the little lumper, and he sets his jaws and steps up: 'Captain, could you give me a chance? I'd like to ship with you for a trip.'

"The Skipper looks down at him: 'And who are you?'

"And right away he begins to tell his troubles to the Skipper, and the Skipper —you know the Skipper—listens like a father. But he near spoiled it all by windin' up, 'Oh, I've been workin' around the dock lately, but I used to be quartermaster on a harbor steamer in Boston one time,' to let the Skipper know he wouldn't have a passenger on his hands.

"The Skipper looks him up and looks him down. 'Quartermaster on a harbor steamer once, was you? Think of that, now. It's the proud man you oughter be! And about as big as a pair of good woolen mitts! But'—and he looks over at Jerry sideways—'you'll have a mate that's big enough. Jerry,' and he begins to smile slylike, 'Jerry, here's the dory-mate you've been screechin' for.'

" 'What!' howls Jerry, 'him—him! Why, I could slip him into one of my redjacks. That little shrimp! A shrimp? No—a minim!'

"It was scandalous, of course, to speak out like that to the little man to his face, but Jerry and Bartley were great friends, you see; and Jerry 'd kept on, but the Skipper puts an end to it quick, and we went aboard.

"Well, we puts into Boston for the bait, gets it up to T wharf and puts out. Coming down the harbor it was Jerry and the little man's watch on deck. Jerry put him to the wheel. 'Bein' quartermaster of a harbor steamer here once, of course you know the channel,' says Jerry, and leaves him and goes for'ard. Well, we went along till we were pretty near the little light-house on the thin iron legs that sets up like it was on stilts. Well, you know how the channel is there, Peter, and this time it was blowin' some—wind abeam. I mind the little man askin' Jerry afore this if it warn't pretty bad weather to be puttin' to sea and Jerry sayin' maybe it would be for harbor steamers. We were crowdin' along at this time, Jerry for'ard by the windlass, me in the waist, and the little man to the wheel. We gets near to the little light-house—like a spider on long legs it was—Bug Light is the name of it, and a good name for it, too. We were crowdin' through, and I was thinkin' of askin' Jerry if he hadn't better take the wheel himself, and then I thought I wouldn't. It warn't my watch, and you don't like to be hintin' to a man that he don't know his business, you know, not even to a man that was green as this one might be in handlin' a fisherman. Well,



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

"'Tis Tommie I'm after," hollers back the Skipper.—Page 37.

we gets nearer and I noticed the little man beginnin' to fidget like he was nervous or something. At last he hollers out to Jerry, 'I say, matey, what'll I do? I don't know's I c'n keep her away from the light, and there's rocks on the other side. What'll I do, matey?' Jerry turns around. 'Whatever you do, don't call me matey. And whatever you do again, don't put this vessel up on the rocks or the Skipper'll swing you from the fore-gaff peak and let this fine no'therly blow through you.'

"'But we won't go by,' hollers the little man; 'we're goin' to hit it.'

"'Well, hit it if you want to,' says Jerry; 'it's your wheel. You shipped in Bartley Campbell's place, now do Bartley Campbell's work. Anyway,' goes on Jerry, 'you won't do any great harm if you do. It's bent to one side anyway here where some old coaster or other hit it a clip last fall. Maybe you c'n straighten it out.'

"Jerry no more than got that out than the vessel got way from the little man and ran into the light. She hit it fair as could be, with her bowsprit against one of the long, thin iron legs, and she did give it a wallop. There was a man climbin' up the ladder the other side of the light—to fill his lamps, I s'pose—and when we hit the light he shook off like an apple from a tree, and drops into the water. The vessel bounces off where we hit, and the Skipper and the rest of the gang comes rushin' up on deck. 'What the divil's that?' says the Skipper; and seein' the man in the water, he rushes to the side and gaffs him in nice and handy.

"'What the devil do you mean?' says the man the Skipper'd gaffed, soon's he'd got his mouth clear of salt water.

"'What the divil do *you* mean?' says our Skipper, 'by comin' aboard this vessel?' He's about as quick a man to see a thing—that Tom O'Donnell—as ever I saw in my life.

"'What do I mean?' says the man. 'What do you mean by running that gaff into me the way you did?'

"Holy Mother!' says the Skipper, 'but will you listen to him? It's gold medals we should be gettin' from the Humane Societies for savin' the life of him, and now it's nothin' but growling because we did save it.'

"'Saved my life!' sputters the lighthouse lad. 'My boat was right there when I fell—why, it ain't your vessel's length away now under the light' (the *Colleen* was beginnin' to slide away again) —'and I want you to know I c'n swim like a fish.'

"'Then swim, ye divil ye, swim!' says the Skipper quick's a wink, and picks him up and heaves him over the rail. 'Yes,' says big Jerry, 'swim, you lobster, swim!' and he pushes him along with an oar he'd grabbed out the top dory; and he did swim, too.

"And then the Skipper comes aft. 'Who the divil,' says he, 'was to the wheel?' and spots the little man, who was lookin' more surprised than the lightkeeper in the water. 'And where'd you ever steer a vessel before?' says the Skipper.

"'I dunno's I did so very bad,' answers the little man. 'I used to be quartermaster on a harbor steamer once, and I kept her off the rocks.'

"The Skipper looked at him like he was a new kind of fish. 'Indeed, was you now? And you kept her off the rocks? And did you ship for a fisherman or what?' And the Skipper looks at him a little more, then laughs and takes the wheel himself. 'Maybe,' says he, 'the insurance company would like it better if I took her the rest of the way out of the harbor myself. And I don't want to lose her myself. She's too good a vessel—the fastest and the ablest out o' Gloucester. But go below now, boy, and have your supper.'

"Well, that passed by all right, but outside the harbor, off Minot's, we ran foul of the *Superba*—that's the new one, the latest spoon-bow model. He sees her comin' and sways up, but she comes on and goes on by—goes on by nice and easy. 'And she used to be a good vessel once,' says Dick Mason, her skipper, to some of his gang standing aft—we could hear him; he meant us to hear him—'of course, a good vessel once, the *Colleen Bawn*, but she's been wracked so she can't carry sail no longer.'

"Imagine Tom O'Donnell, Peter, havin' to stand on the quarter of his own vessel and take that from Dick Mason—imagine it, Peter, and from Dick Mason that, standing on deck and wide-awake, couldn't

sail a vessel like Tom O'Donnell could from his bunk below and half asleep. The Skipper looked after her, then he turns us to, and it was sway up and no end to the trimmin' of sheets. But no use. The *Superba* kept goin' on away, and the Skipper couldn't make it out. He stood with one foot on the house, his chin on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, and tried to figure it out as he looked after her. It was by the wind, and plenty of it—the rail nice and wet—couldn't been better for our vessel. 'There's something wrong,' says he. And there was something wrong. We found it after awhile. It was one of the iron bands that was holdin' her together—the one for'ard was loose and draggin' under her bottom. The Skipper was tickled to death when he found what it was. 'Troth, and I knew there was something wrong with her,' he says; and puts into Provincetown and has it bolted on again. 'Now,' he says, 'she'll be nice and tight again when we wants to drive her. And if we runs foul of that spoon-bow again, we'll see.' We warn't out the harbor hardly before the wind gettin' at her, she begins to leak for'ard, but the Skipper pretended he didn't see it, puts around the Cape and off for Georges, where we got to just about in time to ketch that no'west gale that was riotin' out there the week before last. We were blowed off, but banged her back, blowed off and banged her back again, tryin' to hang on to shoal water so's to be handy to good fishin' when it moderated. But it was a week before it did moderate, and by that time the *Colleen* was pretty well shook up, with the water sizzlin' through her like she was a lobster-pot for'ard, and the gang makin' guesses on how long before she'd come apart altogether. The Skipper, he didn't seem to mind. 'She's a little loose,' says he, 'but don't let it worry ye. Keep your rubber boots on, and don't mind. So long as the iron bands hangs to her planks, she's all right.'

"Well, as I said, it moderated, and we got a chance to fish a little on and off for another week, and the troubles of Jerry with his dory-mate would fill a book that week. 'It's two men's work you have now, Jerry,' I says to him. "'Tisn't two but three,' says Jerry. It's my own work and his work and another man's work to see he don't get tangled up in the trawls or capsize the dory or fall over himself and get lost.' However, fishin' on and off brought us to yesterday, when, with the wind makin' all the time, it got too rough toward the evenin' to put the dories out, and we used the time up till along toward dark in dressin' what fish we had on deck and cuttin' fresh bait for next day—to-day that'd be. We'd done all that, and was gettin' ready to make ourselves comfortable for the night with the Skipper sayin': 'Ten thousand more, and I'd swing her off for Gloucester, I would. But another set, and, with any kind of luck, we'll get that, and then we'll swing her off.' He'd only just said that—he was havin' a mug-up for'ard at the time—when whoever was on watch sticks his head down the gangway, and calls out: 'Captain, here's the *Superba*, and she's goin' home, I think.'

"'What!' says he, and gulps his coffee and leaps for the gangway, and we knew that our notions about a comfortable night might's well be forgotten. He takes a look at the vessel comin'. 'That's Dickie Mason, sure enough. Shake the reef out the mains'l, and we'll put after her.'

"'She's under a trys'l, Skipper,' says big Jerry.

"'And so would I be in that cigar-box,' says the Skipper.

"We drives up and shoots under her stern. 'Hi-i, Captain Mason!' sings out our Skipper. 'Hi-i, Captain O'Donnell,' hollers Mason. 'Know me?' 'I sure do.' 'And this vessel?' 'That old wrack?—I'd know her in a million.' 'Would you now? Then swing on your heel and follow her home.' And then he turns to us, 'Boom her out now, boys—boom her out—no'west by west and never a slack.' And off he goes straight for the shoals, with a livin' southeasterly gale and the black night on us.

"'Twarn't more than an hour, or maybe two, runnin' like that, when we couldn't make out the *Superba's* lights any more. The Skipper himself went to the masthead and looked. 'She's put to the nothe'ard, I think,' he said, comin' down. 'But then again maybe he isn't. Maybe he's put them out. Anyway, we'll keep

on and make a holy show of her—the fine *Superba*, indeed! that don't dare to follow the *Colleen Bawn*, all wracked as they say she is! Maybe he'll get his courage up and come after us later, but whatever she does we'll keep this one as she is.'

"We were fair into the shoal water then with the Skipper keepin' the lead goin' himself. 'Billie Simms in the *Henry Parker* showed me in the *Lucy Foster* how the short way over these shoals are,' he says—'and it cost me twelve hundred and odd dollars, and I haven't forgotten the road.' He warn't tellin' anybody what water he was gettin'. It was pretty shoal though, man, it was. Once or twice, I swear, we were real worried. But he's the lucky man, is Tom O'Donnell. The wind hauled and he swung her foreboom over and tried to spread a balloon. It carried away her foretopm'st, which maybe was just as well. And all night long he kept her goin'——"

"Lord, but you must've had it, Tommie. And Jimmie Johnson—how was he makin' out?"

"Jimmie Johnson? Ho, ho! the little lumper. Let me tell you. In the middle of the night, thinkin' the worst of it was over, with the shoals behind us, the gang went below and turned in, all but me. I gets my pipe from my bunk and was havin' a smoke, and thinkin' of turnin' in too, when this Jimmie Johnson came down, lookin' pretty well worried.

"'Ain't it awful?' he says.

"'Ain't what awful?' I asks.

"'Why, the night—the vessel—the way she's sailin'—and everything else.'

"'Why don't you turn in?' I asked. 'It's no use turnin' in now,' he answers; 'my watch comes in half an hour or so.' 'Turn in,' says I; 'I'll stand your watch.' 'Will you?' he says, and looks like a load'd come off his chest. He was goin' to turn in then, when he happened to think he'd like to have a mug-up. So he gets a mug of coffee and a slice of pie, and takes a seat on the wind'ard locker. There was plenty of wind stirrin' at this time, mind you, but there he was havin' a nice little mug-up for himself, sittin' on the weather-locker and all oiled-up, leanin' over the table, his mug o' coffee to one hand and a wide wedge o' pie to the other. Man, I have to laugh every time I think of him. 'The cook of this vessel does make the finest apple pie, don't he?' he asks, and you could see his spirits was beginnin' to rise, with the hot coffee gettin' inside of him. The *Colleen* was bumpin' herself all this time, rollin' over like she was goin' to lie down, and then gettin' up again, rearin' her head and fannin' herself with her forefeet, standin' on her hind legs and then comin' down again, doin' all those kind of things you gets used to on her when the Skipper's tryin' to sail her in a blow. Well, I watches this little Jimmie for awhile, till I happens to think that so long's I had another watch to stand I might's well have another pipeful while I was waitin'. I was thinkin' of steppin' over for a bit of tobacco out of big Jerry's bunk, which was right over where this Jimmie Johnson was sittin', when the *Colleen* gave an extra good lurch, and with it all at once this lad sank down about a foot or so, and Jerry at the same time most comes through the bottom of his bunk. The lad, he gets pale, and makes as if he was tryin' to stand up but couldn't. 'What is it?' I said, and wonders what was wrong with him. 'My oil-skins,' said he. 'All the looseness in my oil-pants is ketched tight.' And then Jerry woke up, with the noise he made in fallin', I s'pose, and the most surprised man you ever saw. 'Mother o' mine!' says Jerry, 'what's that?' and just for'ard of him Aleck McKenzie leaps a full three feet into the air, hittin' the deck beam so hard he must 've left pieces of himself stickin' to it. 'What in the ——!' says Aleck, and when he got that far he sees this Jimmie Johnson. 'Did you do that?' he says.

"'No,' says he, and tryin' himself to get off the locker, and Aleck notices him.

"'What you doin' there anyway?' says Aleck.

"'I dunno,' says Jimmie, and just then the *Colleen* falls the other way and lets him loose again, and he leaps for the gangway and up on deck. Man, he fair flew, and I went up after him, not knowin' what might happen to him, and Jerry and Aleck below swearin' like crazy men.

"Up on the deck there was the Skipper just able to keep his feet and talkin' to Dal Skinner, who was to the wheel. It was dark enough, but you c'd make him out where the light of the binnacle hit on his

wet oil-skins. Up to him popped the little man from somewhere. 'My God, but it's a wild night, ain't it, Captain?' says he.

"'Who the divil's that?' says the Skipper, and he peeks along the deck to where Jimmie was hangin' to the weather rail. After takin' another peek and seein' who it was, the Skipper don't pay no more attention to him, but goes on talkin' to Dal.

"'I'm thinkin',' says the Skipper, 'that it's moderatin' a bit and maybe she'd stand the stays'l pretty soon.' Jimmie, I guess, was listenin' to that and couldn't hold in any longer. 'Oh, Captain, Captain,' says he, 'she's fallin' apart forward,' and tells him what happened in the fo'c's'le. 'How long you been sleepin' for'ard?' asks the Skipper.

"'Four nights now,' says Jimmie.

"'Only four nights? That's it, you're not used to sleepin' for'ard yet. You mustn't mind that. They all used to think that at first. But, Lord bless you, don't you mind that. That's just a little way she has. She don't mean any harm.'

"'But Jerry fell through his bunk.'

"'And why wouldn't he? sure he weighs a ton.'

"'But,' says Jimmie—she pinched my oil-pants, her planks opened up so wide!'

"'That so? And what size oil-skins do you wear?'

"'I dunno,' says he—'These belong to Clancy."

"'There it is,' said he, 'Clancy's a big man, and your oil-skins are too loose. Go below and see if you can find some that are four sizes smaller and get the loan of 'em. Go below anyway,' says he, 'and finish your mug-up. You'll feel better.'

"'If you don't mind, Captain,' says he, 'I'd rather stay on deck awhile—it's safer, I think.'

"'All right,' says the Skipper, 'but don't get in the way.'

"He hadn't got that fair out, when 'Hard down—hard down!' comes ravin' from the watch for'ard. 'Down,' hollers Dal, and the *Colleen* makes a shoot, and the booms start to come over. And just then the Skipper makes a jump for the waist after this Jimmie and slings him out of the way of the fore-boom. He saved Jimmie from having his head split open and knocked overboard and lost, but he couldn't save himself. Even a man like Tom O'Donnell can't sling a man out of the way on a wet and driving deck with one hand like he was a feather, and the boom ketches him side the head just as the vessel heels down again on the other tack and over the railing he goes.—"

"Not overboard, Tommie!"

"Yes, overboard and into the black sea, and me standing by couldn't save him from it. I jumped, but he was gone, and over on the other side the clumsy ark of a vessel we had to turn out for went on by. The watch must 've been asleep aboard of her. I stood and cursed her lights as they went away from us. Yes, sir, cursed 'em out between the times I was hollering for the gang to come up.

"'On deck everybody—all hands on deck!' I roars it loud's I could, and had the gripes slashed off the nest of lee dories by the time they came up flying.

"'The Skipper is gone,' says I; 'over with a dory!' and we had one over in no time, and Jerry and me jumps in—Jerry in his stockin' feet—and out we goes. We couldn't sees so much as a star in the sky, if there was one—not even the white tops of the seas—but we drove her out, and 'twas all we could do to keep the dory from capsizin' by the way. 'To looard!' I says, and to looard we pushed her; and then, 'Hi, the *Colleen Bawn!* on your lee quarter.' 'Twas the Skipper's voice. And maybe we didn't row. But 'twas one thing to hear his voice, and another in that night and sea and blackness to find him, and keep the dory right side up at the same time. But he kept singin' out and we kept drivin' away, and at last we got him. A hard job he must 've had trying to keep afloat with his big jack-boots on, and everything else on, for the fifteen minutes or more it took us to find him.

"'Lord!' says he, 'but I'm glad to see you; paddling like a porpoise I've been since I went over the side. But drive for the vessel—there's her port light—and I'll keep bailin', if one of ye 'll lend me your sou'wester.'

"We got alongside, and the Skipper climbs over the rail. 'Put her on her course again,' he says, and then starts to go below to overhaul his head.

"And then Jimmie Johnson steps up. 'How'd it come, Captain,' he says, 'you fell overboard?' By the light from the

cabin gangway the Skipper sees him, and—

"'You little—I dunno what—but go below. Take him for'ard, somebody,' he says, 'and tie him in his bunk, or give him laudanum out of the medicine-chest, afore we have all hands lost tryin' to look after him.'

"Then he goes below to fix his head up—the side of his head was laid clean open, with the blood runnin' scuppers full from him.

"'Och,' says he, 'but 'tis a great pickle—salt water,' and he takes an old cotton shirt and tears it up and wraps it 'round his head, and goes on deck again."

"And after that he kept her comin' just the same, Tommie?"

"Just the same. All night long he kept her comin', and payin' attention to nobody. In the early mornin', I mind we passed Josh Bradley in the *Tubal Cain*, him bangin' along with a busted fores'l, remindin' us of a gull with a broken wing. We passed a whole fleet of old plugs anchored off Highland Light, ripped by 'em roarin', and they lookin' over the rails at the Skipper, his head all wrapped up. Imagine her, Peter, with her four lowers and gaff topsail, and the wind makin' if anything. And then what should happen but he made out the *Nannie O* ahead. 'Tis Tommie Ohlsen,' he says, 'under four lowers. We'll chase him.' But Tommie must 've seen us, for soon we saw his tops'l break out. Then we sent up the stays'l, and then Tommie sent up his. Then we came swingin' round the Cape—and I'd like to had a photograph of her then—with the Skipper standin' between house and rail to wind'ard, squeezin' the salt water out of his beard, and Jerry below singin':

> 'What's that a-drivin' in from sea,
> Like a ghost from out the dawn?
> And who but Tom O'Donnell
> And his flying *Colleen Bawn*.'

"'Tis fine and gay they're feelin',' says the Skipper, 'with their singin', thinkin' they'll soon be home. In a minute, now, there'll be something to sing about. Look at what's coming', and she gets it fair and full. And it was too much for the gang. He floats them all out below. From fore and aft they comes runnin' up on deck. 'For God's sake, Skipper, what is it?' says they. 'Don't worry,' says the Skipper, 'tis only a little squall, and the *Nannie O* ahead.' 'But what're we goin' to do, Skipper? We can't stay below.' 'Oh, climb on the weather-rail,' says the Skipper, 'and if she goes over, 'tis only a mile to shore.' And then the face of little Jimmie! 'My God, my God—my poor, poor wife!' he says; 'whisht, lad, whisht,' says the Skipper, patting his head, 'tis to your wife we're takin' you,' and he keeps on chasin' the *Nannie O* across the bay."

"And then?"

"And then? Why, he kept her goin' across the bay. Half-way home, there was a big white steam yacht layin' to both anchors. She was big enough to tow the *Colleen* ten knots an hour. 'You'd think it was banshees we was, the way they look out from between the lace curtains,' says the Skipper, and we rips by her stern like the express train goin' by West Gloucester station.

"A little while after that we overhauled Eben Watkins. Eben, you know, used to brag some about that vessel of his one time, but now he was under a storm trys'l. 'Twas kind of thick—we'd lost sight of the *Nannie*—and the Skipper was goin' on by without intendin' to say anything, but Eben hails him.

"'Where were you about two hours ago?'

"'Roundin' the Cape,' says the Skipper.

"'What sail d'y' have on her?'

"'What she's got now.'

"'That stays'l?'

"'That stays'l—yes.'

"'Get that squall?'

"'Oh, a little puff.'

"'A little puff?' says Eben, and he stretches his head at us—'a little puff. And how'd she stand it?'

"'Just wet our rail—just wet our rail.'

"'Go to hell!' says Eben—'just wet your rail'—and I don't blame him, for the *Colleen* was down to her hatches then. 'I s'pose Tommie Ohlsen just wet his rail too,' says Eben. 'All we could see of him goin' by a while ago was the weather-side of his deck.'

"'Tis Tommie I'm after,' hollers back the Skipper and gets out of hearing.

"I don't know whether we gained or lost on the *Nannie O*, but we carried our

stays'l every foot of the way from Cape Cod to Eastern Point and we carried into the harbor just the same's we came across the bay. Did you see her beatin' in? No? Well, it was a scandal. Her deck was slidin' back and forth under our feet—we could feel it, and you've seen a soap-box with the top and bottom gone floatin' about in the tide? Yes? And how it lengthens out sometimes when a sea hits it broadside? Well, that's the way the *Colleen* was shiftin' back and forth comin' in the harbor. She was that loose 'twas immoral. She's ten feet longer when she stretches herself real well,' says Jerry. 'She is a bit loose,' says the Skipper, 'but she sails better loose. When she lengthens out like that, she's doin' her best reachin'.'

"And that's the way she came in. When we came to anchor the Skipper went into her peak with a lantern, tryin' to find out what it was. 'I think she's a little more loose than ordinary this trip,' he says—'it must be the calkin'—but before he got through he discovered that it was her iron barr'd dropped off altogether. And then it was he told me to go ashore to see about a place for her on the railway. And I guess I'd better hurry along. But afore we go, Peter, just a little touch to the *Colleen Bawn*, for God bless her, loose as she is, there's nothing like her out the port."

"And are you goin' to stay on her and she like that?"

"And she that way? And why not? He's going to put four-inch joists in her fore and aft this time on the railway, and then she'll be all right. She'll leak a little maybe, but what's a little leak? And anyway I'd rather be lost in her with Tom O'Donnell than live a thousand years with some. And so here's to her, Peter boy. One thing, you know you're alive on her—and here's to the *Colleen Bawn*."

"To the *Colleen Bawn*, Tommie, and I don't know but what you're right."

When Peter came out of the Anchorage again, the atmosphere had cleared. The blush of the sky was a marvellous thing for March. Peter could not remember when he had ever seen so rosy a morning for that time of year. And it was a fair wind, too—so fair that Peter could not but remark it. "If we was comin' home in the *Colleen Bawn*, or the *Nannie O*, in this breeze, our wake 'd be fair boilin'. The *Colleen Bawn* with the Irishman aboard, or the *Nannie O* with Tommie Ohlsen—they'd be loggin' fifteen knots—yes, and sixteen maybe." He looked over his shoulder, and for twenty fathoms back he could see the smooth, white log-line and the brass-bound log whirling like mad. It was a rosy morning, and Peter rolled along for Crow's Nest.

Along the road he overhauled Dexter Warren, who seemed to be out taking the air.

"Seen Jimmie Johnson yet, Dexter?" asked Peter.

Dexter took a hand out of one pocket to gesture. "Jimmie? Yes, and he's crazy. He came up the wharf like a ghost. 'Hulloh, what kind of a trip 'd you have, Jimmie?' I asked, 'and how do you like Captain O'Donnell?'

"'Yah,' he says, 'your oil-skins is too loose.' 'What?' I hollers after him—he goin' up the dock like a streak. 'Take to the weather-rail—it's only a mile to shore,' he waves his hand and hollers back to me. And then his wife popped around the corner. 'Jimmie!' says she. 'Jennie!' says he, and in a second it was all off. The pair of them flew up the dock like a pair of gulls before a no'the-easter and I picked up my pots and brushes and went up to the office and told the old man that I guessed I'd quit."

"And did you?"

"Did I? And why wouldn't I? Jimmie's job is waitin' for him if he ain't too crazy to take it, and if he is it don't matter to me. There's my glue-factory job the first of the month. 'Your oil-skins is too loose,' says he. He must be crazy, Peter—plumb crazy."

It was in the middle of the morning when the *Colleen Bawn* came to anchor. It was late in the afternoon, almost dark, and Peter was fillin' his last pipe at Crow's Nest, when the *Superba* came to anchor in the stream. By and by Dickie Mason came up the dock and hailed for "twenty-five thousand haddock and ten thousand cods."

"'Twenty-five thousand haddock and ten thousand cod—aye, aye. Any news?"

"Well, yes; and, if it turns out to be true, it's pretty bad."

"That so, Captain? What is it?"

"I think we've seen the last of the *Colleen Bawn* and Tom O'Donnell. Last night, comin' on dark, he left us on Georges for a short cut across the shoals. The gale hit in right hard after, and I guess he's gone—you know how loose and wracked his vessel is—and the last we saw of her she was swung out and goin' before it—all four lowers, and a livin' gale. She couldn't have lived through it. We swung off and came around. We drove all the way and just got in. It's too bad if it turns out to be so—though maybe he'll wiggle home in spite of it. Of course, he'd get her to home if anybody could, but you know them shoals in a gale and how loose and wracked his vessel was."

"Yes," said Peter. He leaned over the taffrail of Crow's Nest and put it as politely as he could. "Yes, she's loose and wracked, Captain Mason, but there's a few planks of her left, and if you was up here, Captain Mason, and could look over the tops of buildings same's I can, you'd see her main truck stickin' up above the railway. I heard them sayin' she left the same time your vessel did, but she got home so long ago, Captain, that her fish is out and her crew got their money, and if you was to drop up to the Anchorage you'd probably find Tommie Clancy and a few more of her gang havin' a little touch—and maybe they 'll tell you how they did it."

Peter spoke with some moderation while his head was outside and his voice within range of the astounded master of the *Superba*, but once inside, with only his trusted staff to testify, he gave vent to less restrained comment. "Them young skippers, and some of them late models, give me a pain in the waist. 'The last we see of her,' says he, 'she was goin' over the shoals, and you know how loose and wracked she is, Peter.' And so she is; but, Lord! I'd like to told him she'd be comin' home trips yet when his fancy model 'd be layin' to an anchor. Lemme see now—telephone one of you the *Superba's* trip—twenty-five thousand haddock and ten thousand cod. And make a note on a slate of the *Colleen Bawn's* trip. She don't sail for the firm, but I'd like to keep track of her. Forty thousand haddock and ten thousand cod—loose she is, and her deck crawly under your feet, and they have to wear rubber boots in her forehold, when Tom O'Donnell starts to drive her. But, Lord! she was an able vessel once—an able vessel once. I think I'll be goin' along to supper pretty soon—yes, sir, an able vessel was the *Colleen Bawn.*

"'What's that drivin' in from sea,
Like a ghost from out the dawn?
And who but Tom O'Donnell
And the flying *Colleen Bawn.*'

M-m—the flyin' *Colleen Bawn.*"

So hummed Peter, and closed in the hatches of Crow's Nest with a feeling that his little morning trip along the water front had not been without its reward.

ON A BUST OF MENDELSSOHN

By William H. Hayne

His high-arched brow and quiet eyelids seem
Brushed by the wings of some celestial dream—
A bird of passage whose melodious breath
Dispersed in music the wan mist of Death.

THE CANADIAN RIVERMEN

By Arthur Heming

With Illustrations by the Author

"HURRAH, *mes bons hommes! Levez, levez, levez!* Up, up, up, up!" shouts the foreman as he beats with a heavy stick upon the roofs of the tiny cabins, and thus heralds the dawn of all our days upon the river. A breeze coming up from the rapids tells of the mighty battle frantic waters are waging with hoary boulders. Many a man as he listens shivers, and thanks God the hawsers have held through the night. The same breeze sets the rising mists a-shiver too; and in the half-light of early day ghostly figures circle the little village and dance upon the running water. Like sleepy bears, the drowsy crew poke their shaggy heads out of their dog-kennel shelters, and upon all fours crawl slowly through the tiny doorways; then, rearing up, head for the cookery crib. A hurried breakfast is taken. The work begins. The shouting of the pilots drowns the roar of the rapids. The crew are on the hustle; here unfastening chains; there pulling off cap-pieces, and everywhere examining rollocks and adjusting sweeps. At irregular intervals the foreman signals; then great cracks rend the wooden streets of "timber town," and huge sections, like floating islands, break away.

The running of the many sections or "bands" of a great timber-raft through five miles of rapids is no easy task. It is now little more than ten o'clock, and there is but one band left. It is five cribs in length and two in width, and is manned by a crew of thirty. Now that the river is clear below the last hawser is cast off, and the crew man the fourteen sweeps at either bow or stern. As the strong current catches us, the pilot, standing upon a "loading stick" in the centre of the band, begins signalling with his arms: for presently the booming of white waters will drown his verbal orders. Since early morning the leaves have scarcely fluttered, but now—just as we are heading into the perilous channel that leads down among the plunging foam and scraggy rocks—the tree-tops on yonder hill begin bowing and waving; and then down the hillside and through the valley they all go a-nodding together, while a squall rushing out from the bank strikes the stern of the band, and swings us slowly toward the northern shore. The eyes of the anxious crew are on the pilot, but he, regarding only the rocks ahead, makes never a move. Good Lord! is the pilot dreaming? A single moment seems eternity. Uncontrollable exasperation loosens the tongue of the man at the nearest sweep, and perchance above the booming of the rapids the pilot hears the blasphemy, for at last the spell is broken. He turns his head, perceives the danger, frantically signals, and instantly we reverse oars. Dip, swish, swirl; dip, swish, swirl! sound the great bending sweeps as the men with might and main tug at them. Talk of galley-slaves! could ever men row harder? With clenched teeth, knitted brows, and straining muscles the crew fight the current in vain. Faster and faster swings the stern around, and now—worse luck than ever—a corner of the bow strikes a rock on the channel's southern side. The combat ends. The water wins. Above the sound of the roaring river rises the tumult of the floundering of loosened giant timbers, and of the breaking of cap-pieces, as we go broadside down the rapids. A hundred yards below three great boulders block the way. It is hopeless now. The men cease rowing, but never a word is spoken, though anxiety darkens every face. All eyes watch the rocks ahead, and Death seems to bar the way. Time surely waits for someone: seconds count as minutes. How slowly we go! Why prolong the torture? Let us have it over. After all, it is only delusion. What river can flow as fast as thought? But now we realize that we are riding with broken rein in the path of a raging torrent. One moment and the ends of the band almost simultaneously crash against the outer rocks. Amid the deafening roar of the lunging of waters, crunching of timbers, cracking of cap-pieces, snapping of pickets, and breaking of oars, the men rush from either end to the centre cribs. The outer



Raftsman working a sweep in a rapid.—Page 40.

cribs are smashing up. The loosened timbers, raising their ponderous heads above the leaping foam, lunge and plunge with all their stupendous weight against the granite barriers. The hissing waters hurl clouds of spray high into the air. Three men, in their rush, fall upon the revolving timbers. We hold our breath. They are up again; but only two reach the cookery; the third tumbles headlong among the grinding logs. His body disappears, but his hands still clutch the slippery timbers. My God! will the next wave crush out his life? But see, he rises! Swinging his legs across the opening, just as a rope is being hurled to his assistance, he scrambles upon his feet, and rushes in among us. The excitement is so intense that we are heedless of our own danger, when, with a tremendous crash, the sagging band jams fast upon the middle barrier. But now, of all din, this is the greatest. Over goes the battered stove, whose oven doors' black jaws fly open and vomit loaves of half-baked bread; and through a cloud of rising steam, reeling cauldrons hurl boiling potatoes, beans and soup over the revolving floor of the cookery crib. Helter-skelter dance the knives and forks and spoons. A hundred tin dishes with clatter and clang jump off the tottering table into the surge. Down upon the heads of the excited throng crowding the crib, comes with creak and groan the toppling roof. The flying boards stampede the crew. They rush to gain two boats that ride upon a neighboring crib, and scramble in. No sooner are we in the boats than violence subsides and confusion ends, for the raft is wedged between the rocks that hold it gripped while tons of leaping water wash over it.

How we change with the changing moments! Now we hear a comic song, merry oaths, and careless laughter. Presently we are as serious as trapped beavers while with pike-pole and cant-hook we toil to loosen the stranded timber. All day long we labor away and greatly miss our "drowned" dinner. As we free the cribs one after another, and send each down in charge of a couple of men, our work becomes more dangerous. Not until sunset turns the raging river into a torrent of molten gold, do we free the last of the mangled cribs. Then with weary limbs, but light hearts, we board the boats, and slip down to the "banding

ground." On our way, to the sound of splashing oars and dipping paddles, we strike up:

À Bytown c'est une jolie place
Ou il s'ramass' ben d'la crasse;
Ou y a des jolies filles
Et aussi des jolis garcons,
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons.

Among Canadian industries none is more widely known than lumbering. Of this the Ottawa River is the principal outlet. Every fall armies of men enter the great forests of white pine along the tributaries of that mighty river. Every spring hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of timber and saw-logs float down its wild waters. The timber is rafted to Quebec City, there to be shipped principally to England. The saw-log, left to the mercy of the currents, finds its way to Ottawa City. There it is sawn into "lumber," "deals," and planks, which find a ready market all over the world. The men engaged in lumbering during the summer season are known as river-drivers and raftsmen. The most skilful among them are called "jam-crackers" or "white-water" men. The river-driver's work begins where that of the shantyman ends. With the coming of spring the river-driver dons his well-spiked shoes, tests his sturdy canthook, and is ready for the "run." As April's sun transforms the forest's carpet from white to green, and awakens the gurgling brook and roaring river, the timber that had been piled upon the frozen lake or stream, floats away with the broken ice, while the saw-logs at the great rollways come thundering down into the frothing current. Frequently the freshet only partly loosens the great accumulation of logs at the dumps. Then some daring volunteer will climb the bank and chop away the obstruction. I knew a brave young "breed" who just last spring did that very deed. Thousands of saw-logs towered above him as he swiftly worked, and, before his axe was half-way through it, the enormous pressure snapped the huge stop-log in two. Like a startled deer he bounded away, but with a merciless rush the logs overtook him, and now at the river's bend a nameless rough-hewn cross marks his lonely grave. Of all lumbering operations river-driving is the hardest and most hazardous. The logs and timber must be driven down the small turbulent streams while the spring freshets last, for if the water is allowed to run away before the logs are floated down, a "sticking" or "hanging up" of the drive will result, and the entire winter's work of perhaps several hundred men will remain fruitless until the following spring, a loss of many thousands of dollars. Nor is this the worst. The pine-borer's havoc will work the utter destruction of all the logs that remain out of the water.

As it may take several weeks before every "dump" is broken, dams are usually built to retain the freshet. These dams are made of strong timbers deep set in the river-bed. They are furnished with gates for regulating the depth of the water, and with a sluice-way. Toward this the logs are guided by a boom. Often the men must work waist-deep in the icy water, but wherever the stream is navigable the "pointer" or lumberman's boat follows the drive, and the drivers tent out wherever night may overtake them. When the logs have left the angry little creek and arrived in the main river, another danger arises from the logs jamming upon rocks at the head of rapids. Unless the "key-piece" that causes the block is removed they will stay jammed until the following spring. To remove the "key-log" is the climax of the river-driver's peril. It demands courage and skill; not infrequently it demands a driver's life. On either side of the rapids, precipitous banks of solid rock rise to a dizzy height. There only the surest-footed and most dexterous drivers—the "white-water" men or "jam-crackers"—venture out to break the jam. Under the pressure of the vast bulk behind, the "key-piece" frequently breaks before it is half-chopped through, and in a second many hundreds of logs become a seething, twisting, upending, and whirling mass, rushing at terrific speed through the boiling water. In their desperate rush to gain the bank or boat the men frequently get caught between logs and badly injured, or they are thrown into the foaming current, where a frantic fight for life ensues. Their comrades witness the terrible struggle, often utterly unable to render assistance. Seldom have the "jam-crackers" time to reach the shore after the logs begin to move. They must



Drawn by Arthur Heming.

A timber raft in the upper Ottawa.—Page 46.

trust their lives upon a single stick, and keep their balance while it lunges wildly through the plunging froth.

To each drive fifty men are usually allotted. At the confluence of the neighboring streams these are joined by other gangs. The combined force—often numbering five hundred—press on the drive until the Ottawa River is reached. Then the task is handed over to the "sweepers." These do the work of the river-drivers, but on a larger scale, many hundreds of men being employed. On the upper reaches of the Ottawa River the sweepers live in log-cabins as stationary crews. Further down the river great rafts—capable of housing a crew of over a hundred men—follow the "sweep." On shorter stretches, between rapids, scows or house-boats are used for the men's accommodation. Tug-boats haul the logs in booms across the many lakes, both large and small. Just above Ottawa City the logs are sorted, according to their owners' brands, into separate booms, and floated down to the mills as required.

The Canadian river-drivers are the most famous "white-water" men in the world. Should one wish to see superb handling of "pointer boats" in white waters that rival the whirlpools of Niagara, one has but to join a crew of river-drivers on a timber drive through the River des Quinze. The experience may not be without risk, as the following example proves: A crew of seven men were loosening timbers from the rocks above a great cataract on the River des Quinze. The nearer they worked to the head of the rapids the more imminent grew their peril. At last the cautious steersman—a half-breed named Polson—refused to venture further the lives of his crew. The foolhardy foreman ordered him out, stepped aboard, and took Polson's steering paddle. Out from the bank they shot swiftly, and down the steep incline. All went well until they wished to turn their boat beside the rocks that blocked the timber, when to their consternation the speed of the boat slackened. Managing to point her bow upstream, they rowed with all



Timber crib running a slide.—Page 46.



Drawn by Arthur Heming.

Into the very depths of the gigantic cauldron of boiling foam.—Page 46.

their strength. For some seconds she never moved. Surely the Demon of the rapids had caught them. With pounding heart and panting breath, they tugged with all their might and main, but to no purpose. Inch by inch, with increasing rage, he drew them, until, at last, with a deafening roar he hurled them, boat and all, like a javelin, into the very depths of the gigantic cauldron of boiling foam.

The lumbermen in those regions make use of amphibious little tug-boats, known as "alligators." They are so designated for the reason that they travel on both water and land. One I saw on Lake des Quinze had previously made a cross-country run over lake and hill, river and dale, for a distance of seventy-five miles, during which it climbed two high hills that blocked a three-mile stretch between waters. An "alligator," I might add, is a flat-bottomed side-wheeler that hauls itself overland by a cable snubbed to rocks or trees or hitched to an anchor caught into the ground. Not only is it a powerful boat for towing booms of logs or rafts of timber, but it is used for many other purposes. One day it may crawl up a river bank and furnish power for a saw-mill; and, as likely as not, glide off during the night and next day be retailing energy to a grist-mill twenty miles away.

There are two classes of timber. The first, called "waney," or board timber, is left, as its name implies, with a wane or bevel on its edges. Only the best sections of the choicest trees are hewn into waney timber. The second is known as square timber, its edges being dressed sharp. For this class smaller and rougher trees are used, its value not being depreciated by the presence of small knots. The white pine produces the finest waney and square timber, and the country drained by the Ottawa River furnishes a better quality and a larger quantity of white pine than any other district in America. To see the raftsman at his best one must accompany him down the slide and through the rapid. Then one ceases to wonder why so many men are contented to toil and risk their lives year in and year out on the mighty rivers of Canada. There is an enchantment about those wild waters. There is a fascination that thrills one's being, as the ponderous crib rushes down the steep slide, surges along the narrow channel and plunges through the seething rapids, burying itself for a moment in the mighty swell of the cataract. The raftsmen are sturdy, jovial fellows; thinking little of work and much of fun. With a curse and a laugh they endure hardship. With a prayer and a joke they brave dangers. They sing when work is on, and dance when it is over.

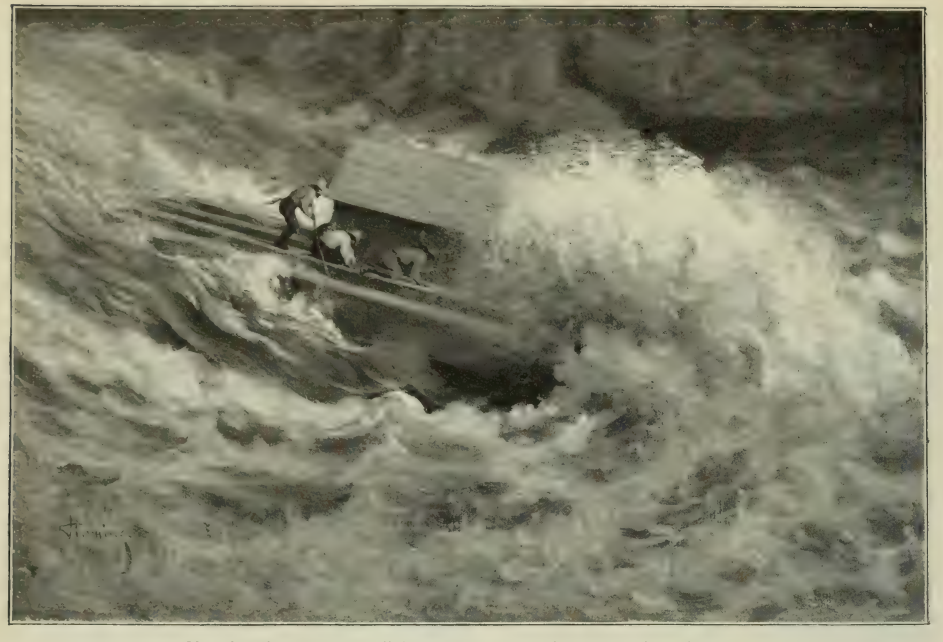
Rafting begins where river-driving ends. The timber, after having been separately run down the small streams among the hills, and corralled by a boom at the "banding-ground" on the Ottawa, is sorted and adjusted into cribs or "drams." First a frame is made. Two timbers of equal length placed parallel are connected at each end by a flat twenty-six-foot traverse "bar" or, rather, beam, securely pegged into position by a large hard-wood picket. Beneath the frame thus made by the traverse "bars," and between the heavy outer "sticks," twelve or fifteen pieces of timber are placed and secured in position by plugging an end of rope into the butt of one timber, passing it over and under the traverse bar and plugging it into the butt of another. Upon the traverse bars three or four large timbers called "loading-sticks" are pegged into place. The pickets at the corners of the cribs are used as snubbing posts, and over these "cap-pieces" are placed to join any number of cribs together. In this way a raft is formed extending over several acres, and worth, perhaps, $100,000. Upon one of the strongest cribs the "cookery" is erected. To enlarge the floor space, the centre loading-stick is omitted. Over the crib an open shed is built, and the cookery range is placed upon a platform in the centre. The cookery is also used as a mess-room. Adjoining the cookery is a crib carrying the cook's cabin, in which the provisions are stored. Other cribs support the foreman's and the clerk's cabin, and the cabin of the pilots, each being seven feet square. The crews' cabins are only four by four by seven feet, and in each two men sleep. For convenience the cabin cribs are usually snubbed nearest the cookery.

When all is in readiness the hawsers are cast off, the sweeps manned, and amid the uproar of bellowing pilots and the splashing of great oars, the little village of tiny wooden houses and very valuable



Drawn by Arthur Heming.

In the whirlpool of the Calumet.—Page 49.



Shooting the "grand swell" at the foot of the Calumet rapids.—Page 48.

wooden yards, passes out of the "banding-ground," and sets out on its perilous journey of from four to five hundred miles, passing bald-headed mountains and wooded valleys; through swift currents and placid lakes; between rocky shores and prosperous farms; down precipitous slides and booming cataracts; past old French villages and new sawmills; trappers' cabins and Parliament buildings; on its way to the timber coves near the City of Quebec. Wherever the current is sluggish, and where tug-boats cannot be had, all the side sweeps, as well as those of the bow and stern, are manned, but where the water is swift the side oars are shipped. At night, if the raft is not in tow, it is "snubbed ashore," and while the men sleep it is in the care of a watchman. When snubbed above a rapid extra care is taken, for disaster would ensue if the hawsers gave way. On Sundays the raft is always snubbed. As the raft descends the river, there are many rapids to run; the wildest are those of the Rocher Capitaine and the Calumet. The cribs are run through rapids singly or in bands of as many as ten, according to the width of the channel. There are several cataracts of such magnitude that cribs cannot successfully descend them. Here the Dominion Government has erected "slides" through which the cribs are floated past the rapids. The slides are built of timber ballasted with stone. A gate at the upper end regulates the flow of water. At the lower end there is an "apron" which, giving under the weight of the crib, checks its velocity and prevents it from being submerged when it dips into the river. When passing the cribs through slides in the neighborhood of towns, the raftsmen have many visitors. The sport is much enjoyed by women and children, and is accompanied by but little danger. The visitors sit upon the centre "loading-sticks" and laugh and scream as the crib thunders down the long narrow slide and plunges, amid showers of spray, into the river below. The raftsman's most thrilling work is shooting rapids. Just above the Rocher Capitaine there is a great "cellar" or hole in the water out of which a crib never comes intact. Below the cellar the water is very wild: its roar drowns the yell of men, and its mad rush streaks the river with foam for a couple of miles. There is a small rock that stands between the head of the slide and the head of the cataract; to the rivermen it marks the point between life and death. If the oarsmen are stronger than the current, the crib turns to the left of the rock and glides safely through the slide, but should the cur-

rent be the stronger, the crib passes to the right of the rock, and the men go down to their death. Many a poor fellow has crossed that line never to return, and on the rocky banks the little wooden crosses tell why. The first time I ran the Rocher Capitaine, our crib overlapped by a quarter of its width that perilous line where the currents divide, but by dint of mighty rowing we pulled it back. In the summer of 1896, while I was making a five weeks' rafting trip down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence—the usual time required to reach Quebec City—a serious accident happened. Overnight we had snubbed the raft ashore, just above the cataract of the Calumet. As dawn broke over the eastern bank, we were parting the raft into separate cribs, intending to man each with a pilot and three men to shoot them through the rapids. By sunrise all was in readiness.

But as the first crib moved away, and after successfully running the two long slides and shooting out upon the river, a change crept over the face of the water. Ghost-like figures of floating mist formed and drifted over the course of the crib, blotting out the wooded banks, shrouding the nearby rocks, muffling even the hurrying water down which the now apprehensive crew was gliding.

Alarmed, every man unshipped his oar and dropped upon bended knee to offer up a silent prayer. Then leaping up and thrusting trembling wrists into the noose of their life-lines, they waited in terrible suspense. For somewhere before them, they knew that the river had a sheer fall over a dam fifteen feet in height, at the southern end of which there was a large "apron," for the passage of cribs. It was this "apron," this narrow avenue to life, that the men so eagerly looked for as they rushed on through clouds of drifting mist. With dilated eyes they stared ahead and clinging to loading-sticks they waited for life or death. Not a cry broke from them, though, when under their feet yawned the dreaded brink of the open dam itself. They had missed the "apron."

With a deafening roar the ponderous crib, with a great upheaval, plunged into the surging water below and broke asunder. For a moment the men appeared amid the boiling waters beneath the dam, then they were dragged along by the lunging timbers and mercilessly tossed about in that awful cataract, the Calumet. After being submerged beneath the "Grand swell," they were finally dashed among the "white horses" that rear and plunge between the whirlpools. Three exhausted men rose to the surface beside their loading-sticks, and were piteously whirled about until rescue came. The fourth was found nine days after, in a boom twenty miles below. His "dog" had struck upon a rock, setting free his life-line, and the shadow of another cross is cast upon the bank of that wild river.



Riverdrivers' cook's outfit going ashore.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXIV

BUT the sun sank next day from a sky that was aflame with rebel victories. It rose on a day rosy with rebel hopes, and the prophetic coolness of autumn was in the early morning air when Margaret in her phaeton moved through the front pasture on her way to town—alone. She was in high spirits and her head was lifted proudly. Dan's boast had come true. Kirby Smith had risen swiftly from Tennessee, had struck the Federal army on the edge of the Bluegrass the day before and sent it helter-skelter to the four winds. Only that morning, she had seen a regiment of the hated Yankees move along the turnpike in flight for the Ohio. It was the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, and Harry, and one whose name never passed her lips, were among those dusty cavalrymen; but she was glad and she ran down to the stile and, from the fence, waved the Stars and Bars at them as they passed—which was very foolish, but which brought her deep content. Now the rebels did hold Lexington. Morgan's men were coming that day and she was going into town to see Dan and Colonel Hunt and General Morgan and be fearlessly happy and triumphant. At the Major's gate, whom should she see coming out but the dear old fellow himself and, when he got off his horse and came to her, she leaned forward and kissed him, because he looked so thin and pale from confinement, and because she was so glad to see him. Morgan's men were really coming, that very day, the Major said, and he told her much thrilling news. Jackson had obliterated Pope at the second battle of Manassas. Eleven thousand prisoners had been taken at Harper's Ferry and Lee had gone on into Maryland on the flank of Washington. Recruits were coming into the Confederacy by the thousands. Bragg had fifty-five thousand men and an impregnable stronghold in front of Buell, who had but few men more—not enough to count a minute, the Major said.

"Lee has routed 'em out of Virginia," cried the old fellow, "and Buell is doomed. I tell you, little girl, the fight is almost won."

Jerome Conners rode to the gate and called to the Major in a tone that arrested the girl's attention. She hated that man and she had noted a queer change in his bearing since the war began. She looked for a flash of anger from the Major, but none came and she began to wonder what hold the overseer could have on his old master. She drove on, puzzled, wondering, and disturbed; but her cheeks were flushed—the South was going to win, the Yankees were gone and she must get to town in time to see the triumphant coming of Morgan's men. They were coming in when she reached the Yankee headquarters, which, she saw, had changed flags—thank God—coming proudly in, amid the waving of the Stars and Bars and frenzied shouts of welcome. Where were the Bluegrass Yankees now? The Stars and Stripes that had fluttered from their windows had been drawn in and they were keeping very quiet, indeed—Oh! it was joy! There was gallant Morgan himself swinging from Black Bess to kiss his mother, who stood waiting for him at her gate, and there was Colonel Hunt, gay, debonair, jesting, shaking hands right and left, and crowding the streets, Morgan's men—the proudest blood in the land—every gallant trooper getting his welcome from the lips and arms of mother, sister, sweetheart, or cousin of farthest degree. But where was Dan? She had heard nothing of him since the night



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I want to see Ch——, your captain," she said, timidly.—Page 63.

he had escaped capture, and while she looked right and left for him to dash toward her and swing from his horse, she heard her name called and turning she saw Richard Hunt at the wheel of her phaeton. He waved his hand toward the happy reunions going on around them.

"The enforced brotherhood, Miss Margaret," he said, his eyes flashing, "I belong to that, you know."

For once the subtle Colonel made a mistake. Perhaps the girl in her trembling happiness and under the excitement of the moment might have welcomed him, as she was waiting to welcome Dan, but she drew back now.

"Oh! no, Colonel—not on that ground."

Her eyes danced, she flushed curiously, as she held out her hand, and the Colonel's brave heart quickened. Straightway he began to wonder—but a quick shadow in Margaret's face checked him.

"But where's Dan? Where *is* Dan?" she repeated, impatiently.

Richard Hunt looked puzzled. He had just joined his command and something must have gone wrong with Dan. So he lied swiftly.

"Dan is out on a scout. I don't think he has got back yet. I'll find out."

Margaret watched him ride to where Morgan stood with his mother in the midst of a joyous group of neighbors and friends and, a moment later, the two officers came toward her on foot.

"Don't worry, Miss Margaret," said Morgan with a smile. "The Yankees have got Dan and have taken him away as prisoner—but don't worry, we'll get him exchanged in a week. I'll give three brigadier-generals for him."

Tears came to the girl's eyes, but she smiled through them bravely.

"I must go back and tell mother," she said, brokenly. "I hoped——"

"Don't worry, little girl," said Morgan again. "I'll have him if I have to capture the whole State of Ohio."

Again Margaret smiled, but her heart was heavy and Richard Hunt was unhappy. He hung around her phaeton while she was in town. He went home with her, cheering her on the way and telling her of the Confederate triumph that was at hand. He comforted Mrs. Dean over Dan's capture, and he rode back to town slowly, with his hands on his saddle-bow—wondering again. Perhaps Margaret had gotten over her feeling for that mountain boy—that Yankee—and there Richard Hunt checked his own thoughts, for that mountain boy, he had discovered, was a brave and chivalrous enemy, and to such his own high chivalry gave salute always.

He was very thoughtful when he reached camp. He had an unusual desire to be alone, and that night, he looked long at the stars, thinking of the girl whom he had known since her babyhood—knowing that he would never think of her except as a woman again.

So the Confederates waited now for Bragg to strike his blow. He did strike it, but it was at the heart of the South. He fought the bloody battle of Perryville. Again he faced Buell at Harrodsburg and then he fell back without giving battle, dividing his forces and retreating into Tennessee. Morgan left Lexington. Kentucky fell under Federal control once more; and Major Buford, dazed, dismayed, unnerved, hopeless, brought the news out to the Deans.

"They'll get me again, I suppose, and I can't leave home on account of Lucy."

"Please do, Major," said Mrs. Dean. "Send Miss Lucy over here and make your escape. We will take care of her." The Major shook his head sadly and rode away.

Next day Margaret sat on the stile and saw the Yankees coming back to Lexington. To one side of her the Stars and Bars were fixed to the fence from which they had floated since the day she had waved the flag at them as they fled. She saw the advance guard come over the hill and jog down the slope and then the regiment slowly following after. In the rear she could see two men, riding unarmed. Suddenly three cavalrymen spurred forward at a gallop and turned in at her gate. The soldier in advance was an officer and he pulled out a handkerchief, waved it once and, with a gesture to his companions, came on alone. She knew the horse even before she recognized the rider and her cheeks flushed, her lips were set, and her nostrils began to dilate. The horseman reined in and took off his cap:

"I come under a flag of truce," he said, gravely, "to ask this garrison to haul down its colors—and—to save useless effusion of blood," he added still more gravely.

"Your war on women has begun then?"

"I am obeying orders—no more, no less."

"I congratulate you on your luck or your good judgment always to be on hand when disagreeable duties are to be done."

Chad flushed.

"Won't you take the flag down?"

"No, make your attack. You will have one of your usual victories—with overwhelming numbers—and it will be safe and bloodless. There are only two negroes defending this garrison. They will not fight, nor will we."

"Won't you take the flag down?"

"No!"

Chad lifted his cap and wheeled. The Colonel was waiting at the gate.

"Well, sir?" he asked, frowning.

"I shall need help, sir, to take that flag down," said Chad.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"A woman is defending it."

"What!" shouted the Colonel.

"That is my sister, Colonel," said Harry Dean. The Colonel smiled and then grew grave.

"You should warn her not to provoke the authorities. The Government is advising very strict measures now with rebel sympathizers." Then he smiled again.

"Fours! Left wheel! Halt! Present—sabres!"

A line of sabres flashed in the sun and Margaret, not understanding, snatched the flag from the fence and waved it back in answer. The Colonel laughed aloud. The column moved on and each captain, following, caught the humor of the situation and each company flashed its sabres as it went by, while Margaret stood motionless.

In the rear rode those two unarmed prisoners. She could see now that their uniforms were gray and she knew that they were prisoners, but she little dreamed that they were her brother Dan and Rebel Jerry Dillon, nor did Chad Buford or Harry Dean dream of the purpose for which, just at that time, they were being brought back to Lexington. Perhaps one man who saw them did know: for Jerome Conners, from the woods opposite, watched the prisoners ride by with a malicious smile that nothing but impending danger to an enemy could ever bring to his face, and with the same smile he watched Margaret go slowly back to the house, while her flag still fluttered from the stile.

The high tide of Confederate hopes was fast receding now. The army of the Potomac, after Antietam, was retreating into its Southern stronghold, as was the army of the West after Bragg's abandonment of Mumfordsville, and the rebel retirement had given the provost-marshals in Kentucky full sway. Two hundred Southern sympathizers, under arrest, had been sent into exile north of the Ohio, and large sums of money were levied for guerilla outrages here and there—a heavy sum falling on Major Buford for a vicious murder done in his neighborhood by Daws Dillon and his band on the night of the capture of Daniel Dean and Rebel Jerry. The Major paid the levy with the first mortgage he had ever given in his life, and straightway Jerome Conners, who had been dealing in mules and other Government supplies, took an attitude that was little short of insolence toward his old master, whose farm was passing into the overseer's clutches at last. Only two nights before another band of guerillas had burned a farm-house, killed a Unionist, and fled to the hills before the incoming Yankees, and the Kentucky Commandant had sworn vengeance after the old Mosaic way on victims already within his power.

That night Chad and Harry were summoned before General Ward. They found him seated with his chin in his hand, looking out the window at the moonlit campus. Without moving, he held out a dirty piece of paper to Chad.

"Read that," he said.

"You have ketched two of my men and I hear as how you mean to hang 'em. If you hang them two men, I'm a-goin' to hang every man of yours I can git my hands on.

"Daws Dillon—Captin."

Chad gave a low laugh and Harry smiled, but the General kept grave.

"You know, of course, that your brother belongs to Morgan's command?"

"I do, sir," said Harry, wonderingly.

"Do you know that his companion—the man Dillon—Jerry Dillon—does?"

"I do not, sir."

"They were captured by a squad that was fighting Daws Dillon. This Jerry Dillon has the same name and you found the two together at General Dean's."

"But they had both just left General

Morgan's command," said Harry, indignantly.

"That may be true, but this Daws Dillon has sent a similar message to the Commandant and he has just been in here again and committed two wanton outrages night before last. The Commandant is enraged and has issued orders for stern retaliation."

"It is a trick of Daws Dillon," said Chad, hotly, "an infamous trick. He hates his Cousin Jerry, he hates me, and he hates the Deans, because they were friends of mine." General Ward looked troubled.

"The Commandant says he has been positively informed that both the men joined Daws Dillon in the fight that night. He has issued orders that not only every guerilla captured shall be hung, but that, whenever a Union citizen has been killed by one of them, four of such marauders are to be taken to the spot and shot in retaliation. It is the only means left, he says."

There was a long silence. The faces of both the lads had turned white as each saw the drift of the General's meaning, and Harry strode forward to his desk.

"Do you mean to say, General Ward——"

The General wheeled in his chair and pointed silently to an order that lay on the desk, and as Harry started to read it, his voice broke. Daniel Dean and Rebel Jerry Dillon were to be shot next morning at sunrise.

. . . . . .

The General spoke very kindly to Harry.

"I have known this all day, but I did not wish to tell you until I had done everything I could. I did not think it would be necessary to tell you at all, for I thought there would be no trouble. I telegraphed the Commandant but—" he turned again to the window—"I have not been able to get them a trial by court-martial, or even a stay in the execution. You'd better go see your brother—he knows now—and you'd better send word to your mother and sister."

Harry shook his head. His face was so drawn and ghastly as he stood leaning heavily against the table that Chad moved unconsciously to his side.

"Where is the Commandant?" he asked.

"In Frankfort," said the General. Chad's eyes kindled.

"Will you let me go see him to-night?"

"Certainly, and I will give you a message to him. Perhaps you can yet save the boy, but there is no chance for the man Dillon." The General took up a pen. Harry seemed to sway as he turned to go and Chad put one arm around him and went with him to the door.

"There have been some surprising desertions from the Confederate ranks," said the General, as he wrote. "That's the trouble." He looked at his watch as he handed the message over his shoulder to Chad. "You have ten hours before sunrise and it is nearly sixty miles there and back. If you are not here with a stay of execution both will be shot. Do you think that you can make it? Of course you need not bring the message back yourself. You can get the Commandant to telegraph——" The slam of a door interrupted him—Chad was gone.

Harry held Dixie's bridle when he reached the street and Chad swung into the saddle.

"Don't tell them at home," he said, "I'll be back here on time, or I'll be dead."

The two grasped hands. Harry nodded dumbly and Dixie's feet beat the rhythm of her matchless gallop down the quiet street. The sensitive little mare seemed to catch at once the spirit of her rider. Her haunches quivered. She tossed her head and champed her bit, but not a pound did she pull as she settled into an easy lope that told how well she knew that the ride before her was long and hard. Out they went past the old cemetery, past the shaft to Clay rising from it, silvered with moonlight, out where the picket fires gleamed, and swinging on toward the Capital, unchallenged, for the moon showed the blue of Chad's uniform and his face gave sign that no trivial business, that night, was his. Over quiet fields and into the aisles of sleeping woods beat that musical rhythm ceaselessly, awakening drowsy birds by the wayside, making bridges thunder, beating on and on up hill and down until picket fires shone on the hills that guard the Capital. Through them, with but one challenge, Chad went, down the big hill, past the Armory, and into the town and pulling panting Dixie up before a wondering sentinel who guarded the Commandant's sleeping quarters.

"The Commandant is asleep."

"Wake him up," said Chad, sharply. A staff-officer appeared at the door, in answer to the sentinel's knock.

"What is your business?"

"A message from General Ward."

"The Commandant gave orders that he was not to be disturbed."

"He must be," said Chad. "It is a matter of life and death."

Above him a window was suddenly raised and the Commandant's own head was thrust out.

"Stop that noise," he thundered. Chad told his mission and the Commandant straightway was furious.

"How dare General Ward broach that matter again? My orders are given and they will not be changed." As he started to pull the window down, Chad cried:

"But, General——" and at the same time a voice called down the street:

"General!" Two men appeared under the gaslight—one was a sergeant and the other a frightened negro.

"Here is a message, General."

The sash went down, a light appeared behind it and soon the Commandant, in trousers and slippers, was at the door. He read the note with a frown.

"Where did you get this?"

"A sojer come to my house out on the edge o' town, suh, and said he'd kill me to-morrow if I didn't hand dis note to you pussonally."

The Commandant turned to Chad. Somehow his manner seemed suddenly changed.

"Do *you* know that these men belonged to Morgan's command?"

"I know that Daniel Dean did and that the man Dillon was with him."

Still frowning savagely, the Commandant turned inside to his desk and a moment later the staff-officer brought out a telegram and gave it to Chad.

"You can take this to the telegraph office yourself. It is a stay of execution."

"Thank you."

Chad drew a long breath of relief and gladness and patted Dixie on the neck as he rode slowly toward the low building where he had missed the train on his first trip to the Capital. The telegraph operator dashed to the door as Chad drew up in front of it. He looked pale and excited.

"Send this telegram at once," said Chad.

The operator looked at it.

"Not in that direction to-night," he said with a strained laugh, "the wires are cut."

Chad almost reeled in his saddle—then the paper was whisked from the astonished operator's hand and horse and rider clattered up the hill.

. . . . . .

At headquarters the Commandant was handing the negro's note to his staff-officer. It read:

"*You hang those men at sunrise to-morrow, and I'll hang you at sundown.*"

It was signed "John Morgan," and the signature was Morgan's own.

"I gave the order only last night. How could Morgan have heard of it so soon, and how could he have got this note to me? Could he have come back?"

"Impossible," said the staff-officer. "He wouldn't dare come back now."

The Commandant shook his head doubtfully and just then there was a knock at the door and the operator, still pale and excited, spoke his message:

"General, the wires are cut."

The two officers stared at each other in silence.

. . . . . .

Twenty-seven miles to go and less than three hours before sunrise. There was a race yet for the life of Daniel Dean. The gallant little mare could cover the stretch with nearly an hour to spare and Chad, thrilled in every nerve, but with calm confidence, raced against the coming dawn.

"The wires are cut."

Who had cut them and where and when and why? No matter—Chad had the paper in his pocket that would save two lives and he would be on time even if Dixie broke her noble heart, but he could not get the words out of his brain—even Dixie's hoofs beat them out ceaselessly.

"The wires are cut—the wires are cut!"

The mystery would have been clear, had Chad known the message that lay on the Commandant's desk, for the boy knew Morgan, and that Morgan's lips never opened for an idle threat. He would have ridden just as hard, had he known, but a different purpose would have been his.

An hour more and there was still no light in the East. An hour more and one red streak had shot upward; then ahead of him gleamed a picket fire—a fire that seemed farther from town than any post he had

seen on his way down to the Capital—but he galloped on. Within fifty yards a cry came:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friend," he shouted, without reining in. A bullet whizzed past his head and he pulled up outside the edge of the fire and shouted indignantly:

"Don't shoot, you fool! I have a message for General Ward!"

"Oh! All right! Come on!" said the sentinel, but his hesitation and the tone of his voice made the boy alert with suspicion. The other pickets about the fire had risen and grasped their muskets. The wind flared the flames just then and in the leaping light Chad saw that their uniforms were *gray*.

Chad almost gasped. There was need for quick thought and quick action now.

"Lower that blunderbuss," he called out, jestingly, and kicking loose from one stirrup, he touched Dixie with the spur and pulled her up with an impatient "Whoa," as though he were trying to replace his foot.

"You come on!" said the sentinel, but he dropped his musket to the hollow of his arm and before he could throw it to his shoulder again, fire flashed under Dixie's feet and the astonished rebel saw horse and rider rise over the pike-fence. His bullet went overhead as Dixie landed on the other side and the pickets at the fire joined in a fusillade at the dark shapes speeding across the bluegrass field. A moment later Chad's mocking yell rang from the edge of the woods beyond and the disgusted sentinel split the night with oaths.

"That beats the devil. We never touched him. I swear, I believe that hoss had wings."

Morgan! That name cleared the mystery for Chad like magic. Nobody but Morgan and his daredevils could rise out of the ground like that in the very midst of enemies when they were supposed to be hundreds of miles away in Tennessee. Morgan had cut those wires. Morgan had every road around Lexington guarded, no doubt, and was at that hour hemming in Chad's unsuspicious regiment, whose camp was on the other side of town, and unless he could give warning, Morgan would drop like a thunderbolt on it, asleep. He must circle the town now, to get around the rebel post, and that meant several miles more for Dixie.

He stopped and reached down to feel the little mare's flanks. Dixie drew a long breath and dropped her muzzle to tear up a rich mouthful of bluegrass.

"Oh, you beauty!" said the boy, "you wonder!" And on he went, through woodland and field, over gully, log, and fence, bullets ringing after him from nearly every road he crossed.

Morgan was near in disgust, for when Bragg retreated, he had got permission to leave Kentucky in his own way. That meant wheeling and making straight back to Lexington to surprise the Fourth Ohio Cavalry; representing himself on the way, one night, as his old enemy Wolford, and being guided a short cut through the edge of the Bluegrass by an ardent admirer of the Yankee Colonel—the said admirer giving Morgan the worst tirade possible, meanwhile, and nearly tumbling from his horse when Morgan told him who he was and sarcastically advised him to make sure next time to whom he paid his compliments.

So that while Chad with the precious message under his jacket and Dixie were lightly thundering along the road, Morgan's men were gobbling up pickets around Lexington and making ready for an attack on the sleeping camp at dawn.

The dawn was nearly breaking now, and Harry Dean was pacing to and fro before the old Court-House where Dan and Rebel Jerry lay under guard—pacing to and fro and waiting for his mother and sister to come to say the last good-bye to the boy—for Harry had given up hope and had sent for them. Richard Hunt was leading his regiment around the Ashland woods where the enemy lay; another regiment was taking its place between the camp and the town, and gray figures were slipping noiselessly on the provost-guard that watched the rebel prisoners who were waiting for death at sunrise. As the dawn broke, the dash came, and Harry Dean was sick at heart as he sharply rallied the startled guard to prevent the rescue of his own brother and straightway delirious with joy when he saw the gray mass sweeping on him and knew that he would fail. A few shots rang out; the rattle of musketry rose between the camp and town; the thunder of the "Bull Pups" saluted the coming light, and Dan and Rebel Jerry had suddenly—instead of death—life, liberty, arms, a horse each, and

the sudden pursuit of happiness in a wild dash toward the Yankee camp, while in a dew-drenched meadow two miles away, Chad Buford drew Dixie in to listen. The fight was on.

If the rebels won, Dan Dean would be safe; if the Yankees—then there would still be need of him and the paper over his heart. He was too late to warn, but not, maybe, to fight—so he galloped on.

But the end came as he galloped. The amazed Fourth Ohio threw down its arms at once, and Richard Hunt and his men as they sat on their horses outside the camp, picking up stragglers, saw a lone scout coming at a gallop across the still, gray fields. His horse was black and his uniform was blue, but he came straight on, apparently not seeing the rebels behind the ragged hedge along the road. When within thirty yards, Richard Hunt rode through a roadside gate to meet him and saluted:

"You are my prisoner," he said, courteously.

The Yankee never stopped, but wheeled, almost brushing the hedge as he turned.

"Prisoner—hell!" he said, clearly, and like a bird, was skimming away while the men behind the hedge, paralyzed by his daring, fired not a shot. Only Dan Dean started through the gate in pursuit.

"I want him," he said, savagely.

"Who's that?" asked Morgan, who had ridden up.

"That's a Yankee," laughed Colonel Hunt.

"Why didn't you shoot him?" The Colonel laughed again.

"I don't know," he said, looking around at his men, who, too, were smiling.

"That's the fellow who gave us so much trouble in the Green River Country," said a soldier. "It's Chad Buford."

"Well, I'm glad we didn't shoot him," said Colonel Hunt, thinking of Margaret. That was not the way he liked to dispose of a rival.

"Dan will catch him," said an officer. "He wants him bad, and I don't wonder." Just then Chad lifted Dixie over a fence.

"Not much," said Morgan. "I'd rather you'd shot him than that horse."

Dan was gaining now, and Chad, in the middle of the field beyond the fence, turned his head and saw the lone rebel in pursuit. Deliberately he pulled in Dixie, faced about, and waited. He drew his pistol, raised it, saw that the rebel was Daniel Dean and dropped it again to his side. Verily the fortune of that war was strange. Dan's horse refused the fence and the boy, in a rage, lifted his pistol and fired. Again Chad raised his own pistol and again he lowered it just as Dan fired again. This time Chad lurched in his saddle, but recovering himself, turned and galloped slowly away, while Dan—his pistol hanging at his side—stared after him, and the wondering rebels behind the hedge stared hard at Dan.

. . . . . .

All was over. The Fourth Ohio Cavalry was in rebel hands and a few minutes later, Dan rode with General Morgan and Colonel Hunt toward the Yankee camp. There had been many blunders in the fight. Regiments had fired into each other in the confusion and the "Bull Pups" had kept on pounding the Yankee camp even while the rebels were taking possession of it. On the way they met Renfrew, the Silent, in his brilliant Zouave jacket.

"Colonel," he said, indignantly—and it was the first time many had ever heard him open his lips—"some officer over there deliberately fired twice at me, though I was holding my arms over my head."

"It was dark," said Colonel Hunt, soothingly. "He didn't know you."

"Ah, Colonel, he might not have known *me*—but he must have known this jacket."

On the outskirts of one group of prisoners was a tall, slender young lieutenant with a streak of blood across one cheek. Dan pulled in his horse and the two met each other's eyes silently. Dan threw himself from his horse.

"Are you hurt, Harry?"

"It's nothing—but you've got me, Dan."

"Why, Harry!" said Morgan. "Is that you? You are paroled, my boy," he added, kindly. "Go home and stay until you are exchanged."

So, Harry, as a prisoner, did what he had not done before—he went home immediately. And home with him went Dan and Colonel Hunt, while they could, for the Yankees would soon be after them from north, east, south and west. Behind them trotted Rebel Jerry. On the edge of town they saw a negro lashing a pair of

horses along the turnpike toward them. Two white-faced women were seated in a carriage behind him, and in a moment Dan was in the arms of his mother and sister and both women were looking, through tears, their speechless gratitude to Richard Hunt.

The three Confederates did not stay long at the Deans'. Jerry Dillon was on the lookout and even while the Deans were at dinner, Rufus ran in with the familiar cry that Yankees were coming. It was a regiment from an adjoining county, but Colonel Hunt finished his coffee, amid all the excitement, most leisurely.

"You'll pardon us for eating and running, won't you, Mrs. Dean?" It was the first time in her life that Mrs. Dean ever speeded a parting guest.

"Oh, do hurry, Colonel—please, please." Dan laughed.

"Good-by, Harry," he said. "We'll give you a week or two at home before we get that exchange."

"Don't make it any longer than necessary, please," said Harry, gravely.

"We're coming back again, Mrs. Dean," said the Colonel, and then in a lower tone to Margaret: "I'm coming often," he added, and Margaret blushed in a way that would not have given very great joy to one Chadwick Buford.

Very leisurely the three rode out to the pike-gate where they halted and surveyed the advancing column, which was still several hundred yards away, and then with a last wave of their caps, started in a slow gallop for town. The advance guard started suddenly in pursuit and the Deans saw Dan turn in his saddle and heard his defiant yell. Margaret ran down and fixed her flag in its place on the fence—Harry watching her.

"Mother," he said, sadly, "you don't know what trouble you may be laying up for yourself."

Fate could hardly lay up more than what she already had, but the mother smiled.

"I can do nothing with Margaret," she said.

In town the Federal flags had been furled and the Stars and Bars thrown out to the wind. Morgan was preparing to march when Dan and Colonel Hunt galloped up to head-quarters.

"They're coming," said Hunt, quietly.

"Yes," said Morgan, "from every direction."

"Ah, John," called an old fellow, who though a Unionist believed in keeping peace with both sides, "when we don't expect you—then is the time you come. Going to stay long?

"Not long," said Morgan, grimly. "In fact, I guess we'll be moving along now."

And he did—back to Dixie with his prisoners, tearing up railroads, burning bridges and trestles and pursued by enough Yankees to have eaten him and his entire command if they ever could have caught him. As they passed into Dixie, "Lightning" captured a telegraph office and had a last little fling at his Yankee brethren.

"Headquarters, Telegraph Dept. of Ky., Confederate States of America"—thus he headed his "General Order No. 1" to the various Union authorities throughout the State.

"Hereafter," he clicked, grinning, "an operator will destroy telegraphic instruments and all material in charge when informed that Morgan has crossed the border. Such instances of carelessness as lately have been exhibited in the Bluegrass will be severely dealt with.

"By order of
"LIGHTNING,
"Gen. Supt. C. S. Tel. Dept."

Just about that time Chad Buford in a Yankee hospital was coming back from the land of ether dreams. An hour later the surgeon who had taken Dan's bullet from his shoulder, handed him a piece of paper, black with faded blood and scarcely legible.

"I found that in your jacket," he said. "Is it important?"

Chad smiled.

"No," he said. "Not now."

XXV

ONCE more, and for the last time, Chadwick Buford jogged along the turnpike from the Ohio to the heart of the Bluegrass. He had filled his empty shoulder straps with two bars. He had a bullet wound through one shoulder and there was a beautiful sabre cut across his right cheek. He

looked the soldier every inch of him; he was, in truth, what he looked; and he was, moreover, a man. Naturally, his face was stern and resolute, if only from habit of authority, but he had known no passion during the war that might have seared its kindness; no other feeling toward his foes than admiration for their unquenchable courage and miserable regret that to such men he must be a foe.

Now, it was coming spring again—the spring of '64, and but one more year of the war to come.

The capture of the Fourth Ohio gave Chad his long-looked-for chance. He turned Dixie's head toward the foothills to join Wolford, for with Wolford was the work that he loved—that leader being more like Morgan in his method and daring than any other Federal cavalryman in the field.

Behind him, in Kentucky, he left the State under martial sway once more, and thereafter the troubles of rebel sympathizers multiplied steadily, for never again was the State under rebel control. A heavy hand was laid on every rebel roof. Major Buford was sent to prison again. General Dean was in Virginia, fighting, and only the fact that there was no man in the Dean household on whom vengeance could fall, saved Margaret and Mrs. Dean from suffering, but even the time of women was to come.

On New Year's Day Lincoln freed the slaves—and no rebel was more indignant than was Chadwick Buford. The Unionists, in general, protested: the Confederates had broken the Constitution, they said; the Unionists were helping to maintain that contract and now the Federals had broken the Constitution and their own high ground was swept from beneath their feet. They protested as bitterly as their foes, be it said, against the Federals breaking up political conventions with bayonets and the ruin of innocent citizens for the crimes of guerillas, for whose acts nobody was responsible, but all to no avail. The terrorism only grew the more. Murfreesboro was fought. Again Bragg withdrew.

As the spring wore on, Chad, with Wolford, chased Morgan when he gathered his clans for his last daring venture—to cross the Ohio and strike the enemy on its own hearth-stones—and thus give him a little taste of what the South had long known from border to border. Pursued by Federals, Morgan got across the river, waved a farewell to his pursuing enemies on the other bank and struck out. Within three days, one hundred thousand men were after him and his two thousand daredevils, cutting down trees behind him (in case he should return!), flanking him, getting in his front, but on he went, uncaught and spreading terror for a thousand miles, while behind him for six hundred miles, country people lined the dusty road, singing "Rally 'round the Flag, Boys," and handing out fried chicken and blackberry-pie to his pursuers. Men taken afterward with typhoid fever sang that song through their delirium and tasted fried chicken no more as long as they lived. Hemmed in as Morgan was, he would have gotten away, but for the fact that a heavy fog made him miss the crossing of the river and for the further reason that the first rise in the river for twenty years made it impossible to swim. He might have fought out, but his ammunition was gone. Many did escape and Morgan himself could have gotten away. Chad, himself, saw the rebel chief swimming the river on a powerful horse, followed by a negro-servant on another—saw him turn deliberately in the middle of the stream, when it was plain that his command could not escape, and make for the Ohio shore to share the fortunes of his beloved officers who were left behind. Chad heard him shout to the negro:

"Go back, you will be drowned." The negro turned his face and Chad laughed—it was Snowball, grinning and shaking his head:

"No, Mars John, no suh!" he yelled. "It's all right fer *you!* You can git a furlough, but dis nigger ain't gwine to be cotched in no free State. 'Sides, Mars Dan, he gwine to get away, too." And Dan did get away and Chad saw Morgan and Colonel Hunt loaded on a boat to be sent down to prison in a state penitentiary. It was no surprise to Chad, two months later, to learn from a Federal officer that Morgan with six others had dug out of prison and escaped.

"I was going through that very town," said the officer, "and a fellow, shaved and sheared like a convict got aboard and sat down in the same seat with me. As we

passed the penitentiary, he turned with a yawn—and said in a matter-of-fact way:

"'That's where Morgan is kept, isn't it?' and then he drew out a flask. I thought he had wonderfully good manners in spite of his looks, and, so help me, if he didn't wave his hand, bow like a Bayard, and hand it over to me:

"'Let's drink to the hope that Morgan may always be as safe as he is now.' I drank to his toast with a hearty Amen, and the fellow never cracked a smile. It was Morgan himself."

Early in '64 the order went round for negroes to be enrolled as soldiers, and again no rebel felt more outraged than Chadwick Buford. Wolford, his commander, was dishonorably dismissed from the service for bitter protests and harsh open criticism of the Government, and Chad, himself, felt like tearing off with his own hands, the straps which he had worn with so much bravery and with so much pride. But the instinct that led him into the Union service kept his lips sealed when his respect for that service, in his own State, was well-nigh gone—kept him in that State where he thought his duty lay. There was need of him and thousands more like him. For, while active war was now over in Kentucky, its brood of evils was still thickening. Every county in the State was ravaged by a guerilla band—and the ranks of these marauders began to be swelled by Confederates, particularly in the mountains and in the hills that skirt them. Banks, trains, public vaults, stores, were robbed right and left, and murder and revenge were of daily occurrence. Daws Dillon was an open terror in the mountains and in the Bluegrass. Hitherto the bands had been Union and Confederate, but now, more and more, men who had been rebels joined them. And Chad Buford could understand. For, many a rebel soldier, "hopeless now for his cause," as Richard Hunt was wont to say, "fighting from pride, bereft of sympathy, aid, and encouragement that he once received, compelled to wring existence from his own countrymen; a cavalryman on some outpost department, perhaps, without rations, fluttering with rags; shod, if shod at all, with shoes that sucked in rain and cold; sleeping at night under the blanket that kept his saddle by day from his sore-backed horse; paid, if paid at all, with waste paper; hardened into recklessness by war, became a guerilla—consoling himself, perhaps, with the thought that his desertion was not to the enemy."

Bad as the methods of such men were, they were hardly worse than the means taken in retaliation. At first, Confederate sympathizers were arrested and held as hostages for all persons captured and detained by guerillas. Later, when a citizen was killed by one of these bands, four prisoners, supposed to be chosen from this class of free-booters, were taken from prison and shot to death on the spot where the deed was done. Now it was rare that one of these brigands was ever taken alive, and thus regular soldier after soldier who was a prisoner of war and entitled to consideration as such, was taken from prison and murdered by the Commandant without even a court-martial. It was such a death that Dan Dean and Rebel Jerry had escaped. Union men were imprisoned even for protesting against these outrages, so that between guerillas and provost-marshal no citizen, rebel or Yankee, in sympathy, felt safe in property, life, or liberty. The better Unionists were alienated, but worse yet was to come. Hitherto, only the finest chivalry had been shown women and children throughout the war. Women whose brothers and husbands and sons were in the rebel army, or dead on the battle-field, were banished now with their children to Canada under a negro guard or sent to prison. State authorities became openly arrayed against provost-marshals and their followers. There was almost an open clash. The Governor, a Unionist, threatened even to recall the Kentucky troops from the field to come back and protect their homes when Lincoln interfered. Even the Home Guards got disgusted with their masters, and for a while it seemed as if the State, between guerilla and provost-marshal, would go to pieces. For months the Confederates had repudiated all connection with these free-booters and had joined with Federals in hunting them down, but when the State government tried to raise troops to crush them, the Commandant not only ordered his troops to resist the State, but ordered the muster-out of all State troops then in service.

The Deans little knew how much trouble Captain Chad Buford, whose daring ser-

vice against guerillas had given him great power with the Union authorities, had saved them—how he had kept them from arrest and imprisonment on the charge of none other than Jerome Conners, the overseer; how he had ridden out to pay his personal respects to the complainant and that brave gentleman, seeing him from afar, had mounted his horse and fled, terror-stricken. They never knew that just after this he had got a furlough and gone to see Grant himself, who had sent him on to tell his story to Mr. Lincoln.

"Go back to Kentucky, then," said Grant with his quiet smile, "and if General Ward has nothing particular for you to do, I want him to send you to me," and Chad had gone from him, dizzy with pride and hope.

"I'm going to do something," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I'm going to do it right away."

And now Chad carried in his breast despatches from the President himself to General Ward at Lexington.

As he rode over the next hill, from which he would get his first glimpse of his old home and the Deans', his heart beat fast and his eyes swept both sides of the road. Both houses—even the Deans'—were shuttered and closed—both tenantless. He saw not even a negro cabin that showed a sign of life.

On he went at a gallop toward Lexington. Not a single rebel flag had he seen since he left the Ohio, nor was he at all surprised; the end could not be far off, and there was no chance that the Federals would ever again lose the State.

On the edge of the town he overtook a Federal officer. It was Harry Dean, pale and thin from long imprisonment and sickness. Harry had been with Sherman, had been captured again and, in prison, had almost died with fever. He had come home to get well only to find his sister and mother sent as exiles to Canada. Major Buford was still in prison, Miss Lucy was dead, and Jerome Conners seemed master of the house and farm. General Dean had been killed, had been sent home, and was buried in the garden. It was only two days after the burial, Harry said, that Margaret and her mother had to leave their home. Even the bandages that Mrs. Dean had brought out to Chad's wounded sergeant, that night he had captured and lost Dan, had been used as proof that she and Margaret were aiding and abetting Confederates. Dan had gone to join Morgan and Colonel Hunt over in southwestern Virginia, where Morgan had at last got a new command only a few months before. Harry made no word of comment, but Chad's heart got bitter as gall as he listened. And this had happened while he was gone to serve them. But the bloody Commandant of the State had been removed from power—that much good had been done—not more than a day or two too late, as Chad learned when he presented himself, with a black face, to his general.

"I could not help it," said the General, quickly. "It was his last act." He read the despatches slowly. "You have done good work. There will be less trouble now." Then he paused. "I have had a letter from General Grant. He wants you on his staff." Again he paused and it took the three past years of discipline to help Chad keep his self-control. "That is, if I have nothing particular for you to do. He seems to know what you have done and to suspect that there may be something more here for you to do. He's right. I want you to destroy Daws Dillon and his band. There will be no peace until he is out of the way. You know the mountains better than anybody. You are the man for the work. You will take one company from Wolford's regiment and go at once. When you have finished that—you can go to General Grant. The General smiled. "You are rather young to be so near a major—perhaps."

A major! The quick joy of the thought left him when he went down the stairs to the portico and saw Harry Dean's thin, sad face, and thought of the new grave in the Deans' garden and those two lonely women in exile. There was one small grain of consolation. It was Daws Dillon who had slain Joel Turner; Dillon who had almost ruined Major Buford and had sent him to prison—Dillon had played no small part in the sorrows of the Deans, and on the heels of Daws Dillon he soon would be.

"I suppose I am to go with you," said Harry.

"Why, yes," said Chad, startled; "how did you know?"

"I didn't know. How far is Dillon's hiding-place from where Morgan is?"

"Across the mountains." Chad under-

stood suddenly. "You won't have to go," he said, quickly.

"I'll go where I am ordered," said Harry Dean.

XXVI

IT was the first warm day of spring and the sunshine was very soothing to Melissa as she sat on the old porch early in the afternoon. Perhaps it was a memory of childhood; perhaps she was thinking of the happy days she and Chad had spent on the river bank long ago, and perhaps it was the sudden thought that, with the little they had to eat in the house and that little the same three times a day, week in and week out, Mother Turner, who had been ailing, would like to have some fish; perhaps it was the primitive hunting instinct that, on such a day, sets a country boy's fingers itching for a squirrel rifle or a cane fishing-pole, but she sprang from her seat, leaving old Jack to doze on the porch, and, in half an hour, was crouched down behind a boulder below the river bend, dropping a wriggling worm into a dark, still pool. As she sat there, contented and luckless, the sun grew so warm that she got drowsy and dozed—how long she did not know—but she awoke with a start and with a frightened sense that someone was near her, though she could hear no sound. But she lay still—her heart beating high—and so sure that her instinct was true that she was not even surprised when she heard a voice in the thicket above—a low voice, but one she knew perfectly well:

"I tell you he's a-comin' up the river now. He's a-goin' to stay with ole Ham Blake ter-night over the mountain an' he'll be a-comin' through Hurricane Gap 'bout daylight ter-morrer or next day, shore. He's got a lot o' men, but we can layway 'em in the Gap an' git away all right." It was Tad Dillon speaking—Daws Dillon, his brother, answered.

"I don't want to kill anybody but that damned Chad—Captain Chad *Bujord*, he calls hisself."

"Well, we can git him all right. I heard that they was a-lookin' fer us an' was goin' to ketch us if they could."

"I wish I knowed that was so," said Daws with an oath. "Nary a one of 'em would git away alive if I just knowed it was *so*. But we'll git *Captain* Chad Buford, shore as hell! You go tell the boys to guard the Gap ter-night. They mought come through afore day." And then the noise of their footsteps fainted out of hearing and Melissa rose and sped back to the house.

From behind a clump of bushes above where she had sat rose the gigantic figure of Rebel Jerry Dillon. He looked after the flying girl with a grim smile and then dropped his great bulk down on the bed of moss where he had been listening to the plan of his enemies and kinsmen. Jerry had made many expeditions over from Virginia lately and each time he had gone back with a new notch on the murderous knife that he carried in his belt. He had but two personal enemies alive now—Daws Dillon, who had tried to have him shot, and his own brother, Yankee Jake. This was the second time he had been over for Daws, and after his first trip he had persuaded Dan to ask permission from General Morgan to take a company into Kentucky and destroy Daws and his band, and Morgan had given him leave, for Federals and Confederates were chasing down these guerillas now—sometimes even joining forces to further their common purpose. Jerry had been slipping through the woods after Daws, meaning to crawl close enough to kill him and, perhaps, Tad Dillon, too, but after hearing their plan he had let them go, for a bigger chance might be at hand. If Chad Buford was in the mountains looking for Daws, Yankee Jake was with him. If he killed Daws now, Chad and his men would hear of his death and would go back, most likely—and that was the thought that checked his finger on the trigger of his pistol. Another thought now lifted him to his feet with surprising quickness and sent him on a run down the river where his horse was hitched in the bushes. He would go over the mountain for Dan. He could lead Dan and his men to Hurricane Gap by daylight. Chad Buford could fight it out with Daws and his gang, and he and Dan would fight it out with the men who won—no matter whether Yankees or guerillas. And a grim smile stayed on Rebel Jerry's face as he climbed.

On the porch of the Turner cabin sat Melissa with her hands clenched and old

Jack's head in her lap. There was no use worrying Mother Turner—she feared even to tell her—but what should she do? She might boldly cross the mountain now, for she was known to be a rebel, but the Dillons knowing, too, how close Chad had once been to the Turners might suspect and stop her. No, if she went at all, she must go after nightfall—but how would she get away from Mother Turner, and how could she make her way, undetected, through Hurricane Gap? The cliffs were so steep and close together in one place that she could hardly pass more than forty feet from the road on either side and she could not pass that close to pickets and not be heard. Her brain ached with planning and she was so absorbed as night came on that several times old Mother Turner querulously asked what was ailing her and why she did not pay more heed to her work, and the girl answered her patiently and went on with her planning. Before dark, she knew what she would do, and after the old mother was asleep, she rose softly and slipped out the door without awakening even old Jack, and went to the barn, where she got the sheep-bell that old Beelzebub used to wear and with the clapper caught in one hand, to keep the bell from tinkling, she went swiftly down the road toward Hurricane Gap. Several times she had to dart into the bushes while a man on horseback rode by her, and once she came near being caught by three men on foot—all hurrying at Daws Dillon's order to the Gap through which she must go. When the road turned from the river, she went slowly along the edge of the road, so that if discovered, she could leap with one spring into the bushes. It was raining—a cold drizzle that began to chill her and set her to coughing so that she was half afraid that she might disclose herself. At the mouth of the Gap she saw a fire to one side of the road and could hear talking, but she had no difficulty passing it, on the other side. But on, where the Gap narrowed —there was the trouble. It must have been an hour before midnight when she tremblingly neared the narrow defile. The rain had ceased and as she crept around a boulder she could see, by the light of the moon between two black clouds, two sentinels beyond. The crisis was at hand now. She slipped to one side of the road, climbed the cliff as high as she could and crept about it. She was past one picket now and in her eagerness one foot slipped and she half fell. She almost held her breath and lay still.

"I hear somethin' up thar in the bresh," shouted the second picket. "Halt!"

Melissa tinkled the sheep-bell and pushed a bush to and fro as though a sheep or a cow might be rubbing itself, and the picket she had passed, laughed aloud:

"Goin' to shoot ole Sally Perkins's cow, air you?" he said, jeeringly. "Yes, I heard her," he added, lying; for being up all the night before, he had drowsed at his post. A moment later, Melissa moved on, making considerable noise and tinkling her bell constantly. She was near the top now and when she peered out through the bushes no one was in sight and she leaped into the road and fled down the mountain. At the foot of the spur another ringing cry smote the darkness in front of her:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Don't shoot!" she cried, weakly. "It's only me."

"Come on, 'Me,'" said the picket, astonished to hear a woman's voice. And then into the light of his fire stepped a shepherdess with a sheep-bell in her hand, with a beautiful, pale, distressed face, a wet clinging dress, and masses of yellow hair surging out of the shawl over her head. The startled picket dropped the butt of his musket to the ground and stared.

"I want to see Ch—, your captain," she said, timidly.

"All right," said the soldier, courteously. "He's just below there and I guess he's up. We are getting ready to start now. Come along."

"Oh, no!" said Melissa, hurriedly. "I can't go down there." It had just struck her that Chad must not see her; but the picket thought she naturally did not wish to face a lot of soldiers in her bedraggled and torn dress, and he said quickly:

"All right. Give me your message and I'll take it to him." He smiled. "You can wait here and stand guard."

Melissa told him hurriedly how she had come over the mountain and what was going on over there, and the picket with a low whistle started down toward his camp without another word.

Chad could not doubt the accuracy of the

information—the picket had names and facts.

"A girl, you say?"

"Yes, sir"—the soldier hesitated—"and a very pretty one, too. She came over the mountain alone and on foot through this darkness. She passed the pickets on the other side—pretending to be a sheep. She had a bell in her hand." Chad smiled—he knew that trick.

"Where is she?"

"She's standing guard for me."

The picket turned at a gesture from Chad and led the way. They found no Melissa. She had heard Chad's voice and fled up the mountain. Before daybreak she was descending the mountain on the other side, along the same way, tinkling her sheep-bell and creeping past the pickets. It was raining again now and her cold had grown worse. Several times she had to muffle her face into her shawl to keep her cough from betraying her. As she passed the ford below the Turner cabin she heard the splash of many horses crossing the river and she ran on, frightened and wondering. Before day broke she had slipped into her bed without arousing Mother Turner and she did not get up that day, but lay ill abed.

The splashing of those many horses was made by Captain Daniel Dean and his men, guided by Rebel Jerry. High on the mountain side they hid their horses in a ravine and crept toward the Gap on foot—so that while Daws with his gang waited for Chad, the rebels lay in the brush waiting for him. Dan was merry over the prospect:

"We will just let them fight it out," he said, "and then we'll dash in and gobble 'em both up. That was a fine scheme of yours, Jerry."

"Rebel Jerry smiled—there was one thing he had not told his captain—who those rebels were. Purposely he had kept that fact hidden. He had seen Dan purposely refrain from killing Chad Buford once and he feared that Dan might think his brother Harry was among the Yankees. All this Rebel Jerry failed to understand, and he wanted nothing known now that might stay anybody's hand. Dawn broke and nothing happened. Not a shot rang out and only the smoke of the guerillas' fire showed in the peaceful mouth of the Gap. Dan wanted to attack the guerillas, but Jerry persuaded him to wait until he could learn how the land lay, and disappeared in the bushes. At noon he came back.

"The Yankees have found out Daws is thar in the Gap," he said, "an' they are goin' to slip over before day ter-morrer and s'prise *him*. Hit don't make no difference to us, which s'prises which—does it?"

So the rebels kept hid through the day on the mountain side and when Chad slipped through the Gap next morning, before day, and took up the guerilla pickets, Dan had moved into the same Gap from the other side, and was lying in the bushes with his men, near the guerillas' fire, waiting for the Yankees to make their attack. He had not long to wait. At the first streak of dawn overhead, a shout rang through the woods from the Yankees to the startled guerillas.

"Surrender!" A fusillade followed. Again:

"Surrender!" and there was a short silence, broken by low curses from the guerillas, and one stern Yankee voice giving short quick orders. The guerillas had given up. Rebel Jerry moved restlessly at Dan's side and Dan cautioned him:

"Wait! Let them have time to disarm the prisoners," he whispered.

"Now," he added, a little while later—"creep quietly, boys."

Forward they went like snakes, creeping to the edge of the brush whence they could see the sullen guerillas grouped to one side of the fire—their arms stacked, while a tall figure in blue moved here and there, and gave orders in a voice that all at once seemed strangely familiar to Dan.

"Now, boys," he said, half aloud, "give 'em a volley and charge."

At his word there was a rattling fusillade, and then the rebels leaped from the bushes and dashed on the astonished Yankees and their prisoners. It was pistol to pistol at first and then they closed to knife thrust and musket butt, hand to hand—in a cloud of smoke. At the first fire from the rebels Chad saw his prisoner, Daws Dillon, leap for the stacked arms and disappear. A moment later, as he was emptying his pistol at his charging foes, he felt a bullet clip a lock of hair from the back of his head and he turned to see Daws on the farthest edge of the firelight levelling his pistol for another shot before he ran. Like lightning he wheeled and when his finger pulled the trigger, Daws sank limply, his grinning,

malignant face sickening as he fell. The tall fellow in blue snapped his pistol at Dan and as Dan, whose pistol, too, was empty, sprang forward and closed with him, he heard a triumphant yell behind him and Rebel Jerry's huge figure flashed past him. With the same glance he saw another giant —who looked like another Jerry—among the Yankees, saw his face grow ghastly with fear when Jerry's yell rose, and then grow taut with ferocity as he tugged at his sheath to meet the murderous knife flashing toward him. The terrible twins were come together at last, and Dan shuddered, but he saw no more, for he was busy with the lithe Yankee in whose arms he was closed. As they struggled, Dan tried to get his knife and the Yankee tugged for his pistol—each clasping the other's wrist. Not a sound did they make nor could either see the other's face, for Dan had his chin in his opponent's breast and was striving to bend him backward. He had clutched the Yankee's hand, as it went back for his pistol, just as the Yankee had caught his left in front, feeling for his knife. The advantage would have been all Dan's, except that the Yankee had an underhold with his left arm and Dan could not whirl him round; but he could twist that wrist and twist it he did, with all his strength. Once the Yankee gave a smothered groan of pain and Dan heard him grit his teeth to keep it back. The smoke had lifted now and, when they fell, it was in the light of the fire. The Yankee had thrown him with a trick that Harry used to try on him when they were boys, but something about the Yankee snapped, as they fell, and he groaned aloud. Clutching him by the throat, Dan threw him off—he could get at his knife now.

"Surrender!" he said, hoarsely.

His answer was a convulsive struggle and then the Yankee lay still.

"Surrender!" said Dan again, lifting his knife above the Yankee's breast, "or, damn you, I'll——" the Yankee had turned his face weakly toward the fire and Dan, with a cry, threw his knife away and sprang to his feet. Straightway the Yankee's closed eyes opened and he smiled faintly.

"Why, Dan, is that you?" he asked. "I thought it would come," he added, quietly, and then Harry Dean lapsed into unconsciousness.

Thus, at its best, this war was being fought out that daybreak in one little hollow of the Kentucky mountains and thus, at its worst, it was being fought out in another little hollow scarcely twenty yards away, where the giant twins—Rebel Jerry and Yankee Jake—who did know they were brothers, sought each other's lives in mutual misconception and mutual hate.

There were a dozen dead Federals and guerillas around the fire, and among them was Daws Dillon with the pallor of death on his face and the hate that life had written there still clinging to it like a shadow. As Dan bent tenderly over his brother Harry, two soldiers brought in a huge body from the bushes, and he turned to see Jerry Dillon. There were a half a dozen rents in his uniform and a fearful slash under his chin—but he was breathing still. Chad Buford had escaped; and so had Yankee Jake Dillon.

(To be concluded.)

IN THE OPEN

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover

I

THE WAY OF HAPPINESS

Set in green hills, yellow-flecked where the birch tops were turning, half of the lake swam in afternoon sunshine. The other half, in the shadow of the shore, lay cool and brown, and in the blacker depths trout were beginning to jump. The great god Pan leaned on his paddle by the dock and watched smilingly, as I turned the leaves of my fly-book, from blue sparkling eyes. Damp hair lay in classic rings on his forehead; his muscles were full of wild grace; he was very beautiful, and in his vague, greasy clothes, very heathen. He was a French-Canadian guide, my great god Pan, and his name was Godin. I called him Pan because he took me fishing "down in the reeds by the river," and because he looked the part. He had never heard of the god, and would highly have disapproved of so shiftless a person. When the flies were on the leader, and flashing steadily through air to water, a thread of light with three hints of color, when the canoe crossed with its quick, even heart-beats to the mouth of the *Rivière Sauvage*, I began to talk, and to make Godin talk. We both spoke French—Godin the soft Canadian *patois*, I what will pass for Parisian of the purest, so long as I reproduce it in English.

I.—Godin, did you ever hear of Izaak Walton?

Godin.—Madame?

I.—Of Izaak Walton. He was a fisherman.

Godin.—There was a monsieur from New York, Madame, of a name that resembles. Val-tong? Was the monsieur of our club?

I.—I believe not, Godin. But he was a famous fisherman, and wrote a book about fishing. Everyone likes to read it, because he was so gentle and so happy.

Godin.—Ah, that! It is a great thing, Madame, to be happy. It is what is of the most important.

I.—Yes. Everyone cannot manage it, however.

Godin.—But pardon, Madame. It is generally the case that one can. Certainly I do not mean the very miserable, the suffering. Certainly not. But if one has health, if one has enough work and gains reasonably of money, if the family are well and the beasts—with a little of fishing, a little of hunting, a little of gayety in the evening—one should then be happy.

I.—You are happy, are you, Godin?

Godin.—But yes, Madame. Very certainly. Why not? I have my house, which I built with my own hands, and it is a pleasure to beautify it. I have the pig and my wife and the infants. Fifty acres of land I have, and a horse and two cows, and a very large, fine pig, as I said, which I shall kill for the winter's meat. I am desirable as a guide; I have of work in the season. With the money that Monsieur will pay me for guiding, I shall have gained two hundred dollars this year. It is not bad, with the little farm. And I have my ambition. I have the hope to be made next year *gardien* of the club—that is three hundred dollars *tout seul*, and by the tra›ping I can gain much more.

I.—All that, Godin, is good; it is comfort, but it is not quite happiness. Do you never wish for something that is not duty, but only pleasure?

Godin.—Cast just to the right, ahead, Madame. *Un gros* jumped where one sees the little foam.

The dialogue is interrupted while I cast, hook, play and land a two-pound trout. Godin holds it up, his thumb through the gills.

Godin.—*Tiens!* Not bad of a trout? Madame is skilful. But there was a question, a little argument. See then, Madame, what it is that I think. The happiness comes not always when one searches, when

one attempts for pleasure. It is to be gay out of what one has, to make a little *fête* of walking to the far woods for the chopping, perhaps. It is well a small thing, Madame, yet my wife and I have been more content with the *drôle* of a cow that danced a big dance in the shed, than another evening, when we wore our clothes of Sunday, and went out to supper with the cousins of the school-mistress. Even of a year when the pig died and we had no meat, we made fun, we others, by the pretending that the brown of the *patates* was meat. We pretended so all winter and were content. I think, indeed, it is wise in our life to be like the little river *là-bas*. One can not deny that it does its best in every part. It is gay where the sands are smooth under the water and the sun shines through it. Oh, yes! and it is of a good coolness in the shadows near the logs of the shore. But one sees easily that it laughs most in the rapids, where the rocks are thick. Is it not true, Madame?

The Indian River—the "*Rivière Sauvage*"—creeping out from its long journey through the hush of forest silences, lay above us in a patch of sunshine between the heavenward points of thick-set spruces, and from the rift twenty feet away a sudden fall of water rippled out to the god Pan's bright little heathen sermon a musical "Amen."

. . . . . .

There was the smoke of a camp-fire and the white gleam of tents from the far hollow of a bay on our lake that evening, and we were displeased. It was our theory in these deep woods that no one lived in the world but ourselves. But in the morning, behold! it was Craig Martin and his party, which altered everything. No one grudges Craig Martin a place in the world, not even in the woods. That afternoon I played guide to his "*Monsieur*," and paddled him in my birch-bark canoe, for fishing. Because he could have had a navy of canoes if it so pleased him, it seemed to me very attractive of him to admire and examine mine.

Craig.—What's that queer name you call it?

I.—"Ouitouche." That's Montagnais Indian for chub.

Craig.—Oh! "Ouitouche," is it? But why chub? Why not a high-bred fish? Why not Ouanamiche—or Troutche?

I.—Look at the way it goes—do you see that sidewise wobble? That's exactly the way a chub swims. And no high-bred fish was ever short and squat like this canoe. It has no lines and no speed, and it's so tippy that no one will go in it but Godin and me—and you. But it's a beautiful piece of bark, and I like it, and no one expects anything of it.

Craig.—That's a great point. The moment you get advantages you get responsibilities. That's why I come into the woods—to escape my responsibilities.

I.—It's the one place for that, isn't it? I suppose everyone feels it, but to you billionaire people it must be like splashing into water from fire. Aren't you glad to miss your mail every morning?

Craig.—Oh! (Stretching his arms across the gunwales.)

I.—Oh, don't! Oh, do be careful—you'll have us over. And you never could swim in those boots.

Craig.—Beg pardon.

Then a long silence while Craig, taking up his four-ounce rod in his three-pound hands, let loose the dancing flies on their stiff, curly snells, and with a skilful side-cast dipped them delicately in water. Then was heard the click of the reel and the pleasant antiphonal whirr that fishermen love as he let out more and more line, and cast each time between.

I.—It's a bit early for them to rise. I don't see any jumping. But you might cast in the pool there beyond the old log. A big fellow rose there the other day. Cast carefully—a long line. I won't put you any nearer at first.

Ten minutes of steady, conscientious fishing with no result.

I.—Too early, I'm sure. I'll paddle down the lake and back again for half a mile. Don't tire your wrist casting any more for a while.

Craig (with a smile).—My wrist! I'm not a very delicate flower, my lady, if I am—if I have—if I am what you called me.

I.—What I called you? Oh, a billionaire!

Craig.—I made up my mind young that I'd be as strong as other boys, if I did happen to be rich. I had no family, only a lot of money, so I had to help myself, you

see. It's rather a drawback to a man—much money. If you aren't careful it changes the whole perspective of life, deadens ambition, kills simplicity, takes away almost every sort of happiness.

I.—Takes away happiness? I don't see how you mean?

Craig.—Why, all sorts of things that are other boys' dreams, were thrown at me from the start. I had nothing to wish for, and it was all such an old story that I was pretty near having nothing to enjoy. But—then I woke up.

I.—In time.

Craig (with a cheerful grin).—Yes, in time. Because now I get fun out of everything.

I.—I know one thing you got fun out of. Baptiste Gros-Louis, who would have died of consumption last winter. His brother Tomas was one of our guides. I know a lot more, too.

Craig.—Oh, that! I'd have been a brute not to have seen that. And it meant nothing to me to send him down there. There's no credit in that. But it was fun, as you say. That isn't the trick, however, for everybody enjoys giving away money they don't want.

I.—Oh, do they?

Craig.—As I say, the trick is, not that, but to learn to like things without any money standard, to have a slice of bacon up here taste exactly as good as terrapin at Sherry's; to get the good time out of being wet and tired and bitten by black flies—that last comes hard at the moment, but it is a good story afterward.

I.—You have a yacht and a lot of horses, and all that sort of thing. Do you really like them no better than—this?

Craig.—Oh, I like them a lot. I have a good time out of them, and it's a man's business, I believe, situated like me, to spread his good time around as far as he can reach. But I believe I like this a bit better. You see, as you pointed out, you get mail on the yacht, and here—it's as if I were a primeval savage! It's great! I have rain and cold and flies and a-plenty of discomfort to stand up against. Sometimes up here I can get to believe that I really have to fight my own way and win whatever I own, instead of having it served to me on toast, with mushrooms. It must be good to work for a thing and get it!

I.—You did that with your muscle.

Craig.—By Jove! I did—that's so! How nice of you to think of it. And what a satisfaction it was when I got discouraged and then worked twice as hard and got stale and thought I'd never be any good on a team, and then came out all right.

I looked at his arm where his flannel sleeves were pushed back, and then at the big shoulders, and thought of the splendid dash of the game I had seen him win for Yale a few years before. And meanwhile, with even ripplings of water under the bow, the "Ouitouche" had slipped back to the mouth of the Indian River. Craig Martin's eyes wandered up the opening where the patch of sunlight lay, dazzling as the afternoon before, across the pool above the golden sand.

Craig.—It's like that a bit (nodding). The way things go for me mostly is like that quiet part where it's all sunshine and no effort, and of course, it's right to be happy over that part, too. But the life and the fun come in rather more, I think, when the stream strikes the rocks.

As his gaze and his thoughts wandered far away from me, I considered how the path of happiness lies through neither much nor little; how the manliness to meet poverty gaily is, perhaps, no more than the manliness to meet riches simply; and how only unselfishness may find that pathway anywhere. And again, as yesterday, the falling water sang a rippling "Amen" to the unconscious sermon of a simple and courageous soul.

II

THE STORIES OF VÉZINA

LIKE the patter of summer rain in the night-time on the bark-covered logs of a camp-roof is the conversation of Vézina. It is never loud or insistent, but soothing and steady, and the gentle, unceasing tinkle of it goes on till the listener finds his eyes drooping with pleasant drowsiness. Yet it is interesting almost always, for the French-Canadian has the French instinct for dramatic effect, which is yet wholly an instinct, for the life of a *habitant* is of too sharp a simplicity to admit often of pose. So Vézina's little stories of his adventures



He was a French-Canadian guide, my great god Pan.—Page 66.

and his friends' adventures, are as unconscious as a child's tales of play, yet crisp with the relish for the theatrical which is of his race. Vézina is not my guide, but we are great friends, and sometimes of an August afternoon when the shadows are stealing over the water, and there are deep black holes along the western shore of the *Castor Noir* River, I get a thirst for one of his *petites histoires* and borrow him from the monsieur whose property he is, and go fishing. His knotted, rough hands hold a paddle as delicately as a lady holds a needle, and a canoe seems magnetized by him, so lightly does it obey his touch. He is a strong and skilful paddler, which adds much to the pleasure of fishing from a boat.

I.—I want to fish this pool at the head of the rapids first, Vézina.

Vézina.—But yes, Madame. One is sure of a number of trout here. Little ones, perhaps, but *v'là*, that makes nothing. (With a cheerful shrug of his shoulders.) It is those that are much the best to eat. In fact, it is much wiser for Madame to cast here first.

Vézina would find some advantage in the plan if I told him I had decided to fish from the tops of the trees. I consult him about the flies, and we decide on a brown hackle as conservative and safe, a Parmachene Belle, always good in Canadian waters, and a Scarlet Ibis, because I like its looks. Vézina laughs gently at that, but instantly suggests that Madame fishes to amuse herself, and if it amuses her to have the red fly, why not? What matter if one misses a few fish, the little miserables! At last——

Vézina.—Ah! *V'là!* Everything is arranged. Will Madame embark in the boat?

He squats on the big rock and holds it with as anxious a care as if Madame were a paralytic. I embark, and settle myself in the bottom of the canoe near the bow, my *bottes sauvages* taking up the immediate foreground, and my back against Vézina's old coat, carefully folded over the bar behind me.

Vézina.—Madame finds herself comfortable?

I.—Very, thank you. And now, Vézina, I'm going to catch fifty trout, and while I do it, I want you to tell me a little story—*racontez moi une petite histoire.*

Vézina.—Ah, but with pleasure. It is only unlucky that I know nothing worthy to tell Madame. We are poor people, we others, and we go nowhere but to our villages and the forest—how can one know stories of interest so? But if Madame cares to listen—one has one's little advent-

ures. Strange things happen sometimes. I do not believe all of them, of course—I. But the people who are superstitious believe them. Have I ever recounted to Madame the story of the great black man who was about our village? No? It was this way: Achille Dupré was a *garçon* of the village, a wild boy, but with no harm in him—yet he drank too much. (Vézina shook his head solemnly, and his voice was full of sadness.) So it happened that there was a dance one night at the house of Achille's uncle, Réné Dupré, and there was a game played in which the boys drew straws for the choice of the girls for the going home. It was well known that Achille loved Marie Jeunesse, the prettiest girl in St. Raymond, but it was not known if she loved him or the big André St. Jean. So it happened that when he came to draw he had drunk much whiskey, and was well *en fête*, as I have told Madame—he cried out that if he might draw the short straw, and have first choice of the girls, he would let the devil have his soul. And so it happened that he drew it. It was but two days after that, Madame, that André St. Jean was walking in the wood nearest the village when he saw suddenly, coming toward him, a man, perfectly black and quite eight feet tall. André stopped short and waited, and the man came toward him, and bent to look at him, and passed him by with no sound. So it happened that several others of St. Raymond met this great black man, always walking, always regarding closely, as if searching for someone, and making no sound. At the end he came boldly one day to the house of Achille's father, when only the mother and the youngest infant, a child of three years, were at home. Madame Dupré caught the baby and ran with him in great fear to the neighbors, and after that no one saw the great black man again, but early in the spring Achille was drowned. He was walking logs that one was rafting in the river that goes down to the Lac St. Pierre. It was a pity. He was a capable young man, Achille.

I.—Vézina, how many trout have you taken off the hook?

His paddle stuck in the crevice of two mossy rocks a foot below the water, my guide leans over to count the slippery bits of pink and silver in the bottom of the boat.

Vézina.—It makes seven. But *v'là!* Madame, where a good one jumped—to the left, beyond the branch.

I (a moment later, as I swung the flopping half-pounder through bubbling, lashing water to the stern of the canoe).—There he is. But, Vézina, about your story. Do you mean that the big black man was the devil whom Achille had called on to help him, and that he was after Achille's soul?

Vezina.—I? But pardon, Madame—I mean nothing. It is the way I heard the tale. I did not see him—I.

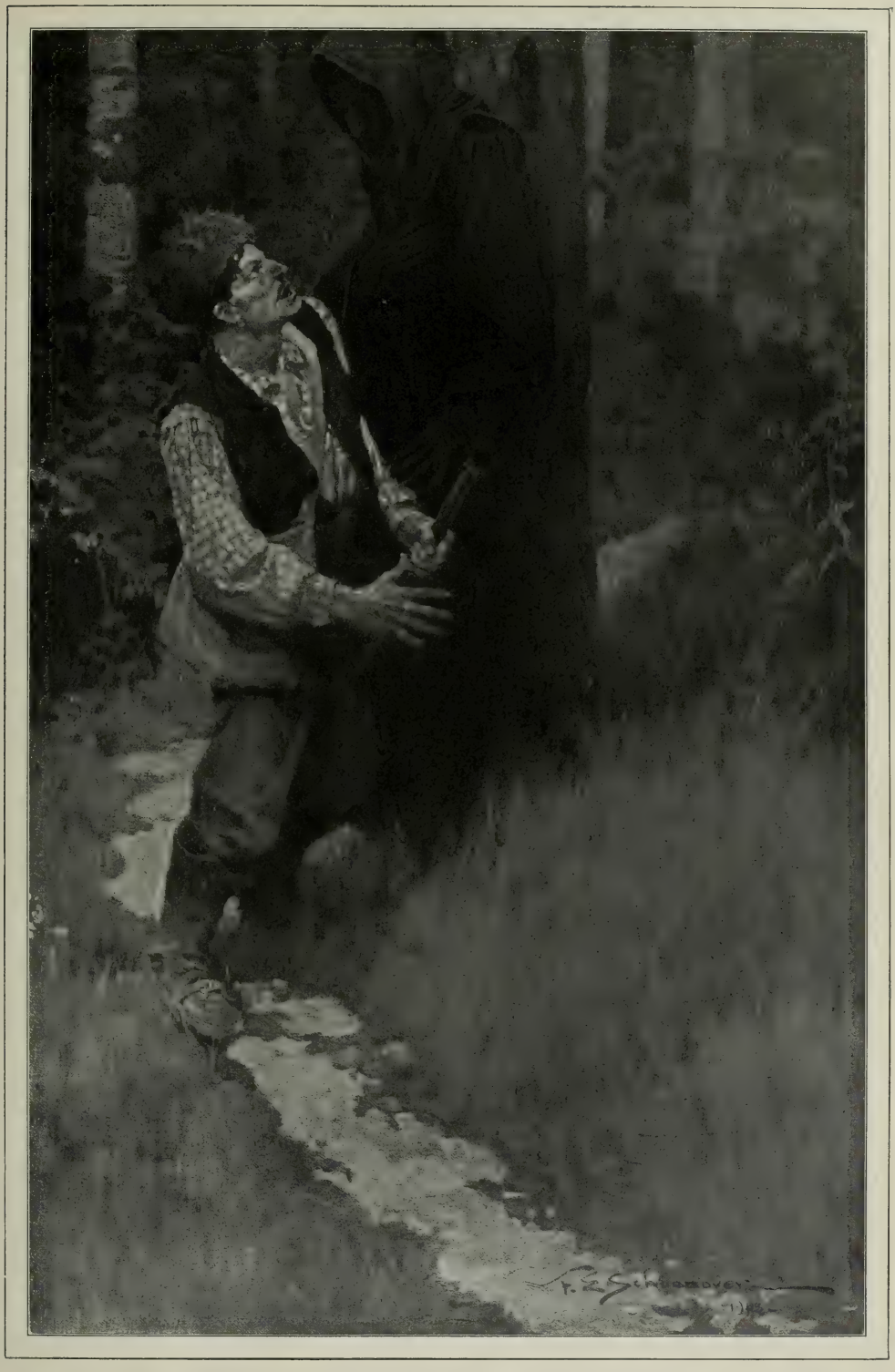
I.—Did anyone tell you about it who did see him?

Vézina.—But surely—André St. Jean himself told me. He saw him most certainly. But I—I do not believe easily. Yet many saw him. But it is not such tales as that—such foolishness—that interest Madame. It is the tales of hunting and fishing—the true tales, is it not?

I.—I like all sorts. But tell me one of the others now—a hunting story. Did you ever kill a moose?

Vézina laughed softly in his pretty, deferential way.

Vézina.—But yes, Madame—a number! It was the first that was the most wonderful. I was well an infant at that hour there, I had but nine years. It was the first winter I went into the woods with my father, and I felt like a man. But *v'là!* my father fell ill—oh, but very ill! And I had the care of him and the fear of his dying there, and the chopping of wood and the cooking—all, I was forced to do *tout seul*. And after some days the provision ran low. We had well very little to eat, and my father was very ill. So I took his *carabine* and went into the woods on my snow-shoes for partridges, for even then I could cut off the head of a partridge with a *carabine*-bullet. And not a hundred yards from camp, as I walked softly on the *racquettes*, *v'là!* a bull-moose. The wind was from him, and he had not scented the fire or me. He looked as large as a house, I think, for I was quite young, as I said before, Madame, but I fired at him, with the old *carabine* that one charged from the muzzle, and he fell. I had shot him through the head, which was well, for he had no knowledge of me. And so I loaded again, and put a second shot through his heart, for I was little, and wished him to



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The man came toward him and bent to look at him.—Page 70.

be entirely dead. He was so large. And my father was much cheered by that killing, and while I tried to skin the moose, the good God sent Jacques Duplain, a neighbor of St. Raymond, hunting by our tent,

Vézina (laughing to himself a mirthful, bewitching, childlike laugh).—There is a *drôle* of a tale about that, Madame. But hope a moment (*esperez un moment* is French-Canadian for "wait") the trout are



Godin.

and then all was well, and my father recovered his health so that we brought him home, and I had a distinction among the boys of St. Raymond, because I had killed a moose first of them all.

I.—That's a very pretty story, Vézina. I like that. What a plucky little chap you must have been to take all that on your shoulders and carry it through! Tell me another hunting story. Have you ever seen a moose angry and dangerous?

becoming few. I will put the boat quite at the head of the chute, and Madame will cast in the swift water. There should be good ones there.

The black water of the *Castor Noir* ran in a smooth band of forty feet wide for perhaps twenty yards in front of us, and then with a roar and a tumble shot down between the green walls of a gorge in broken white cascades, over boulders and through chasms for fifty yards more of steep rapids.

Vézina's skilful paddle held the egg-shell canoe back strongly as we went steadily down the fast, smooth current, and caught it deftly behind a rock at the very crest of the fall. There we swung, balancing, a moment, and then the bow nestled cosily against the green velvet moss and the lovely pinks and blues and grays of the rock, and I faced down-stream, with a clear, wide space back of me for the recover. Vézina had placed me perfectly, as he always did.



Vézina.

I.—Now, then, Vézina, for the moose story that made you laugh.

Vézina (with light-hearted soft laughter again).—Yes, indeed, it was a *drôle* of a tale, that—as I said to Madame—to see two messieurs with *carabines* and four guides all hunted by a bull-moose, and no one of them daring to fire a shot. I was of the guides, but yet I must laugh to think of it. It was this way: We had left the canoes at the beginning of a *portage*, and were to walk to a lake—it was not in this club, Madame—and there hunt, and Godin and I, we were to explore a turn, to find another lake of which the savages had told us. So it happened that the *portage* was a long one, and we made lunch on the way. So it happened that while we others, the guides, made our lunch after the messieurs, the messieurs walked on slowly ahead. And at some distance beyond the place of

lunch the *portage* divided into two branches and the messieurs did not know which to follow, the left or the right. So as they stood at the fork, waiting for us, behold a bull-moose, who walked at his ease down the right branch of the *portage*, followed by a cow and two *petits*. And the messieurs had left their *carabines* with us others. So it happened that they stood and regarded and the animals also stood and regarded. And so we others, the guides, came up, and seeing the beasts, slipped the *carabines* to the messieurs softly. But the great one, at our coming, had lifted the mane along his back so that it stood upright—*crais!* but it was terrible! And his eyes became bloodshot and savage, and he was of enormous size. And so it happened that the two messieurs and the four guides turned very quietly and did their possible to reach the boats. And as we entered the boats with some quickness, *v'là!* the grand duke, M. *l'Orignal*, who came rushing with a huge noise through the woods, and charged out upon us. But happily we had all embarked in the canoes, and we others forced ourselves at the paddles, believe it, Madame and so we escaped. *Crais!* but it was the king of all moose, and a very dreadful sight to see!

I.—Vézina, you ought to be ashamed to tell that story. I think it is disgraceful. Why didn't one of the guides fire if the messieurs were afraid?

Vézina (laughing deliciously again).—Truly, Madame, it sounds so to me now, myself. But it was exactly as I tell you—so horrible was the beast that we became like children. Madame, by good luck, did not see that *orignal*.

I.—Perhaps I really haven't more courage than six men, yet it does seem to me I should not have run away with a repeating rifle in my hands.

Vézina.—Ah! One sees it is impossible to make Madame comprehend how he was terrible! There is another *petite histoire* of a friend of mine—but Madame is doubtless fatigued to hear so stupid stories?

I.—No. Tell it to me.

Vézina.—If Madame will pardon, I will light my pipe.

There were shuffling sounds back of me as he dived into his pockets for matches and tobacco, the canoe swung loose a second as the paddle was held in his arm, then a short, quick puff or two, the pleasant, pungent odor of Canadian plug floated forward about me, and Vézina's voice began again, its easy, liquid tones chording with the bubbling water. Every few sentences were punctuated with a puff, and the dim scent of tobacco set the little hunting story as in a soft-colored frame. The canoe hung on the very edge of the steep drop of the river; on either side the tall hills, whose coming together made the gorge, rose gloomily green and impassive; below us the water rushed down, a mass of brightness—white foam on top like champagne, yellow like sherry under the sparkle, and beneath, in the depths, the tawny gold of old whiskey. And as I cast, and brought in every two minutes or so a flashing, spotted line of intense life, Vézina talked, and hardly interrupted himself with a gratified "Ah!" or a little pleasant laugh as he took one after another from the hook, and laid them, quiet, in the bottom of the boat.

Vézina.—But yes, this is another sort of tale, and one hopes Madame will be better pleased. There is of courage in it—oh, yes, a little. It was Henri Gros-Louis told it to me—the nephew of my uncle's wife. He and his brother Josef were in the woods hunting, it was in the month of January and the snow was deep. They came out on a lake and saw, resting in a hollow where the snow had drifted, a large moose. Each of them had a *carabine*, but of the old sort, which one loads from the muzzle, and one has, as Madame knows well, but a single shot. So it happened that Josef fired his shot, and wounded the animal, but slightly, across the shoulder. And the moose ran into the woods. And Josef, stopping to load again as rapidly as might be, followed him. But Henri had loosened the thong of his snow-shoe, and it was necessary to arrange it, so he did not accompany Josef. So it happened that Henri heard another shot, all near, and looking up, saw his brother Josef come running, and crashing behind him the great beast. And Josef, as he ran, looked over his shoulder and seeing the moose close upon him, threw himself to one side in the snow—for one knows that the *orignal* charges always in a straight line—and thus saved himself for that time, though so close was the animal that his hoof broke Josef's snow-shoe. And Henri,



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Came rushing with a huge noise through the wood.—Page 74.

who is my friend, saw the moose turn and make ready to charge again at Josef, lying in the snow, and unable yet to rise, for his *racquette* was broken. And Henri had but one bullet, because his *carabine* was of the old sort, as I have said to Madame. But yet it was necessary to act, so he fired, and happily the moose fell, and very soon died. It was a large one of twelve hundred pounds.

Madame has already forty fish which I have counted, and it begins to grow dark. It will soon be difficult to see the *portage* back to our camp. Does Madame think that perhaps one had better stop fishing for the time? Another day, and if Madame will allow me to paddle her, we will take all of the fifty—oh, yes, and more. It will be easy. I and Madame, we are always lucky!

Two nights after we were camped on lovely Lake Aberdien. A jewelled sunset had died behind hills and water and islands of fairy beauty, but far different had been our welcome to the enchanted lake. We had landed in a thunder-storm, and in spite of everybody's strenuous efforts, most things had gotten wet, and camp had to be made in dripping woods, with damp tents to put up and the corners of all belongings moist and muddy. Yet a woodsman learns that such times must be the jolliest, for without large extra allowance of cheerfulness, the situation would be unbearable. As the calculation is not made exactly, there is always an overflow of good humor that brings gayety out of discomfort and makes the bad episode a good story to be remembered pleasantly long after. We sat in the doorway of the tent after supper before a roaring fire of six-foot logs, with a drowsy, healthy ache in every hard-worked muscle, and enjoyed the uncomplicated happiness of a well-fed, well-warmed animal. There was not a care or a responsibility in the world, or if there was it did not trouble us. Vézina came across, with his light hunter's step, from the guides' camp a hundred yards away, to look after the fire. A tongue of flame leaped up as he came and lighted the woods for yards around the tent, and we saw him standing there, a humble figure in nondescript damp clothes, with a faded felt hat pulled over his shock hair, but smiling and sunshiny as always, and with the pretty politeness of a Frenchman ready as ever on his lips.

Vézina.—Madame must not be chilled. Is it that perhaps there is need of wood?

Monsieur.—Perhaps one more log would be a good thing.

Vézina.—Ah, but willingly, M'sieur!

Pulling his ax from his belt, he goes into the half-darkness to the hastily gathered wood-pile, strikes a swift blow or two, and comes back his arms filled with birch. It seems far too pretty to burn, the clean, cream-colored wood with its long streamers of shining bark, but the Frenchman lays it with no compunctions on the altar of our comfort, and the loose silver of the bark catches and flames with a joyful crackle. Deep under the blaze is a bed of pulsing orange coals. Vézina, squatting by the fire, as the guides sit for hours, pulls his pipe from one moist pocket, a tobacco-pouch of discolored caribou-skin from another, fills the former from the latter, and then, with a keen look at the glowing mass, puts his hand quickly into the heart of the heat, and knocking out a bit of golden fire, drops it deftly from one palm to another, and so into the pipe.

I.—Vézina! Didn't that burn you?

Vézina.—Ah! No, Madame. One is accustomed.

Then the pleasant dull scent of the Canadian tobacco, which carries so much of woods and water and mountains, surrounds us slowly, and suddenly from the dark lake that lies unseen a few yards away comes a weird, loud, long cry. Everyone jumps, and we stare in startled silence for a moment, past the near birches gleaming tall and slim in the circle of the firelight, past their shadowy sisters swaying ghostlike in the dimness, into the deep blackness of silent woods and water. Vézina, with his fish mouth open and his huge gray eyes wide, sits alert like a creature of the woods on guard, and then laughs softly, delightedly.

Vézina.—Un gru.

I.—Oh, a heron! I thought it was a lost soul.

Vézina.—It was like that they called, the night—but I have recounted to M'sieur that tale.

Monsieur.—Never mind—tell Madame.

Vézina.—Ah! It was a night of much misery, that! We were building a camp



On a portage.

for a m'sieur, Madame understands, eight of us others, guides. It was in a valley of perhaps a mile wide and four miles long, and we were living in tents by the cabin which was as yet but half built. There was a little river, wide of twenty feet or more, which ran by the camp, and through the valley. Otherwise there were steep mountains on both hands. The night of which I speak it was dead weather, and the air weighed—a night displeasing. As we sat by our tents, smoking, the *grus* called, as a moment ago. But there were a number of them, and they called repeatedly. I have never heard it so. It was, as Madame has said, like the cry of a soul lost. We were troubled a little, for Pierre, my brother said, "It means no good when birds call in the night like that." But so it happened that we smoked our pipes and then went to bed and slept. And it must have been soon after that we all waked together hearing much noise of a storm, and the tents were lifted like rags from us, and we held each other that the great wind should not blow us apart. The valley was full of thick trees, and we heard them falling and snapping in the blackness, and the rain fell upon us, and our *butin*, our things, were blown from us like matches. Simply we held to each other and were content not to die, all that night in the wind and rain. And so it happened that in the morning, to go out of the valley we were obliged to walk all the long of the little river, over the water, upon the trees that the storm had laid across it. Ah, yes! But that is quite true, Madame.

The gentle, deprecatory inflections seemed to leave an emptiness as they stopped, and as if trying to fill it, a loose bit of birch bark caught suddenly, and crackled and blazed with energy. A large spark flew across to the open flap of the tent. With a noiseless spring Vézina had it in his hands and had put out the fire instantly, but yet with a black-rimmed hole to tell the tale. Vézina mourned like a mother over a hurt child, and his soft lamenting "Ahs" and "Malheurs" almost brought tears to my eyes.

Monsieur.—Don't bother, Vézina. The tent isn't burned down yet.

Vézina (crouching once more by the fire, and drawing a puff of consolation from his pipe).—But it is that which might arrive, M'sieur, if one is not careful. I have known it to be. I and Godin, we have known it. One will not forget that night—*crais*, no!

The lean, muscular figure in the dingy coat shivered.

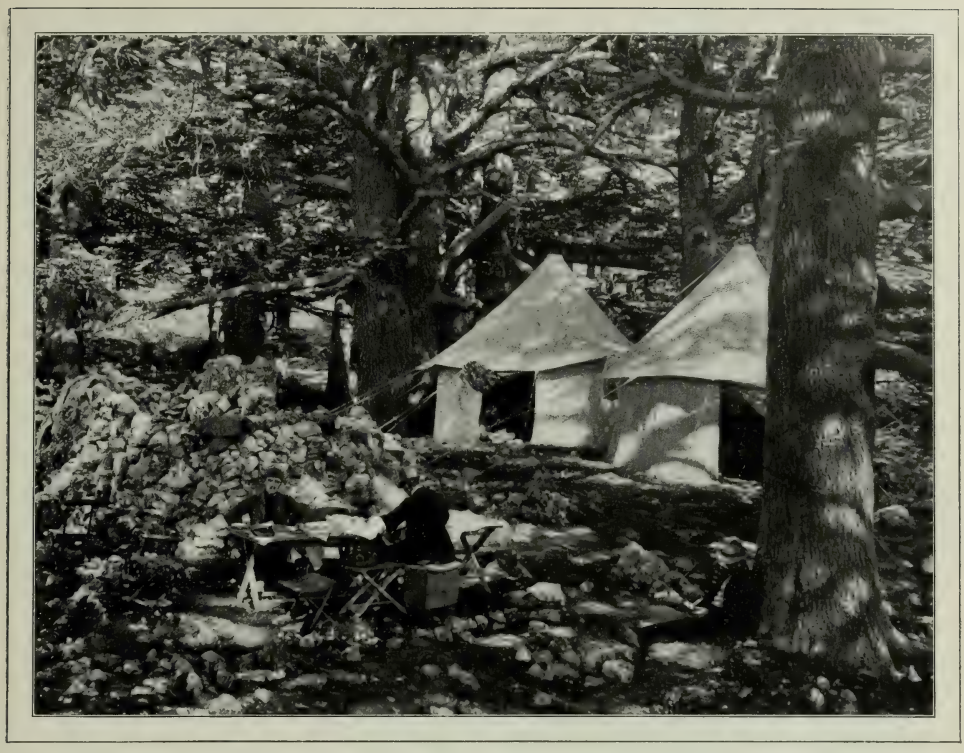
I.—Is it a story, Vézina? Tell about it.

Vézina.—Not exactly that is to say a story, Madame. It is but of a night when I and Godin almost perished of the cold in sight of good warmth. *Tiens!* I will tell Madame, and she can judge how it was a small thing. We guided, I and my cousin Godin, for two messieurs, in the winter. And so it happened that we camped one night at a club camp of logs certainly in good order, with a large stove, and cooking utensils and all very convenient. The messieurs took the cabin, as was right, and Godin arranged our tent outside, and we had a small camp-stove and were comfortable. It was a great storm of wind and snow, but one is accustomed to make camp in the winter like that. With one blanket for each man and a small stove it is not bad—by no means. But by unhappiness we were careless, and that tent there took fire from the stove. *V'là!*—(he snapped his fingers sharply)—it was all gone like that. As I said, the wind was very great. We knocked at the door of the messieurs' log camp and told them what had happened. They were playing at cards by the fire—for there was a good lamp also in the camp. It was warm in that room. The messieurs said they were very sorry, it was a pity—and then they continued to play at cards. So I and Godin, we regarded them a moment, and then we went out and closed the door carefully, and put a log against it, as we had arranged, that the cold should not enter by the crack beneath. And as we had no tent, we were obliged to walk up and down to be a little warm. But it was a night of great coldness, and the wind drove the snow sidewise, in sheets, and it cut us like knives, so that we could not become comfortable, walking. So we went into the woods and chopped logs to heat ourselves, and built a great fire, but yet while our faces burned, our backs were very cold, and our feet were chilled from standing in the snow. So we walked harder, and waved our arms with force. And we could see through the window of the camp where the messieurs played at cards very late, by the warm stove. And after they were in bed we saw the red of the stove-door where the fire shone through, and it seemed hard to us, because we were so cold, and also because we became very fatigued. It was a large room of about six yards square, and we others would not have taken much place in a corner. It would not have incommoded the messieurs, or very little. And toward morning, as we walked in the woods, Godin broke his snow-shoe, because in that great cold the wood of a *racquette* becomes brittle. And in arranging it we both escaped freezing by a very little—it was dangerous to arrest walking for even a few minutes, one sees well. And all the night as we turned toward the cabin from walking in the snow, we saw that evil red eye of the stove of the messieurs, looking out upon us without pity. We could have wished that the fire would go out.

Vézina lifted his swarthy and wrinkled, care-worn face—a face not yet thirty years old—and smiled at us with apologetic eyes.

Vézina.—It was perhaps wrong to wish so, but we were extremely fatigued and cold, and men become wicked, so. Some messieurs do not remember that we others, though we are poor, are yet men. It is not right, I think, to treat us like the beasts, yet probably those messieurs did not rightly know how it was cold. But Madame is *ennuyée* with my long talking. I think there is wood enough. Does M'sieur wish that one should come in the night and arrange the fire? Or will that disturb M'sieur?

With soft rustling of underbrush the dull-colored figure had slipped into the woods again, leaving an echo that stole like a refrain into our dreams, of a gentle voice that seemed compounded of the bubbling burning of birchwood fire, of the happy laughter of little rivers where the water runs in rapids, of all peaceful and homely forest sounds, and with them an echo of the loveliness of a soul that "suffers long and is kind."



View of the camps.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

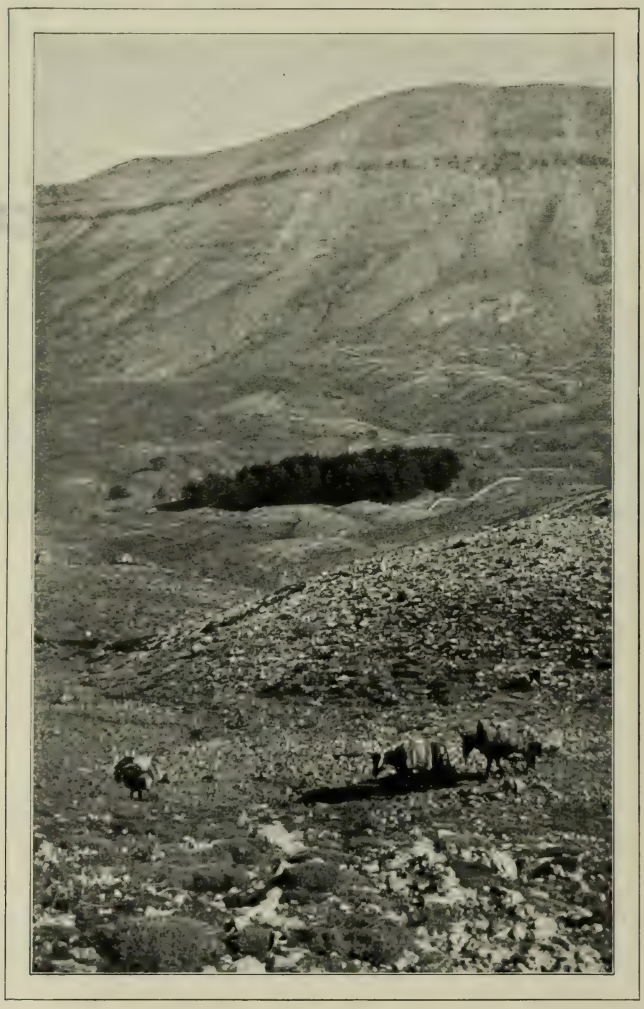
By Lewis Gaston Leary

He shall grow like a Cedar in Lebanon.
. . . They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be full of sap and green.
Psalm 92: 12, 14.

We had watered our horses, eaten the last olive and the last scrap of dirty bread that remained in the bottom of our saddle-bags, and were shivering and irritable and impatient, for a sea of beautiful but chilly clouds was rolling around us, and there was no sound of the far-off tinkle that would herald the arrival of the belated mule-train, with its wealth of food and shelter and warmth.

But suddenly, just as the sun was setting, a friendly wind swept the clouds to the valleys below; and, in a moment, fatigue and hunger and vexation were forgotten, as we contemplated one of the most beautiful panoramas in all Lebanon. Before us, the mountain sloped quickly to a precipice, whose foot lay unseen, thousands of feet below; while directly opposite, so steep and lofty as to be almost oppressive, towered the highest peak in Syria—*Jebel El-Arz*—the Cedar Mountain. The whole range, two miles high and a dozen miles long, was covered with that wonderful golden hue, more brilliant, yet more ethereal, than the alpen-glow of Switzerland. Soon the gold faded into blue, and that to Tyrian purple; a color so royal that those who have not seen cannot believe; so deep

and strange that to those who *have* seen, it seems almost unearthly. It is not the mountain alone that draws one. The color itself seems to have a real existence; and one must gaze and gaze in a vain attempt to fathom its unsearchable depths, until



View of the Cedars of Lebanon from the Baalbek Pass.

The mountain in the background rises about 4000 feet above the cedars.

the purple darkens into black, and the watcher walks on silent, as if the setting sun had, for a moment, swung open the door that leads into the eternal.

"But where are the cedars?" "There!" "But the mountain seems to be one mass of rock." "There!" Yes, there, hung against the rock, hung in such a precarious position that it seems as if a falling cone would drop clear of the little shelf and not stop rolling until it reached the valley far below. It is a very little bunch of green on the great mountain-side. It is as big as the palm of your hand—like a finger-nail—like a speck on the field-glass. Yet these are all the cedars that remain: these and a few scattered trees near Barûch are all that are left of the forests that once covered the mountain region of Syria. They have gone; and when the trees were cut the rains grew less, so that, in a very real sense, these great, solemn giants are memorials of the departed power of the land.

The size of the forest is, indeed, disap-



Nearer view of the Cedars.

pointing. There are only about four hundred trees. High up on the rocky slopes, Hadrian sculptured his imperial anathema against all who should cut these sacred trees; the Maronite peasants almost worship them, and call them the "Cedars of the Lord"; and a recent governor of the Lebanon has surrounded them by a great wall, so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet, century by century, their number grows less.

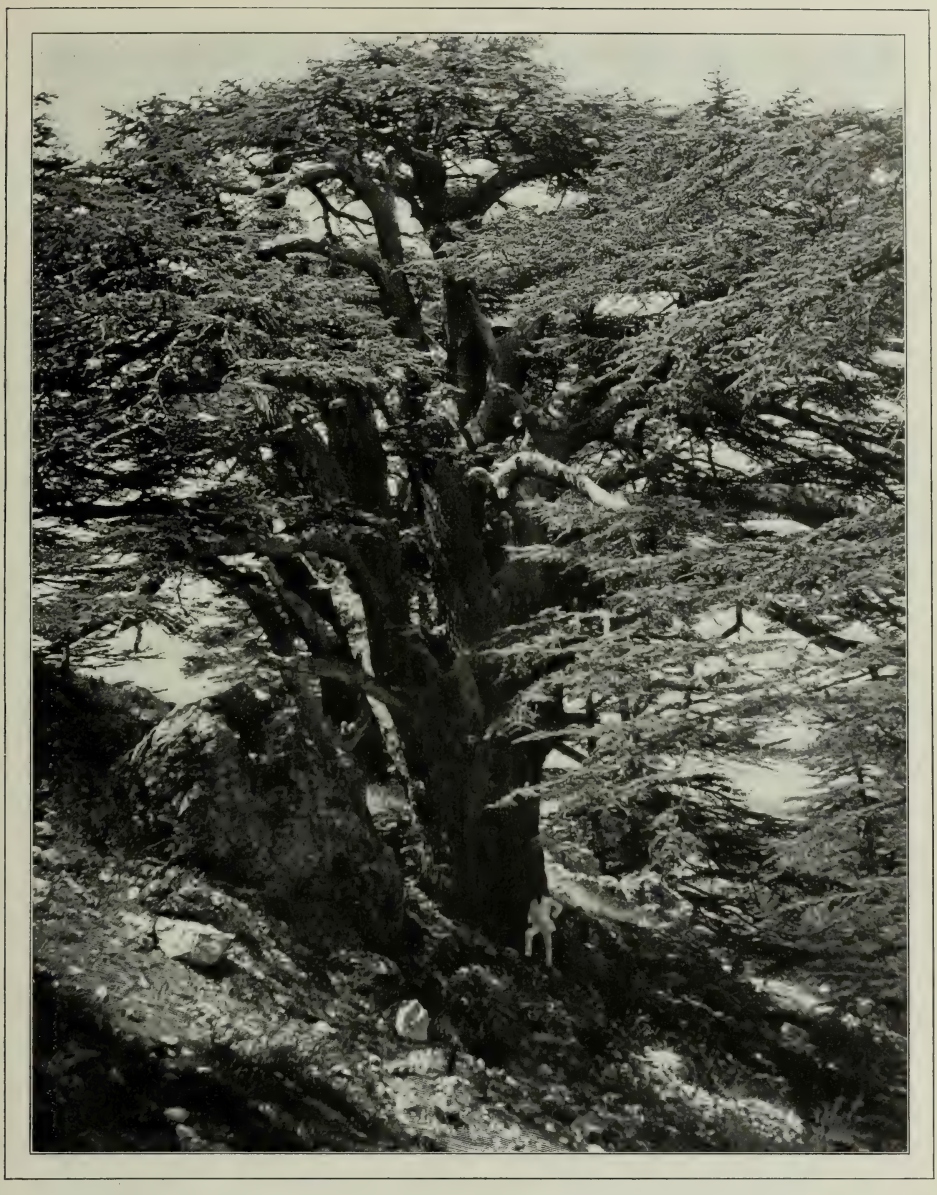
But if the cedars are few in number, these few are of royal blood. They are not the largest of trees, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide-spreading limbs, which often cover a circle two or three hundred feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical, with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks, and charming beds on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs.

The wood has a sweet odor, is very hard, and seldom decays. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except where lightning or the axe has been at work. Often a great bough of one tree has grown into a neighbor, and the two are so bound together that it is impossible to say which is the parent trunk. Perhaps the unusual strength and vitality of the cedars are due to their slow growth. When a little sprout, hardly waist-high, is said to be ten or fifteen or twenty years old, one cannot help asking What must be the age of the great patriarchs of the grove? It is hard to tell exactly. By the aid of a microscope I have



The "symmetrical Cedar," emblem of the Syrian Protestant College

counted more than seven hundred rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Those who have studied the matter more deeply, think that some of these trees must be more than a thousand years old. Indeed, there is nothing wildly improbable in the thought that perhaps the "Guardian," for instance, may have been a young tree when Hiram began cutting for the temple at Jerusalem. So let us believe that this venerable giant of the forest has lived through all the ages since Solomon; and from his throne on Lebanon has calmly looked down over Syria and the Great Sea, while Jew and Assyrian, Persian and Egyptian, Greek and Roman, Arab and Crusader and Turk have labored and fought and sinned and died for the possession of this goodly land.



"St. James," one of the largest trees, whose trunk is over 40 feet in circumference.

We spent a month in the grove, and never had a dull day. At dawn we could look out of the tent to where the green branches framed a charming bit of blue sea. Then the Studious Man would climb up to his favorite fork and esconce himself there with pen and ink and papers and books and cushions. The Adventurous Man would scramble up to the topmost bough of some lofty tree and stretch out for a sun-bath. The Lazy Man would curl up against a comfortable root and read. Or there would be sketching or photographing or mountain climbing, varied by unsuccessful hunts and aimless conversations with Maronite priests. But the cedars dominated it all. From our supper-table we could see under the branches to where the

sun went down into a sea of brass, with the jagged peaks of Cyprus outlined against its red disk. Then there was the camp-fire, with its merry sparkle, its new-born confidences, and the black depths of the forest outside. Or the moon shone so brightly that the whole mountain would take on a soft silver glow, and colors could be distinguished almost as well as by day. Now it was cold and foggy; but the trees beat back the clouds, and although a solid wall of white surrounded the grove, within all was warm and dry and home-like. Now it was the feast of the finding of the Holy Cross, and far down in the valley village after village blazed up with the fiery signals, while here and there on the mountain-top a star-like twinkle showed where some lonely shepherd was joining in the general thanksgiving. But the shelter, the support, the background, the inspiration of all the camp-life were the great, solemn trees.

One comes to love the cedars—or rather to reverence them. They are so large, so old; they have such marked individuality. This one, so beautiful that it has been pictured on the seal of the American College at Beirût, has been called the Symmetrical Cedar. These many trunks, springing from a single root, we call the Seven Sisters. Those two that stand side by side at some distance from the main group, are the Sentinels. On the hillside are St. John and St. James, immense, fatherly trees, with trunks over forty feet in circumference, and gigantic forks in which a dozen persons could sit together. Then there is the Guardian, oldest and largest of all; its great trunk twisted and gnarled by struggles against the storms of ages; the names which famous travellers carved a century ago not yet covered by its slow-growing bark. But the knotted, wrinkled trunk is crowned by a garland of evergreen, and the old tree, which perhaps heard the ring of Hiram's axemen, may still be standing proudly erect when the achievements and glory of our own times are but legends of the past.



"The Guardian," the Patriarch of the grove.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT

ADMINISTRATION OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT

BY CHARLES E. MAGOON

Law Officer, Bureau of Insular Affairs, War Department

DURING several periods of our national history the War Department administered the affairs of civil government in territory and over inhabitants subject to the sovereignty of the United States. Omitting the occasions when the army maintained social order in domestic territory by martial law, and considering instances only wherein the United States, acting through the War Department, installed and maintained governments exercising powers and performing functions usually relegated to State, municipal or other forms of local government administered by civilians, we find that the United States, in the exercise of its sovereign power, provided for the necessities of society by administering the affairs of civil government, through the agency of its military establishment, in Louisiana (1803), Florida (1821), California (1846), New Mexico (1846), the rebellious States of the Union (1862 and 1867), Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippine Archipelago (1899).

The basis of the right to institute military government, is military occupancy of the territory affected. The authority to institute such government in territory subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, may be exercised by the President, in time of war; and by Congress, in time of peace. The military governments in California, New Mexico, Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines were instituted by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. The military governments of Louisiana and Florida were instituted by legislative acts of Congress. During the Civil War President Lincoln, by executive action, instituted military governments in those portions of the rebellious States that were occupied by the Union forces. These governments were recognized and sustained by both the legislative and judicial branches of the Federal Government. President Lincoln also undertook to weaken the rebellion by inducing the inhabitants of rebellious districts to form loyal State governments. Such governments were formed by the people of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee. To the State executives, thus chosen, were given the powers theretofore exercised by the military governors previously appointed by the President. These State governments elected Senators and Members of Congress, but the Senate and House both refused to recognize them as entitled to participate in the proceedings of the respective bodies. In 1867, more than a year after peace had been proclaimed, Congress enacted—"That said rebel States shall be divided into military districts, and made subject to the military authority of the United States," and, by what are known as the "reconstruction acts," provided for military government to be administered by martial rule in the several States mentioned. The Supreme Court refused to interfere with the enforcement of said reconstruction acts; holding that this legislation was political in character, and therefore outside of the jurisdiction of the judicial department; that in creating such legislation, Congress exercised sovereign powers of the nation, which exist, but are reserved to the people by the Constitution. The action of Congress found legal justification as an exercise of the inherent right of national sovereignty to deal adequately with a national emergency. The Supreme Court affirmatively determine that the establishment of military government, by order of the President, in time of war, is a lawful exercise of belligerent right over territory subject to military occupancy, and that after the war is ended, such government may be continued as a *de facto* government until changed by legislation.

A military government acts in a dual

capacity—military and civil. On its military side it deals with territory and inhabitants with reference to the relations they individually and collectively sustain to the contending sovereignties. While the condition of war prevails the territory is hostile and the inhabitants enemies. The military government is an instrument intended to accomplish their subjugation, and, therefore, the military commanders, exercising the powers of military government over them, possess authority limited only by the laws and usages of war. Such governing authority, say the court—"may do anything necessary to strengthen itself and weaken the enemy. There is no limit to the powers that may be exercised in such cases, save those which are found in the laws and usages of war . . . In such cases the laws of war take the place of the Constitution and laws of the United States as applied in time of peace." (New Orleans v. Steamship Co., 20 Wall., 394.)

Military government, on its civil side, deals with the inhabitants of territory subject to its jurisdiction, with reference to the relations which they sustain to each other and to the community. The authority to deal with these matters is derived from the laws and usages of war, or, to speak accurately, is an obligation imposed by the laws of civilized warfare. The Brussels project of an international declaration concerning the laws and customs of war, recites:

> The authority of the legal power being suspended, and having actually passed into the hands of the occupier, he shall take every step in his power to re-establish and secure, as far as possible, public safety and social order.

The military occupation of territory terminates the political relations theretofore existing between the inhabitants and the expelled sovereignty; and the laws respecting and regulating those relations, *i. e.*, the political laws, pass away with the expelled sovereignty; for example, the laws penalizing treason against the former sovereign, or the laws imposing taxes, customs duties and other revenue measures.

The relations which the inhabitants sustain to each other and the community do not cease, and the laws relating thereto continue in force and effect unless abrogated by the new government. Lieber's "Instructions for the Government of the United States in the Field," says:

> All civil and penal law shall continue to take its usual course in the enemies' places and territories under martial law (military government), unless interrupted or stopped by order of the occupying military power; but all the functions of the hostile government—legislative, executive, or administrative—whether of a general, provincial, or local character, cease under martial law (military government), or continue only with the sanction or, if deemed necessary, the participation of the occupier or invader.

The great and insurmountable objection to the administration of civil government by the military is, that under such government all the powers of the legislative, judicial and executive branches are exercised by one department—the executive; and usually by one individual—the commander of the occupying forces. Happily there are few, if any, instances of abuse of these great powers to be found in the history of the military governments maintained under the direction of the War Department of the United States. But the history of the world records many abuses resulting from the continued exercise of these combined powers by one department of government.

The exercise of legislative power is unavoidable when the military government deals adequately with the new conditions incident to military occupancy, or attempts the work of reformation or construction. To prevent the abuse of the legislative power in dealing with the affairs of civil government in the islands ceded and relinquished by Spain as a result of the Spanish-American War, a plan was evolved providing for the exercise of these powers by different officials of the military arm of the United States Government. The administrative policies to be pursued respecting the relations between the territory and inhabitants and the Federal Government of the United States; the relations to be sustained to the other nations of earth, including the regulations of commercial intercourse and navigation, were fixed and rendered effective by the action of the President, although formulated and proposed by the Secretary of War. The administrative policies respecting the general government of each island or group of islands, which may be designated as insular as distinguished from

provincial or municipal, were determined upon and rendered effective by the action of the Secretary of War. The policies and procedure relative to local affairs, such as the preservation of the peace, sanitation, schools, hospitals, prisons, public improvements of local character, exercises of municipal powers, etc., were determined upon and rendered effective by the action of the military governor. These general policies and principles being determined, their application in the individual instances and special cases arising was left to the local authorities of the insular governments.

Each of these superior officials availed himself of the services of a corps of assistants; and all worked together with ardent desire to properly discharge the duty devolving upon the War Department and the nation. The fact therefore is, that in general, the legislative orders respecting the affairs of civil government in the islands, during the time those affairs were administered by the War Department, while they appear to be exercises of discretion by one individual, are, in reality, the results of a systematic procedure which subjected them to consideration by three governmental organizations working independently of each other, but as a harmonious whole. The legislative orders emanating from the War Department or approved by it, successfully stood the test of practical working and met the approval of the legislative bodies charged with the responsibility of providing permanent legislation for the territories affected. The orders relating to Porto Rico were continued in force by the Act of Congress providing a civil government for that island, with the exception of one provision of a legislative order respecting marriage and divorce, issued in March, 1899, by the Military Governor, before the adoption of the procedure described. The Constitutional Convention for the Cuban Republic and the Congress of the United States, both approved of the body of laws worked out by the Military Government of Cuba, and the Constitution of Cuba provides:

> That all the acts of the United States in Cuba during the military occupancy of said island shall be ratified and held as valid, and all rights legally acquired by virtue of said acts shall be maintained and protected.

The legislative power of the civil side of the Military Government of the Philippine Archipelago was exercised by the coordinate action of the President, the Secretary of War and the Military Governor of the Philippines, pursuant to the general plan described, from the establishment of military occupation, until September 1, 1900, on which date there became effective the order of the President set forth in his instructions to the Philippine Commission that:

> The authority to exercise, subject to my approval, through the Secretary of War, that part of the power of government in the Philippine Islands which is of a legislative nature is to be transferred from the military governor of the islands to this Commission, to be thereafter exercised by them in the place and stead of the military governor, under such rules and regulations as you (the Secretary of War) shall prescribe. . .

The body of laws created by the military authorities in the Philippines was adopted by the Commission as the basis of permanent legislation for the Archipelago, when they entered upon the execution of a plan of comprehensive legislation adapted to the existing and prospective needs of the islands. The legislation enacted by the Commission, during the first year they exercised legislative powers, is referred to by Secretary Root in his annual report for 1901, as follows:

> I invite the attention of Congress to the 263 statutes now set before them, with the hope that the work of the Commission will receive the approval which, I believe, it merits for its high quality of constructive ability, its wise adaptation to the ends desirable to be accomplished, and its faithful adherence to the principles controlling our own Government. It should be observed that these statutes are not mere expressions of theoretical views as to how the Philippines ought to be governed, but are the practical treatment of carefully studied conditions. Many of the most important are not the beginnings, but the results of patient experiments—the outcome and improvement of successive military orders dealing with the same subjects.

Only one of the statutes thus brought to the attention of Congress was subjected to criticism; that was the act defining and penalizing treason and sedition. A fierce assault was made on this statute, in Congress and in the public press, during which it was charged that this legislation was

"unprecedented, tyrannical and contrary to the principles of government on which this Republic stands." But examination disclosed that the act had been formulated by adopting the existing provisions, respecting those offenses, of the federal statutes of the United States and of a majority of the States of the Union. The section most severely criticised was found to be a reenactment of an existing law of Tennessee.

The action of the Military Government of the Philippines, in adopting measures for the regulation of commercial intercourse with the archipelago and to impose customs duties on articles passing from the States of the Union into the Philippine Islands, presents an interesting question which is yet to be determined by the courts. The first tariff regulations enforced in the Philippines were created by an order of the President issued while the war with Spain was existing. Under the rule declared by the court in the Insular Cases (182 U. S.), the President was authorized to enforce such regulations so long as the condition of war continued; but as to Porto Rico, the authority ceased upon the treaty of peace and cession being duly proclaimed. In the Fourteen Diamond Rings case, the Court held that the Philippine Islands became domestic territory appertaining to the United States, upon the treaty being ratified and exchanged; and, therefore, until Congress should provide otherwise, merchandise arriving in a port of the United States from the Philippines was not liable for customs duties. But the conditions existing in the Philippines were not those prevailing in Porto Rico at the time the incident arose which was passed upon by the Court, and the reciprocal obligation, on which the Court based its determination, did not exist as to the Philippine Islands; an armed insurrection against the United States existed therein, and the executive was using the military forces of the United States for its suppression. The existence of this insurrection was officially communicated to Congress and legislative authority granted for its suppression. The insurrection was of such magnitude as to create the condition of war, and the military government was continued as an instrumentality for the successful prosecution of that war. The islands continued subject to military occupation and by international law and the laws of war, commercial intercourse with territory so occupied is subject to such regulations and restrictions as the authorities, maintaining the occupancy, see fit to impose. The question involved was not, Is the territory domestic? but, Is the territory hostile? The existence of a war renders illegal all commercial intercourse between the contending sides, excepting as permitted by affirmative acts of the military authorities. This rule prevails in both domestic and foreign wars. At the very beginning of the Civil War, President Lincoln, without obtaining the consent of Congress, blockaded the ports of the South, and subsequently, purchase of cotton, in territory of the rebellious States, even within the military lines of the Union forces, was permitted only on payment of a tax of four cents a pound. The Supreme Court sustained the blockade order of President Lincoln and the collection of the tax on cotton as legitimate exercises of belligerent right. (The Prize Cases 2 Black 365; Hamilton v. Dillin, 21 Wall., 73.) Both the McKinley administration and that of President Roosevelt took the position that the conditions prevailing authorized the Executive of the United States to regulate and restrict commercial intercourse with the Philippine Islands as either policy or regard for the exigencies of the military situation might justify. This administrative policy was carried out; and Congress by act approved July 1, 1902, declared:

> That the action of the President of the United States heretofore taken, by virtue of the authority vested in him as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, as set forth in his order of July 12, 1898, whereby a tariff of duties and taxes, as set forth by said order was to be levied and collected at all ports and places in the Philippine Islands upon passing into the occupation and possession of the forces of the United States, together with the subsequent amendments of said order, are hereby approved, ratified and confirmed.

There are a number of cases pending in the courts involving the correctness of the doctrine acted upon by the Executive, and eventually the questions involved will be adjudicated by the United States Supreme Court.

In making provision for the exercise of judicial powers under military government, it is necessary to take note of the fact that

the inhabitants and sojourners in territory subject to military occupancy are not subject *en masse* to the same code or body of laws. In time of war and in territory considered hostile, persons in the military service of the United States are exempt from the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the enemy. As stated by the United States Supreme Court, "Officers and soldiers of the armies of the Union were not subject during the war to the laws of the enemy, or amenable to his tribunals for offences committed by them. They are answerable only to their own government, and only by its laws, as enforced by its armies, could they be punished." (97 U. S., 515.) Persons in the military service of the United States are governed by the Articles of War and the rules prescribed for the discipline of the army. These articles and rules have the sanction of Congress, and the individual voluntarily subjects himself to their jurisdiction when he enters the military service. The sixty-fourth of the Articles of War is: "The officers and soldiers of any troops, whether militia or others, mustered and in pay of the United States, shall, at all times and in all places, be governed by the articles of war, and shall be subject to be tried by courts-martial." It sometimes happens that an individual in the military service of the United States in hostile territory, commits a criminal offence against the person or property of a native civilian. The necessity for provisions of law adequate for such cases was made manifest during the late Civil War, and thereupon the fifty-eighth article was adopted, providing that "In time of war, insurrection or rebellion" criminal offences "shall be punishable by the sentence of a general court-martial, when committed by persons in the military service of the United States. . . ."

The uniform holding of the office of the Judge Advocate General U. S. A. has been, that the jurisdiction of the military authority, respecting violations of this Article of War, ceases upon the termination of the war or of the offender's connection with the military service. This doctrine will probably be re-examined with reference to alleged offences charged against volunteers in the Philippines.

It became necessary in Cuba and the Philippine Islands to provide for a class of cases arising from the refusal of persons in the military service of the United States to discharge contract or other civil liabilities to inhabitants of the occupied territory. A remedy was provided by permitting a suit on the alleged liability to be maintained in the civil courts, to be tried according to the law and procedure of the locality; if judgment were secured against the soldier, the case was certified to the military authorities for approval and enforcement.

The officers and men who constitute the military forces of the enemy, in arms by the authority or sanction of the opposing sovereignty and openly avowing adherence to the enemy, when subjected to the jurisdiction of the military authorities of the United States, are to be treated as prisoners of war and are amenable to the laws and usages of war. Offenders of this class are tried by courts-martial.

Non-combatants are not amenable to the articles of war and the rules adopted for the discipline of the army. The laws and usages of war do not permit either belligerent to arbitrarily incorporate the non-combatants into his military establishment and thereby subject them to the rigid rules and procedures by which the discipline of that establishment is maintained. But during the war, in territory occupied or threatened by military forces, it frequently happens that non-combatants commit offences which are not within the territorial jurisdiction of an existing civil court. Such cases must be investigated and the offenders punished. The good of society and the safety of the army imperiously demand this; and the duty devolves upon the military power. Ordinarily the service is performed by quasi-judicial tribunals known as military commissions and provost courts. These tribunals are created and their powers conferred by the commanding officer. Their jurisdiction includes offences against the common law of war and the local penal laws. The offences are against the military authority, and the power to punish resides in the officer charged with the preservation of that authority. The commissions are his instruments for its exercise. He may exercise the authority himself, but as a convenience to him and an act of grace to the community, it is usually exercised by commissions.

It is the established usage of war to con-

tinue in force, in territory subject to military occupancy, such of the civil and penal laws of the prior sovereignty as regulate the relations which the non-combatant inhabitants sustain to each other or to the community in which they live. The authority to judicially determine questions arising under these laws, passes to the commander of the occupying military forces, to be exercised thereafter by him or those whom he shall designate. The commander usually designates the persons occupying the judicial positions at the time the military occupancy is established; such persons possess a knowledge of the laws they are called upon to interpret and the controversies they adjudicate are between their neighbors and friends, and are of local interest and effect.

The exercise of judicial powers by the military authorities, although justified by the laws of war respecting military occupancy, is repugnant to the theories and principles of government prevailing in the United States. The Military Governors of Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands were admonished to proceed with all convenient dispatch to establish courts, and thereafter relegate to them all controversies between the inhabitants of the islands which involved questions of local law. This was especially necessary in those islands, for, at that time, few officers in the United States Army possessed the requisite knowledge of Spanish language and laws to act as judges. It was found impossible, however, to entirely exclude the executive or administrative department from participation in the exercise of judicial power over numerous matters of individual and local character. Necessity required that the Spanish judicial system be continued in effect, for it was the basis of the social organism and the only system with which the people were familiar. Under the Spanish system many judicial functions are required to be performed by officials of the executive branch, which, under our system, are performed by the judiciary. For example, the courts of Spanish dependencies are without authority to issue an injunction; parties desiring to restrain the action of an adversary are required to apply to the superior authority of the executive department for relief; also, nearly all questions involving the rights of the government are required under Spanish procedure to be determined by the executive department instead of the judicial. The War Department, however, steadfastly adhered to the policy of relegating to the courts all questions and controversies which those courts were competent to determine.

When the frauds against the postal service in Cuba were discovered, the War Department considered the question as to whether the offenders were triable by a court-martial. The question turned on the fact as to whether or not the offenders were in the military service of the United States. The conclusion was reached that the postal service in Cuba was a part of the civil side of the military government of the island, and no more connected with the military establishment of the United States in Cuba, than in one of the States of the Union, and, therefore, a court-martial was without jurisdiction. Consideration was then given as to whether a court-civil of the military government had jurisdiction of the offences and offenders, and Secretary Root decided that inasmuch as these frauds were manifestly assaults upon the military government of which the postal service was an instrumentality, therefore that government might bring the assailants into its courts to answer for their deeds.

In 1847, during the existence of the military government of New Mexico, the inhabitants rose in insurrection, assassinated Governor Bent and a number of other officials of the civil government installed under military occupancy. After the insurrection was suppressed by the army, a number of the conspirators were indicted by a grand jury for treason against the United States. Trial was had in a court-civil of the military government, resulting in a conviction and sentence of death. The case came to the attention of W. L. Marcy, then Secretary of War, who was of opinion that the offence was not against the United States, but against the Military Government of New Mexico, and that said government had authority to proceed in its courts against those who assailed it.

The military governments of Porto Rico and Cuba continued the Spanish judicial system, with such changes as were essential to operation under the new conditions. For example, the Spanish system provided for appeals to the Supreme Court at Madrid,

and it was necessary to create a court in the respective islands to provide for the exercise of appellate and reviewing authority. The same course was pursued, for a time, by the military government of the Philippines; but on June 11, 1901, the Philippine Commission adopted an act providing for the organization of courts in the Philippine Islands, under which a judiciary was provided which now exercises the powers and performs the functions of the judicial branch of government. The Commission have also adopted civil and criminal codes and procedures. The judicial system thus installed by the Philippine Government was brought to the attention of Congress, and by Section 9 of the Act of July 1, 1902, Congress declared:

> That the Supreme Court and the courts of first instance of the Philippine Islands shall possess and exercise jurisdiction, as heretofore provided, and such additional jurisdiction as shall hereafter be prescribed by the government of said islands, subject to the power of said government to change the practice and method of procedure. The municipal courts of said islands shall possess and exercise jurisdiction as heretofore proviedd by the Philippine Commission, subject in all matters to such alteration and amendment as may be hereafter enacted by law; *Provided*, That the admiralty jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and courts of first instance shall not be changed except by Act of Congress.

The executive branch of the civil side of military government is charged with enforcing the laws and carrying into effect the policies and purposes of the occupying State. The authority to perform the functions appertaining to all offices and departments of the executive branch, exercised by office-holders under the prior sovereignty, passes to the commander of the occupying forces, upon military occupancy being established; and is to be exercised by such persons or governmental agencies as the commander may designate. The transfer of authority is accomplished by the war. The resulting responsibility is an obligation imposed upon the military commander, not an obligation assumed by him. In carrying out this rule, an interesting incident arose in Cuba. The military occupancy of Havana being established, Major-General Brooke, as commanding officer, directed certain officials to take charge of the slaughter-houses, from which emanated the meat supply for the city. The Countess O'Reilly y Buena Vista, a lady residing in Spain, brought to the attention of the military authorities, that in 1728, Don Sebastian Calvo de la Puerta bought at public auction, from the Spanish Crown, the office of high sheriff of Havana; that said office was declared to be perpetual, capable of passing by inheritance and of being transferred by purchase and sale, under certain conditions; that among other perquisites of said office was that of being a member of the city council of Havana, and to that municipal office was attached the right of supervision of the slaughter-houses and transportation of the carcasses to the city dealers; for which fees were collected, aggregating "in the neighborhood of $100, net, per day"; that said perpetual office was "property" and belonged to her; and as the treaty of peace with Spain guaranteed the preservation of rights of property, she insisted that she was entitled to continue her incumbency of said office and the enjoyment of its emoluments. This incident raised the important question, Must the inhabitants of Cuba ransom the right of self-government from Spanish office-holders after the United States had voluntarily undertaken to wrest that right from Spanish sovereignty by force of arms? Upon examination and consideration Secretary Root determined that the right to perform the duties and receive the compensation attached to that office was not a perpetual franchise which survived Spanish sovereignty and was not property. The claimant recently instituted a suit against Major-General Brooke in a court of the United States, seeking to recover $250,000, damages occasioned by the refusal to permit her to enjoy said office.

The duty of enforcing the laws by means of administering the affairs of the executive offices, although arduous, is not the whole or greater service devolving upon the executive head of a military government. It is relatively small, when compared with the duty of carrying out the policies and purposes of the occupying State. In Porto Rico, that purpose was to fit the inhabitants to properly exercise the powers of local government, which under our Federal system would be conferred as soon as ability and inclination to make good use of them were demonstrated. To this end a

system of public schools was established; patriotism promoted; courts instituted; revenue measures adequate to secure means for maintaining the local government adopted; a system of audit competent to prevent dishonest or inconsiderate expenditures of public moneys was devised; the separation of Church and State effected; in short, a communal entity that would fit into the Government of the United States was constructed.

In Cuba the purpose of the United States was to permit the people of the island to select and create a government by the exercise of the sovereignty belonging to them in their associate capacity; a government in which equality of right and privilege should be guaranteed to all; and which would take a place in the family of nations, prepared to maintain domestic tranquillity and discharge the obligations resulting from international relationship. To accomplish this endeavor it was necessary to heal the wounds of war, allay the animosities resulting from twenty years of strife and centuries of class prejudice, and make the component parts of the social structure homogenial. It was also necessary to relieve the industrial paralysis with which the island is afflicted, for no government is stable when the nation and its citizens are bankrupt. During the time necessary to accomplish the work of pacification and construction, the affairs of government in the island were to be administered; and that service was performed in such manner as to secure the unqualified approval of the Cuban people and to impel the admiration of the world. Revenues amounting to nearly sixty millions of dollars were honestly collected and expended; a general system of free public schools was established; the courts and court procedures were rendered more efficacious for the administration of justice; great and necessary public works constructed; adequate hospitals and asylums provided; sanitary measures of far-reaching effect and importance carried into effect; improving the public health, lowering the death-rate and eliminating yellow-fever, that dreaded scourge which had for centuries destroyed the lives and interfered with the commerce of the Cuban people; and the Cubans, trained in all branches of administration, so that the new government entered upon the control of affairs with a corps of employees competent to perform the functions of all governmental offices.

In the Philippine Islands the paramount purpose of the United States was to uphold its sovereignty against the assaults of the insurrection. The insurrection was promoted, largely through a want of understanding, by the inhabitants, of the policies and purposes of the United States respecting them and the archipelago, and the results to follow acceptance of American sovereignty. The administration realized that the only way of conferring an understanding of these matters upon the inhabitants was to demonstrate by example. To this end the formation of civil government, administered by native officials, elected by popular vote, was kept abreast with the success of our military forces, and when the insurrection terminated, a civil government administered by civilians, assumed direction and control of public affairs, almost before the smoke of the hostile guns had disappeared. That government, planned and formulated by Secretary Root, administered under his direction and control, first by military officers and subsequently by Governor Taft and the American Commission, gave to the islands the guaranties of liberty enjoyed by the people of the States of the Union. Under it municipal and provincial officials were elected by popular vote; a native constabulary was organized and faithfully discharged the duties of peace officers; the people in the districts in which it was established resumed their customary vocations under the protection of law; social order was restored; a body of laws enacted which showed constructive ability, legislative skill, familiarity with existing conditions and fidelity to the principles of just government; the public revenues were honestly collected and expended; tariff measures adopted which promoted the interests of the islands and their commercial welfare, and, notwithstanding the insurrection, doubled the commerce of the islands; millions of dollars were expended in long-needed public improvements; a system of free public schools was established; a shipload of teachers brought from America and four thousand native teachers employed; night schools were opened to afford instruction in the English language; a comprehensive civil-service law enacted and

enforced; three of the seven members of the Commission, the Chief Justice and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and many judges of the Courts of First Instance were selected from native Filipinos, as were also nearly all the municipal and provincial officials. The result anticipated was accomplished. The Filipino mind was dispossessed of its misconceptions respecting the policies and purposes of the United States and given a realization of the fact that under American sovereignty the islands had secured freedom and self-government, such as would not have existed had the people of the United States abandoned them to tyranny from within or without. To what extent the civil government aided in inducing the Filipinos to abandon the insurrection, cannot be ascertained; but that its beneficial influence was potent, no one will deny.

Congress when called upon to provide legislation for civil government in the Philippines, found the Government instituted by executive authority so just and efficient that the only change made was to increase its powers. The first section of the act providing for civil government in the Philippines reads:

> That the action of the President of the United States in creating the Philippine Commission and authorizing said Commission to exercise the powers of government to the extent and in the manner and form and subject to the regulation and control set forth in the instructions of the President to the Philippine Commission, dated April 7, 1900 . . . is hereby approved, ratified, and confirmed, and until otherwise provided by law, the said islands shall continue to be governed as therein and herein provided.

The master mind in the work of administering the Government of Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands under military occupation, and in building up civil government in those islands, was that of the Secretary of War. He was obliged to construct even the tools with which he worked. The War Department had no bureau or administrative organization for disposing of the vast amount of department work occasioned by the acquisition and government of our new possessions, yet such organization was necessary to keep the Secretary of War from being overwhelmed in hopeless confusion; thereupon, what is now the Bureau of Insular Affairs was created. With reference thereto Secretary Root, in his report for 1901, said: "It performs, with admirable and constantly increasing efficiency, the great variety of duties which, in other countries, would be described as belonging to a colonial office, and would be performed by a much more pretentious establishment." The responsibility of determining the problems which arose, devolved upon the Secretary of War, and practical necessities required a determination in advance of Congressional action or judicial decision. Many problems raised new or long-forgotten questions as to the character of the Federal Government, the nature and extent of the Nation's sovereignty, the division of its powers, and the extent of its authority at home and abroad. It was necessary to ascertain and observe precedents in dealing with unprecedented situations, and duly regard a long line of judicial decisions touching but not meeting the issue involved. Different civilizations, different systems of law and procedure, and different modes of thought brought into contact evolved a great crowd of difficult questions. New facts and changed conditions called for the interpretation and application of our own rules of policy and the establishment of further rules. Different views as to the scope of authority under the distribution of powers required reconciliation. The application of the law of military occupation to rights and practices existing under the laws of Spain, and the process of overturning inveterate wrongs brought about frequent appeals to the highest authority, which, being made in the name of justice, compelled consideration. At the same time the work of construction of civil government was carried to successful completion. A delicate and difficult task was that of transferring the public powers from the military to the civil organization, to bridge the chasm between the military camps and the forums of peace. In Cuba the change was effected by means of a constitutional convention which adopted a form of government and a constitution therefor; officials were elected thereunder at elections held under the auspices of the Military Government. The necessities of the public service being provided for, the military authorities withdrew from place and power,

the civilian officials entered upon the discharge of their duties, and the Republic of Cuba took its place in the family of nations.

At this stage in the affairs of Cuba it became necessary for Secretary Root to solve the far-reaching problem of fixing the general principles for the permanent regulation of the relations between Cuba and the United States, so as to preclude the possibility of complications which might interfere with the amity essential to the welfare of both countries. Cuba is so situated, geographically, that it must be either the steadfast ally or the natural enemy of the United States. Internationally, the United States is bound to see that the Government of Cuba is conducted with due regard to the standards erected by modern civilization and the obligations devolving upon a member of the family of nations. Nationally, the United States is bound to promote its own industrial welfare, military defence, and domestic tranquillity, and especially to prevent the recurrence of yellow-fever, that in the past periodically ravaged our shores. The measures adopted necessarily must be projected into the period when Cuba would be an independent State; mutuality was essential to their continuance, if not to their adoption; the inhabitants of the island were eager to exercise the powers of independent sovereignty; and, therefore, the task presented was that of permitting the exercise of the powers of the on-coming Government of Cuba, in respect of these matters, and at the same time insure that said powers would not be employed in an unwarranted or ill-advised manner, so as to embarrass or delay the accomplishment of the laudable purposes of the United States. The plan adopted by Secretary Root was to make the general relations to be sustained by the Republic of Cuba to the United States part and parcel of the basic structure of the Republic of Cuba; the declaration of those relations to be a condition precedent to the establishment of independent government in the island, and the surrender thereto of the powers and authority acquired by the United States by the war with Spain and the Treaty of Paris. The order of the Military Government, dated July 25, 1900, authorizing the election and assemblage of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, declared the purpose of the convention to be "to frame and adopt a constitution for the people of Cuba, and, as a part thereof, to provide for and agree with the Government of the United States upon the relations to exist between that Government and the Government of Cuba." When the Convention assembled the Military Governor, pursuant to instruction, admonished them as follows:

> It will be your duty, first, to frame and adopt a constitution for Cuba, and when that has been done, to formulate what, in your opinion, ought to be the relations between Cuba and the United States. When you have formulated the relations which, in your opinion, ought to exist between Cuba and the United States, the Government of the United States will, doubtless, take such action on its part as shall lead to a final and authoritative agreement between the people of the two countries to the promotion of their common interests.

The wisdom of this course was soon manifest. The Cuban convention formulated a constitution, but omitted action with reference to the relations to exist between Cuba and the United States; whereupon Congress took the initiative and adopted what is known as the "Platt Amendment," specifically setting forth the general characteristics of such relations. The provisions of that amendment were adopted by the Constitutional Convention, and thereby became as much a part of the governmental organization and polity of the Cuban State as is the Constitution of Cuba.

The construction and maintenance of popular government in the Philippines presented no problem more serious than how to accomplish the transition from military to civil government, for the change was to be made "under fire" and in the presence of a formidable insurrection. The task set before Secretary Root was to devise a plan which would enable civil government to keep abreast with the success of our arms and at the same time continue available at all times the authority and organization of the Military Government to meet possible emergencies. The task was nearly as difficult as the impossible proposition of causing two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time. The plan adopted and successfully carried out was that set forth in the instructions to the Philippine

Commission, dated April 7, 1900. These instructions were prepared by Secretary Root. They constitute the Magna Charta of the Philippines, and will contest with the Emancipation Proclamation for the rank of first of American State documents.

It is remarkable and gratifying that the work of developing civil government in Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines was accomplished by exercising the military powers of the United States. The army, organized, trained, and equipped for the work of destruction, was utilized by the President and the Secretary of War as an instrument of construction. That which was fashioned to overthrow and expel one government was devoted to the purpose of erecting another. The war powers of this nation, although outside of the limitations of our laws and Constitution, knowing nothing of their restrictions, bound only by the discretion of the Commander-in-Chief and the practices of civilized warfare, were effectively used to construct, out of and for a people ignorant of our form of government and the principles on which it is founded, a government incorporating and inculcating the principles and theories which have made the United States foremost among the nations of the earth.

THE GRAY COLLIE

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

Illustrations by W. Sherman Potts.

THE steam had retired, clanking, from the radiator, withdrawing to the cellar like the dragging chain of Marley's ghost. The blue flame of a Bunsen burner was the only light and heat left. Now and then the wind flung handfuls of spiteful sleet at the window.

"I don't know anything about ghosts," said Henrietta, plaintively. "I'm as bad in psychology as mathematics. I might tell about the gray collie, but he was real. Don't let that chocolate boil over, Isabel."

Isabel poured out three steaming cups, thick and sweet, for in the young twenties and late teens the appetite is still bizarre.

"I'll tell it as it happened," sighed Henrietta. "I don't believe I could make anything up to save my neck."

She was small and sad-eyed, with a timid manner, and sat on a wolf-skin, leaning one elbow on its head, which had green eyes of sinister slant, and bristling ears.

"You know who Artaxerxes was?"

"Artaxerxes," they recited, "was your old wolf-hound who was really benevolent, but everybody was afraid of him, and when he wagged his tail it waved like a cat's, sinuously, instead of swinging in a clubby, careless way, as a dog's should."

"He was white with gray spots," mused Henrietta; "I suppose his family in Siberia looked like that to match the snow when they went out hunting, and he was shaggy and soft."

"We chained him the night the circus came to town. He heard a lion roar as the train went by at three o'clock, and, at first, I thought we had another lion in the barn. Gracious! If he hadn't been chained he would have been over the wall and chased that lion to the station.

"I went down to soothe him and see if his chain had given in any of its links. I never saw him so out of temper. Finally he consented to lie down, though he grumbled about it, and the tip of his tail kept twitching, not wagging. He hardly ever wagged it.

"He worried all that day. 'Don't you know there are bears and lions and tigers and wolves out there?' he'd say—'Isn't it my business to protect you from such things? Do let me go and kill a few. I'll come right back!'

"We supposed he would stop worrying when the circus went, but instead, he got worse. He explained how it was his business to find out what had become of all those animals. In the evenings, as soon as

he was unchained, he would march up and down inside the wall, holding his nose to the wind and every now and then making a low impatient sound in his throat, as if he were worried about something and making plans.

"One morning Farmer Grosman came to our house, very fierce: 'Your dog's been killing my sheep.' We explained that he never got over the six-foot wall, but nothing would do. If he hadn't done it, who had? If we did not shoot him, he would, and so on.

"Papa was very polite. He said he regretted that he could allow no shooting on the place except what he did himself. 'You are certainly entitled to shoot any dog or dogs which you may discover molesting your sheep, and I shall exercise the same prerogative in protecting my dog.'

"He said it with that deprecating smile of his—I believe he smiled deprecatingly when he got cut off from his men at Antietam, and fought his way out of a lot of rebels who tried to make him prisoner. He hated Grosman, who was the meanest man in town and starved his horses.

"The man went off growling, and said he'd see the Mayor. We chained Artie up that night. In the morning we found his cat, dead, with a half-eaten piece of poisoned meat beside it. Artie thought everything of that cat. He had carried it around in his mouth ever since it was a little kitten. He always had to have his cat, the way a child has to have a doll. Any other cat he'd have sighted half a mile away and chased. But that one was his own, and anything it did was all right. It's all in being acquainted. Papa sat up all the next night with a shot-gun. We heard that the people from the French quarter of the village insisted that Artie got over the wall at night and roamed around and got into mischief. They said they heard him howling up on Mount Phelim, and talked a great deal about what they were going to do to him and us. Those Canucks would have it that he was a man-wolf, and could change about from one thing to another. You can't argue with them when they get a notion like that.

"One morning Pete Lancto, who mows the lawn, said he had seen the devil, and that he was like a shaggy dog.

"'Probably it *was* a dog!' I said. But he told a lot of lies about smelling brimstone and flames coming out of its eyes.

"I said 'I guess you were *tenet*' (that's their word for 'tight').

"But he hadn't touched a drop, and had only been to get a new salt codfish at the store.

"'Well, anyway, if it smelt brimstone, it wasn't Artie.'

"But that idiot said: 'The devil, he can smell brimstone when he wants to—*je pense que oui!*'

"So I let him alone. You can't argue with a man who hasn't any premises to argue from.

"It was my work to go to the village for the mail. I went after supper, about sunset, or a little later.

"The road curves along the side of Mount Phelim, which is not much of a mountain, but rather too big for a hill. When you look south it is as if the trees stood on each others' heads, and there are wide, open spaces, like a park, so that you can see between the trunks, only by the road the underbrush is thick like a hedge. But on the north side of the road you don't want to tumble off, for the Powasket runs below, hidden under the tops of trees, so that you only know it's there from the sound. When I was little, I used to be afraid of that road, because a Canuck nurse-girl had scared me with stories of bears and catamounts and Indians.

"That was why papa had me go for the mail. He never could stand cowards. At first he used to sneak along behind me, and when I got hysterical would saunter up as if he were just out for a walk, and show me how pretty the sunset was over toward Canada, or cluck for squirrels to come out and see what we wanted, or take me up into the woods a little to find Indian pipes like caryatides holding up dead leaves. So it wasn't very long before I grew to love the walk, and the sound of the wind in the trees, even when it was dark. I got quite friendly with the squirrels, and used to leave little piles of nuts as I went to the village, and when I came back they would be all gone. There aren't many squirrels up there that can afford pecans and Brazil-nuts. I suppose they wondered till their heads ached, why I left them around so carelessly.

"But when I grew to like it at night,



So about that time he got me Artaxerxes for a chaperone.

papa began to object. A good many times when I've been sitting on the edge of the road swinging my feet over the Powasket, watching the last color going out beyond Canada, and listening to the owls and frogs and things, he has come to meet me and grumbled about 'going to extremes.' But I had him, you see, and only laughed. Hadn't he trained me to it?

"So about that time he got me Artaxerxes for a chaperone, and he was good deal of a nuisance, for the village folk disliked him from the first. When they whistled to their own dogs to get them out of his way, how could he tell they weren't calling to him? And when he'd turn to see what they wanted, they'd think he was coming after them and run, which was nonsense.

"We were keeping Artie chained that week of the sheep-killing fuss. How he hated it! When I stepped up on the horse-block to mount Pixie—I rode most of that week, and he knew I never took him when I took Pixie, because he had a nasty way of snapping at her nose, not meaning anything, but it got on her nerves dreadfully—and when I mounted Pixie and shook my crop at him, he would stand up at the end of his chain, his fore paws beating the air and his tongue hanging out, because he was choking himself so hard, and I've often thought he looked more unattractive that way with his one head than any picture of Cerberus with three.

"It was particularly hard on him now that his cat was dead. We had got him a new kitten, but it wasn't broken in yet, and couldn't understand that he didn't mean anything when he carried it around in his mouth.

"It was that evening that I saw the gray collie the first time. There were long streaks of late sunlight reaching up into the mountain, and he was so mixed up in the light and shadow that it was only by chance I saw him at all, he was so like the tree trunks and boulders; but he happened to be in a place that I knew all about, because it was where papa and I had often sat, and I knew no gray patch of anything belonged

just there. It was like finding an animal in one of those old puzzle-pictures, where they're all mixed up in the branches.

"I reined up and whistled, and called him every name I could think of, but he did not stir, so that I almost thought my eyes were wrong after all; but there was no mistaking those pointed ears cocked toward me. I thought he might be the sheep-killer, though he was such an aristocratic creature, for what can you expect of a dog that's lost and hungry and unhappy? I'd probably steal something myself if I felt that way. I knew that nobody in our part of the country owned such a dog as that, and I wondered if his master were dead up there on the mountain. There are so many queer accidents—but it was the close season. The more I wondered, the queerer it seemed.

"All of a sudden, Pixie snorted and plunged so that I was almost thrown, for I wasn't expecting it, and was leaning over with a loose rein and my arm out toward the collie. I had trusted that mare like my own sister, and had believed her a sensible soul, but she never stopped until she reached the barn, sweating and trembling like anything.

"I was so out of patience that I left her at home with Artie the next time I went for the mail. I planned as I went through the woods how I would make the collie's acquaintance and bring him home, and how he and Artie would strike up a friendship. They were both such splendid fellows and so lonely. I thought a good deal about it, how I'd manage, for I knew that if I wasn't careful they'd be more likely to kill each other first—like Balin and Balan, you know—and make up afterward.

"I didn't meet the collie until I was coming back. It was twilight, and the moon was rather narrow to see by. There was a rustle and snapping in the bushes at the side of the road.

"'Nice fellow!' I said, and stopped. I could make out the silhouette of his ears cocked toward me, and a little glimmer where his eyes were. 'Poor old chap,' I said, 'did you lose your folks?' But he wouldn't say a word, and backed off when I went toward him, so finally I went on, hoping he would follow, and he did, but slily, so I could hardly be sure it was he, keeping beside me in the underbrush.

"When I reached the open, and looked back, he was standing in a faint patch of moonlight, in the middle of the road, looking after me with his head down a little, something the way people look at you under their eyebrows when they're trying to understand.

"I whistled and called, but it was no use. He stood there as long as I did, and I finally went on without him. But I couldn't get him off my mind. It seemed such a wild, lonesome life for a dog that must have been brought up in a pleasant home, with regular meals and a fireplace to lie in front of, and probably a girl like me to take him walking. And it seemed as if it must be something queer and tragic to send him off that way by himself. I thought more and more how some young fellow might be lying dead up there on the mountain. I made up a whole story about it that evening. And that night I dreamed I had the collie and found a collar hidden in his ruff, and was trying to read his name on it—but you know how hard it is to read anything in a dream; you look at a letter and it changes to something else, or dances off to one side. Then he seemed to be telling me a long story, the way animals do in dreams, but when I woke up it turned into nonsense.

"I knew he would meet me the next evening, and so I took some of Artie's dog-biscuit with me, and while the collie padded along the other side of the bushes, tried to reach some through to him, but he wouldn't touch it, though once he sniffed a little very daintily, and then blew out his breath as dogs do when they've found out all they want to know about a smell. He kept right beside me. As we neared the opening he grew bolder, frisked across the road in front and came up from the other side. As I pretended to pay no attention, he came close behind and touched my elbow, hardly enough to say so, but I felt his breath warm through my sleeve.

"When I came out into the open moonlight he stood as he had before at the edge of the woods, and watched me out of sight. I couldn't believe that he was the sheep-killer, he seemed so gentle and timid, but I didn't dare speak of him to anyone—it would have seemed like betraying a trust—for I knew that in other people's minds, if they found out that he was there, it would lie between him and Artie, and as Artie was



I whistled and called, but it was no use.—Page 98.

out of the question, they would take it out in killing the collie anyhow. I felt something the way Southern girls do in novels, when they're hiding a handsome Union soldier.

"The next evening I started as usual, but just as I got to the woods, Artie came tearing after me, dragging a yard of chain and pretending he thought I wanted him! I could have slapped him, but took it out in being sarcastic, with words he couldn't understand, and hitched his chain to my belt, so that if he started to be impolite to the other fellow, I could have something to say about it.

"We reached the post-office safely enough, but I was glad he was tight to my belt, for some rough men looked at us in that ugly, suspicious way and said 'sheep-killer' once or twice, and 'loup-garou.' So I really felt safer when we reached the woods, in spite of dreading the meeting between Artie and the collie.

"But I didn't hear or see anything of him



I didn't even try to pull Artie away when he got the other fellow by the throat.—Page 101.

until we were half-way through, and then, so far off it might have been on top of the mountain, I heard him howl—not exactly a howl, but a queer cry, as if he were calling to something at a distance, kind of sorrowful, but fierce, too. It went down my back like a chip of ice—but I'd hardly heard it when Artie roared in answer, and I was being carried up that mountain at the end of his chain like a cart after a runaway horse.

"And I had thought I could hold him! Gracious! I tried to catch at the branches, but they broke. We went through a patch of black-berries, and there was a mucky little spring, where I fell in the mud and scared the frogs, and I think it must have been half-way up Phelim, where I finally caught tight hold of a tree-trunk and my belt broke and Artie went on as if he didn't know the difference. I don't know how long it was before I got my breath and began to think. Then I heard them—away off at the top, the frogs singing between as peaceful as could be—but I heard that wicked snarling and knew they were at it—

Balin and Balan—and that they were so well matched it was likely to be the death of both, unless I could stop it. I followed the sound and climbed after, though I was all weak and trembling. You can see on my hands now how the thorns had scratched, and my clothes were heavy and sticky with mud. It seemed ages before I got there. I think I was crying.

"I knew I couldn't do anything, but I picked up the heaviest stick I could find, though all the sticks you can pick up in the woods are as rotten and light as powder. They didn't seem to know I was there. They were in a little open space, and the moonlight lit up their eyes now and then. I could see that the collie was a more tremendous fellow than I had thought—and then—all of a sudden—I knew!

"And because I knew I didn't even try to pull Artie away when he got the other fellow by the throat, and held him down, while he got weaker and weaker. I looked at him there in the moonlight, and cried, and wondered how I'd been so stupid.

"While I sat there wringing my hands and waiting for Artie to let go, some men came up and turned a bull's-eye lantern on me, and seemed so astonished they couldn't do anything but swear, though each would try to shut the other up, now and then, saying there 'was a lady present.'

"One of them seemed to think it was funny, and explained what they had said to each other, the way people always do for animals or babies. 'Siberian wolf and Siberian wolf-hound! Must 'a seemed kin' o' natural for them fellers to meet up. "Beg pardon," says the wolf, "ain't I seen you before?"—and says the pup, "I don't know, but you're certainly the chap my mammy told me to lick if ever I come acrost you, and, by thunder, I'll do it!" Which he did. Will you be so kind, Miss, when your little terrier there has quite finished, to call him off? It'd be rayther indelicate for a stranger to interfere.'

"The other man seemed sorry. 'Nothing left but his pelt, which is some chewed, but could be mended up into a real elegant rug, which the young lady might be pleased to accept.'

Henrietta thoughtfully scratched the ears of the rug, and ran her fingers over the rows of beautiful teeth. "This is the collie."

"But sometimes I wonder just what he had in mind when I felt his breath on my elbow. Most people would say that he was thinking how convenient I would be some evening when no sheep was handy, but I'm not sure. At the time I supposed he was sad and lonesome, and glad of my company. A wolf, after all, is a good deal of a person. He was so frightfully solitary, you see—nobody to answer his gathering cry—half a world away from his own people."

A NIGHT IN THE ROOM OF ANDREAS HOFER

"THE MAN OF TYROL"

By John Heard

OUR great painter and epigrammatist, Mr. Whistler, has laid it down as an axiom that "Art happens"—he might have added, as a corollary, and have been quite in accord with Tolstoi, that all great and interesting things happen independently of our most carefully wrought-out plans. Columbus happened to stumble upon America, Lincoln happened, at the beginning of our great national crisis, and Peace came to us at last in a noble form, because two great men—Grant and Lee—happened to meet in a small Southern court-house—the peace that has made it possible for the South to arise, phœnix-like from her ashes, stronger, greater, more powerful than she ever was before the new avatar.

And so, in a more modest order of events, it happened that an early morning walk became a long one for me, and that the result was, perhaps, the most perfect historical impression which I ever experienced.

Standing on the parapet below the old Roman tower that overlooks Meran, my boy beside me asked the name of an old pile of white buildings on the opposite side of the valley. A by-stander helped me out of my ignorance by saying, "That is Schloss Schönne, well worth seeing, and only an hour and a half from the bridge."

We tumbled down the hill-side and soon reached the hotel, whence I started forth at once. It was a dyspeptic day, and the table d'hôte had no charms for me. A stiff climb brought me to the little village, and after a few minutes' rest under the grape-vines, I went up to the castle, an irregular pile of no especial date or style, packed with a heterogeneous collection of fine pieces, swamped in mediocrities and trash. In one of the rooms, amid very bad family pictures, I discovered the portrait of Andreas Hofer the "Sandwirth"—"the Man of Tyrol," as he was called nearly a hundred years ago—and as I gazed upon the rugged honest face, so thoroughly the kind of face the Germans call *gutmüthig*, there came over me an intense longing to see the house in which the man had lived, and, if possible, to sleep in his bed, surrounded by the trophies that tell the simple pathetic story of his life and death.

The old woman, my cicerone, took me down into the crypt, where to her amazement I clipped two artificial violets from the wreath that lies over the coffin of the last Count of Meran, and then I bade her take me back to the Hofer portrait in the castle itself, and the good old face seemed to smile at me saying—"Come!"—so I went, as the peasants went, when he called them out to fight for Tyrol, their Vaterland. How far it was, I could not learn, but everyone told me I could not reach it that night, which seemed to me the very best reason why I should. "Straight ahead, along the bed of the torrent, and ask again at St. Martin." So I sent a boy down to Meran to say that I should not return that night, slung my "yope" over my shoulder, and started forth at a brisk pace.

An hour later, in the forest, I met two young Englishmen on their way from Sterzing, and of them I begged information as to the road. "I suppose," I added, "that you stopped at Andreas Hofer's house?"

"No; who is he?"

"Andreas Hofer, 'the Man of Tyrol'—you must have passed the house—the Sandhof—on your left——"

"Oh! Ah! You are right. We did pass a house of that name, but we didn't stop—never thought of it."

I left them, half unconsciously singing to the old Tannenbaum tune, "O Engelland, O Engelland, wie grün sind deine Söhne!" About dusk it began to rain slightly, and I went into a Gasthaus for a glass of wine, also to ask my way. But as the rain kept coming down, I sallied forth again into the darkness, and having been butted often and once knocked down by quadrupeds of various kinds, I arrived finally at the Sandhof, flung my coat, stick, and hat onto a table and called for black bread, cheese, and a "quarter of red," at the peasants' table.

Before formulating my wish to sleep in Andreas Hofer's room, I deemed it expedient to explore the house, and "get my bearings," so a maid took me over it, showed the relics, and pointed out "*the Man's*" bed to me; "but," she added, "only members of the family are allowed to sleep in it."

Then by to-morrow morning I shall be a member of the family," I answered.

She laughed and shook her head, saying, "No, sir; no foreigner has ever slept in that bed in our day."

"You might as well make it up," I replied, shortly, "for I shall sleep there to-night."

Below, I found the Frau Wirthin, and for more than half an hour, I talked to her about the house and its relics. I had taken off my cravat, and thrown open both my shirt and green waistcoat, while she stood in the hall-way, dressed in the costume of the Passeyr Valley, for it happened to be a holiday. Presently the maid came out of the tap-room, and I asked her if she had made up my bed.

"In which room, please?" she asked, mischievously.

"In Andreas Hofer's room, of course," I replied, looking at the Wirthin.

"Na, na!" she said, shaking her head decidedly, "That won't do!"

I was fain to plead humbly, until finally she compromised by saying, "Go and see my husband."

I opened my shirt a little wider, tumbled my hair, lighted my pipe, and sat down with the host and the peasants at the common



House of Andreas Hofer at Passeyrthal, Sandwirth.

table. For a short time we were all good friends, and I saw him nod to the woman outside.

Of course, we talked solely of Andreas Hofer and of the Freiheits-Kampf in Tyrol of 1809. They were all delighted to hear that away in that far country—America—many of us could sing "Zu Mantua in Banden." . . .

As the evening wore on, man after man rose, signed himself before the great crucifix over the door, and called out "A blessed night," as he left the room. When it was my turn, the host and hostess accompanied me up-stairs, with black bread and cheese; then, after she left, the host showed again the relics I had seen—with a gentle pride and loving veneration, that became him well. He was not unlike the pictures of "The Man of Tyrol," but blond, not dark, as Hofer was—a strong man and yet a gentle one. We shook hands for the night, and I lay down, very tired, but tingling all over with the joy of a great desire fulfilled.

It was about three o'clock, when I was awakened by the slamming of the windows, and the incessant crashing of the thunder outside. After securing the shutters, I endeavored conscientiously to return to the land of dreams. But in vain! How was I to while away the hours until morning? By the light of the candle I examined once more the flag that Andreas Hofer had raised for the freedom of his country, and from the spear of which hung the gold chain and medal that the Emperor had sent to him at Innsbruck. The broad leather belt, stitched with the bone of peacock's feathers, the wide-brimmed hat, and all the other clothes he wore on his last journey. Below on a yellow sheet, pathetically misspelled, yet beautifully writ-

ten, the Man's last letter home—and of this I made a copy. Above the door the red eagle of Tyrol spread its wings, and as I walked up and down, cheating time, the words of the old Tyrolian national song,

Adler, Tyroler Adler,
Warum bist du so roth?

came back to me most vividly.

I had never seen a translation of it in English. Why not upset it into English—here—now—in Andreas Hofer's own room, where the pulse of the country beat so high when Napoleon was pounding at the gates of the holy "Land Tirol!"

For a half hour I blackened the edge of a newspaper—to no account—I could not write a line, and I was about to give it up, when passing before a glass case I noticed that the door thereof was unlocked. In a minute I had buckled on the broad belt of Andreas Hofer and put his enormous hat on my head. Thus accoutred and inspirited, with my stick for a sword, the words came easily, and I jotted them down on the yet unused edges of my paper:

"Eagle of Tyrol, thy feathers are red—
Why so red?"
"I builded my nest on the uppermost crest
Of the Oelta peak—bold, barren, and black,
Where the crimson sunshine lies so red,
And therefore my feathers are red—so red!"

"Eagle of Tyrol, thy feathers are red—
Why so red?"
"For that, children mine, I have tasted the wine
That grows so fresh in the fair valley Etzch;
And the stain of the wine is a crimson red,
And therefore my feathers are red—so red."

"Eagle of Tyrol, thy feathers are red—
Why so red?"
"'Gainst the foe in the land, I led each brave band
With God—for Kaiser and Vaterland.
And the enemy's blood flowed free and red;
And therefore my feathers are red—so red."

"Eagle of Tyrol—thy feathers are red—
Why so red?"
"For that I live in the sunshine red,
For that I've drunk of our wine so red,
For that the blood of our foes was red—
My heart and my feathers are red—blood-red."

When I came down in the morning there were some twenty persons in the large room, and I took my coffee at the common table. At one end stood a large bowl of thick soup into which each peasant dipped his spoon until it was empty. At a side-table the priest was sipping his coffee, and the host, opposite, tipped his small bottle of plum brandy. And a little later there was a scraping of benches and a shuffling of feet. We all stood up—at the time I did not know why. It was a general movement of the *Moutons de Panurge* order—a few of us retreated into a corner and uncovered our heads. Before us some fifteen peasants crowded around the stone before the crucifix, some standing with heads bowed, some kneeling—fine, strong men, with honest, earnest, apostle-like faces, and there they thanked the Lord for the morning's bread. As each one passed me, on his way out, his cordial "Grüss Gott," made me forget that I was but a stranger in the land, even if I did wear their dress, and speak their language, and as a stranger, I was grateful for their courtesy. It is not everywhere so.

When they were gone I passed into the kitchen to pay my bill. It amounted to next to nothing, and the item of lodging had been omitted. Of course, I pointed this out to the landlady, who answered, "Who sleeps in Andreas Hofer's bed cannot pay for it. Man! You have done what no one else out of the family has ever done before."

"So be it!" I answered, "and now it is time to go. Give me the farewell kiss, according to the old custom." She held up her cheek and I kissed her good-bye.

"Now, Man," she said, smiling, "again you have done something that no other man has done, but that one there," pointing to her husband.

We all laughed, and he said, "Come, will you drink a 'white' with me?" The maid brought the wine, but according to peasant custom, no glasses. The host called for some at once, but I had noticed the night before that all the men drank from the bottle straight, and so I tipped it up, drank my drink and passed it to him. After drinking, he clapped me on the shoulder, saying, in his quaint simple dialect, "Man! You know us peasant folk."

"Now," I said, "it is time to go. Good-bye and God's blessing on this house."

The priest, the host, and the hostess held up their hands and answered together:

"And God bless you, and God bless the wife, and God bless the little ones."

So we parted.

Through the mud, the rain, the mist, I stumbled in the gray morning light over as



Andreas Hofer.

From the original painting in the Castle Schönne.

continuously amazing a paving as I have ever trodden. At times the water on the road was so deep that I vaulted the fences or wall, and ploughed through ploughed fields. Through the veil of clouds that hung upon the mountain-side, I could not make out the shoulder behind which stood the log-hut where Hofer was finally captured, and I longed to climb up to it, but the roads were impossible, and I hurried on to St. Martin.

There remembering the words of Hofer's last letter, I stopped at the Unterwirth—the successor of old Hans Mayer—Hofer's executor—and from him I bought a pipe, on which I have had engraved the date of the night I spent at the Sandhof.

For another hour and more I ploughed through the mud and water, until I came to the half-way house. The rain was falling heavily, and I went in.

An old man, a very old man, greeted me, saying, "You passed here yesterday—you pass again to-day. Where have you been?"

He held out his hand, and I took it, wondering to myself where I could have seen him before. Then it came to me suddenly. It's Beune, grown very old! He had known Andreas Hofer's wife very well, and he was delighted when I told him that in my country, thousands of miles away, the "Man of Tyrol" was not only well known, but revered—held up among hero-worshippers even, as a great man.

"Man," he asked, "how many hours is it from here to your country, as we reckon?"

"About two thousand," I said.

"Jesus!" he cried out in answer. "It is a long road."

When the rain ceased, and I rose to go, he shook me warmly by the hand, and I turned to the girl, who had been busy on a stitch in my stockings.

"The old custom," I said, "is a kiss for farewell."

Laughing, she said, "Kiss me you may, for you are a foreigner, from a land far away—but it is NOT a custom among us peasant folk in the Passeyr Valley."

I levied my toll, however, and stumbled onward over such roads as I hope never to walk again, and finally reached Meran. It had been a long walk and a very rapid one, and I threw myself down on the sofa—thoroughly exhausted.

An hour later I awoke, and looking around the conventional hotel room it seemed to me impossible that the night before I had actually slept in the bed of Andreas Hofer, yet on the table before me, to prove the reality of my experience, lay the pipe I had bought from the Unterwirth and my copy of Hofer's last letter. In English I cannot render the accent of the original, its pathetic ignorance, its quaint dialect, but I can make every honest heart understand how bravely the "Man of Tyrol" felt and wrote a few hours before his end. This is the translation:

My Good Sir Brother:

The dear Lord God, in his divine wisdom, has so ordained it, that I must pass from this present life, here in Mantua, into the everlasting life beyond. But thank God for the great mercy he has granted me, in that he has made it a little hard for me, that were it so to happen, that I come elsewhere than into heaven, the Lord will have granted that even until the last minute unto which I may live, my soul has rejoiced in its comfort, and is at peace with the rest of the world. So that it may ever hereafter be glad therefor.

Wheresoever my soul may be, I shall pray to God for all those to whom I may be owing, and for you, and for your dear wife, not only because of the little Book, but also because of the many kind deeds you have done; and also, all my good friends that are yet living, in this world, you must pray for me, and help me out of the hot flames, if it be so destined that I must suffer for my sins in the hell-fire of Purgatory. And the funeral service, my dear wife, or the hostess at St. Martin, shall direct. By the red blood of Christ, prayers in both parishes, and to all the friends you shall provide soup and meat, with a half bottle of wine at the lower tavern.

And as to the money I had by me, I have given it all to the poor; and as to such money as you may find in the house, take what you may need, and arrange it all with Hans Mayr. He will make out my accounts with the folk, and arrange about the alms for the poor, and so that I may have no punishment to suffer, dear Herr Pickler, go down, for my sake, to the Unterwirth in St. Martin and explain the matter to him, so that he attend to all the arrangements, and tell no one of all these matters, and they shall give you fifty florins above all expenses. And to all of you that live in this world, farewell! Until we meet yonder to praise God together, unto the end! All you people of Passeyr, and you that know me, think of me, and remember me in your sacred prayers, and tell the hostess, my wife, not to grieve too much, for I shall pray God to be kind unto you all. My beautiful, hard world—farewell! It is so easy to die, that my eyes are not even wet. Written at five in the morning, and at nine, with the help of all the saints, I start on my journey toward God.

Tell Morandell.*

Your,

Andreas Hofer,

The Sandwirth of Passeyr, whom you loved in this life in the name of the Lord, and by the will of God I am now going to begin my journey up to Him.

Ah, me! It was real enough long before I had written the last word of his letter. And as I pondered the meaning of the life and death of Andreas Hofer, with all my half-read books of Tyrolian history on the table before me, I could not but say to myself: We know him and love him, because he fought the kind of fight we Anglo-Saxons can appreciate—a long fight and a strong fight for a principle—up-hill all the way to the bitter end of Death or Victory.

*A captain of the Sharp-shooters of Kaltern.

A MOTHER IN INDIA

By Mrs. Everard Cotes

CHAPTER IV

IT remained in my mind, that little thing that Dacres had taken the trouble to tell my daughter; I thought about it a good deal. It seemed to me the most serious and convincing circumstance that had yet offered itself to my consideration. Dacres was no longer content to bring solace and support to the more appealing figure of the situation; he must set to work, bless him, to improve the situation itself. He must try to induce Miss Farnham, by telling her everything he could remember to my credit, to think as well of her mother as possible, in spite of the strange and secret blows which that mother might be supposed to sit up at night to deliver to her. Cecily thought very well of me already; indeed, with private reservations as to my manners and my morals, I believe I exceeded her expectations of what a perfectly new and untrained mother would be likely to prove. It was my theory that she found me all she could understand me to be. The material virtues of the outside were certainly mine; I put them on with care every morning and wore them with patience all day. Dacres, I assured myself, must have allowed his preconception to lead him absurdly by the nose not to see that the girl was satisfied, that my impatience, my impotence, did not at all make her misery. Evidently, however, he had created our relations differently; evidently he had set himself to their amelioration. There was portent in it; things seemed to be closing in. I consumed a quarter of an inch of wooden pen-handle in considering whether or not I should mention it in my letter to John, and decided that it would be better just perhaps to drop a hint; though I could not expect John to receive it with any sort of perturbation. Men are different; he would probably think Tottenham well enough able to look after himself.

I had embarked on my letter, there at the end of a corner table of the saloon, when I saw Dacres saunter through. He wore an air very serious, and at the same time elaborately purposeless; and it jumped with my mood that he had nothing less than the crisis of his life in his pocket and was looking for me. As he advanced between the long tables doubt left me and alarm assailed me. "I'm glad to find you in a quiet corner," said he, seating himself, and confirmed my worst anticipations.

"I'm writing to John," I said, and again applied myself to my pen-handle. It is a trick Cecily has since done her best in vain to cure me of.

"I am going to interrupt you," he said; "I have not had an opportunity of talking to you for some time."

"I like that!" I exclaimed, derisively.

"And I want to tell you that I am very much charmed with Cecily."

"Well," I said, "I am not going to gratify you by saying anything against her."

"You don't deserve her, you know."

"I won't dispute that. But still—I'm not sure that I'll stand being abused, dear boy."

"I quite see it isn't any use. Though one spoke with the tongues of men and of angels——"

"And had not charity," I continued for him. "Precisely. I won't go on, but your quotation is very apt."

"I so bow down before her simplicity. It makes a wide and beautiful margin for the rest of her character. She is a girl Ruskin would have loved."

"I wonder," said I.

"Her mind is so clear, so transparent. The motive spring of everything she says and does is so direct. Don't you find you can most completely depend upon her?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "certainly. I nearly always know what she is going to say before she says it, and under given circumstances I can tell precisely what she will do."

"I fancy her sense of duty is extremely well developed."

"It is," I said. "There is hardly a day when I do not come in contact with it. I am its constant, constant victim."

"Well, that is surely a good thing. And I find that calm poise of hers very restful."

"I would not have believed that so many virtues could reside in one young lady," I said, taking refuge in flippancy. "And to think that she should be my daughter!"

"As I believe you know, that seems to me rather a cruel stroke of destiny, Mrs. Farnham."

"Oh, yes, I know. You have a constructive imagination, Dacres. You don't seem to see that the girl is protected by her limitations—like a tortoise. She lives within them quite secure and happy and content. How determined you are to be sorry for her!"

Mr. Tottenham looked, at the end of this lively exchange, as though he sought for a polite way of conveying to me that I, rather, was the limited person. He looked as if he wished he could say things. The first of them would be, I saw, that he had quite a different conception of Cecily; that it was illuminated by many trifles, nuances of feeling and expression, which he had noticed in his talks with her whenever they had skirted the subject of her adoption by her mother. He knew her, he was longing to say, better than I did; when it would have been natural to reply that one could not hope to compete in such a direction with an intelligent young man; and we should at once have been upon delicate and difficult ground. So it was as well perhaps that he kept silence until he said, as he had come prepared to say, "Well, I want to put that beyond a doubt—her happiness—if I'm good enough. I want her, please, and I only hope that she will be half as willing to come as you are likely to be to let her go."

It was a shock when it came, plump, like that, and I was horrified to feel how completely every other consideration was lost for an instant in the immense relief that it prefigured. To be my whole complete self again, without the feeling that a fraction of me was masquerading about in Cecily! To be freed at once from an exacting condition and an impossible ideal!

"Oh!" I exclaimed, and my eyes positively filled, "You *are* good, Dacres, but I couldn't let you do that!"

His undisguised stare brought me back to a sense of the proportion of things. I saw that in the combination of influences that had brought Mr. Tottenham to the point of proposing to marry my daughter consideration for me, if it had a place, would be fantastic. Inwardly I laughed at the egotism of raw nerves that had conjured it up, even for an instant, as a reason for gratitude. The situation was not so peculiar, not so interesting as *that*. But I answered his stare with a smile—what I had said might very well stand.

"Do you imagine," he said, seeing that I did not mean to amplify it, "that I want to marry her out of any sort of *good*ness?"

"Benevolence is your weakness, Dacres."

"I see. You think one's motive is to withdraw her from a relation which ought to be the most natural in the world, but which is, in her particular and painful case, the most equivocal."

"Well, come," I remonstrated; "you have dropped one or two things, you know, in the heat of your indignation, not badly calculated to give one that idea. The eloquent statement you have just made, for instance—it carries all the patness of old conviction. How often have you rehearsed it?"

I am a fairly long-suffering person, but I began to feel a little annoyed with my would-be son-in-law. If the relation were achieved it would give him no prescriptive right to bully me, and we were still in very early anticipation of that.

"Ah," he said, disarmingly, "don't let us quarrel. I'm sorry you think that, because it isn't likely to bring your favor to my project, and I want you friendly and helpful. Oh, confound it!" he exclaimed, with sudden temper, "You ought to be. I don't understand this aloofness. I half suspect it's pose. You undervalue Cecily—well, you have no business to undervalue me. You know me better than anybody in the world. Now, are you going to help me to marry your daughter?"

"I don't think so," I said, slowly, after a moment's silence, which he sat through like a mutinous schoolboy. "I might tell you that I don't care a button whom you

marry, but that would not be true. I do care, more or less. As you say, I know you pretty well. I'd a little rather you didn't make a mess of it; and if you must, I should distinctly prefer not to have the spectacle under my nose for the rest of my life. I can't hinder you, but I won't help you."

"And what possesses you to imagine that in marrying Cecily I should make a mess of it? Shouldn't your first consideration be whether *she* would?"

"Perhaps it should, but you see it isn't. Cecily would be happy with anybody who made her, in the wide sense, comfortable. Mind, body, and estate. You would ask a good deal more than that, you know."

Dacres, at this, took me up promptly. Life, he said, the heart of life, had particularly little to say to temperament. By the heart of life I suppose he meant married love. He explained that its roots asked other sustenance, and that it throve best of all on simple elemental goodness. So long as a man sought in women mere casual companionship, perhaps the most exquisite thing to be experienced was the stimulus of some spiritual feminine counterpart; but when he desired of one woman that she should be always and intimately with him, the background of his life, the mother of his children, he was better advised to avoid nerves and sensibilities, and try for the repose of the common—the uncommon—domestic virtues. Ah, he said, they were sweet, like lavender. Already, I told him, he smelled the housekeeper's linen-chest. But I did not interrupt him much; I couldn't, he was too absorbed. To temperamental pairing, he declared, the century owed its breed of decadents. I asked him if he had ever really recognized one, and he retorted that if he hadn't, he didn't wish to make a beginning in his own family. In a quarter of an hour he repudiated the theories of a lifetime, a gratifying triumph for simple elemental goodness. Having denied the value of the subtler pretensions to charm in woman as you marry her, he went artlessly on to endow Cecily with as many of them as could possibly be desirable. He actually persuaded himself to say that it was lovely to see the reflections of life in her tranquil spirit; and, when I looked at him incredulously, he grew angry, and hinted that Cecily's sensitiveness to reflections and other things might be a trifle beyond her mother's ken. "She responds instantly, intimately, to the beautiful everywhere," he declared.

"Aren't the opportunities of life on board ship rather limited to demonstrate that?" I inquired. "I know—you mean sunsets. Cecily is very fond of sunsets. She is always asking me to come and look at them."

"I *was* thinking of last night's sunset," he confessed. "We looked at it together."

"What did she say?" I asked, idly.

"Nothing. That's just the point. Another girl would have raved and gushed."

"Oh, well, Cecily never does that," I responded. "She has no affectations, thank heaven. Nevertheless, she is a very ordinary human instrument. I hope I shall have no temptation, ten years hence, to remind you that I warned you of her quality."

"I wish, not in the least for my own profit, for I am well convinced already, but simply to win your cordiality and your approval — never did unexceptionable wooer receive such niggard encouragement!—I wish there were some sort of test for her quality. I would be proud to stand by it, and you would be convinced. I can't find words to describe my objection to your state of mind."

"Oh, keep your illusions," I said. "You may, you know, even if you marry her. I believe there is always a chance. But your eyes are very good, Dacres."

The thing seemed to me to be a foregone conclusion. I saw it accomplished, with all its possibilities of disastrous commonplace. I saw all that I have here taken the trouble to foreshadow. So far as I was concerned, Dacres's burden would add itself to my philosophies—*voilà tout!* I should always be a little uncomfortable about it, because it had been taken from my back, but it would not be a matter for the wringing of hands. And yet—the hatefulness of the mistake! Dacres's bold talk of a test made no suggestion—should my invention be more fertile?

"You have said nothing to her yet?" I asked.

"Nothing. I don't think she suspects for a moment. She treats me as if no such fell design were possible. I'm none too

confident, you know," he added, with a longer face.

"We go straight to Agra—could you come to Agra?"

"Ideal!" he cried. "The memory of Mumtaz! The garden of the Taj! I've always wanted to love under the same moon as Shah Jehan. How thoughtful of you!"

"You must spend a few days with us in Agra," I continued, "and, as you say, it is the very place to shrine your happiness, if it comes to pass there."

"Well, I am glad to have extracted a word of kindness from you at last," said Dacres, as the stewards came to lay the table. "But I wish," he added, regretfully, "you could have thought of a test."

CHAPTER V

FOUR days later we were in Agra. A time there was when the name would have been the key of dreams to me; now it stood for John's head-quarters. I was rejoiced to think I would look again upon the Taj, and the prospect of living with it was a real enchantment, but I pondered most the kind of house that would be provided for the General Commanding the District, how many the dining-room would seat, and whether it would have a roof of thatch or of corrugated iron—I prayed against corrugated iron. I confess these my preoccupations. I was forty, and at forty the practical considerations of life hold their own even against dreams in marble, world-renowned, and set about with gardens where the bulbul sings to the rose. I smiled across the years at the raptures of my first vision of the place at twenty-one, just Cecily's age. Would I now sit under Arjamand's cypresses till two o'clock in the morning, to see the wonder of her tomb at a particular angle of the moon? Would I climb one of her tall white ministering minarets to see anything whatever? I very greatly feared that I would not. Alas for the aging of sentiment, of interest! Keep your touch with life and your seat in the saddle as long as you will, the world is no new toy at forty. But Cecily was twenty-one—Cecily who sat solidly finishing her lunch while Dacres Tottenham talked about Akbar and his philosophy. "The sort of man," he said, "that Carlyle might have smoked a pipe with."

"But, surely," said Cecily, reflectively, "tobacco was not discovered in England then. Akbar came to the throne in 1526."

"Nor Carlyle, either, for that matter," I hastened to observe. "Nevertheless, I think Mr. Tottenham's proposition must stand."

"Thanks, Mrs. Farnham," said Dacres. "But imagine Miss Farnham's remembering Akbar's date! I'm sure you didn't!"

"Let us hope she doesn't know too much about him," I cried, gayly, "or there will be nothing to tell!"

"Oh, really and truly, very little!" said Cecily, "but as soon as we heard papa would be stationed here Aunt Emma made me read up about all those old Moghuls and people. I think I remember the dynasty. Baber, wasn't he the first? and then Humayon, and after him Akbar, and then Jehangir, and then Shah Jehan. But I've forgotten every date but Akbar's."

She smiled her smile of brilliant health and even spirits as she made the damaging admission, and she was so good to look at sitting there simple and wholesome and fresh, peeling her banana with her well-shaped fingers, that we swallowed the dynasty, as it were, whole, and smiled back upon her. John, I may say, was extremely pleased with Cecily; he said she was a very satisfactory human accomplishment. One would have thought, positively, the way he plumed himself over his handsome daughter, that he alone was responsible for her. But John, having received his family, straightway set off with his Staff on a tour of inspection, and thereby takes himself out of this history. I sometimes think that if he had stayed—but there has never been the lightest recrimination between us about it, and I am not going to hint one now.

"Did you read," asked Dacres, "what he and the court poet wrote over the entrance gate to the big mosque at Fatteh-pur-Sikri? It's rather nice. 'The world is a looking-glass, wherein the image has come and is gone—take as thine own nothing more than what thou lookest upon.'"

My daughter's thoughtful gaze was, of course, fixed upon the speaker, and in his own glance I saw a sudden ray of consciousness; but Cecily transferred her eyes to the opposite wall, deeply considering, and while Dacres and I smiled across the table, I saw that she had perceived no reason for blushing. It was a singularly narrow escape.

"No," she said, "I didn't. What a curious proverb for an emperor to make! He couldn't possibly have been able to see all his possessions at once."

"If you have finished," Dacres addressed her, "do let me show you what your plain and immediate duty is to the garden. The garden waits for you—all the roses expectant——"

"Why, there isn't one!" cried Cecily, pinning on her hat. It was pleasing and just a trifle pathetic, the way he hurried her out of the scope of any little dart; he would not have her even within range of amused observation. Would he continue, I wondered vaguely, as with my elbows on the table I tore into strips the lemon leaf that floated in my finger-bowl; would he continue through life to shelter her from his other clever friends as now he attempted to shelter her from her mother? In that case he would have to domicile her, poor dear, behind the curtain, like the native ladies; a long price to pay for a protection of which, bless her heart, she would be all unaware. I had quite stopped bemoaning the affair; perhaps the comments of my husband, who treated it with broad approval and satisfaction, did something to soothe my sensibilities. At all events I had gradually come to occupy a high fatalistic ground toward the pair; if it was written upon their foreheads that they should marry the inscription was none of mine; and of course it was true, as John had indignantly stated, that Dacres might do very much worse. One's interest in Dacres Tottenham's problematical future had in no way diminished, but the young man was so positive, so full of intention, so disinclined to discussion—he had not reopened the subject since that morning in the saloon of the *Caledonia*—that one's feeling about it rather took the attenuated form of a shrug. I am afraid, too, that the pleasurable excitement of such an impending event had a little supervened; even at forty there is no disallowing the natural emotions of one's sex. As I sat there pulling my lemon leaf to pieces I would not have been surprised or in the least put about if the two had returned radiant from the garden to demand my blessing. As to the test of quality—Agra—that I had obligingly invented for Dacres on the spur of the moment without his knowledge or connivance, it had some time ago faded into what he apprehended it to be—a mere idyllic opportunity, a charming background, a frame of prettier sentiment than the funnels and the handrails of a ship.

Mr. Tottenham had ten days to spend with us. He knew the place well; it belonged to the province to whose service he was dedicated, and he claimed, with impressive authority, the privilege of showing it to Cecily by degrees—the Hall of Audience to-day, the Jessamine Tower to-morrow, the tomb of Akbar another, and the Deserted City yet another day. We arranged the expeditions in conference, Dacres insisting only upon the order of them, which I saw was to be cumulative, with the Taj at the very end, on the night precisely of the full of the moon with a better chance of roses. I had no special views, but Cecily contributed some—that we should do the Hall of Audience in the morning, so as not to interfere with the club tennis in the afternoon; that we should bicycle to Akbar's tomb, and take a cold lunch, stuffed quails would be lovely, to the Deserted City—to all of which Dacres gave loyal assent. I endorsed everything. I was the encouraging chorus, only stipulating that my number should be swelled from day to day by the addition of such persons as I should approve. Cecily, for instance, wanted to invite the Bakewells, because we had come out in the same ship with them; but I could not endure the Bakewells, and it seemed to me that our having made the voyage with them was the best possible reason for declining to lay eyes on them for the rest of our natural lives. "Mamma has such strong prejudices," Cecily remarked, as she reluctantly gave up the idea, and I waited to see whether the graceless Tottenham would unmurmuringly take down the Bakewells. How strong must be the sentiment that turns a man into a boa-con-

strictor without a pang of transmigration! But, no; this time he was faithful to the principles of his pre-Cecilian existence.

"They *are* rather Boojums," he declared. "You would think so, too, if you knew them better. It is that kind of excellent person that makes the real burden of India." I could have patted him on the back.

Thanks to the rest of the chorus, which proved abundantly available, I was no immediate witness to Cecily's introduction to the glorious fragments which sustain in Agra the memory of the Moghuls. I may as well say that I arranged with care that if anybody must be standing by when Dacres disclosed them it should not be I. If Cecily had squinted, though I should have been sorry, I would have found in it no personal humiliation. But there were other imperfections of vision for which I felt responsible and ashamed; and with Dacres, though the state of things, heaven knows, was none of my seeking, I had a little the feeling of a dealer who offered a defective bibelot to a connoisseur. My charming daughter — I was fifty times congratulated upon her appearance and her manners — had many excellent qualities and capacities which she never inherited from me, but she could see no more than the bulk, no farther than the perspective: she could register exactly as much as a camera. This was a curious thing, perhaps, to displease my maternal vanity, but it did. I had really rather she squinted; and when there was anything to look at I kept out of the way. I cannot tell precisely, therefore, what the incidents were that contributed to make Mr. Tottenham, on our return from these expeditions, so thoughtful, with a thoughtfulness which increased, toward the end of them, to a positive gravity. This would disappear during dinner, under the influence of food and drink. He would talk nightly with new enthusiasm and fresh hope—or did I imagine it?—of the loveliness he had arranged to reveal on the following day. If again my imagination did not lead me astray, I fancied this occurred later and later in the course of the meal as the week went on, as if his state required more stimulus as time progressed. One evening, when I expected it to flag altogether, I had a whim to order champagne and observe the effect, but I am glad to say that I blushed at myself, and refrained.

Cecily, meanwhile, was conducting herself in a manner which left nothing to be desired. If, as I sometimes thought, she took Dacres very much for granted, she took him calmly for granted; she seemed a prey to none of those fluttering uncertainties, those suspended judgments and elaborate indifferences which translate themselves so plainly in a young lady receiving addresses. She turned herself out very freshly and very well; she was always ready for everything, and I am sure that no glance of Dacres Tottenham's found aught but direct and decorous response. His society on these occasions gave her solid pleasure; so did the drive and the lunch; the satisfactions were apparently upon the same plane. She was aware of the plum, if I may be permitted a brusque but irresistible simile, and with her mouth open, her eyes modestly closed, and her head in a convenient position, she waited, placidly, until it should fall in. The Farnham ladies would have been delighted with the result of their labors in the sweet reason and eminent propriety of this attitude. Thinking of my idiotic sufferings when John began to fix himself upon my horizon, I pondered profoundly the power of nature in differentiation.

One evening, the last, I think, but one, I had occasion to go to her room and found her writing in her common-place book. She had a common-place book, as well as a "Where Is It?", an engagement book, an account book, a diary, and others with purposes too various to remember. "Dearest mamma," she said, as I was departing, "there is only one p in 'opulence,' isn't there?"

"Yes," I replied, with my hand on the door-handle, and added, curiously, for it was an odd word in Cecily's mouth, "Why?"

She hardly hesitated. "Oh," she said, "I am just writing down one or two things Mr. Tottenham said about Agra, before I forget them. They seemed so true."

"He has a descriptive touch," I remarked.

"Oh, I think he describes beautifully. Would you like to hear what he said today?"

"I would," I replied, sincerely.

"'Agra,'" read this astonishing young lady, "'is India's one pure idyll. Elsewhere she offers other things, strange opulence, tawdry pageant, treachery of eunuchs and jealousy of harems, thieves of Kings' jewels and barbaric retributions; but they are all actual, visualized, or part of a past that shows to the backward glance hardly more relief and vitality than a Persian painting'—I *should* like to see a Persian painting—'But here the immortal tombs and pleasure houses rise out of color delicate and subtle, the vision holds across three hundred years, the print of the court is still in the dust of the city——'"

"Did you really let him go on like that?" I exclaimed. "It has the license of a lecture!"

"I encouraged him to. I didn't understand it all, but I think I have remembered every word."

"You have a remarkable memory. Is there any more?"

"One little bit. 'Here the Moghuls wrought their passions into marble and held them up with great refrains from their religion, and set them about with gardens; and here they stand in the twilight of the glory of those kings and the splendor of their own.'"

"How clever of you," I exclaimed, "How wonderfully clever of you to remember!"

"I had to ask him to repeat one or two sentences. He didn't like that. But this is nothing—I used to learn pages letter-perfect for Aunt Emma. She was very particular. I think it is worth preserving, don't you?"

"Dear Cecily," I responded, "you have a frugal mind." There was nothing else to respond. I could not tell her just *how* practical I thought her, or how pathetic her little book.

CHAPTER VI

WE drove together, after dinner, to the Taj. The moonlight lay in an empty splendor over the broad, sandy road, with the acacias pricking up on each side of it and the gardens of the station bungalows stretching back into clusters of crisp shadow. It was an exquisite February night, very still. Nothing seemed abroad but two or three pariah dogs, upon vague and errant business, and the Executive Engineer going swiftly home from the club on his bicycle. Even the little shops of the bazaar were dark and empty; only here and there a light showed barred behind the carved balconies of the upper rooms, and there was hardly any tom-tomming. The last long slope of the road showed us the river curving to the left, through a silent white waste that stretched indefinitely into the moonlight on one side and was crowned by Akbar's fort on the other. His long, high line of turrets and battlements still guarded a tint of their daylight rose, and dim and exquisite above them hovered the three dome-bubbles of the Pearl Mosque. It was a night of perfect illusion, and the illusion was mysterious, delicate, and faint. I sat silent as we rolled along, twenty years nearer to the original joy of things, when John and I drove through the same old dream.

Dacres, too, seemed preoccupied; only Cecily was, as they say, herself. Cecily was really more than herself, she exhibited an unusual flow of spirits. She talked continually, she pointed out this and that, she asked who lived here and who lived there. At regular intervals of about four minutes she demanded if it wasn't simply too lovely. She sat straight up, with her vigorous profile and her smart hat; and the silhouette of her personality sharply refused to mingle with the dust of any dynasty. She was a contrast, a protest; positively she was an indignity. "Do lean back, dear child," I exclaimed at last. "You interfere with the landscape." She leaned back, but she went on interfering with it in terms of sincerest enthusiasm.

When we stopped at the great archway of entrance I begged to be left in the carriage. What else could one do, when the golden moment had come, but sit in the carriage and measure it? They climbed the broad stone steps together and passed under the lofty gravures into the garden, and I waited. I waited and remembered. I am not, as perhaps by this time is evident, a person of overwhelming sentiment, but I think the smile upon my lips was tender. So plainly I could see, be-

yond the massive archway and across a score of years, all that they saw at that moment—Arjamand's garden and the long, straight tank of marble cleaving it, full of sleeping water and the shadows of the marshalling cypresses ; her wide, dark garden of roses and pomegranates, and at the end, the vision, marvellous, aërial, the soul of something—is it beauty ?—is it sorrow ? That great, white pride of love in mourning such as only here in all the round of our little world lifts itself to the stars, the unpaintable, indescribable Taj Mahal. A gentle breath stole out with a scent of jessamine and such a memory ! I closed my eyes and felt the warm luxury of a tear.

Thinking of the two in the garden, my mood was very kind, very conniving. How foolish, after all, were my cherry-stone theories of taste and temperament before that uncalculating thing which sways a world and builds a Taj Mahal ! Was it probable that Arjamand and her emperor had loved temperamentally—and yet how they had loved ! I wandered away into consideration of the blind forces that move the world, in which comely young persons like my daughter Cecily had such a place ; I speculated vaguely upon the value of the subtler gifts of sympathy and insight, which seemed indeed, at that enveloping moment, to be mere flowers strewn upon the tide of deeper emotions. The garden sent me a fragrance of roses ; the moon sailed higher and picked out the little kiosks set along the wall. It was a charming thing to wait, there at the portal of the silvered, scented garden, for an idyll to come forth.

When they reappeared, Dacres and my daughter, they came with casual steps and cheerful voices. They might have been a couple of tourists. The moonlight fell full upon them on the platform under the arch. It showed Dacres measuring with his stick the length of the Sanscrit letters which declared the stately texts, and Cecily's expression of polite perfunctory interest. They looked up at the height above them ; they looked back at the vision behind. Then they sauntered toward the carriage, he offering a formal hand to help her down the uncertain steps, she gracefully accepting it.

" You—you have not been long," said I. " I hope you didn't hurry on my account."

" Miss Farnham found the marble a little cold under foot," replied Dacres, putting Miss Farnham in.

" You see," explained Cecily, " I stupidly forgot to change into thicker soles. I have only my slippers. But, mamma, how lovely it is ! Do let us come again in the day-time. I am dying to make a sketch of it." * * * * *

Mr. Tottenham was to leave us on the following day. In the morning, after " little breakfast " as we say in India, he sought me in the room I had set aside to be particularly my own. Again I was writing to John, but this time I waited for precisely his interruption. I had got no farther than " My dearest husband," and my pen-handle was a fringe.

" Another fine day," I said, as if the old, old Indian joke could give him ease, poor man. " Yes," said he, " we are having lovely weather." He had forgotten that it was a joke. Then he lapsed into silence while I renewed my attentions to my pen.

" I say," he said at last, with so strained a look about his mouth that it was almost a contortion. " I haven't done it, you know."

" No," I responded, cheerfully, " and you're not going to. Is that it ? Well ! "

" Frankly "—said he.

" Dear me, yes ! Anything else between you and me would be grotesque," I replied, " after all these years."

" I don't think it would be a success," he said, looking at me with his clear blue eyes, in which still lay, alas, the possibility of many delusions.

" No," I said, " I never did, you know. But the prospect had begun to impose upon me."

" To say how right you were would seem, under the circumstances, the most hateful form of flattery."

" Yes," I said, " I think I can dispense with your verbal endorsement." I felt a little bitter. It was of course better that the connoisseur should have discovered the flaw before concluding the transaction, but, although I had pointed it out myself, I was not entirely pleased to have the article returned.

" I am infinitely ashamed that it should

have taken me all these days—day after day, and each contributory—to discover what you saw so easily and so completely."

"You forget that I am her mother," I could not resist the temptation of saying.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't jeer! Please be absolutely direct, and tell me if you have reason to believe that to the extent of a thought, of a breath—to any extent at all—she cares."

He was, I could see, very deeply moved; he had not arrived at this point without trouble and disorder not lightly to be put on or off. Yet I did not hurry to his relief. I was still possessed by a vague feeling of offence. I reflected that any mother would be, and I quite plumed myself upon my annoyance. It was so satisfactory, when one had a daughter, to know the sensations of even any mother. Nor was it soothing to remember that the young man's whole attitude toward Cecily had been based upon criticism of me, even though he sat before me whipped with his own lash. His temerity had been stupid and obstinate; I could not regret his punishment.

I kept him waiting long enough to think all this, and then I replied, "I have not the least means of knowing."

I cannot say what he expected, but he squared his shoulders as if he had received a blow and might receive another. Then he looked at me with a flash of the old indignation. "You are not near enough to her for that!" he exclaimed.

"I am not near enough to her for that."

Silence fell between us. A crow perched upon an open venetian and cawed lustily. For years afterward I never heard a crow caw without a sense of vain, distressing experiment. Dacres got up and began to walk about the room. I very soon put a stop to that. "I can't talk to a pendulum," I said; but I could not persuade him to sit down again.

"Candidly," he said at length, "do you think she would have me?"

"I regret to say that I think she would. But you would not dream of asking her?"

"Why not? She is a dear girl," he responded, inconsequently.

"You could not possibly stand it."

Then Mr. Tottenham delivered himself of this remarkable phrase. "I could stand it," he said, "as well as you can."

There was far from being any joy in the irony with which I regarded him, and under which I saw him gather up his resolution to go; nevertheless I did nothing to make it easy for him. I refrained from imparting my private conviction that Cecily would accept the first presentable substitute that appeared, although it was strong. I made no reference to my daughter's large fund of philosophy and small balance of sentiment. I did not even—though this was reprehensible—confess the test, the test of quality in these ten days with the idylls of the Moghuls, which I had almost wantonly suggested, which he had so unconsciously accepted, so disastrously applied. I gave him quite fifteen minutes of his bad quarter of an hour, and when it was over I wrote truthfully but furiously to John.

That was ten years ago. We have since attained the shades of retirement, and our daughter is still with us, when she is not with Aunt Emma and Aunt Alice—grandmamma has passed away. Mr. Tottenham's dumb departure that day in February, 1885—the year John got his C. B.—was followed, I am thankful to say, by none of the symptoms of unrequited affection on Cecily's part. Not for ten minutes, so far as I am aware, was she the maid forlorn. I think her self-respect was of too robust a character, thanks to the Misses Farnham. Still less, of course, had she any reproaches to serve upon her mother, although for a long time I thought I detected—or was it my guilty conscience?—a spark of shrewdness in the glance she bent upon me, when the talk was of Mr. Tottenham and the probabilities of his return to Agra. So well did she sustain her experience, or so little did she feel it, that I believe the impression went abroad that Dacres had been sent disconsolate away. One astonishing conversation I had with her, some six months later, which turned upon the point of a particularly desirable offer. She told me something then, without hesitation or blushes, or any sort of embarrassment, but quite lucidly and directly, that edified me much to hear. She said that while she was quite sure that Mr. Tottenham thought of her only as a

friend—she had never had the least reason for any other impression—he had done her a service for which she could not thank him enough, in showing her what a husband might be. He had given her a standard; it might be high but it was unalterable. She didn't know whether she could describe it, but Mr. Tottenham was different from the kind of man you seemed to meet in India. He had his own ways of looking at things, and he talked so well. He had given her an ideal and she intended to profit by it. To know that men like Mr. Tottenham existed, and to marry any other kind would be an act of folly which she did not intend to commit. No, Major the Hon. Hugh Taverel did not come near it—very far short, indeed! He had talked to her during the whole of dinner the night before about jackal hunting with a bobbery pack—not at all an elevated mind. No doubt, he might be a very good fellow, but as a companion for life, she was sure he would not be at all suitable. She would wait.

And she has waited. I never thought she would, but she has. From time to time men have wished to take her from us, but the standard has been inexorable and none of them has reached it. When Dacres married the charming American whom he caught like a butterfly upon an Eastern tour, Cecily sent them, as a wedding-present, an alabaster model of the Taj; and I let her do it—the gift was so exquisitely appropriate. I suppose he never looks at it without being reminded that he didn't marry Miss Farnham, and I hope he remembers that he owes it to Miss Farnham's mother. So much I think I might claim; it is really very little, considering what it stands for. Cecily is permanently with us—I believe she considers herself an intimate. I am very kind about lending her to her aunts, but she takes no sort of advantage of my liberality; she says she knows her duty is at home. She is growing into a firm and solid English maiden lady with a good color and great decision of character. That she has always had—I point out to John, when she takes our crumpets away from us, that she gets it from him. I could never take away anybody's crumpets, merely because they were indigestible, least of all my own parents'! She has acquired a distinct affection for us, by some means best known to herself; but I should have no objection to that if she would not rearrange my bonnet-strings. That is a fond liberty to which I take exception; but it is one thing to take exception and another to express it.

Our daughter is with us, permanently with us. She declares that she intends to be the prop of our declining years; she makes this statement often, and always as if it were humorous. Nevertheless I sometimes notice a spirit of inquiry, a note of investigation in her encounters with the opposite sex that suggests an expectation not yet extinct, that another and perhaps a more appreciative Dacres Tottenham may flash across her field of vision—alas, how improbable! Myself I cannot imagine why she should wish it; I have grown in my old age into a perfect horror of cultivated young men; but if such a person should by a miracle at any time appear, I do not think—no, I do not think—that I will interfere on his behalf.

A SACRED CONCERT

By Mary Tappan Wright

IN Dulwich, the summer passed sleepily. Day after day the checkered shade fell upon the purplish gray gravel of the broad middle path, that stretched a mile beneath the maples, from one end of the town to the other. The chimes on the tower of the church, after ringing softly at all the quarters, played four measures of a quaint minuet, to speed the crawling hours, and the giant oaks on the college green threw shadows, as blue as the sea, between the great Doric pillars of the portico in front of the chapel, where, for more than a hundred years, in stately dignity, the old college had held its sober commencements. In the cool of the afternoons the wives and daughters of the professors strolled forth, in their delicate muslins, or thin grenadines, to make a few languid visits; and in the evenings they sat out of doors on the wide moonlit verandas, gently fanning away the industrious gnats, and idly talking with the few young men who remained when the college term was over; and the drone of the locusts in the oak-trees gathered animation by contrast.

The faculty people seldom went away in the long vacation. They said that the beauty of Dulwich was too unique to forego, and this was so dignified a way of putting it that it sometimes carried conviction; besides, the Bishop, who was unconstrained by any other consideration than pure love of the place, came every year with his wife, and remained from June to October. In their house, just outside the village, the "Bishops"—Dulwich always spoke of them in the plural—entertained the parish in impartial, if unflattering, routine. None was omitted, and was any man at odds with his neighbor that neighbor he was sure to meet, in the interests of peace, perhaps; or, may it have been, that the good Bishop hoped that something might happen to vary the monotony? It was a forlorn hope; the unenterprising enemies tamely made friends, and the Bishop never failed to look gratified when they thanked him, effusively, later on. He was a person of admirable self-control.

But to every man comes his golden opportunity.

Once, long ago, in the broiling heat of an August morning, a weary, draggled procession climbed slowly up the steep hill, upon the top of which stood the Episcopal Palace. They had come from Littleton, the next town, in the old yellow coach that made the journey between the two places twice a day — a man, two young women, and a boy. As they neared the house the man drew out a ragged pocket-handkerchief, and began to flick the dust fom his seedy coat and baggy trousers.

"If I was you I'd set that stove-pipe straight," said one of the women, but the rebellious silk hat had become so accustomed to a rakish cant to one side that it successfully defied all his nervous efforts at reform.

"What has the Bishop got P. X. on that flag for?" said the other woman, as they turned the corner of the house and came in sight of a great white flag, with red lettering, that was flapping lazily on a tall pole.

"It's X. P.," said the other; "perhaps they want the express to stop."

"Oh, shut up!" said the man, irritably. "Don't you see that there is someone listening behind that door? Where's the boy? Hurry up there!" But the boy, toiling sulkily behind, continued to plod, grumbling, as he came, at the weight of a large box, which he carried by a leathern handle.

When they arrived at the front door, Brown, the Bishop's man, interviewed them suspiciously from behind the close wire netting of the screen. The day was humid, as well as warm, and Brown felt unpropitious. He went and informed his master that a parcel of beggars were out there, and, while he wasn't one to give his opinion unasked, he thought they'd better be sent packing. It was this modesty of Brown's that finally lost him his place.

But the Bishop, who knew that it was humid, even better than Brown, gave him to undertsand that he had exceeded his office.

"Show them in," he said, his thoughts vaguely scriptural; "and call no man beggar nor unclean."

"Although I might have, I never said nothink about dirt, sir," said Brown, firmly, though respectfully.

The Bishop waved him off imperiously, and the company were reluctantly admitted; the young man advanced, and, seizing the Bishop's hand, shook it with a high vertical motion that took the good prelate completely by surprise.

"We have come," he said, "to give you an example of our famous Sacred and Secular Exhibition of bell-ringing. There isn't any taste for music in Littleton; to try having a performance like ours there, would be throwing pearls before—you know who"—he winked, confidentially; "it's in the Bible—great book, that! And so we thought that if we could find a hall in Dulwich——"

"My good friend," began the Bishop, "I think that you must have mistaken——"

"Oh, that's all right!" said the visitor, encouragingly. "Allow me to introduce my wife, Mrs. Euphemia de la Mar, and her sister, Miss Heloise—de la Roche-Jacqueline." He used the latter name after a frightened glance about him; and, by a strange coincidence, there was a large red volume of memoirs bearing that name on the title just beyond the Bishop's head!

"A famous and beautiful patronymic," said the Bishop.

"Alas, to what base uses fallen!" said the other, turning down the corners of his wide comedian's mouth. "But to business, to business!" And, before the Bishop could remonstrate, he had whipped open the cover of the box, and aided by the boy, had set out on the study-table a long row of bells. Big bells, little bells, fat bells, thin bells, found their places as by magic, and, standing in front of them with the two women, Mr. de la Mar proceeded to tinkle, in the face of the embarrassed old gentleman, that good and familiar tune which we sing to the words:

Blest be the tie that binds

It was one of the tunes that the Bishop recognized, when he heard it in church. In his soul the Bishop was a ritualist; this combination of piety and gymnastics appealed to him.

"Very interesting! Wait here a moment; I must call my wife. My dear!" and the little Bishop hastened from the room to meet his ponderous helpmate on the threshold, where she had been attracted by the unusual sounds. "My love, we have here a most singular and entertaining performance: these people are playing hymns, actually sacred music, on bells, common bells. Come and hear them."

He led her in, and Mr. de la Mar attempted to go through the same ceremony with which he had greeted her husband; but the Bishop's wife held her hand, graciously but immovably, at her accustomed angle, and Mr. de la Mar was compelled to come down. She afterward told the Bishop that she did not intend to countenance any "high jinks"; saying it, however, with a dignified smile, as became an Episcopal joke.

Then Mr. de la Mar, Mrs. Euphemia de la Mar, and the lovely Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline played one old-fashioned tune after another to these two dear and respectable old people—"Annie Laurie," "Ye Banks and Braes," and "Auld Lang Syne," adding to these, with most unholy insight, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," "Juanita," "The Days Go Swiftly By, Lorena," and other sentimental and long-forgotten songs of the sixties that the Bishops regarded with fond but unacknowledged affection. They listened, with clasped hands and glistening eyes, quite forgetful of the performers, until the three sinners gravely bowed their irreverent heads, and then, casting their eyes upward, piously twanked out the One Hundredth Psalm.

The Bishops rose, and the service was over.

"I do not see anything in your whole repertory that is not both improving and enlightening; do you not think so, Pet?" said the Bishop.

"It has given me great pleasure," said Pet, who sat very upright on the extreme edge of her chair, and held her hands clasped serenely on her ample belt.

"If I could only have a line from you, sir——" began Mr. de la Mar.

"I was about to say," proceeded the Bishop, "that I would give you a letter to the agent—who, by the way, is extremely fond of music—instructing him to allow you to hold an exhibition in the commencement hall of the chapel. It would amuse the young people of the village—do you not think so, Pet?"

The Bishop's wife nodded a dignified assent. "It is not often that they have so much gayety," she said, affably.

Astonishment and gratification lighted three of the four faces upon which Brown disapprovingly and unnecessarily slammed the screen on the big front door.

"It was 'Lorena' that did it," said Mrs. de la Mar, as they light-heartedly descended the hill.

"No, sir-ree, it was the Doxology!" said Mr. de la Mar.

"It was the damn cheek!" mumbled the boy; he came from the village and did not like to see outsiders imposing upon his bishops.

"Give me 'Old Hundred' every time with the clergy," said Mr. de la Mar. "I knew we'd got that hall before we'd played three notes of it, and so did Nellie Jackson; didn't you, Jack?"

"I never was so surprised in my life," said Miss de la Roche-Jacqueline, answering easily to this liberal translation of her famous and beautiful patronymic. "When you proposed to go up there and ask for it, I thought it was just a piece of your gall. I'd as soon think of asking for the moon, myself. Why, it's a church!"

"So much the better for the Sacred and Secular!" said Mr. de la Mar. "'Nothing in your whole repertory but what is improving and enlightening,' so the Bishop says! We'll have a lot of bills printed off with that at the top of them, and scatter them all over the country this afternoon; then to-morrow evening we'll enlighten 'em! Whoop!"

"There'll be a crowd," said Miss de la Roche-Jacqueline, practically.

"There won't be, Tom Smith, if you take to howling through the streets like that," said Mrs. de la Mar, morosely.

They easily found their way to the agent's office, and left that musical gentleman stupefied with rage. When they had gone he sputtered off down the middle path to the president's house, scarcely articulate.

"Wh-wh-what does the Bishop mean by giving these mountebanks permission to have a concert in the chapel? I never heard of anything so outrageous in my life. A regular set of strolling scamps in our chapel! Mr. President, you will have to go up and speak to him."

"You are the senior warden of the parish; why do you not go up yourself?" said the president.

"It is not my place," said the agent. "The chapel is a college building; you can go and tell him that you do not approve of putting it to any such use."

"The Bishop is President of the Board of Trustees, *ex-officio;* it would be very unbecoming in me to interfere with him in the disposal of one of the buildings," said the president, with a wicked twinkle in his eyes. "The matter is not in my jurisdiction."

"Then you've got to take it into your jurisdiction," said the agent. "You have no business to let him make a fool of himself."

The president's face spoke volumes in reply to this latter speech, but he made no verbal answer; the agent's phenomenal sense of humor overcame him, and he laughed quietly. "See, here," he said, persuasively, "you know that this thing ought not to be allowed."

"There may be no harm in it. Has not the Bishop investigated it?"

"Oh, yes; they gave him a private exhibition up at the palace." There was a whole world of scorn and unbelief in the agent's tone. "That fellow at the head of it, de la Mar he calls himself, is a scoundrel, if ever I saw one. Why, even Dickie Ayres was ashamed to be seen carrying their box for them."

"Dickie ought to be a good judge of a scamp, in his present chastened state of mind—he is just recovering from a visit to my melon-bed."

"Did you catch him?" asked the agent, eagerly.

"I saw him; it was broad daylight; five in the afternoon; but I did not interfere!"

"Then where—how did you find out about the chastening?" asked the agent, in bewildered tones.

"His father came the next day to remonstrate with me," said the president, "because the melons were not ripe."

"Well!" said the agent. "Well!" and stopped, apparently finding no adequate expression for his indignation; then he laughed, this time long and loud. "I must be going," he said at last, wiping his eyes; "it is my dinner-time."

He left the office, and the president watched him as he walked down the path between the flower-beds. Suddenly he turned, and came back with flying steps. "But what are we going to do about this concert?" he inquired, putting his head in at the door.

"If the concert doesn't agree with you," said the president, "I can remonstrate with the Bishop next day."

"If it doesn't agree with me," said the agent, decidedly, "there will be no waiting for the next day—or for the Bishop either, for that matter."

"Very well," said the president, "I shall not interfere."

"Humph!" said the agent, "I should like to see you try."

The two men smiled at each other, in friendly understanding, and the agent went home to his dinner, willing for the moment to let matters take their course.

So the placards of the Great Sacred and Secular Concert were distributed far and wide over the country, and toward sunset, the next evening, all the dusty roads that led to Dulwich were billowing with pink haze, as the farmers drove in from their farms. Large parties of young people, from Littleton, also took advantage of the occasion to enjoy a picnic in the college grounds, and a drive home by moonlight.

By half-past seven o'clock the chapel was filled; all the solid old black oak pews were crammed to the very doors, and the gallery, which had been reputed unsafe for fifty years, groaned under the weight of small boys from the village, and half-grown lads from the surrounding township. The chancel was denuded of its railing, and the pulpit and reading-desk had been moved back into the vestry, as was customary on commencement occasions; a long table, covered with bells, stood in the middle of the platform, which was raised two steps above the rest of the floor.

The Bishop sat in the front seat on one side of the aisle, and the president, with his family, occupied the front seat on the other. It had been embarrassing, at first, to pay on entering the church. "I did not dream of this!" whispered the Bishop to his wife, as he handed his two twenty-five cent pieces to Dickie Ayers, who sulked at the receipt of custom; and the president, who entered at the same time, put down his change with an odd smile. Being the only people in the house with reserved seats, they were the last comers, and the performance began at once.

The door of the vestry opened and the three bell-ringers entered the chancel; Mrs. de la Mar, and the charming Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline, in very short petticoats and much striped aprons, and Mr. de la Mar, in a Tyrolese hat and eagle's feather, his ordinary cutaway coat, and knee-breeches. They were received with thunders of applause, and some few cat-calls, which caused the Bishop to look over his shoulder, with an indulgent though prohibitive smile.

"Swiss, you see, my love," he said to his wife. "The real thing."

"Sh-sh-sh!" whispered my love. "They are playing 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother!'" She sat very straight, in the high-backed pew, and kept time approvingly, though a little off the beat, as they repeated all the old tunes of the morning before, adding "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" and "Gayly the Troubadour," while the musical agent unaccountably fidgeted and squirmed in the fourth seat back.

The next scene was announced by Mr. de la Mar: "Reuben and Cynthia, a quaint and practical portrayal of Quaker character."

The president coughed, and buried his face in his handkerchief. The agent stood up for a minute, and then, thinking better of it, sat down as Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline appeared, dressed in demure drab, followed by Mr. de la Mar in a long snuff-colored coat and high white hat, his face hastily painted in perpendicular lines, that gave him an air of impudent respectability.

Together, this precious pair, with all the old mural tablets of the venerated founders frowning down upon them, began a drawling duet in alternate verses. One

at either end of the chancel, they took up their solemn chant, and Mr. de la Mar, with his hands flapping in front of him and his back bent in the attitude of a kangaroo, minced toward Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline, who met him in about the spot where the pulpit should have been; here, after waltzing once slowly around, they changed sides, passing in opposite directions and singing, in concert, the refrain:

If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea!

"I do not quite catch the drift," said the Bishop to his wife.

"So much the better!" was the perfectly audible response; just here the president's cough became very violent, and, apparently out of consideration for the feelings of the singers, he delicately withdrew.

"This is outrageous!" said someone in the fourth seat from the front; but all the young men and women from Littleton were in ecstasies. "Reuben and Cynthia" were applauded to the echo, and the number was repeated, until even the Bishop began to catch the drift.

"Look here," said Mrs. de la Mar, when the gratified Quakers retired to the vestry, where their stage properties, paint, wigs, and costumes were scattered about on the pulpit and reading-desk, and hanging on the hooks amidst the gowns and surplices. "Look here, you won't be able to do much more of this kind of thing. The Bishop's pretty nearly caught on, and that old tiger in the fourth seat isn't going to stand another character piece. If I were you, I'd leave out 'Tommy.'"

It was too much to ask; Mr. de la Mar, intoxicated by the ringing plaudits of the house of praise, was not to be deterred from the path of glory; still, he was willing to compromise. "Let's have some more bells first; there's that 'Evening Hymn to the Virgin.' That's soothing; try it."

"Why not give the Bishops some more Scotch?" suggested Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline.

"Fine!" cried Mr. de la Mar. "Hurry up, now, with the lightning change!"

With incredible haste they scrambled into kilts and plaids, and hurried upon the stage again. The table, with the bells, which had been pushed back, was again drawn to the front, and after repeating "Annie Laurie" and "Bonnie Doon," each three times, they struck into the soothing "Ave Maria," which they sang as they played, and the powers on the right of the aisle seemed to be placated.

And yet Mrs. de la Mar continued to be full of forebodings. "You try that 'Tommy' and there'll be trouble!" she said, when the vestry-door finally closed on a still clamoring audience.

Mr. de la Mar seated himself on one of the rails of the dismantled chancel, and lighted a cigarette. "What you're after is a solo for yourself," he remarked, between the puffs of smoke. "Why don't you say so and be done with it?"

"Let her sing 'Waiting,' if she wants to," said Miss de la Roche-Jacqueline, generously.

"Go ahead," addressing Mrs. de la Mar. "You'll feel better if you do."

"I don't want to sing anything," said Mrs. de la Mar, in exasperation; "and you know it, too!" At the same time she was rapidly arraying herself in a long and much-soiled pink silk gown. "Come," she said, extending her hand to her husband when she had finished dressing. "Lead me on."

"No, you don't!" that gentleman announced, rudely. "You can just go it alone!"

Mrs. de la Mar flung open the door, and, sweeping to the front of the stage, commanded the stars to shine on his pathway with all the fervor of sincere malediction; Miss de la Roche-Jacqueline closed the door softly, leaving a crack through which to reconnoitre.

"It sounds like fury without an accompaniment," she said, over her shoulder.

"It sounds worse with one," he answered, disloyally. "She never can keep on the key. Hear that now?"

In the meantime an unconsecrated odor was stealing through the building. "I could wish," whispered the Bishop's wife, uneasily, "that she had worn a fichu; a fichu is always a graceful and feminine article of dress."

But the Bishop, whose lips were pursed into a shocked rosette, made no direct

answer. "I smell tobacco," he said, in an awful aside.

It is difficult to tell whether it was the pink gown, or the cigarette—the audience seemed to feel embarrassed—and Mrs. de la Mar retired, with but scanty applause.

"There, now!" said Mr. de la Mar, "I hope you're satisfied."

"So much for the legitimate," said Miss Heloise de la Roche-Jacqueline. "You haven't even had an encore."

"We've got to put on 'Tommy,' now," said Mr. de la Mar, "to warm up the house."

"All right," said Mrs. de la Mar, sulkily. "Warm away—I wish you joy of the blaze."

"I don't care; I'm going to try it."

"Then I'll pack up the things; for, as sure as you go out there in that rig, Tom Smith, it'll be the end of the evening's show."

During Mrs. de la Mar's unsuccessful performance her husband had been dressing himself, for the coveted part, in what he called the costume of a swell. He wore tight gray trousers, a gaudy brocaded vest, and a bright blue coat with brass buttons; in his hand he carried a large cane, that had an enormous crook at the end; in one eye was a big gold-rimmed glass, and on his head was a tall silk hat, with a very curly brim. In the baggy garments of his every-day wear it had not been so easy to perceive how very bow-legged Mr. de la Mar was; but now, as he pranced out into the dignified gloom of the sombre chapel, there was something startling in the revelation.

The Bishop sat up and ominously cleared his throat, but in the general flutter of the house he lost the first verse of the astonishing song that followed. With the chorus, it was different—that remained forever stamped upon his outraged and resentful memory.

"Tommy, make room for your uncle," sang Mr. de la Mar, strutting up and down the chancel, and ogling the ladies on the front seats through his one eye-glass:

> Tommy, make room for your uncle,
> That's a little dear!
> Tommy, make room for your uncle,
> I want him to sit here.

There were roars of applause from the gallery, and frantic cheers from the gilded youth of Littleton; but looks of anguish marked the pale features of the learned and cultivated minority that adorned the college circle of disgraced and humiliated Dulwich. Mr. de la Mar was so much pleased with the vulgar applause of the undiscriminating populace that he sang that chorus over.

The theme of the story was peculiarly interesting to the gallery, and the silence was profound when Mr. de la Mar began his second verse; but by the end of the third the libelled musical ability of Littleton vindicated itself. Catching the simple and graceful refrain, the young people in the nave joined wildly and appreciably in the chorus. Tommy made room for his uncle to the rhythmic thunder of sticks and umbrellas, and hob-nailed shoes, on that sacred floor, which had never resounded to anything more violent than the tempered approval that greets a valedictory oration.

Before the beginning of the fourth verse there was a breathless moment of suspense; full well these outer barbarians knew the enormity of which they had been guilty—they gloated over their iniquity.

Again Mr. de la Mar's nasal tones were uplifted; but this time, with the roar of an enraged lion, the agent sprang to his feet.

"Stop that!" he shouted. "Stop that, and leave this place. Begone at once. Off with you, I say!" He rushed up to the chancel and stood between the actor and the vestry, his handsome, spirited old face glorious with indignation. In that mood the agent could have quelled an army.

De la Mar, who did not dare attempt to pass, hesitated a moment, looking foolish and undecided; then a brilliant idea dawned upon him; he was defeated, but he would retreat with all the honors of war.

Clicking his heels together, he made the agent a stiff, military salute, wheeled about face, marked time once or twice, and then, singing, marched down the aisle, his stick over his shoulder, his hat on one side, and his monocle shining in baleful triumph.

Dickie threw wide the great double doors. The outer air swept in, fresh and

clean with the odor of the woods, and the sky and trees showed deep blue, in contrast with the flaring yellow of the lamps. The man drew a quick breath when he came to the entrance, as if a dash of clear water had caught him in the face, but his song went on uninterrupted as he passed out between the pale Doric pillars, down the wide stone steps, forever away from Dulwich eyes, but not from Dulwich ears. Far up the middle path, in the serene gray of the moonlight, his raucous voice chanted, defiantly—

Tommy, make room for your uncle,
That's a little dear!

Tommy, make room for your uncle,
I want him to sit here—

until the hideous melody died in the distance.

Then, quaintly, calmly, as if in rebuke, the chimes on the church-tower broke forth in delicate, measured cadence; nine long, slow strokes followed—the audience waited spell-bound for the last reverberation. A locust droned in an oak-tree, a cricket chirped in the grass.

With softly rustling garments everyone rose and withdrew. Littleton dared not assert itself. Dulwich had resumed her normal sway.

THE POINT OF VIEW

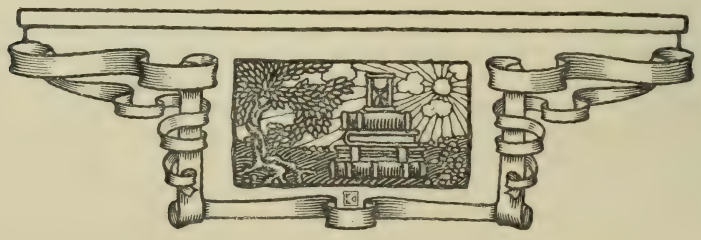
ANY familiarity with Continental journalism and periodical literature brings the reader in these days face to face at every turn with the newly coined word "arrivism," and with dissertations on the modern tendency which it represents. The word is a very ugly one, and the thing which it stands for certainly has very ugly aspects; but it is doubtful whether we can dismiss, as insignificant, either the one or the other. Doubtful whether we can do so in our quality of Americans, especially. The conservative European, who is rasped and abraded by the general rawness resulting from the doctrine that the most of the time spent in preparation for the achievement of the ends of life is time wasted, and that the wise course to pursue is simply to "get there," and to learn by doing or enjoying instead of learning to do or enjoy, does not hesitate to say that it is the American and his Americanism that are primarily responsible for the doctrine. And he is right. We have, in effect, a new way of regarding human existence and the human career, in this particular. We are inclined to apologize for this new way at times, and at times to assert with unnecessary aggressiveness that it is the only right way. In reality, we probably ought to do neither. The matter is still on trial. Whether "arrivism" be humanly possible when pushed to its logical limits, whether it will give us more out of life or less, is what we do not yet know and cannot yet tell. But it is *the* contemporaneous problem, and one surely calling for meditation and experiment.

Energy *versus* Time.

What is the point? We are, when we come to the gist of the subject, to ascertain whether that law of nature (which is without exception) that gives the ripest and mellowest maturity only to things of the slower growth, is bound to be duplicated in the social life of man or not. There are a great many laws of social life which are not founded on natural laws, which in fact go directly counter to them. But hitherto this one in question has not appeared to belong to that class. Cramming the mind has never yet produced an intelligence or a cultivation equal to those of the man who has acquired knowledge by an organic process of leisurely, beneficent absorption; the mere fact of having money descend upon him overnight has never yet summarily equipped a man for the delicate task of spending the same with taste as perfect as if he had been born to it; there are as many people to-day as ever there were in the history of the world for whom *si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait* would sum up existence; who, in other words, have found out that no teacher can vie with experience, and that experience takes its own time and opportunity, quite refusing to be hurried.

All this is certain. And one is tempted to declare that it will never be different. All the same, mankind has gone on from the first giving new faculties under pressure of fresh conditions and new events. And everywhere now we are met by an impatience so great to shorten the period of all preparations, on the one hand, and to lengthen the period of all actual fruitions, on the other, that we might well believe in at least a hypothetical alteration of the capacities and laws of human development as regards these matters. We might believe in it, we say, with reference to some distant future. Not so long ago a club was formed in Chicago whose members pledged themselves to curtail their hours of sleep, along a progressive scale of abstention, in order to prove that the human mechanism could be trained to run smoothly and vigorously on a far smaller allowance of daily rest than we now give it. This was but one of the straws that show the current of the prevailing wind. The electives of our college courses; the endless new theories about "educational values," about the studies that will discipline the mind most with the smallest expenditure of work and time; the desire for "quick money," no longer besetting quacks and charlatans only but the serious-minded, all indicate an intensification of the sense of the fateful disproportion between the long periods given over to getting ready for anything and the little span allotted us in which to taste our full powers at their zenith.

We want to get down sooner to the very business of living. We are trying new experiments ceaselessly to that end. And we are trying them not unmindful of the law established by John Fiske, that makes the prolonged infancy of the human animal, as compared to other animals, the chief reason of his pre-eminence. It is a hard law to get over, this law that the highest organisms must be the longest a-making. It gives small encouragement to the latter-day feverish desire to translate the operations and ministrations of time into terms of cerebral energy. And still, to go back to what was said at the beginning, all this haste to arrive must not be treated with complete contempt. It is more than a plague of the hour, more than a disease of the vulgar. It is the spiritual equivalent of mechanical invention; it is the mode in which the race meets its new liberation from the necessity of accomplishing, in slow and hampering patience, innumerable petty details with its hands. The "arrivist," in the concrete, is a blatant and unpleasant person. He is the mouthpiece, however, of a new and as yet scarcely formulated philosophy. Whether it be a philosophy that could eventually modify the human being's normal course of development is the interesting—and as yet impossible—thing to know.



THE FIELD OF ART

THE REHABILITATION OF PINTURICCHIO

IN the last decade, perfected reproductive processes as applied to pictures have enormously facilitated the now almost yearly publication of the work of inadequately known artists. Raphael and Michael, indeed, as their poet has told, "are safe in heaven with their backs" to us "of the little wit," but wit and patience too have come to us since 1870 or thereabouts, and realizing that the twelve gods of Olympus are safely enthroned, with ambrosia enough to last them, we have set about honoring the minor divinities. Botticelli had a long innings; Bellini, Mantegna, Pisanello and others followed, "ed ora ha il Pinturicchio il grido."

That the Bishop of Perugia should attain to the tiara was high fortune for Pinturicchio, and when as Leo XIII his Holiness made noble use of the resources of an æsthetic and patriotic patron in the restoration of the Borgia apartments, the circumstances and the theatre of this restoration insured fame to the works restored quite apart from their intrinsic merit, great as the latter is. Beginning with Morelli's discussion of the "Sketch Book" of the Venetian Academy, continuing with the volumes of Schmarsow, brought to date by the superb work of Ehrle and Stevenson, published by Danesi under the direct auspices of the Vatican, the analysis of Pinturicchio's merits has continued through twenty years.

What is the result? Was Bernardino di Betto di Biagio as great a man as he has been called by some authors? Probably not. Has he been overpraised? Probably not. Was Vasari as unjust to him as modern critics declare? Probably not. Was Vasari just to him? Unquestionably not.

What was he as draughtsman, colorist, and composer, since in those days nobody asked an artist to be a painter in the modern sense of the word, that is to say such a master of brush handling as shall by his manipulation of the pigment express textures, cause his color to vibrate and thereby enhance his atmospheric effect.

As a draughtsman was he skilful? Not exactly, at any rate not always or even often, though at times his drawing has great charm and now and then a firmness quite foreign to his usual habit; note for instance the profile of Alexander VI (provided always that Bernardo himself is really responsible) in the Resurrection fresco, the ecclesiastic kneeling in the Assumption lunette, the Arringhieri of the Sienese Duomo, and also certain heads, his own portrait among them, at Spello, in the Ara Coeli, in the Sistine Chapel and in the Libreria of Siena. Usually there is an unsureness, a kind of poverty about his drawing, but it has elegance and a style of its own, and many of his figures have that charm which seems to hover about the path that leads from missal illumination to wall paintings. Was he a colorist? Yes; a master at least of the effects attained from colors if not from color. All the Umbrians, except the borderer Signorelli, who turned his face toward Tuscany, had the Midas touch at will like the Venetians; and, unlike the Venetians, perhaps because their school did not last so long, they did not in many cases fall into the habit of putting bitumen into their golden color. But Pinturicchio does not seem to have greatly cared for the atmosphere which comes with the amber as well as with the gray of a colorist's palette. Certain critics have said much of his landscape and its depth; if it sometimes deserves praise, it sometimes goes quite undeserving and not always because of restoration. Was he a composer? By no means in the strict sense of the word; his groups are often thrown together confusedly, crowded, yet full of holes. But in another sense of the word composer, as designer and combiner, he was really great, and here we have reached and saluted the crux of the whole situation. When we praise the Borgia apartments in the Vatican as the culmination of

Pinturicchio's accomplishment, it is the system of treatment which we praise; and the man who, believing in that system, loving it, indeed (we see this upon every square yard of the walls), held fast to it just when all others were abandoning it, and pushed it to its ultimate expression.

What is the result in these same Borgia apartments? It is delight of the eye through richness and splendor of color and a sense that these rooms are decorated perhaps more sumptuously than any which one has ever seen before or even imagined. The spectator does not trouble himself with the forms upon the walls, he is submitting to the enchantment of the effect. Later he notes that the forms charm him also, because if meagre they have elegance, and if the individual figures are not compositionally related the *groups* are. Gradually as his lagging logic follows his quicker perceptives he realizes that this rich tangle of forms, not emphasized or focussed unduly, but playing in patterns almost equally over lunettes, pendentives, and vaulting, is exactly suited to this particular kind of richness of color, and that therefore he has before him a decoration in its own way impeccable. The three rooms called respectively, the Sala of Mysteries, that of the Lives of the Saints, and that of the Liberal Arts are magnificent; they were magnificent even before their restoration; a visit made to them years ago, when the old books, documents, and records still encumbered all the lower walls, convinced one that here, beyond question, was the richest fresco-color in Europe. This battered splendor of degraded reds and blues with the interplay of gold of an hundred different degrees of dullness or of strength, was now deep and almost solemn, now gray and silvery, while here and there in the semi-darkness of the vaulting's accidental shadows the surface seemed to fairly smoulder. To find richer color one had to leave fresco and turn to mosaic, to the walls of Ravenna or of the Capella Reale at Palermo.

The treatment of the Borgia apartments is that usual to fifteenth-century decoration in fresco, but it is unusually developed in special directions in accordance with the predilections of Pinturicchio. The factor which most of all emphasizes Bernardo's point of view is that consisting in the use of gold upon objects modelled in relief. The early centuries loved gold; the holiest picture of all, the altar piece, was all ablaze with gold; gold was a staple with the illuminator, but upon the great wall-painting there could be no such reckless outlay; not even papal resources would have sufficed, still a good deal of the metal could be afforded and it was stinted or lavished in accordance with the temperament of artist and client.

Undoubtedly painters varied in their desire for it. Giotto, for instance, probably felt it to be antagonistic to the simple effects which he sought in the Madonna dell' Arena, at Padua. Angelico on the other hand used it as an expression of a spiritual idea of radiance just as he used pure and unadulterated vermilions and blues. When the geometrical patterns of the mediæval fresco borders gave way to the scroll-covered pilasters and spandrels of renaissance decoration, the ratio of gold to pigment apparently remained about the same. Fra Lippo, Sandro, Filippino used it more or less according to the immediate character of their work. Ghirlandajo, in spite of Vasari, did not wholly contemn it. With the end of the century, if we may believe the Aretine biographer, it became the fashion to leave gilded gesso out of fresco painting; nevertheless we find it even in parts of the Sala della Segnatura of Raphael. Indeed, in remarking a rather chastened surface, it is not easy to be certain just where and just whether the line between sobriety and richness was drawn by the artist's instinct or the client's economy, for it is probable that the Orvietan wardens were not the only ones who were frightened by Pinturicchio's (or for that matter other painters') lavishness. One thing however is certain, the Tuscan love of linear perspective and the Umbrian love of depth were, in the nature of things, sure to eventually fight against the use of gold, that annihilator of perspective and depth.

Again, as the new century rounded its first decade, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Raphael wished that their spectators should seek with them for the very highest and most significant expression of line and mass and that they should seek with undazzled eyes. They relegated splendor to the borders and to pure ornament. Nevertheless gold is a very noble material. A Leonardo anatomizing expression or analyzing light, a Michelangelo using the naked human body as his one supreme, artistic means, a Raphael concentrating his thought upon rhythm and balanced masses

may eschew, may even avoid a gilded surface as unsuited to his end, but a man who, like Pinturicchio, is thinking first of all of achieving a general effect which, while he runs a gamut extending from elegance to splendor, and from brilliancy to depth and richness, shall yet be always harmonious, knows that he has a redoubtable assistant in the gold, an ally which will not desert him. The gold leaf or powder lights up dark corners, breaks his masses of color as he wishes, and above all exercises a powerful harmonizing effect upon juxtapositions of color which would otherwise seem crude. Pinturicchio was a decorator, pure and simple, before everything else, and he loved the gold. Alexander VI had seen what his painter could do with it in several of the Roman palaces, and in these years from 1492 to 1495 perhaps the Pope had a prophetic and heartening prospect of eastward-bound galleons.

At any rate gold was given to Bernardo and used by him with more effect than anywhere else in the history of Renaissance Art. A poor composer, when it came to making up groups of figures he had an immense sense of decorative pattern, so strong an instinct indeed for this enormously important element in decoration that wherever he has covered a wall-space, whether in Siena, Spello, or Rome, he has made that wall immediately delightful to even the hastiest glance. Symmetry becomes even more forceful than usual in his hands, and by the strong thrust and counter-thrust of his little gilded gypsum thrones and *ædiculi*, placed exactly in the centres of his lunettes and vaulting spaces, and made far more emphatic by their relief than are his flat painted surfaces, Bernardo at one and the same time a *fin escamoteur* and a true artist, doing the very best with his resources, makes it quite easy for the spectator to overlook the poverty of his ordonnance and the openwork character of his figure composition.

To put it more directly, where a wall space to be decorated is of an unusual shape—is for instance a lunette, a spandrel, or an oval—there should be in the painter's composition, certain trendings of lines which both counter and echo the circumscribing line of the wall space. Raphael provides for this necessity by means of his actors, his figures, aided by the lines of his background architecture; to do it thus with entire success is very difficult and proves the past master in composition. Pinturicchio, on the other hand, having a space to fill, puts a fountain or an *ædiculus* of some sort right in the middle of his lunette and by modelling it in relief makes it ultra forceful. Its rigid lines and upward or downward curves at once provide the essential trendings needed to echo and counter the circumferential shape, and the painter no longer has to greatly trouble himself about the arrangement of his figures. He has solved his problem in a very easy way, which does not demand consummate compositional skill, but only a little good judgment. This mode of procedure is notable with Pinturicchio and has not been sufficiently emphasized by critics.

Never was there franker conventionalism than Bernardo's; the artist means first that his gold and relief shall mark out the architectonic distribution of his general scheme of decoration, his main patterning, and for this, as has been said, he uses his temples, porticos, thrones, pillars — *nota bene* — nearly always background, or at most middle ground objects. Next he proposes that bits of gilded gypsum shall spangle all his vacant spaces thickly enough to at once enrich them and put them into proper relation with his larger gilded masses. He is the most free-handed of decorators in this cheerful dredging of angels and people, mountains and plains, with fine plaster and finer gold and the angular movements of Fiorenzo da Lorenzo's school are angularized yet more by stiff rows of large gilded buttons outlining the armored limbs of youthful soldiers. In the foreground of a lunette, Saint Barbara, her palms joined, her face looking as though someone had struck it awry, jostling each feature a little out of place yet not quite destroying its charm, is painted flatly. Near by a soldier is painted flatly, too, save for a helmet modelled in relief, while another man holds a scimitar which looks like a real one half embedded in the plaster. Above in the vaulting, little bulls, little griffins, little monuments of every sort and shape jut from the painted surface, and perhaps in the background to our Barbara's tower, a tiny castle upon a mountain supposed to be miles away, sticks out in gilded relief like a wasp's nest against a wall and takes its place as a foreground object. For Pinturicchio does not care a button — certainly not a gilded button—for the atmospheric relation of his painted people and things; to this we must get used, and the adjustment is not difficult because at first, in these big

rooms with their multiplication of small forms, you do not notice these relations at all, but feel instead those larger relations for which the artist has cared a very great deal, the relations of his patterns and his colors.

For the superb result of the decoration Pinturicchio is responsible, for the execution of much of the detail he is not, save as impresario; many of the figures are ignoble, far below Bernardo's lowest mark, a few of them on the contrary seem to rise almost above his best capacity for firm and correct drawing. Modern criticism refuses not only to accept the work of one hand throughout the rooms, which is natural enough, but also declines to recognize even the homogeneity of a school. If we accept dicta which are in part borne out by the observation of all familiar with Italian art, the decoration of the Borgia apartments is a vast inter-provincial patchwork where in the same rooms, sometimes even in the same lunettes, Lombards, Florentines, Umbrians and Sienese have painted together and—all honor be to Bernardo di Betto di Biagio as designer, decorator, and director—have created an harmonious *ensemble*.

Critics have not hesitated to accredit the constituent parts of this same *ensemble* to the influences of schools and men far apart indeed, pointing out here figures deriving from Botticelli, Piero di Cosimo, Fiorenzo da Lorenzo, Bramantino, there the architecture of the Milanese, and again the landscape of the Umbrians framing it all.

To Pinturicchio is given by general consensus the whole of the Saint Catherine lunette and a large part of many other subjects.

Schmarsow and Ehrle accredit the whole lunette called La Musica to Perugino or at least to some very clever imitative pupil of that master. Messrs. Schmarsow and Ehrle are authorities, and certainly some of the figures, especially of enthroned women and *putti*, are intensely Peruginesque, and yet it is not sure that these little frescoed people can be certainly allotted to their creators. If Perugino, for instance, painted the first youth to the left of La Musica—he sits playing upon a harp—then who painted the long-haired youth (ascribed by consensus to Pinturicchio) who stands one hand on hip, the other grasping his drapery, in the right centre of the fresco upon the outside of the Piccolomini Library entrance, in the Duomo of Siena, and who painted many of his brothers, brothers as to the characteristic treatment of jawbone, cheekbones, and chin?

In Umbrian work the juxtaposition of Perugino, Pinturicchio, the boy Raphael, of Fiorenzo's and Signorelli's influences is still perplexing. The type first suggested by one hardly knows whom, but mainly evolved by Pietro Vanucci appears with troubling frequency wherever the panels or frescoes of the Perugian hill-country are found, and it will no more down than will the Leonardesque type in Lombardy. Certainty of attribution has not yet been arrived at, and there is still much room in the fascinating field of conjecture.

But whoever may have been the others among Pinturicchio's assistants, there is one whom we can identify beyond all peradventure and who has done more for the Borgia rooms than Tuscan or Lombard or Umbrian, than has Perugino even.

Hic coronavit opus and his name is Time. The more subtle color is, either in its brilliancy or its depth, the less time can do for it; but the stronger and more varied the pigments in their juxtaposition to gold or silver, the more chance there is for the chemistry of darkness and light, dampness and dryness. In all Europe elsewhere it is doubtful whether lapse of days has brought such wealth of change, of *patina* veiling the crude and reconciling the antagonistic, of red weathering into orange, blue running into green, gold turning to copper, brass, verdigris, or remaining gold, but of a dozen different tonings.

Close at Pinturicchio's hand and painted but a dozen years later are the two most famous cycles of frescoes of all time, the cycles of Raphael and Michael. With these he has nothing to do, nothing to do with the power and loftiness of Del Sarto in the Scalzi cloister of Florence. Or if we take two master-decorators, Rubens and Tiepolo, they are at the antipodes as to methods, should we compare them with Pinturicchio. But there are many paths up Parnassus, and some which do not lead straight to the very summit, yet leave the pilgrim at a vantage point where he may be seen and praised of all men. In their own way the Borgia apartments are unequalled, and the candid critic admits that Pinturicchio, Alexander VI, and Time have among them left to us the richest and most splendid fresco decoration in Europe.

Edwin Howland Blashfield.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

SHE HAD MEANT TO WAIT FOR HIM ON THE TERRACE.

"Sanctuary," page 149.

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THE COUNTY FAIR

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

THE Wise Man of our Valley stood before the tent of the dancing girls. He had been called there by the tall showman, who was pacing up and down the platform, and in tones now soft and pleading, now thundering through a megaphone, was gathering a goodly company to hear his persuasion. Persuasive the show-man was. He was matching his glib tongue against the muffled beat of horses' hoofs on the track, against the music of the hurdy-gurdy in the merry-go-round, against the puff and purr of the traction engine exhibiting close by, against the shrill cries of a score of barkers along the white street. He was winning. The clang of tambourines, the boom of bass-drums, the redoubled shouts of his rivals failed to turn the tide that had set toward his tent. Behind him stood his company, two women, one in green, the second in pink, bold figures for the glare of the early afternoon, and a background of shimmering canvas. Before him was a motley gathering. The Dunker and his mild-eyed wife had paused out of curiosity, and stayed to stare and listen. They had come wittingly, to look upon the world and the devil. They had found them. And now, fortified by the poke-bonnet and the wide, flat hat, they were gazing upon them solemnly and critically, and yet without envy or guile. Whether or not they looked in condemnation could not be told, for the Dunker face is impassive, and the Dunker eye seldom flashes except when the spirit is stirred by religious emotion. Pressing closer about were young men from the town—dashing fellows with pink shirts and large watch-chains; their less fortunate and staider brothers from the country, baking in their winter blacks, heavy garments, redolent with camphor; old men whose beards seemed to act as weights by which the mouths were kept open without effort. Here and there were women—the plain women of the country, the gay women of the world—of that smallest and yet biggest of worlds, the county town. On the outskirts hovered the small boys, from the dignified youngster with a little sister in tow and a quarter to spend, to the ragged, barefooted urchin who had dropped from the clouds and had a care not to fall near the ticket-taker's gate.

"The dancin' girls—the dancin' girls," thundered the show-man.

Then resting his megaphone on a chair and leaning gracefully on it, he took up his discourse.

"The show that we offer you is an education in itself. It is the show that made the Midway in Chicago famous. It is the show that drawed the ay-lite of Paris to the Exposition there. It is the show that will be the feature of the St. Looey Centennial that is to come. And why? The lady on my right hand, who I now interduce, is the world-famed Little Egypt." The celebrity in green kissed her hand to the audience and smiled languidly. "There ain't a lady or a gentleman here to-day but what

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has heard of this famous Egypti'n. She has danced before the crowned heads of Europe; she has been petted an' dined be the ay-lite of the world's capitals, an' is now on her way to appear in the opery-house in New York. That you have a chance to see her is be special arrangement. Havin' a day off, she has consented to appear here that you, ladies an' gentlemen, may attend her amazin' performance."

The girl in green stepped to the front of the platform, and with a languid smile and a few curtseys and steps gave a hint of that wondrous grace of hers. Then she leaned against the tent and watched the clouds. The dancer in pink lounged forward and stood on one foot, with arms akimbo, looking away off somewhere, over the midway, over the field, over the hills.

"Alvarita," cried the show-man, with a wave of his hand. "Cousin of the world-famed Carmencita, an' herself a Spanish lady of high birth. She is known in every quarter of the globe. His Royal Highness the King o' Englan', then Prince o' Wales, seen her dance before the London court an' sent her a boket of flowers. Of her a poet has said, 'Fairer than a lily, nimbler than a fawn.' To see her in her performance alone is worth double the money we ask—one dime—only one dime, to see the world-famed ladies in their beautiful entertainment."

The Wise Man of our Valley stroked his beard. From the show-man, now passing ticket after ticket to the line before him, he looked at a silver coin which twirled in his hand. From the coin he looked at me and smiled grimly.

"It is an education," he said. "What would us farmers do without this annual schoolin'? I come here to-day a pore, ignorant feller, an' be the judicious use of



An orange or a tintype.—Page 132.



Perched on a fence.—Page 138.



Veteran Fireman.

a dollar I've seen things I'm blessed sure I'd never see in any other place. Mind the mermaid—the pickled mermaid down there. What a wonderful thing that was to stedy, an' for only five cents. An' the wild man from the Filipinos! We hear a heap o' them Filipino Islands these days, an' it's a special treat to see a feller from them parts a-caperin' 'round a cage, an' to see them feed him—only I wish they wouldn't 'a' spoiled him be tattooin' an eagle on his arm. Still, they is rumors that he was a barber before he become a Filipino, an' that it's the captivity that upsets his mind most, but it's well worth the money to watch him gnaw an' roar. They'll tell you these fairs is dyin' out—that they ain't so good as they used to be. Nonsense! As long as the human race is cravin' information the county fair'll be an institution. Where else could we see a lady an' a gentleman box like the two there in the tent be the wheel of fortune? Not seen it? That's well worth a dime. You might supposin' they was married, the way the lady hits the gentleman. You might——"

"The entertainment is about to begin," shouted the show-man.

He seemed to address himself entirely to the worthy standing before him, hesitating and still twirling the coin.

"Little Egypt is now ascending up on the stage." The megaphone was aimed point-blank at my wise friend, and to add to its persuasion the twang of the banjo sounded from the tent.

"It's an education," said the old man, and, joining the line, we went in.

To the clink of the banjos the girl was dancing. We saw her over a bank of hats, a black foreground for the green figure swinging to and fro in the pinkish light of the tent. And there was a personality about those hats. Each seemed in itself a spectator and the man beneath it a mere useless appendage. There were hats with brims of dandyish curl and crowns at a dashing tilt; *blasé* fedoras, drooping in a melancholy fashion that spoke a soul sated with the world and living for art; solemn hats, God-fearing headgear with straight brims, refusing to look devil-may-care, however abandonedly slanted; bulky hats, crowning ponderous figures and hiding, it seemed, heavy eyes and wide-open mouths. Before them, backward and forward over the little stage, flashed the bold figure. Hers might have been a dance of Egypt, of Spain, of Ireland—perhaps it was a little of them

all—but dance the girl did. There was a rugged grace in her movements; there was life and spirit.

Little Egypt? So the show-man called her. Little Egypt, the omnipresent! I



saw her again that very week, down in a country called Egypt also. There Happy Joe Robinson presented her to a company of the drooping folks of lower Illinois. Her hair was red, and she wore pink, and timed her little steps to a wheezy melodeon. Happy Joe, too, explained that this same girl had made the Midway famous, and it was by the merest chance that he had been able to add her to his galaxy of stars, then touring the Mississippi in the greatest show under the sun. We met again at the street fair in Missouri—at least the glib show-man, pointing to a buxom woman in black, declared that, on the "bond of his guarantee," it was the celebrated dancer; yet that very month, in blue plush, she danced on Fireman's Day on the shore of the Sound—Oh, Egypt! Egypt!



Having a mighty good time.

But what would our county fair be without her; what without the mermaid, or the lady boxer, or the wild Filipino gnawing at his beef-bone? My Wise Man told me that day, when Alvarita had made her closing bow, that he had picked too many apples in his time to drive six miles to see one simply because it was particularly big. His position seems just.

When since the break of winter you have been plodding your fields; when at last you have shaved your acres clean and stuffed your barn until no room is left even for the pigeons; when you have sent your little ones over to their aunts and gathered your medium ones about you in the spring-wagon on the promise that they will not stray from their mother's sight; when you have headed your team for the county fair, the prize pumpkin, the fattest hog, or your neighbor Lizzie Lumpkin's beautiful hand-painting in the art-gallery, are not likely to prove of very great drawing power. These are the things of your workaday life. If you are a bachelor, sentimental and anxious to make a deep impression on a certain young woman, the vital question is not whether she wishes to see the latest style harvester or the Perry Brothers' exhibit of Plymouth Rocks. It is rather, does she want an orange or a tintype. If you are particularly wealthy, you may even treat her to having her eyes examined by the oculist in the tent by the lunch-room.

The exhibits of live-stock and machinery are the reason of the being of the county fair. From them we may learn the plain truths of the agricultural gospel. In the music of the merry-go-round, in the rattle of the shooting gallery, and the shouts of the show-men we have the ritual. It is these that give life and light to the day and perhaps as we wander along the tented street, with every sense sated, the eye with color, from the red pop-corn to the green dancer; the ear with the crash of the hurdy-gurdy, the whine of the band, and the cries of the barkers; the taste with a half-green banana or a bit of patent taffy, there may by chance be driven into our dull minds some truths as to the value of lime on clay ground or of oyster-shells in hens.

There is life at the county fair, whether it be along the shores of the Sound, among the fat farms of the Lebanon Valley, in the groves of Egypt, or on the rolling fields



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

I had heard of that storied city of the Bible, Cairo.—Page 145.



A Balloon Man.

of Kansas. So I found it. Long ago John Gay caught the spirit:

The mountebank now treads the stage and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack-pudding, in his parti-colour'd jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
Of raree-shows, he sung, and Punch's feats
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Were the poet turning his verses to-day he might add a few lines embodying the moving pictures, the glass-blowers, and the balloon. But had he wandered with the Wise Man among the people of our valley, had he sat beneath the canvas of Happy Joe's Greatest Show under the Sun, or watched the baby-show in the Kansas grove, he would have felt that, after all, he had covered the ground very fully.

The county fairs, North, East, South, or West, are alike in the main points. In the people themselves the chief differences are found, and these, for the most part, are tonsorial and sartorial—in the cut of the beard and the cut of the coat. The cut of the brain is pretty much the same everywhere. So much is this true that in taking stock of gatherings of this kind it seems wrong to exclude the horse-show in the Madison Square Garden. What is it, after all, but a county fair stripped of its side-shows? The people find themselves entertaining enough to do without them. The exhibits do differ, but about as many persons are there to watch the horses as go with the Wise Man to see the prize pumpkin. It is a great social rendezvous. And right here we have the key-note of the success of the fair. At all of them we have the smart set. In the Garden it looks bored and sits in a box. In Kansas it is a bit less bored and sits in a newly painted buggy. In Egypt it rides a mule. At all we have a middle class and all the other classes which according to the Declaration do not exist. For does not snobbery work from the bottom up rather than from the top down?

I endeavored to explain this similarity to our Wise Man that day as we leaned over the rail by the track watching some horses being worked before a race. It was difficult to point out to him how there could be any



The boldest figure "down East."—Page 136.

interest in a fair where the people constituted themselves the show. When he heard how the great ones and the little ones of the land walked around and around, gazing at one another, he smiled gently.

"Say," he said, "don't you s'pose it kind o' tickles the angels to watch 'em?"

There was no time to reply. But if



Watching the "exempts" go by.—Page 138.

angels do smile they must have at that moment.

The race was off. A minute—and it was sweeping by us! We clambered on the rail and leaned madly over to get a glimpse of the finish. Two black bonnets and two broad black bodies shot out to obstruct our view. We knew them. We had seen these same Dunker sisters with a tall, pious brother in the poultry show discussing in low whispers Black Langhams, Buff Cochins, and Brown Leghorns. The tall, pious brother was gone, but we suspected that he might be found at the other end of the grand stand taking a clandestine view of the sport.

This racing is a terrible thing! Right before our eyes, across the track there, a lot of young men are struggling and shouting in a mad scramble for gain. Dollars risked on the speed of a horse! A week's earnings wagered on a single contest! Just two Sabbaths ago at the big bush-meeting, Brother Pulsifer, with this very day in mind, inveighed strongly against the race and the wine-cup. But Brother Pulsifer is near-sighted! Brother Pulsifer is deaf! He knows not the music in the muffled thunder of the bunch as they swing around the bend; in the shrill Hi! Hi! of the jockeys; in the roar of the grand-stand. Brother Pulsifer is a pious man and learned, but we wonder if he has read what the Good Book says of the ostrich, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and

forgetteth that the foot may crush them:" "God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath He imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

It is the broad felt hats, the poke-bonnets and the buttonless Amish garb that give a distinctive tone to our Pennsylvania fairs, just as the fireman in his red coat and helmet, with a few extra caps suspended like canteens from his belt, stands



Little Egypt, the omnipresent.—Page 132

Hold fast, sister! hold fast! Here, take a hand and climb on the second rail —you can lean over farther. They're off, sister! They're off! For the horse "saith among the trumpets Ha! Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

out as the boldest figure in the county gatherings further "down East." Again, you will notice a nautical cut in the beards near the coast. In the farmer you will find just enough of the bowl of the sea, and in the sailor just enough of the stride of the furrow to make it a grave question as to



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Happy Joe Robinson's show was eminently refined.—Page 141.



Droop, droop, droop.—Page 140.

whether to address a stranger as "Friend" or "Captain." They affect a peculiar style that is misleading. Studying a group of men perched on a fence watching the "exempts" go by, preceded by a bibulous band and followed by a rattling hand-engine, I have found it impossible to tell which kept summer boarders, which farmed in legitimate fashion, which sailed an oyster-sloop or was master of a stout clipper. Their clothes would have served equally well in a lumber-camp or a nor'-easter.

Move westward, and this problem will never perplex you. Where he appears at all, the fireman is relegated to a minor place, and the veteran comes to the fore. The old soldier is the most sociable of his race. His age and honors give him time to spend four days at the fair, where the rest of us look on one as dissipation. So in Ohio, in Indiana, in Illinois, when in doubt you say "Comrade." But usually the veteran is unmistakably stamped by the faded blue uniform, the G. A. R. hat, and the large umbrella he invariably carries to protect them. To him the fair is no real treat. It is a side-show, indeed compared to the dedication of a monument or a regimental reunion. He has seen too many of them to rush about throwing baseballs at babies or tossing rings over canes. He is *blasé*. He plants himself in the shade of the band-stand, with a few of his cronies gathered about him, and discusses things in general.

My friend the Editor down in Egypt introduced me to a grand soldier—a little, brown man, with the uniform, the hat, and the umbrella. He had served in the Two Hundred and Something Illinois. The Editor made note of his presence for a local, and learned that he had just spent a week at the gathering up the road, and would have been in Washington that day at the great reunion had not his wife been took down with malary. He had come to the fair so as not to disturb her. Strolling with him along the line of booths and through the stocksheds, we fell in with a dignified, middle-aged man in black—a large black derby, black tie, black-striped shirt, and a very close-fitting and shiny

black suit. This person confided to us that he was a stranger and had crossed the river from Missoury with the twofold purpose of picking up a span of mules and seeing a lady friend. Together we wandered about the sunless grove, now venturing a guess on the weight of a hog, now tickling a colt with the drover's buggy whip, now pausing to watch a party of young men in the rifle-gallery.

I thought of our Wise Man and our fair. How out of place he would be here! How uninteresting he would hold it! This was a region that the wild Filipino, the lady boxer, and the heaviest actors in the world had not discovered. The Editor had apologized for it. It was mainly a social gathering, he explained, as we stood at the gate and he pointed across the road and into the woods where several families were camping in canvas-covered wagons.



In the poultry show.—Page 135.

In our valley they wear their hats on the backs of their heads on these feast-days. Here they pull them down over their ears. In our valley hat-brims, hair, beards, elbows point in every direction in an untrimmed, merry way. Here they all droop.

This drooping strikes one very forcibly when he leaves the plain of central Illinois and meets the first outpost of Egypt lean-



There was a personality about those hats.—Page 131.

ing against a pillar of the store porch, not even blinking. The hat-brim droops, almost hiding the face; the corners of the eyes droop; the long, thin mustache, the shoulders, even the trousers over the boot-tops, droop, droop, droop. He looks as though he were being continually rained on Even his mule seems to catch this dejected spirit. In the hills this oddity is still more marked. Further on in the open country near where the rivers meet the impression will not leave you. That day as I passed the gates into the grove the trees seemed as staid as the people. The heavy oaks almost shut the sunlight out, and in the cool shade the good folks of Egypt stood in little knots, exchanging greetings and discussing timely topics. On every stump there was an old man, or a woman with a baby. A thin stream wandered through the art-gallery, among the stock-pens, and back past the booths where the young men were spending their nickels with royal recklessness, but the centre of interest was the gate, for here you could see who was coming and going, and this was a social occasion.

As we sauntered about, the Veteran

talked of up the river and down the river, and of his wife's folks in Arkansaw; the Drover spoke of his own country on the Missouri side, and the Editor explained that this was his first year away from the water. I ventured to remark that even if a bit inland the country was charming and the people most interesting; they carried one back to Huckleberry Finn.



First outpost of Egypt.—Page 139.

"Huckleberry who?" inquired the Editor, putting his hand to his ear.

"Huckleberry Finn," I shouted. The Veteran shook his head.

"Finn—Finn—Finn," he said, slowly, groping around the back of his neck with his hand, as though he had expected to find some information there.

The Drover allowed that the Finns lived either on this side or down in Arkansaw. The Editor shook his head.

So natural was the way in which they disclaimed Huckleberry, it began to seem possible that in their wanderings they might have run across Judge Thatcher or the Wilkses. Mutual acquaintances of this kind are sometimes embarrassing. Recalling a New York man who had met Mr. Pecksniff several times at his club—or was under the impression that he had seen him there, at least—it now seemed wiser to change the trend of our conversation by suggesting the matinee.

Happy Joe Robinson's show was eminently refined. That was his drawing-card. Standing before his tent he introduced us to one after another of his company—to Merry Jim, the negro impersonator; to Professor McGonigle, the juggler; to Little Egypt and the McChider children — and between each little speech he was careful to reiterate that their performance had been given in many towns under church auspices. This might easily have been true. If Merry Jim's buffoonery was a bit rugged, if Professor McGonigle had the air of Chicago,



A Type.



He was comfortably fixed to describe the glories to come.—Page 146.

and Little Egypt suggested the chorus, the songs and dances of the McChider children were worthy of the Sunday-school cantata. Happy Joe himself taught a great lesson when he sang to the accompaniment of a melodeon. Every long song has a moral. In this case it was repeated at the end of each of the twenty stanzas—Remember you have children of your own. Half of the audience was made up of small boys and girls; there was present a goodly

proportion of babies in arms, but that made no difference. How could they forget the tall figure in the long purple frock-coat and the low waistcoat, with a great brown hat crushed in his hand, and swinging rhythmically to and fro! One could not but feel that in after years, when they did have children of their own, the admonition thundered at them that afternoon would be remembered.

The Veteran said that it was a grand song, and I agreed with him. He declared that the performance as a whole was well worth the ten cents. The Drover had been to St. Louis, and so intimated that he would be charitably silent. The Editor explained that it was as much as we could expect so far inland. But over along the river——

Yes, over along the river things are different. There is more life there. So many boats go up and down, and floating shows and all that. Six miles is a long way inland, and these are primitive parts, but when you have come from Kansas they are restful. For Kansas is different, too, and there is life there. Here you do the fair in an hour, and retire to a stump, and doze and talk. There before the baby-show is over the races have begun, and when they have been run, the foot-ball game is on. Nightfall sends you to the International Hotel, and you have just time for supper, and hurry back to the grounds for the opera.

Life in Kansas in fair times is very wearing. If you are resolute, though, and forego the races and the foot-ball game, you will find things to see. In the morning you can watch the judges looking over the live-stock on the track enclosure, but there are so few people about then that it is dull. By noon it is livelier. The Minister and I reached the scene just as the afternoon boom had begun. We had a light luncheon in the tent supervised by the ladies of Zion Church, and started out as the band in the grand-stand opened its patriotic concert. Of the races we saw little or nothing, of course. We had a few sly glimpses of the pacers, and saw all of the mule and chariot contests from a secluded spot at the end of the track. But we missed the running and trotting. For myself, I had wearied of these things and of the side-shows so abundant in the East, and was content to be led through the pens and sheds where I could see what the rolling country about us was producing.



"Dey's somfin' goin' on."

The agricultural implements alone were an artistic treat. For is there anything more beautiful than a binder fresh from the factory; anything more inspiring than a plough with its bright red beam and glistening share; anything more powerful than the mighty steam thresher! Unless you have farmed and have discussed with your next neighbor the advantage of this cultivator or the defects of that mower, you'd better watch the races. If you are an artist, longing for what you hold life's

higher things, go to the gallery and gaze on some bad copy of nature. But here is where we find the best art! Cunning hands must have laid the red and green on this harvester, turned that projecting iron into a duck's-head, transformed the cross-bar into a golden rib. So light and dashing it looks, we almost fancy it, horse-winnowing. For the purpose of illustrating a point in the sermon the biblical methods were infinitely superior. Picture Ruth following a binder! Having found this line of thought, he started on a careful survey of it, but by good fortune our wanderings had carried us to a large pavilion.



He is *blasé*.—Page 138.

less, gliding through the grain. The sulky plow, the self-acting hay-rake, even the humble potato-lifter, seem to be tugging at their tethers. These machines, in the glory of their paint, are too beautiful to use! They should be collected in some gallery where we could wander among them, tying knots on imaginary sheaves; planting corn on a smooth, clean floor; listening to the music of the sheller crunching but the choicest ears; dozing to the swish and roar of the thresher as the dustless straw beats through it. It is like hanging a Van Dyck on a fence to send them into the field.

The Minister agreed with me. He believed in the old system of gleaning and

Standing outside on a little elevation, we looked down on a field of bonnets, which seemed to muffle a mighty buzz, now dying, now swelling again, now silent as a clerical-looking man stepped to the edge of the platform at the distant end.

"Lot 56," he cried, reading from a catalogue in his hand. "Lot 56—best boy baby over one year and not exceeding one year and six months—shown by the mother. Prize, $2. Twelve entries."

The buzz became a roar. Twelve mothers lifted themselves from the chaos of bonnets and climbed to the platform. From that moment the clergyman and his fellow judges were lost to our view. At rare intervals we could catch sight of a



This racing is a terrible thing.—Page 135.

bit of black coat or a bald head, but they were quickly gone again.

My Minister mopped his brow. "I was a judge last year," he said.

A meek little man was standing close by, and we heard him chuckle.

"It is remarkable the way the women go in for it," he exclaimed. "Why, it'll take 'em a month to get over the decisions, and for the rest of their lives them judges won't have any repytations for eyesight or sense. I know how it is with my wife. She put Emily in with the best girls under one, last year. The child wasn't even placed. This year she has William in Lot 55, and I s'pose she's busy this minute explainin'——"

He stopped. He made a rush for a little woman who was forcing her way out of the crowd. She was holding a baby so high in the air that we could see a blue ribbon on his arm. It was William.

Several times that afternoon we saw the same young gentleman, and on every occasion he was reposing on the arm of the meek, scoffing little man, and he so reposed that the blue ribbon could not be missed.

While the baby show may be a source of much dissension in a community, it serves one good purpose. This is the time to visit the Palace of Art, for when the competition of the infants is on, this distinctly feminine side of the fair is deserted. So we found it. We wandered almost alone about the big hall, and with that privilege a long journey is repaid. But you can see much the same thing in our valley. Kansas may grow taller corn than we do, but our neighbor Lizzie Lumpkin's "Bit of the Susquehanna" equals, at least, this prize-winning blue grove. Her "Storm Off Atlantic City" far surpasses that "Moonlight on the Ocean." We can show you some beautiful fruits, both in oil and water-color in our valley, but in crayon and pencil we are far behind these. We have not passed the horse and cow class. Some day, perhaps, our Miss Lumpkin will give up blue and green for black and white, and we shall be able to do something in "after Gibsons" and panels full of cranes.

Kansas may boast of her corn and her cattle, but in the fine arts our valley holds her own. Leave the pictures and move along the hall. That embroidered frame is striking. I saw nothing like it at our fair, but down in Egypt there was a patchwork quilt, a mosaic in cotton, that makes that great one there look like a solid piece of material. That is an exquisite splasher —the one beneath the hand-made dress —and it is a prize-winner, too, but against those yellow slippers I'd match the pair Miss Lumpkin's mother crocheted for Mr. Lumpkin, and I'd win. The embroidered pillow-shams, the paper flowers, the best-dressed doll and the honorable mention whisk-broom holder are well enough in their way, but we hurry by them, being men.

Being men, we pause again. From art in hand-painting, we have soared into

art in cake-baking. Before us on long tables rise rows of monuments to housewifery—chocolate-layer and cocoanut, marble, mountain, sponge and snow, angel-food and jelly-twist. How fine they must have looked on the first day! Now they seem a bit depressed. From each one a triangular slice has been cut. It lies wearily across the top, and a crescent hole in its corner shows where the official teeth have been. The cake has been judged! There is no need for it to swell up. So it sags.

The best dried corn, the canned cherries, the preserved tomatoes, the candied pears and strawberry jelly look the same North, East, South, and West, but they are as essential features of the county fair as the races and the live-stock. They lift it above the street-fair's level.

In some parts of the West they will tell you that these street-fairs are driving out the fine old county gatherings. It can never be. The street-fair is altogether a commercial venture, designed by the small merchants to gather in their town a crowd that will spend its money freely. Several large companies supply the attractions, and for a consideration from the associated store-keepers and saloon-men, they take over the village, block its thoroughfares with cheap shows, and make day and night hideous with the blare of their bands and the shouts of their barkers. The company gets the dimes taken in at the score of gates. The merchants make their profit from the crowd. The crowd flocks from show to show, and eats pop-corn and shouts as though it were having a mighty good time.

From the bright, trim Kansas grove, and the shade of the Egypt oaks, I dropped into the dusty streets of a Missouri town when it was crowded with these cheap shows. It soon was wearisome. There were no stumps to sit on, no trees to lounge under when one tired of listening to the barkers. And that was all there was to do, for the best of the shows was on the outside. The show-men themselves were far more entertaining than any performances they had to offer within their gates, and in their particular line they were wonders. Our Eastern barkers are mere tyros beside these fellows. A few here did simply lie roughly. The bullet-headed man that managed the snakes, allowed me to look, free of charge, at the boa-constrictor's teeth, and shouted at me that within there were seven hundred and fifty wrigglin' reptiles, and that I had his personal word of honor that the charmer before me had been two years in the Smithsonian Institution and had been declared by Government experts to be immune from a rattler's poison. I simply did not believe him. But the little fellow in the frock-coat, a derby, and a white bow tie, looking every inch a Sunday-school superintendent, took me into his confidence, and explained that it was high time I left the old farm and saw the world. I had heard of that storied city of the Bible, Cairo, and he had brought it to my very door. Here was an opportunity for me to see how the streets and houses looked; how the people lived, how they prayed to their strange gods, and how they fought. He was so kind and confidential about it that I felt really disappointed when I paid my dime and found in his tent a camel, a donkey, and a few Chicago Arabs.

With the memory of this fresh in my mind I stood listening to a handsome bronzed man before the animal show. He told us stories of life in the jungle, of the battles of lions and tigers, of the intelligence of the elephant and the cunning of the wolf. He had about him large pictures of all the beasts, and made his lecture clearer by referring to them with a long, pedagogic pointer. He told us of the lessons in fortitude, patience, and love that we could learn from the jungle people, and closed with a few words on the triumph of the mind over brute force as it would be illustrated when the lady in pink stepped into the den of roaring lions. Had I paid my money and gone away it would have been well spent. The fellow was so gentle and yet so masterful that you believed him in spite of yourself. And when you went within to see one lion, a few parrots, and an intellectual pony, the bullet-head man with his seven hundred and fifty wriggling snakes seemed truthful beside this master of their art.

But street-fairs must differ. Some of them must rise to the plane of the county fair. Some must fulfil the promise of the

posters. One I have heard of, and I hope to go back to that Indiana town and do it from end to end with my friend the Chief of Police. It was he who told me of it. Our acquaintance thus far has been very limited, but when we parted it was with the promise that we should meet again. And when that promise is fulfilled he is to show me things well worth so long a journey.

We met in the early morning on the platform of the station. I had slept that night in the Palace Hotel. The hotel is in the station. This being a junction point my room was bounded on two sides by railroads. By midnight it seemed as though the house was the hub of a great spoke-work of tracks. The train East was due at four o'clock. The clerk, with kind precaution, awakened me at three. Outside on the platform I found a solitary man sitting in the glare of the electric light. It was easy to tell by the helmet perched on the top of his head and by the brass buttons on his blue cutaway coat that he was the police-officer of the town on night patrol. The proper thing to do on meeting the police-officer of a small place is to address him as "Chief." In this instance the proper thing was done, and the Chief waved me to a chair at his side.

There was a silence which at a time like this could be broken only by a cigar. It was offered with an apology for its character.

The Chief held it up under the light and gazed at it from afar off. "It looks as if it'll smoke," he said.

He spoke as though the act of smoking was to be voluntary on the part of the cigar, but in reality he helped it along by puffing very hard.

"Goin' East?" he asked.

"New York."

"Comin' back October 9th, of course?"

"I think not."

"No? Now I tell you it 'ud be well worth your while," he cried. "By crickety! it would. You just otter see our street-fair."

"Oh! is that all?" I said.

"All! Ain't that enough? You've never seen our street-fair, man, have you? Well, once you've seen it, you'll come regular. Now, to give you an idee—" He paused and smoked.

"To give you an idee, we have—" He smoked again. Then he fired it. "We have a Queen!"

"A Queen?" said I, getting at last waked up to the importance of the thing.

"Why, we crown her," he exclaimed. "You see it's this way. We vote for two weeks proceedin' the crownin'. Every vote costs five cents. I know one feller in this town who has already spent forty dollars ballotin' for his lady. Whoever gets the most votes is Queen, an' we give her a diamon' ring worth $150—think of that."

"What does the Queen do?" I inquired.

"Do?" he replied, sharply. There was a note of disgust in his tone. "Do?" he repeated. "Why, man, she's a regular Queen—she don't do nothin'."

Truly this was a fair worth seeing! I told him how I felt, and he smiled. I told him that I wanted to hear more about it, and he smiled again. Tilting his chair back on two legs, he rested his head against the wall, and with his elbow on the chair-arm and the cigar smoking itself between his fingers, he was comfortably fixed to describe the glories to come.

All the Little Egypts in the world dance at that fair, and a hundred brass-bands make the streets ring with martial music. A thousand little boys in blue velveteen drag the Queen's chariot, and a thousand little girls in white dresses, white stockings, white shoes, and pink ribbons follow it, singing carols. How the diamond flashes in Her Majesty's crown! Down Main Street she goes—past the bank, past the court-house, past the post-office. Before the Presbyterian church the royal coach halts, and a mighty chorus sings an anthem. A thousand sopranos trill the high notes. A thousand basses go "arum-arum-arump." Graciously the Queen bows. And the diamond flashes again. The little boys shout and fall to the ropes. On they go! by the drug-store; past the hotel. All the eloquent barkers in the world are in this street, but when the Queen comes they are silent. All the snake-charmers in the world show their teeth and bow to the ground. All the boa-constrictors show their teeth, too. The mermaids set up a terrible splashing and try to get out of their tanks, for they hear the roar in the streets and see the people rush-

ing out of the tents. There are a great number of Professors McGonigle, and they all begin throwing knives at once, and it looks as though somebody will surely be hurt, but nobody is. There are only two McChider children in the wide world—Happy Joe told us so—and now they are piping their little song at double the regular speed. There is only one Happy Joe in the wide world, too, and when the Queen comes he catches her eye. He raises his right hand, folds back his long purple frock-coat, and hooks his thumb in a waistcoat pocket. His left hand goes to the brim of his brown fedora, and it sweeps from his head as he bows very low. The Queen has passed. The royal coach rolls on until it reaches the railroad track and doubles back into Indiana Avenue. We see Her Majesty no more.

Night comes. The ghostly tents glow in the moonlight. The street is deserted save for a single figure moving slowly to and fro across the square. He halts beneath the arc-light and stands there swinging his club. By his helmet we know him. It is the Chief. He is watching over them all—over the Queen and her court, over his town and his fair.



THE GRASS OF PARNASSUS

By John Finley

It grows not on some far and lonely height,
Reached only by steep climbing or by flight;
But nigh, in valleys, edging inland seas
Fed of sweet fountains, or on fragrant leas,
Scattering star petals 'mid the plainer grass,
Where children's feet may wander and men pass
Refreshed to drudging duties by its sight,
Or led to better living in its light.

Plant me this grass beside my homely fount,
I shall not care to climb Parnassus' mount.

SANCTUARY

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

PART I

I

IT is not often that youth allows itself to feel undividedly happy: the sensation is too much the result of selection and elimination to be within reach of the awakening clutch on life. But Kate Orme, for once, had yielded herself to happiness, letting it permeate every faculty as a spring rain soaks into a germinating meadow. There was nothing to account for this sudden sense of beatitude; but was it not this precisely which made it so irresistible, so overwhelming? There had been, within the last two months—since her engagement to Denis Peyton—no distinct addition to the sum of her happiness, and no possibility, she would have affirmed, of adding perceptibly to a total already incalculable. Inwardly and outwardly the conditions of her life were unchanged; but whereas before the air had been full of flitting wings, now they seemed to pause over her and she could trust herself to their shelter.

Many influences had combined to build up the centre of brooding peace in which she found herself. Her nature answered to the finest vibrations, and at first her joy in loving had been too great not to bring with it a certain confusion, a readjusting of the whole scenery of life. She found herself in a new country, wherein he who had led her there was least able to be her guide. There were moments when she felt that the first stranger in the street could have interpreted her happiness for her more easily than Denis. Then, as her eye adapted itself, as the lines flowed into each other, opening deep vistas upon new horizons, she began to enter into possession of her kingdom, to entertain the actual sense of its belonging to her. But she had never before felt that she also belonged to it; and this was the feeling which now came to complete her happiness, to give it the hallowing sense of permanence.

She rose from the writing-table where, list in hand, she had been going over the wedding-invitations, and walked toward the drawing-room window. Everything about her seemed to contribute to that rare harmony of feeling which levied a tax on every sense. The large coolness of the room, its fine traditional air of spacious living, its outlook over field and woodland toward the lake lying under the silver bloom of September; the very scent of the late violets in a glass on the writing-table; the rosy-mauve masses of hydrangea in tubs along the terrace; the fall, now and then, of a leaf through the still air—all, somehow, were mingled in the suffusion of well-being that yet made them seem but so much dross upon its current.

The girl's smile prolonged itself at the sight of a figure approaching from the lower slopes above the lake. The path was a short cut from the Peyton place, and she had known that Denis would appear in it at about that hour. Her smile, however, was prolonged not so much by his approach as by her sense of the impossibility of communicating her mood to him. The feeling did not disturb her. She could not imagine sharing her deepest moods with any one, and the world in which she lived with Denis was too bright and spacious to admit of any sense of constraint. Her smile was in truth a tribute to that clear-eyed directness of his which was so often a refuge from her own complexities.

Denis Peyton was used to being met with a smile. He might have been pardoned for thinking smiles the habitual wear of the human countenance; and his estimate of life and of himself was necessarily tinged by the cordial terms on which they had always met each other. He had in fact found life, from the start, an uncommonly

agreeable business, culminating fitly enough in his engagement to the only girl he had ever wished to marry, and the inheritance, from his unhappy step-brother, of a fortune which agreeably widened his horizon. Such a combination of circumstances might well justify a young man in thinking himself of some account in the universe; and it seemed the final touch of fitness that the mourning which Denis still wore for poor Arthur should lend a new distinction to his somewhat florid good looks.

Kate Orme was not without an amused perception of her future husband's point of view; but she could enter into it with the tolerance which allows for the inconscient element in all our judgments. There was, for instance, no one more sentimentally humane than Denis's mother, the second Mrs. Peyton, a scented silvery person whose lavender silks and neutral-tinted manner expressed a mind with its blinds drawn down toward all the unpleasantnesses of life; yet it was clear that Mrs. Peyton saw a "dispensation" in the fact that her step-son had never married, and that his death had enabled Denis, at the right moment, to step gracefully into affluence. Was it not, after all, a sign of healthy-mindedness to take the gifts of the gods in this religious spirit, discovering fresh evidence of "design" in what had once seemed the sad fact of Arthur's inaccessibility to correction? Mrs. Peyton, beautifully conscious of having done her "best" for Arthur, would have thought it unchristian to repine at the providential failure of her efforts. Denis's deductions were, of course, a little less direct than his mother's. He had, besides, been fond of Arthur, and his efforts to keep the poor fellow straight had been less didactic and more spontaneous. Their result read itself, if not in any change in Arthur's character, at least in the revised wording of his will; and Denis's moral sense was pleasantly fortified by the discovery that it very substantially paid to be a good fellow.

The sense of general providentialness on which Mrs. Peyton reposed had in fact been confirmed by events which reduced Denis's mourning to a mere tribute of respect—since it would have been a mockery to deplore the disappearance of any one who had left behind him such an unsavory wake as poor Arthur. Kate did not quite know what had happened: her father was as firmly convinced as Mrs. Peyton that young girls should not be admitted to any open discussion of life. She could only gather, from the silences and evasions amid which she moved, that a woman had turned up—a woman who was of course "dreadful," and whose dreadfulness appeared to include a sort of shadowy claim upon Arthur. But the claim, whatever it was, had been promptly discredited. The whole question had vanished and the woman with it. The blinds were drawn again on the ugly side of things, and life was resumed on the usual assumption that no such side existed. Kate knew only that a darkness had crossed her sky and left it as unclouded as before.

Was it, perhaps, she now asked herself, the very lifting of the cloud—remote, unthreatening as it had been—which gave such new serenity to her heaven? It was horrible to think that one's deepest security was a mere sense of escape—that happiness was no more than a reprieve. The perversity of such ideas was emphasized by Peyton's approach. He had the gift of restoring things to their normal relations, of carrying one over the chasms of life through the closed tunnel of an incurious cheerfulness. All that was restless and questioning in the girl subsided in his presence, and she was content to take her love as a gift of grace, which began just where the office of reason ended. She was more than ever, to-day, in this mood of charmed surrender. More than ever he seemed the keynote of the accord between herself and life, the centre of a delightful complicity in every surrounding circumstance. One could not look at him without seeing that there was always a fair wind in his sails.

It was carrying him toward her, as usual, at a quick confident pace, which nevertheless lagged a little, she noticed, as he emerged from the beech-grove and struck across the lawn. He walked as though he were tired. She had meant to wait for him on the terrace, held in check by her usual inclination to linger on the threshold of her pleasures; but now something drew her toward him, and she went quickly down the steps and across the lawn.

"Denis, you look tired. I was afraid something had happened."

She had slipped her hand through his

arm, and as they moved forward she glanced up at him, struck not so much by any new look in his face as by the fact that her approach had made no change in it.

"I am rather tired.—Is your father in?"

"Papa?" She looked up in surprise. "He went to town yesterday. Don't you remember?"

"Of course—I'd forgotten. You're alone, then?" She dropped his arm and stood before him. He was very pale now, with the furrowed look of extreme physical weariness.

"Denis—are you ill? *Has* anything happened?"

He forced a smile. "Yes—but you needn't look so frightened."

She drew a deep breath of reassurance. *He* was safe, after all! And all else, for a moment, seemed to swing below the rim of her world.

"Your mother——?" she then said, with a fresh start of fear.

"It's not my mother." They had reached the terrace, and he moved toward the house. "Let us go indoors. There's such a beastly glare out here."

He seemed to find relief in the cool obscurity of the drawing-room, where, after the brightness of the afternoon light, their faces were almost indistinguishable to each other. She sat down and he moved a few paces away. Before the writing-table he paused to look at the neatly-sorted heaps of wedding-cards.

"They are to be sent out to-morrow?"

"Yes."

He turned back and stood before her.

"It's about the woman," he began abruptly—"the woman who pretended to be Arthur's wife."

Kate started as at the clutch of an unacknowledged fear.

"She *was* his wife, then?"

Peyton made an impatient movement of negation. "If she was, why didn't she prove it? She hadn't a shred of evidence. The courts rejected her appeal."

"Well, then——?"

"Well, she's dead." He paused, and the next words came with difficulty. "She and the child."

"The child? There was a child?"

"Yes."

Kate started up and then sank down. These were not things about which young girls were told. The confused sense of horror had been nothing to this first sharp edge of fact.

"And both are dead?"

"Yes."

"How do you know? My father said she had gone away—gone back to the West——"

"So we thought. But this morning we found her."

"Found her?"

He motioned toward the window. "Out there—in the lake."

"Both?"

"Both."

She drooped before him shudderingly, her eyes hidden, as though to exclude the vision. "She had drowned herself?"

"Yes."

"Oh, poor thing—poor thing!"

They paused awhile, the minutes delving an abyss between them till he threw a few irrelevant words across the silence.

"One of the gardeners found them."

"Poor thing!"

"It was sufficiently horrible."

"Horrible—oh!" She had swung round again to her pole. "Poor Denis! *You* were not there—*you* didn't have to——?"

"I had to see her." She felt the instant relief in his voice. He could talk now, could distend his nerves in the warm air of her sympathy. "I had to identify her." He rose nervously and began to pace the room. "It's knocked the wind out of me. I—my God! I couldn't foresee it, could I?" He halted before her with outstretched hands of argument. "I did all I could—it's not *my* fault, is it?"

"Your fault? Denis!"

"She wouldn't take the money——" He broke off, checked by her awakened glance.

"The money? What money?" Her face changed, hardening as his relaxed. "Had you offered her *money* to give up the case?"

He stared a moment, and then dismissed the implication with a laugh.

"No—no; after the case was decided against her. She seemed hard up, and I sent Hinton to her with a cheque."

"And she refused it?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, I don't know—the usual thing. That she'd only wanted to prove she was

his wife—on the child's account. That she'd never wanted his money. Hinton said she was very quiet—not in the least excited—but she sent back the cheque."

Kate sat motionless, her head bent, her hands clasped about her knees. She no longer looked at Peyton.

"Could there have been a mistake?" she asked slowly.

"A mistake?"

She raised her head now, and fixed her eyes on his, with a strange insistence of observation. "Could they have been married?"

"The courts didn't think so."

"Could the courts have been mistaken?"

He started up again, and threw himself into another chair. "Good God, Kate! We gave her every chance to prove her case—why didn't she do it? You don't know what you're talking about—such things are kept from girls. Why, whenever a man of Arthur's kind dies, such—such women turn up. There are lawyers who live on such jobs—ask your father about it. Of course, this woman expected to be bought off——"

"But if she wouldn't take your money?"

"She expected a big sum, I mean, to drop the case. When she found we meant to fight it, she saw the game was up. I suppose it was her last throw, and she was desperate; we don't know how many times she may have been through the same thing before. That kind of woman is always trying to make money out of the heirs of any man who—who has—been about with them."

Kate received this in silence. She had a sense of walking along a narrow ledge of consciousness above a sheer hallucinating depth into which she dared not look. But the depth drew her, and she plunged one terrified glance into it.

"But the child—the child was Arthur's?"

Peyton shrugged his shoulders. "There again—how can we tell? Why, I don't suppose the woman herself—I wish to heaven your father were here to explain!"

She rose and crossed over to him, laying her hands on his shoulders with a gesture almost maternal.

"Don't let us talk of it," she said. "You did all you could. Think what a comfort you were to poor Arthur."

He let her hands lie where she had placed them, without response or resistance.

"I tried—I tried hard to keep him straight!"

"We all know that—every one knows it. And we know how grateful he was—what a difference it made to him in the end. It would have been dreadful to think of his dying out there alone."

She drew him down on a sofa and seated herself by his side. A deep lassitude was upon him, and the hand she had possessed herself of lay in her hold inert.

"It was splendid of you to travel day and night as you did. And then that dreadful week before he died! But for you he would have died alone among strangers."

He sat silent, his head dropping forward, his eyes fixed. "Among strangers," he repeated absently.

She looked up, as if struck by a sudden thought. "That poor woman—did you ever see her while you were out there?"

He drew his hand away and gathered his brows together as if in an effort of remembrance.

"I saw her—oh, yes, I saw her." He pushed the tumbled hair from his forehead and stood up. "Let us go out," he said. "My head is in a fog. I want to get away from it all."

A wave of compunction drew her to her feet.

"It was my fault! I ought not to have asked so many questions." She turned and rang the bell. "I'll order the ponies—we shall have time for a drive before sunset."

II

WITH the sunset in their faces they swept through the keen-scented autumn air at the swiftest pace of Kate's ponies. She had given the reins to Peyton, and he had turned the horses' heads away from the lake, rising by woody upland lanes to the high pastures which still held the sunlight. The horses were fresh enough to claim his undivided attention, and he drove in silence, his smooth fair profile turned to his companion, who sat silent also.

Kate Orme was engaged in one of those rapid mental excursions which were forever sweeping her from the straight path of the actual into uncharted regions of conjecture. Her survey of life had always been marked by the tendency to seek out ultimate rela-

tions, to extend her researches to the limit of her imaginative experience. But hitherto she had been like some young captive brought up in a windowless palace whose painted walls she takes for the actual world. Now the palace had been shaken to its base, and through a cleft in the walls she looked out upon life. For the first moment, all was indistinguishable blackness; then she began to detect vague shapes and confused gestures in the depths. There were people below there, men like Denis, girls like herself—for under the unlikeness she felt the strange affinity—all struggling in that awful coil of moral darkness, with agonized hands reaching up for rescue. Her heart shrank from the horror of it, and then, in a passion of pity, drew back to the edge of the abyss. Suddenly her eyes turned toward Denis. His face was grave, but less disturbed. And men knew about these things! They carried this abyss in their bosoms, and went about smiling, and sat at the feet of innocence. Could it be that Denis—Denis even——? Ah, no! She remembered what he had been to poor Arthur; she understood, now, the vague allusions to what he had tried to do for his brother. He had seen Arthur down there, in that coiling blackness, and had leaned over and tried to drag him out. But Arthur was too deep down, and his arms were interlocked with other arms—they had dragged each other deeper, poor souls, like drowning people who fight together in the waves! Kate's visualizing habit gave a hateful precision and persistency to the image she had evoked—she could not rid herself of the vision of anguished shapes striving together in the darkness. The horror of it took her by the throat—she drew a choking breath, and felt the tears on her face.

Peyton turned to her. The horses were climbing a hill, and his attention had strayed from them.

"This has done me good," he began; but as he looked his voice changed. "Kate! What is it? Why are you crying? Oh, for God's sake, *don't!*" he ended, his hand closing on her wrist.

She steadied herself and raised her eyes to his.

"I—I couldn't help it," she stammered, struggling in the sudden release of her pent compassion. "It seems so awful that we should stand so close to this horror—that it might have been you who——"

"I who——? What on earth do you mean?" he broke in stridently.

"Oh, don't you see? I found myself exulting that you and I were so far from it—above it—safe in ourselves and each other—and then the other feeling came—the sense of selfishness, of going by on the other side; and I tried to realize that it might have been you and I who—who were down there in the night and the flood——"

Peyton let the whip fall on the ponies' flanks. "Upon my soul," he said with a laugh, "you must have a nice opinion of both of us."

The words fell chillingly on the blaze of her self-immolation. Would she never learn to remember that Denis was incapable of mounting such hypothetical pyres? He might be as alive as herself to the direct demands of duty, but of its imaginative claims he was robustly unconscious. The thought brought a wholesome reaction of thankfulness.

"Ah, well," she said, the sunset dilating through her tears, "don't you see that I can bear to think such things only because they're impossibilities? It's easy to look over into the depths if one has a rampart to lean on. What I most pity poor Arthur for, is that, instead of that woman lying there, so dreadfully dead, there might have been a girl like me, so exquisitely alive because of him; but it seems cruel, doesn't it, to let what he was *not* add ever so little to the value of what you are? To let him contribute ever so little to my happiness by the difference there is between you?"

She was conscious, as she spoke, of straying again beyond his reach, through intricacies of sensation new even to her exploring susceptibilities. A happy literalness usually enabled him to strike a short cut through such labyrinths, and rejoin her smiling on the other side; but now she became wonderingly aware that he had been caught in the thick of her hypothesis.

"It's the difference that makes you care for me, then?" he broke out, with a kind of violence which seemed to renew his clutch on her wrist.

"The difference?"

He lashed the ponies again, so sharply that a murmur escaped her, and he drew them up, quivering, with an inconsequent

"Steady, boys," at which their back-laid ears protested.

"It's because I'm moral and respectable, and all that, that you're fond of me," he went on; "you're—you're simply in love with my virtues. You couldn't imagine caring if I were down there in the ditch, as you say, with Arthur?"

The question fell on a silence which seemed to deepen suddenly within herself. Every thought hung bated on the sense that something was coming: her whole consciousness became a void to receive it.

"Denis!" she cried.

He turned on her almost savagely. "I don't want your pity, you know," he burst out. "You can keep that for Arthur. I had an idea women loved men for themselves—through everything, I mean. But I wouldn't steal your love—I don't want it on false pretenses, you understand. Go and look into other men's lives, that's all I ask of you. I slipped into it—it was just a case of holding my tongue when I ought to have spoken—but I—I—for God's sake, don't sit there staring! I suppose you've seen all along that I knew he was married to the woman."

III

THE housekeeper's reminding her that Mr. Orme would be at home the next day for dinner, and did she think he would like the venison with claret sauce or jelly? roused Kate to the first consciousness of her surroundings. Her father would return on the morrow: he would give to the dressing of the venison such minute consideration as, in his opinion, every detail affecting his comfort or convenience quite obviously merited. And if it were not the venison it would be something else; if it were not the housekeeper it would be Mr. Orme, charged with the results of a conference with his agent, a committee-meeting at his club, or any of the other incidents which, by happening to himself, became events. Kate found herself caught in the inexorable continuity of life, found herself gazing over a scene of ruin lit up by the punctual recurrence of habit as nature's calm stare lights the morrow of a whirlwind.

Life was going on, then, and dragging her at its wheels. She could neither check its rush nor wrench loose from it and drop out—oh, how blessedly!—into darkness and cessation. She must go bounding on, racked, broken, but alive in every fibre. The most she could hope was a few hours' respite, not from her own terrors, but from the pressure of outward claims: the midday halt, during which the victim is unbound while his torturers rest from their efforts. Till her father's return she would have the house to herself, and, the question of the venison despatched, could give herself to long lonely pacings of the empty rooms, and shuddering subsidences upon her pillow.

Her first impulse, as the mist cleared from her brain, was the habitual one of reaching out for ultimate relations. She wanted to know the worst; and for her, as she saw in a flash, the worst of it was the core of fatality in what had happened. She shrank from her own way of putting it—nor was it even figuratively true that she had ever felt, under her faith in Denis, any such doubt as the perception implied. But that was merely because her imagination had never put him to the test. She was fond of exposing herself to hypothetical ordeals, but somehow she had never carried Denis with her on these adventures. What she saw now was that, in a world of strangeness, he remained the object least strange to her. She was not in the tragic case of the girl who suddenly sees her lover unmasked. No mask had dropped from Denis's face: the pink shades had simply been lifted from the lamps, and she saw him for the first time in an unmitigated glare.

Such exposure does not alter the features, but it lays an ugly emphasis on the most charming lines, pushing the smile to a grin, the curve of good-nature to the droop of slackness. And it was precisely into the flagging lines of extreme weakness that Denis's graceful contour flowed. In the terrible talk which had followed his avowal, and wherein every word flashed a light on his moral processes, she had been less startled by what he had done than by the way in which his conscience had already become a passive surface for the channelling of consequences. He was like a child who has put a match to the curtains, and stands agape at the blaze. It was horribly naughty to put the match—but beyond

that the child's responsibility did not extend. In this business of Arthur's, where all had been wrong from the beginning—where self-defence might well find a plea for its casuistries in the absence of a definite right to be measured by—it had been easy, after the first slip, to drop a little lower with each struggle. The woman—oh, the woman was—well, of the kind who prey on such men. Arthur, out there, at his lowest ebb, had drifted into living with her as a man drifts into drink or opium. He knew what she was—he knew where she had come from. But he had fallen ill, and she had nursed him—nursed him devotedly, of course. That was her chance, and she knew it. Before he was out of the fever she had the noose around him—he came to and found himself married. Such cases were common enough—if the man recovered he bought off the woman and got a divorce. It was all a part of the business—the marriage, the bribe, the divorce. Some of those women made a big income out of it—they were married and divorced once a year. If Arthur had only got well—but, instead, he had a relapse and died. And there was the woman, made his widow by mischance as it were, with her child on her arm—whose child?—and a scoundrelly black-mailing lawyer to work up her case for her. Her claim was clear enough—the right of dower, a third of his estate. But if he had never meant to marry her? If he had been trapped as patently as a rustic fleeced in a gambling hell? Arthur, in his last hours, had confessed to the marriage, but had also acknowledged its folly. And after his death, when Denis came to look about him and make enquiries, he found that the witnesses, if there had been any, were dispersed and undiscoverable. The whole question hinged on Arthur's statement to his brother. Suppress that statement, and the claim vanished, and with it the scandal, the humiliation, the life-long burden of the woman and child dragging the name of Peyton through heaven knew what depths. He had thought of that first, Denis swore, rather than of the money. The money, of course, had made a difference—he was too honest not to own it—but not till afterward, he declared—would have declared on his honour, but that the word tripped him up, and sent a flush to his forehead.

Thus, in broken phrases, he flung his defence at her: a defence improvised, pieced together as he went along, to mask the crude instinctiveness of his act. For with increasing clearness Kate saw, as she listened, that there had been no real struggle in his mind: that, but for the grim logic of chance, he might never have felt the need of any justification. If the woman, after the manner of such baffled huntresses, had wandered off in search of fresh prey, he might, quite sincerely, have congratulated himself on having saved a decent name and an honest fortune from her talons. It was the price she had paid to establish her claim that for the first time brought him to a startled sense of its justice. His conscience responded only to the concrete pressure of facts.

It was with the anguish of this discovery that Kate Orme locked herself in at the end of their talk. How the talk had ended, how at length she had got him from the room and the house, she recalled but confusedly. The tragedy of the woman's death, and of his own share in it, were as nothing in the disaster of his bright irreclaimableness. Once, when she had cried out, "You would have married me and said nothing," and he groaned back, "But I *have* told you," she felt like a trainer with a lash above some bewildered animal.

But she persisted savagely. "You told me because you had to; because your nerves gave way; because you knew it couldn't hurt you to tell." The perplexed appeal of his gaze had almost checked her. "You told me because it was a relief; but nothing will really relieve you—nothing will really help you—till you have told some one who—who *will* hurt you."

"Who will hurt me——?"

"Till you have told the truth as—as openly as you lied."

He started up, ghastly with fear. "I don't understand you."

"You must confess, then — publicly — openly — you must go to the judge. I don't know how it's done."

"To the judge? When they're both dead? When everything is at an end? What good could that do?" he groaned.

"Everything is not at an end for you—everything is just beginning. You must clear yourself of this guilt; and there is only one way—to confess it. And you must give back the money."

This seemed to strike him as conclusive proof of her irrelevance. "I wish I had never heard of the money! But to whom would you have me give it back? I tell you she was a waif out of the gutter. I don't believe anyone knew her real name —I don't believe she had one."

"She must have had a mother and father."

"Am I to devote my life to hunting for them through the slums of California? And how shall I know when I have found them? It's impossible to make you understand. I did wrong—I did horribly wrong —but that is not the way to repair it."

"What is, then?"

He paused, a little askance at the question. "To do better—to do my best," he said, with a sudden flourish of firmness. "To take warning by this dreadful——"

"Oh, be silent," she cried out, and hid her face. He looked at her hopelessly.

At last he said: "I don't know what good it can do to go on talking. I have only one more thing to say. Of course you know that you are free."

He spoke simply, with a sudden return to his old voice and accent, at which she weakened as under a caress. She lifted her head and gazed at him. "Am I?" she said musingly.

"Kate!" burst from him; but she raised a silencing hand.

"It seems to me," she said, "that I am imprisoned—imprisoned with you in this dreadful thing. First I must help you to get out—then it will be time enough to think of myself."

His face fell and he stammered again: "I don't understand you."

"I can't say what I shall do—or how I shall feel—till I know what you are going to do and feel."

"You must see how I feel—that I'm half dead with it."

"Yes—but that is only half."

He turned this over for a perceptible space of time before asking slowly: "You mean that you'll give me up, if I don't do this crazy thing you propose?"

She paused in turn. "No," she said; "I don't want to bribe you. You must feel the need of it yourself."

"The need of proclaiming this thing publicly?"

"Yes."

He sat staring before him. "Of course, you realize what it would mean?" he began at length.

"To you?" she returned.

"I put that aside. To others—to you. I should go to prison."

"I suppose so," she said simply.

"You seem to take it very easily—I'm afraid my mother wouldn't."

"Your mother?" This produced the effect he had expected.

"You hadn't thought of her, I suppose? It would probably kill her."

"It would have killed her to think that you could do what you have done!"

"It would have made her very unhappy; but there's a difference."

Yes: there was a difference; a difference which no rhetoric could disguise. The secret sin would have made Mrs. Peyton wretched, but it would not have killed her. And she would have taken precisely Denis's view of the elasticity of atonement: she would have accepted private regrets as the genteel equivalent of open expiation. Kate could even imagine her extracting a "lesson" from the providential fact that her son had not been found out.

"You see it's not so simple," he broke out, with a tinge of doleful triumph.

"No: it's not simple," she assented.

"One must think of others," he continued, gathering faith in his argument as he saw her reduced to acquiescence.

She made no answer, and after a moment he rose to go. So far, in retrospect, she could follow the course of their talk; but when, in the act of parting, argument lapsed into entreaty, and renunciation into the passionate appeal to give him at least one more hearing, her memory lost itself in a tumult of pain, and she recalled only that, when the door closed on him, he took with him her promise to see him once again.

IV

SHE had promised to see him again; but the promise did not imply that she had rejected his offer of freedom. In the first rush of misery she had not fully repossessed herself, had felt herself entangled in his fate by a hundred meshes of association and habit; but after a sleepless night spent with the thought of him—that dreadful

bridal of their souls—she woke to a morrow in which he had no part. She had not sought her freedom, nor had he given it: but a chasm had opened at their feet, and they found themselves on different sides.

Now she was able to scan the disaster from the melancholy vantage of her independence. She could even draw a solace from the fact that she had ceased to love Denis. It was inconceivable that an emotion so interwoven with every fibre of consciousness should cease as suddenly as the flow of sap in an uprooted plant; but she had never allowed herself to be tricked by the current phraseology of sentiment, and there were no stock axioms to protect her from the truth.

It was probably because she had ceased to love him that she could look forward with a kind of ghastly composure to seeing him again. She had stipulated, of course, that the wedding should be put off, but she had named no other condition beyond asking for two days to herself, two days during which he was not even to write. She wished to shut herself in with her misery, to accustom herself to it as she had accustomed herself to happiness. But actual seclusion was impossible: the subtle reactions of life almost at once began to break down her defences. She could no more have her wretchedness to herself than any other emotion: all the lives about her were so many unconscious factors in her sensations. She tried to concentrate herself on the thought as to how she could best help poor Denis; for love, in ebbing, had laid bare an unsuspected depth of pity. But she found it more and more difficult to consider his situation in the abstract light of right and wrong. Open expiation still seemed to her the only possible way of healing; but she tried vainly to think of Mrs. Peyton as taking such a view. Yet Mrs. Peyton ought at least to know what had happened: was it not, in the last resort, she who should pronounce on her son's course? For a moment Kate was fascinated by this evasion of responsibility; she had nearly decided to tell Denis that he must begin by confessing everything to his mother. But almost at once she began to shrink from the consequences. There was nothing she so dreaded for him as that any one should take a light view of his act: should turn its irremediableness into an excuse. And this, she foresaw, was what Mrs. Peyton would do. The first burst of misery over, she would envelop the whole situation in a mist of expediency. Brought to the bar of Kate's judgment, she at once revealed herself incapable of higher action.

Kate's conception of her was still under arraignment when the actual Mrs. Peyton fluttered in. It was the afternoon of the second day, as the girl phrased it in the dismal re-creation of her universe. She had been thinking so hard of Mrs. Peyton that the lady's silvery insubstantial presence seemed hardly more than a projection of the thought; but as Kate collected herself, and regained contact with the outer world, her preoccupation yielded to surprise. It was unusual for Mrs. Peyton to pay visits. For years she had remained enthroned in a semi-invalidism which prohibited effort while it did not preclude diversion; and the girl at once divined a special purpose in her coming.

Mrs. Peyton's traditions would not have permitted any direct method of attack; and Kate had to sit through the usual prelude of ejaculation and anecdote. Presently, however, the elder lady's voice gathered significance, and laying her hand on Kate's she murmured: "I have come to talk to you of this sad affair."

Kate began to tremble. Was it possible that Denis had after all spoken? A rising hope checked her utterance, and she saw in a flash that it still lay with him to regain his hold on her. But Mrs. Peyton went on delicately: "It has been a great shock to my poor boy. To be brought in contact with Arthur's past was in itself inexpressibly painful; but this last dreadful business —that woman's wicked act——"

"Wicked?" Kate exclaimed.

Mrs. Peyton's gentle stare reproved her. "Surely religion teaches us that suicide is a sin? And to murder her child! I ought not to speak to you of such things, my dear. No one has ever mentioned anything so dreadful in my presence: my dear husband used to screen me so carefully from the painful side of life. Where there is so much that is beautiful to dwell upon, we should try to ignore the existence of such horrors. But nowadays everything is in the papers; and Denis told me he thought it better that you should hear the news first from him."



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"But for you he would have died alone among strangers."—Page 151.

Kate nodded without speaking.

"He felt how *dreadful* it was to have to tell you. But I tell him he takes a morbid view of the case. Of course one is shocked at the woman's crime—but, if one looks a little deeper, how can one help seeing that it may have been designed as the means of rescuing that poor child from a life of vice and misery? That is the view I want Denis to take: I want him to see how all the difficulties of life disappear when one has learned to look for a divine purpose in human sufferings."

Mrs. Peyton rested a moment on this period, as an experienced climber pauses to be overtaken by a less agile companion; but presently she became aware that Kate was still far below her, and perhaps needed a stronger incentive to the ascent.

"My dear child," she said adroitly, "I said just now that I was sorry that you had been obliged to hear of this sad affair; but, after all, it is only you who can avert its consequences."

Kate drew an eager breath. "Its consequences?" she faltered.

Mrs. Peyton's voice dropped solemnly. "Denis has told me everything," she said.

"Everything?"

"That you insist on putting off the marriage. Oh, my dear, I do implore you to reconsider that!"

Kate sank back with the sense of having passed again into a region of leaden shadow. "Is that all he told you?"

Mrs. Peyton gazed at her with arch raillery. "All? Isn't it everything—to him?"

"Did he give you my reason, I mean?"

"He said you felt that, after this shocking tragedy, there ought, in decency, to be a delay; and I quite understand the feeling. It does seem too unfortunate that the woman should have chosen this particular time! But you will find as you grow older that life is full of such sad contrasts."

Kate felt herself slowly petrifying under the warm drip of Mrs. Peyton's platitudes.

"It seems to me," the elder lady continued, "that there is only one point from which we ought to consider the question—and that is, its effect on Denis. But for that we ought to refuse to know anything about it. But it has made my boy so unhappy. The law-suit was a cruel ordeal to him—the dreadful notoriety, the revelation of poor Arthur's infirmities. Denis is as sensitive as a woman; it is his unusual refinement of feeling that makes him so worthy of being loved by you. But such sensitiveness may be carried to excess. He ought not to let this unhappy incident prey on him: it shows a lack of trust in the divine ordering of things. That is what troubles me: his faith in life has been shaken. And—you must forgive me, dear child—you *will* forgive me, I know—but I can't help blaming you a little——"

Mrs. Peyton's accent converted the accusation into a caress, which prolonged itself in a tremulous pressure of Kate's hand.

The girl gazed at her blankly. "You blame *me*——?"

"Don't be offended, my child. I only fear that your excessive sympathy with Denis, your own delicacy of feeling, may have led you to encourage his morbid ideas. He tells me you were very much shocked—as you naturally would be—as any girl must be—I would not have you otherwise, dear Kate! It is *beautiful* that you should both feel so; most beautiful; but you know religion teaches us not to yield too much to our grief. Let the dead bury their dead; the living owe themselves to each other. And what had this wretched woman to do with either of you? It is a misfortune for Denis to have been connected in any way with a man of Arthur Peyton's character; but, after all, poor Arthur did all he could to atone for the disgrace he brought on us, by making Denis his heir—and I am sure I have no wish to question the decrees of Providence." Mrs. Peyton paused again and then softly absorbed both of Kate's hands. "For my part," she continued, "I see in it all another instance of the beautiful ordering of events. Just after dear Denis's inheritance has removed the last obstacle to your marriage, this sad incident comes to show how desperately he needs you, how cruel it would be to ask him to defer his happiness."

She broke off, shaken out of her habitual placidity by the abrupt withdrawal of the girl's hands. Kate sat inertly staring, but no answer rose to her lips.

At length Mrs. Peyton resumed, gathering her draperies about her with a tentative hint of leave-taking: "I may go home and tell him that you will not put off the wedding?"



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"It is simply that you have ceased to love him."—Page 160.

Kate was still silent, and her visitor looked at her with the mild surprise of an advocate unaccustomed to plead in vain.

"If your silence means refusal, my dear, I think you ought to realize the responsibility you assume." Mrs. Peyton's voice had acquired an edge of righteous asperity. "If Denis has a fault it is that he is too gentle, too yielding, too readily influenced by those he cares for. Your influence is paramount with him now—but if you turn from him just when he needs your help, who can say what the result will be?"

The argument, though impressively delivered, was hardly of a nature to carry conviction to its hearer; but it was perhaps for that very reason that she suddenly and unexpectedly replied to it by sinking back into her seat with a burst of tears. To Mrs. Peyton, however, tears were the signal of surrender, and, at Kate's side in an instant, she hastened to temper her triumph with magnanimity.

"Don't think I don't feel with you; but we must both forget ourselves for our boy's sake. I told him I should come back with your promise."

The arm she had slipped about Kate's shoulder fell back with the girl's sudden start. Kate had seen in a flash what capital would be made of her emotion.

"No, no, you misunderstand me. I can make no promise," she declared.

The older lady sat a moment irresolute; then she restored her arm to the shoulder from which it had been so abruptly displaced.

"My dear child," she said, in a tone of tender confidence, "if I have misunderstood you, ought you not to enlighten me? You asked me just now if Denis had given me your reason for this strange postponement. He gave me one reason, but it seems hardly sufficient to explain your conduct. If there is any other—and I know you well enough to feel sure there is—will you not trust me with it? If my boy has been unhappy enough to displease you, will you not give his mother the chance to plead his cause? Remember, no one should be condemned unheard. As Denis's mother, I have the right to ask for your reason."

"My reason? My reason?" Kate stammered, panting with the exhaustion of the struggle. Oh, if only Mrs. Peyton would release her! "If you have the right to know it, why doesn't he tell you?" she cried.

Mrs. Peyton stood up quivering. "I will go home and ask him," she said. "I will tell him he has your permission to speak."

She moved toward the door, with the nervous haste of a person unaccustomed to decisive action. But Kate sprang before her.

"No, no; don't ask him! I implore you not to ask him," she cried.

Mrs. Peyton turned on her with sudden authority of voice and gesture. "Do I understand you?" she said. "You admit that you have a reason for putting off your marriage, and yet you forbid me—me, Denis's mother—to ask him what it is? My poor child, I needn't ask, for I know already. If he has offended you, and you refuse him the chance to defend himself, I needn't look farther for your reason: it is simply that you have ceased to love him."

Kate fell back from the door which she had instinctively barricaded.

"Perhaps that is it," she murmured, letting Mrs. Peyton pass.

V

MR. ORME'S returning carriage-wheels crossed Mrs. Peyton's indignant flight; and an hour later Kate, in the bland candle-light of the dinner-hour, sat listening with practised fortitude to her father's comments on the venison.

She had wondered, as she awaited him in the drawing-room, if he would notice any change in her appearance. It seemed to her that the flagellation of her thoughts must have left visible traces. But Mr. Orme was not a man of subtle perceptions, save where his personal comfort was affected: though his egoism was clothed in the finest feelers, he did not suspect a similar surface in others. His daughter, as part of himself, came within the normal range of his solicitude; but she was an outlying region, a subject province; and Mr. Orme's was a highly centralized polity.

News of the painful incident—he often used Mrs. Peyton's vocabulary—had reached him at his club, and to some extent disturbed the assimilation of a carefully ordered breakfast; but since then two days

had passed, and it did not take Mr. Orme forty-eight hours to resign himself to the misfortunes of others. It was all very nasty, of course, and he wished to heaven it hadn't happened to any one about to be connected with him; but he viewed it with the transient annoyance of a gentleman who has been splashed by the mud of a fatal runaway.

Mr. Orme affected, under such circumstances, a bluff and hearty stoicism as remote as possible from Mrs. Peyton's deprecating evasion of facts. It was a bad business; he was sorry Kate should have been mixed up with it; but she would be married soon now, and then she would see that life wasn't exactly a Sunday-school story. Everybody was exposed to such disagreeable accidents: he remembered a case in their own family—oh, a distant cousin whom Kate wouldn't have heard of—a poor fellow who had got entangled with just such a woman, and having (most properly) been sent packing by his father, had justified the latter's course by promptly forging his name—a very nasty affair altogether; but luckily the scandal had been hushed up, the woman bought off, and the prodigal, after a season of probation, safely married to a nice girl with a good income, who was told by the family that the doctors recommended his settling in California.

Luckily the scandal was hushed up: the phrase blazed out against the dark background of Kate's misery. That was doubtless what most people felt—the words represented the consensus of respectable opinion. The best way of repairing a fault was to hide it: to tear up the floor and bury the victim at night. Above all, no coroner and no autopsy!

She began to feel a strange interest in her distant cousin. "And his wife—did she know what he had done?"

Mr. Orme stared. His moral pointed, he had returned to the contemplation of his own affairs.

"His wife? Oh, of course not. The secret has been most admirably kept; but her property was put in trust, so she's quite safe with him."

Her property! Kate wondered if her faith in her husband had also been put in trust, if her sensibilities had been protected from his possible inroads.

"Do you think it quite fair to have deceived her in that way?"

Mr. Orme gave her a puzzled glance: he had no taste for the by-paths of ethical conjecture.

"His people wanted to give the poor fellow another chance: they did the best they could for him."

"And—he has done nothing dishonourable since?"

"Not that I know of: the last I heard was that they had a little boy, and that he was quite happy. At that distance he's not likely to bother *us*, at all events."

Long after Mr. Orme had left the topic, Kate remained lost in its contemplation. She had begun to perceive that the fair surface of life was honey-combed by a vast system of moral sewage. Every respectable household had its special arrangements for the private disposal of family scandals; it was only among the reckless and improvident that such hygienic precautions were neglected. Who was she to pass judgment on the merits of such a system? The social health must be preserved: the means devised were the result of long experience and the collective instinct of self-preservation. She had meant to tell her father that evening that her marriage had been put off; but she now abstained from doing so, not from any doubt of Mr. Orme's acquiescence—he could always be made to feel the force of conventional scruples—but because the whole question sank into insignificance beside the larger issue which his words had raised.

In her own room, that night, she passed through that travail of the soul of which the deeper life is born. Her first sense was of a great moral loneliness—an isolation more complete, more impenetrable, than that in which the discovery of Denis's act had plunged her. For she had vaguely leaned, then, on a collective sense of justice that should respond to her own ideas of right and wrong: she still believed in the logical correspondence of theory and practice. Now she saw that, among those nearest her, there was no one who recognized the moral need of expiation. She saw that to take her father or Mrs. Peyton into her confidence would be but to widen the circle of sterile misery in which she and Denis moved. At first the aspect of life thus revealed to her seemed simply mean

and base—a world where honour was a pact of silence between adroit accomplices. The network of circumstance had tightened round her, and every effort to escape drew its meshes closer. But as her struggles subsided she felt the spiritual release which comes with acceptance: not connivance in dishonour, but recognition of evil. Out of that dark vision light was to come, the shaft of cloud turning to the pillar of fire. For here, at last, life lay before her as it was: not brave, garlanded and victorious, but naked, grovelling, and diseased, dragging its maimed limbs through the mud, yet lifting piteous hands to the stars. Love itself, once throned aloft on an altar of dreams, how it stole to her now, storm-beaten and scarred, pleading for the shelter of her breast! Love, indeed, not in the old sense in which she had conceived it, but a graver, austerer presence—the charity of the mystic three. She thought she had ceased to love Denis—but what had she loved in him but her happiness and his? Their affection had been the *garden enclosed* of the Canticles, where they were to walk forever in a delicate isolation of bliss. But now love appeared to her as something more than this—something wider, deeper, more enduring than the selfish passion of a man and a woman. She saw it in all its far-reaching issues, till the first meeting of two pairs of young eyes kindled a light which might be a high-lifted beacon across dark waters of humanity.

All this did not come to her clearly, consecutively, but in a series of blurred and shifting images. Marriage had meant to her, as it means to girls brought up in ignorance of life, simply the exquisite prolongation of wooing. If she had looked beyond, to the vision of wider ties, it was as a traveller gazes over a land veiled in golden haze, and so far distant that the imagination delays to explore it. But now through the blur of sensations one image strangely persisted—the image of Denis's child. Had she ever before thought of their having a child? She could not remember. She was like one who wakens from a long fever: she recalled nothing of her former self or of her former feelings. She knew only that the vision persisted—the vision of the child whose mother she was not to be. It was impossible that she should marry Denis—her inmost soul rejected him . . . but it was just because she was not to be the child's mother that its image followed her so pleadingly. For she saw with perfect clearness the inevitable course of events. Denis would marry some one else—he was one of the men who are fated to marry, and she needed not his mother's reminder that her abandonment of him at an emotional crisis would fling him upon the first sympathy within reach. He would marry a girl who knew nothing of his secret—for Kate was intensely aware that he would never again willingly confess himself—he would marry a girl who trusted him and leaned on him, as she, Kate Orme—the earlier Kate Orme—had done but two days since! And with this deception between them their child would be born: born to an inheritance of secret weakness, a vice of the moral fibre, as it might be born with some hidden physical taint which would destroy it before the cause could be detected. . . . Well, and what of it? Was she to hold herself responsible? Were not thousands of children born with some such unsuspected taint? . . . Ah, but if here was one that she could save? What if she, who had had so exquisite a vision of wifehood, should reconstruct from its ruins this vision of protecting maternity—if her love for her lover should be, not lost, but transformed, enlarged, into this passion of charity for his race? If she might expiate and redeem his fault by becoming a refuge from its consequences? Before this strange extension of her love all the old limitations seemed to fall. Something had cleft the surface of self, and there welled up the mysterious primal influences, the sacrificial instinct of her sex, a passion of spiritual motherhood that made her long to fling herself between the unborn child and its fate. . . .

She never knew, then or after, how she reached this mystic climax of effacement; she was only conscious, through her anguish, of that lift of the heart which made one of the saints declare that joy was the inmost core of sorrow. For it was indeed a kind of joy she felt, if old names must serve for such new meanings; a surge of liberating faith in life, the old *credo quia absurdum* which is the secret cry of all supreme endeavour.

(To be continued.)

THE SEA-FIGHT OFF USHANT

MAY 28—JUNE 1, 1794

By Hilaire Belloc

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWY.

TO the Bretons, the Basques, and the Irish; the men of Cornwall, Devon, and Wales, of outer Scotland and the Hebrides (races not dissimilar in their hidden habits of thought and in the vague sadness of their eyes) the Northern Atlantic is a boundary for the mind.

The moods of that sea have colored their religion. Their suns have set in it so long, their forgotten adventures and their legends are so thoroughly a part of its mystery, it is so much their livelihood, their climate, background, resting-place, and grave, that their history can alone be comprehended by men who have themselves watched it from the great hills into which Europe breaks to meet the south-west wind.

In early summer—or rather in what is spring for the woods inland—that vast unknown of water wherein the people of whom I speak have set the blessed islands and all the region of death, carries a peculiar air not easily to be defined.

Winter—a winter not cold but furious—seems long to have left the ocean, but its menace and its fitful return still hang over the fortieth and fiftieth parallels during all the month of May and far into June: even the longest days are angered with sudden raids.

But all the while a hint of other things comes floating upon the Spanish current from the islands, from the Azores. Whole days of calm and livening weather creep in to oust the gales, and a man may slip from one port to another upon a rippling sea and in the light. There are perfumes in the wind off the land. These days determine the opening of another season. They are closed by the last storm returning from the full breadth of the horizon; clouds that never saw the fields, sea-clouds, run shredded close to the sea, and though the darkness and the cold have gone, there is noise and waste and the shores are blinded with spray.

Upon such a field was fought the first sea-fight between the French and the English in the Revolutionary wars.

. . . . . .

Already for two years the Revolution had grappled it in actual arms with the world it was destined to transform. The Republic had resisted the pressure of that strain, but had mastered it at the price of agony and perhaps of delirium. Her vast levies, the unflinching despotism of her martial law in the Terror, her exultation grown inhuman because it had trusted the vision of an absolute goal, these had so dissolved the very structure of French society as to disturb the natural economic processes of production. The molecular energy which is in a state, the innumerable intercommunication of individual activities, had been transformed into a mechanical energy of the whole. The interior life of the nation was paralyzed. Its wealth and food had failed.

There was no longer a Belgium to administer nor any silver to be sold; the end of the supplies of wheat was in sight.

It was in this agony—during the necessities that were driving the Great Committee to the worst of the Terror, in the moment which saw Danton and the Indulgents sacrificed, the awful experiment of the seven weeks' tyranny begun—that the French Agent in America was instructed to buy corn.

Of the many new things which the Great Committee created, from the tactics that Napoleon inherited to the educational system which the third Republic has had leisure to complete, this experiment in the feeding of Europe from the New World must be reckoned as not the least curious. For the first time since the

Romans a whole nation was beleaguered; for the first time since the Romans its executive recognized a public state of siege; and the same centralized power that had imposed dictatorship took the rapid decision to draw food from foreign granaries.

It is necessary, in the story of what follows, to put aside from the mind the swirl and tumult of the Revolution, it is necessary to remember only the growing desperation of the famine and to fix one's eyes upon that long fleet of a hundred ships and more moving, under Van Stabel's tiny escort, uncertainly eastward, becalmed, baffled, and slow, all its 3,000 miles from New York to Brest. Turcoing was not yet fought, Fleurus undreamed of; the main wrestling was still wavering and breathless; the food of the men who (just before harvest) finally freed the Republic lay in the bluff hulls of that long, sluggish line of vessels. In the attempt to intercept such succor, in the defence of it, arose the action which is the theme of these lines.

It was on May 2d that Lord Howe sailed from Spithead with twenty-five sail of the line. He detached Montague westward with six vessels and himself ran down to assure himself that the French fleet was still in harbor at Brest—he so discovered it on May 5th and went off southward, searching if any other division lay off Gascony. He found none, and in a fortnight had returned to the northern station.

Meanwhile within the great port and arsenal of Brittany, that same fever, unwise, enormous, but creative—the enthusiastic violence which ultimately saved the eastern frontier—was at work upon the ships. It attempted prodigies; it destroyed in a blind fanaticism the very elements of so complex an organism as the naval forces of France; it put forth with prodigious activity the new and strange experiments which transformed and reinvigorated, but still left crippled and distorted, the arrangement of the fleet.

The officers—the best at least and those of the largest training—had disappeared in the emigration of the nobility. Many of those that had remained, the suspicion of treason, the violence of the civil war, had imprisoned, killed, or exiled. Such discipline as had survived the unpunished mutinies of the first two years of the Revolution, and the anarchy of the third, had been suddenly and abnormally strained by the new despotism of the Terror. What was worse, rapid promotion and a neglect of routine (the methods which were to prove so miraculous upon land, to produce Hoche, Marceau, and a hundred others) were applied hurriedly and with far less success to the more conservative service.

A ship is not a regiment, it is a home. Domestic traditions, conventions, follies, are still a religion aboard. Political enthusiasm breaks against those highly separate units; political doctrines can exercise none save a disturbing influence upon the routine and legend of a man-of-war. To insist upon such principles and to presuppose them in the officers and men of the fleet was to impair in a final manner the power of the Revolution at sea. Moreover, the sea develops in those who serve it something applied, reserved and silent, very ill-suited to respond to the spur of revolutionary endeavor.

It was not only that men were raised suddenly from the ranks to positions of responsibility, not only the extreme youth of some, the inexperience of others that injured the general command. There was also promotion by political prejudice and by the favor of the chance man who might have power in Paris.

Two further irremediable evils affected the force. The supply of men had failed; the gunners were untrained.

On land the depletion of the army, a depletion which had necessarily followed the voluntaryist theories of 1789, 1790, 1791, had been met by the conscription of 1793. At sea the forced levies could not be so immediately trained, so gradually moulded, so well distributed or so rapidly absorbed. One-half of those that manned the fleet in Brest had never before set foot on a deck; they had been drafted hurriedly from the neighborhood and drilled in their new duties day and night as civilians are pressed in the emergency of a siege.

The lack of gunners was a yet graver weakness. The old, highly trained corps of marine artillery had been disbanded—for political reasons—in the beginning of the year. Nothing had taken their



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

Lord Howe sailed from Spithead.—Page 164.

place. That delicate and intimate knowledge of his arm, that half instinct of habit which makes the gunner part of the gun, which permits him before it is fired to follow up his shot and mark where it will tell, which gets the swing of his ship into his aim as a help rather than a hindrance—that all-powerful factor in naval warfare was wholly absent. In spite of her somewhat recent disasters and decline, England could probably boast at that moment the best gunners in Europe for sea-fighting; the French had very certainly the worst. To command all this a civilian, quite ignorant of the sea, a member and representative of that Committee of Ten which held all the wars in its hand, had come down to Brest in absolute command.

It was Jean Bon St. André, than whom the Revolution shows no stranger figure.

Already in middle age, of a long, clear and somewhat saddened countenance; dark, spare, intense, passionate yet speaking little; a man of short violent gesture, but of a steady glance, he was the product of persecution, of the Calvinist confession, and of the arid deserts of the Cevennes. He had been a minister of his church and had carried "the Word" into the forsaken villages of the mountains where his father, a fuller, had also wandered. Robespierre's judgment of him is preserved "Fourbe comme un Protestant:" it is unjust, for Robespierre was a bad judge of men. Jean Bon wore no mask save that of silence. There remain to us many letters that recall and define his youth. We read of "his flock," of the "ministry of the Lord," of "his call." He had possessed ambitions. He had desired a wider audience for his preaching and had attempted to obtain a church at Bordeaux. The Revolution had sent him —as it did so many of his colleagues in the Confession—to the National Parliament. Accident and tenacity had borne him to the Great Committee where all the fervor of his religious visions had been transformed into a purely political energy. He was here in Brest to command the fleet, full of hatred for the world which the Revolution was destroying; burning against the restrictions of the old *régime* which he had known only as the intolerable tyrant of souls. Beneath him a true sailor, Villaret Joyeuse, commanded as admiral.

Such was the man and such the equipment which left Brest upon May 16th to attempt the impossible.

Their orders were simple. The fleet was to sail in the latitude of Belle-Isle to a point about 300 miles from Brest in Mid-Atlantic. There it was to wait for the convoy of corn. If it fell in with it, the fleet was to escort it back into Brest; if the English were first encountered, it was to draw them away from the probable course of the convoy, yet not so far as to endanger their finding those ships again. It was to avoid any but necessary action: all its manœuvres were to depend upon the saving of the coming supply of food. To risk defeat would have been to risk the loss of the grain. At the same time, if the English fleet should be met first it was not to be lost touch of; if the enemy came up after the corn had been found, he was at once to be engaged.

With such instructions they reached the station indicated to them. For three days there was no sign of the American vessels or of an enemy's fleet.

Howe meanwhile had reconnoitred near Brest and learnt their departure. On the 20th (four days after they had sailed) he was informed of their position by neutral vessels. A little before eleven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, May 28th, the look-out on the foremost of his vessels saw the French fleet far off to the southward, and coming fast up northerly toward them before the southerly wind. The French also had observed the enemy. To draw them away from the supposed route of the convoy Villaret's most direct manœuvre would have been to wear round and run to the south and east. Had he done so, however, he would have lost the wind-gauge which was to remain his unique advantage for twenty-four hours. He therefore went into the wind and ran as close as he could west by south, for as the wind rose it backed and enabled him to make a little southing; he gradually drew the enemy farther from the path of the expected ships. Toward three o'clock he had so much the lead of the English that he could tack with safety. On board Lord Howe's flag-vessel, everything, even the desire to obtain the wind-gauge of the French, was subordinated to the instruction to engage. He therefore tacked the moment the French had

done so, and all afternoon the two great fleets went racing close-hauled, east-south-east, driving into the gale, their topsails double-reefed, but their whole fabrics straining, carrying all they could bear.

Had the English attempted to keep their original distances the chase would have been pursued indefinitely, for though the inexperience and confusion of the new and untrained French commanders made their manœuvres far slower than the enemy's, yet once on a course the ships sailed at least as close as the English and as fast.

Lord Howe formed another plan. He detached his fastest vessels into a squadron under Paseley's command and ordered them to harass Villaret's slower ships which had fallen to the rear of the French line. The Cæsar, the Orion, the Audacious, the Queen, and some six others, obeyed this command, but in spite of some irregular exchange of shots in the afternoon, it was not till evening that the heavy Revolutionnaire, a straggler of 110 guns, was caught up by the lighter 74's, who successively engaged her. She bore the successive fire of the five English ships; as each opened on her, her pace slackened and her chances became more desperate. The fire grew combined and convergent, the Queen was coming up to make a sixth opponent and had already begun to drop long, ineffectual shots when, just as the sun set behind the clouds of the dying gale, the Audacious drew up and, at last alone, completed the ruin of the Revolutionnaire. Her masts went by the board; she had lost every power but that of reply.

All through the twilight the hulk kept up a return fire, till it grew so dark that the gun-flashes showed along the sea and even the nearest ships were in doubt as to what the end had been. It was hoped, then affirmed, that she had struck. The master of the Audacious, his mizzen lost just at the end of the fight, desired to believe it; a young lieutenant on the Queen wrote it down in his diary for a fact; the rumor reached the flag-ship; it was a legend that died hard in the fleet.

But the Revolutionnaire did not strike: the darkness saved her. When it was so far into the night that all further combat was impossible (it was nearly ten before the firing ceased), she crawled off under a jury-sail right before the southwest wind for Rochefort; and when it dawned next day she saw the Audacious also dismasted, far off, crawling for England to refit, and so the first skirmish of the great battle ended.

That night both fleets held their course, still driving south and east, the wind less violent in the darkness. With the full light of the next morning it rose again most furiously; they still threshed into it, fifty sail of the line and more, reaching, crowding their canvas, careening, and plunging over huge head-seas.

. . . . . .

It was already the middle of the morning. The low and flying clouds that had chased across the sky since the first of dawn ran swifter under the increasing gale; the seas came rolling up upon the mass of ships, catching the long French line first, on the starboard bows; they rolled on, greater and more regular as the wind hardened. They tossed the English ships a long way off, out of gun-shot, to leeward, as they ran their race under a press of sail, and held as close as their build would let them, straining to force an action, and forgetful of the great cargoes of grain in whose defence the enemy had drawn them away. Jean Bon, straight from the starving capital and the Committee, knew what those cargoes meant; he knew it far better than did the Admiral or the boys from the Breton fields, who were now first attempting the sea. Perhaps he would have been for carrying on the chase, and for running days on end across the waste of the North Atlantic, always just holding the enemy to his heels, never engaging till he was sure that the food was safe in Brest.

But Villaret Joyeuse had that talent of action which, in the matter of arms, concerns itself only with immediate things and grasps a field. He knew that the fastest ship of a pursuer can always catch the slowest of the pursued. He saw that the enemy to leeward were so well abreast of him that their foremost ships had but to go about to attain and cut off his rear-guard, and to force an action; when, long before noon, Howe turned his line right round, going now westward, Villaret too turned his, so lessening the space between them. He signalled for his rear and centre to keep their distances. He ordered the ships of



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The best gunners in Europe for sea-fighting.—Page 165.

the head of his line to go freer, and close with the van of Lord Howe's fleet.

It was toward eleven o'clock that this wise order (which, with better training, with true gunners, and a more serviceable staff might have led to a decisive victory for the French) was given. The French van bore away with the wind on their quarter, and as they came within range of the leading English ships, opened fire.

They had all these advantages: they were to windward of the English, and could choose their position; they could escape if they were hard pressed, or if successful could manœuvre more freely. They were, on the whole, more heavily gunned. Their movement was rapid and unexpected (for the English had thought of the whole day as a chase) and they could turn their broadsides to the enemy, and rake him before he could meet their manœuvre. On all these accounts, though the practice and especially the gunnery of the French were so strikingly inferior, they inflicted in a few moments of firing a very considerable damage upon the English van.

It was the Cæsar that led the English line: not that the position had been especially assigned to her, but that she sailed faster than any other ship, and, in the rush southward, she had passed them all. We possess in her journal an account of the confusion that followed the French attack.

Howe had already determined upon the tactics which Villaret had foreseen he would adopt. It was exactly noon when he signalled to the Cæsar to tack and cut the French line; the rest were to wheel in her wake and the whole fleet was to divide the enemy as by a charge.

It was the time-honored method: the leading ship striking the enemy's line, the rest of the fleet coming after her in order. Had that manœuvre been executed as it was commanded, the French rear would have been cut off and presumably destroyed. But Villaret had calculated well; such as it was, the fire of his van had proved effective—and the Cæsar refused.

From the poop of the Queen Charlotte, of the Queen, of all the vessels behind her —they saw her fail. The great seas burst under her weather bows as she attempted it, the enemy raked her as she stood up to them silent. Her foreyard was wounded, the Queen just astern menaced a collision. The Cæsar's captain feared the issue. Her helm went over, her head-sails gradually filled, she fell away from the wind and, wearing round slowly, passed out of action behind the line of her companions. All the while the enemy, in spite of their random fire, hulled her, once and again, until she had got beyond the reach of their guns, and her orders and leadership had both been thrown away.

This misfortune gave the French the time they needed. They bore up to the English line in its hesitation, and passed down it, firing such broadsides as their untrained gunners could direct; the English, out of order, a vanguard only, and not presenting all their available guns toward the enemy, could make no effectual reply. Lord Howe, by a rapid decision, forced an action in spite of this failure.

His flag-ship went about without regard to her position in the line, and steered straight for the rear of the French fleet. The Bellerophon, the Orion, the Leviathans the Barfleur (possibly the Queen), and some others—all those who had been up near the Cæsar in the van of the English—understood that they were not to follow, but to copy the Queen Charlotte. Each went round singly and bore down on the starboard tack, making for the last ships of the French line. In ten minutes they had opened fire; within half an hour two French 74's, the Tyrannicide and the Indomptable, were cut off and fighting the odds desperately, alone. The Terrible, of 110 guns, was embarrassed and in danger of capture. Villaret Joyeuse had no choice but to wear round as rapidly as might be, to attempt to beat off the English and to save his three vessels.

He did so; but when the hard, long hour of close fighting was over and the English had abandoned their attempt, the deeper effect of the fight appeared—the great superiority of the English gunners, the excellent training, the sharp initiative of the English captains, had begun that great career of twenty years which forms the chief memory in the history of their country.

The English ships were almost unscathed —the French found the Indomptable a wreck. Of the rescuers, the Montagnard was so wounded that "she dared not go on the port tack"; the Terrible "had lost her

fore top-mast, and could no longer look up into wind." Upon the French ships that had attained this doubtful advantage, three men had fallen to one upon their enemy's decks.

Nor was this the full measure of the result. The English had been beaten off; but the Indomptable had to be sent to France under an escort difficult to spare; the Montagnard disappeared in the night, unable to keep her place; and the impression of success immediate and future successes to come, which obtained on the French ships, was shared neither by Villaret, who fell back from action northward under the wind, nor by Jean Bon, whose gloomy report remains to us.

The English had been beaten off; but Villaret had lost the wind-gauge, and the one advantage that had done something to counterbalance his raw gunners and improvised staff was gone.

More important than all, Howe had felt the "bearing of the enemy."

There is one lesson no commander, wise or foolish, will ever miss—the training shown by the enemy in the first essays of a campaign. The quality of his courage may easily be missed or exaggerated; his blunders may be hidden, but his professional demeanor in close action cannot pass unperceived. Howe knew now what he had to meet; it was what so many had prophesied in England, what on that day his own immediate experience could confirm—the French fleet was disorganized by revolution, ill-manned, uncertain, desperate rather than firm. He had no longer to meet the solid units of the American war. The officers were gone, the trained seamen disbanded. He was fighting, not the pride of the old and rotten monarchy that had checked the English fleets twelve years before, but the mere enthusiasm, the experiments and the amorphic incapacity, with which democracies begin to handle technical, slowly developed, and traditionary things—the guns were no longer in the hands of gunners.

It was the learning of this lesson, coupled with the new advantage of the wind, that determined the nature of his action and victory, two days later, on June 1st.

Howe's attack had been made a little after one; the firing ceased before three. The wind, backing round south and increasing in violence, was blowing a full gale toward evening, when, before it was dark, there ran down along the surface of the sea and driven before the storm, an impenetrable mist that separated the fleets and forced a long truce upon the fighting.

The two first bouts of the battle were over. On the Wednesday nothing had been done save the elimination of the Audacious and the Revolutionnaire. On this Thursday the results I have described had appeared. It was as though of two wrestlers neither had pressed the other in a first engagement; in a second, one had almost been thrown, but at the expense to the other of a strain and of such a revelation of his weak points as would be fatal to him in the final struggle.

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With the dawn of Friday the dense fog still swept the sea in spite of the rush of the gale, and the fleets groped westward continually out into the Atlantic. They would have lost each other had not the haze lifted a little in the forenoon, and shown the French that their course was no longer that of their enemies. They went about in order to keep in touch with the English, and all night, as the fog mixed with the drizzling rain, the two fleets went parallel to each other on the port tack, still westward and close to the wind. In the night a reinforcement of three ships managed to join Villaret.

It was not till the afternoon of Saturday, the 31st, that the fog lifted. The lines of ships saw each other clearly over five miles of tumbling water in between; it was too late to engage; but at the break of day on the morrow—Sunday, June 1st—the English fleet formed for action, and Villaret drew up in order opposite, far away northward on their lee. Right across both lines and taking every ship abeam as it lay, roared the south wind, and the battle-field between them was the steep water, the spindrift, and the confusion of a storm.

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It was at eight o'clock that Howe, in the centre of the line, ran up the signal "No. 34," which marked the new tactics he had learned two days before, and upon which the later trial of the Cæsar's commander turned. It was an order for each ship to



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The Brunswick caught anchors with her enemy.—Page 170.

choose an opponent in the fleet before her, to bear down upon that opponent right before the wind, to go under her stern, raking her as they passed, then to luff and engage from the leeward. Some time was lost in seeing that the signal was understood and repeated and in forming the fleet for attack. It was not till long past nine that the action opened.

In that loud morning, under the heavy gale, all the twenty-five of them ran heeling down the wind; the dull eastern light was full on their towers of sloping canvas under the rush of the low clouds. The French in line awaited them in silence as they came; then, at short range, the first guns began to drown the storm, and the attack blazed out at the centre from the flag-ship, immediately after, from the great Royal Sovereign, the Russell, the Defence; a few moments later from the Valiant, the Orion, the Queen, and the Royal George, as they closed with the French Northumberland, with the Jemappes, with the Trente-et-un-Mai, and the heavy-armed Republicain. By ten o'clock the whole sea was occupied by a mere confusion.

It was a battle not to be described in any terms of order or by any plan; each ship singly set on its opponent, grappled sometimes, always close by the board, fought each its duel by the sheer weight of gun-fire; by their rapidity, energy, and aim the English guns determined the issue for the English.

You may think to have heard the guns too often in this recital. You cannot have their din and mastery too loud in your ears if you are to understand the First of June. The guns that are always the arbiters of battles, the guns which have twice in our century saved and lost the French, were on that day the sole dispensers of victory. The French sailors of the Revolution had forgotten gunnery, that central thing in naval warfare to which their modern descendants turn all their energies, and which, if it can be exaggerated, they now exaggerate. They shot high, they wasted ricochets upon the sea, they were slow and clumsy in the running of the carriages, in the sponging, and all the while the broadsides of the enemy crashed down their spars, splintered their hulls and decks, broke their packed crews. The smoke, through which none but direct opponents could be seen, and these but fitfully—topsails above the cloud; the perpetual rending of yards; the masts that fell at intervals with an uproar, cumbering sometimes the decks of the enemy or trailing a moment on the leap of the high sea to leeward; the ceaseless and bewildering thunder that shook the air till the snapping of great spars, the cries of men, and even the shouting of the gale were overwhelmed—all these things were the guns, and especially the thousand guns of the English.

Consider but one of these many inextricable single fights: the duel of the two flag-ships. The Queen Charlotte, running astern of the Montagne, had been caught —almost wedged—between that vessel and the Jacobin. With an equal training in either opponent the two ships should have overwhelmed the one: as it was, the Queen Charlotte lost but forty-two men, the Montagne 300. The Queen Charlotte lost only her top-mast—the Montagne could hardly hold up to the wind.

Or consider of the whole battle this one fact in figures. The fighting had been almost as close as a land-fight, the number of the crews much the same on either side, yet the English lost barely 1,100, the French over 5,000.

All that whirlwind of struggle was well put down in the log of the Queen Charlotte by a simple fellow that had suffered it— "a most tremendous cannonade."

So, not by tactics nor even by the smarter handling of the ships, but by the guns, the First of June was determined.

At some time upon which the logs greatly differ, but I think a little after noon, exhaustion rather than a decisive result halted the fire. The ships, for the most part, drifted separate; the smoke cleared.

There was then apparent from the poop of the Montagne the factor without which not all their inferiority in trained men and in gunnery would have lost the French their ships: I mean the English advantage of the wind.

During the heat of the action the ships, locked and hardly manœuvring, had drifted northward, heaving on the high seas before the gale. Each vessel, therefore, English or French, that lost its masts or spars, fell behind the general movement and remained abandoned. But to remain abandoned was to be held securely within the English line.

What Jean Bon saw far off up the weather when the crippled ships had drawn apart was eleven of his own lying helpless hulks, or at the best unmanageable, "pell-mell with the English." Of the enemy but two were dismasted.

He took with him the Trente-et-un-Mai and some two or three others, and sailed slowly and with difficulty toward his abandoned vessels. Four he saved and towed away, seven he was compelled to leave, and of these seven all save one, the Vengeur, of which I shall speak in a moment, fell prizes to Lord Howe.

This rescue of the four and the abandonment of the seven was the last manœuvre of the action. By two o'clock all firing had ceased. The enemies stood separate though disorderly, and perhaps under the persuasion of that caution which later Nelson condemned, perhaps under the necessity of recovering from a victory in which nearly half his ships had lost a mast and two were bare wrecks, Lord Howe refused to renew the attack. Had he been able (or willing) to do so, and had he judged it possible (perhaps it was not) to hold the sea another day, he would have intercepted the supplies and reaped the fruit of his victory. As it was, of the whole long day but half was occupied in the fighting—half was a truce, for not till nightfall did either force sail away.

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Three whole hours and more—all the afternoon—the fleets lay wounded in their long straggling lines, facing each other over a wide lane of sea; not moving save for the slight leeway that each made under the failing storm.

For the wind died down as the light mellowed toward evening, the clouds swept more slowly northward, leaving a clear sky. By five o'clock no trace of the gale was left save those regular banks of high rounded seas which sweep solemnly and without foam in a parallel advance as they follow up the passage of our storms. To this swell the fleets still lay nearly abeam, rolling their dented spars.

There was no sound beyond the slight surge of the square bows as they dipped, and that clear noise of hammering which comes so sharply over water. To this note of silence there was even added a kind of repose. The French line, too shattered to haul their wind, could not bear up for a further engagement. It stood sullenly all the hours—waiting, perhaps, for Howe to re-engage, unable to bring help to the seven hulks that lay in the midst of the enemy, abandoned.

Neither, as I have said, did Howe, though the light airs were with him, choose to take up the challenge. He too would have found difficulty in manœuvring with his dangerous spars. He confined himself to the restoring of his vessels and to the leisurely capture of the French wrecks that the drift of the battle had left securely within his line.

Of these, one has made so great a name and has been the theme of so many songs that her exact story deserves a passing record, and I will go back upon the history of the battle to write it down.

The Avenger (she was now the Vengeur du Peuple—she had been in the old days the Vengeur), already an old boat to which there clung the memories of nearly a hundred years; built at the charges of some woman in order to privateer against the nation that had robbed her of a husband; patched for war after war, re-rigged, re-canvased—the old boat had survived to see the first struggles of a new world. She carried seventy-four guns and of men, 753—most of them ignorant of the sea. She had gone into battle about half-way between the flag-ship and the rear of the French fleet. The Brunswick—just opposite the Vengeur when Howe sent up signal No. 34—took her for opponent and ran before the wind to pass under her stern. The manœuvre failed. The Brunswick caught anchors with her enemy—for an hour they poured their fire into each other desperately at the very mouths of the guns. The Vengeur prepared to board, but in the middle of that confusion, smoke, and hell, a second ship (whom the French say was the Ramillies) loomed out with tall sails in the smoke, chose her position, and added the pounding of her eighty guns against the lacerated hull. The Vengeur fought on. One mast went by the board, another, a third and last.

Half of her men were dead or dying, but a good madness had taken them in those furious hours; clumsily as the peasants handled the guns and slowly as they



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The sinking of the Vengeur.—Page 172.

recharged, unable as they were to use their lower ports, yet the enthusiasm of a new day, free from lords, preserved them under a stress that men are not meant to endure. Their first opponent, the Brunswick, broke off, dismasted and drifted to leeward, signalling her inability. She thought the Vengeur had already struck; she was in error; her boast remains but one of many such errors in the English logs. The Vengeur continued the fight—with what opponent the turmoil hides from us; but their feeble and half-extinguished fire was heard in the far smoke as the main of the French line drifted to leeward, still engaged. For half an hour this went on; her men yet fell, her guns spoke more and more rarely.

The lull during which the smoke had cleared before the driving wind and in which Jean Bon from the quarter-deck of the Montagne had seen his abandoned ships caught up in the enemy's skein, showed the Vengeur also, the last but one in the line of the abandoned eleven, lying helpless and wrecked in the middle sea. Her fire had ceased; no ship of the enemy's was near enough to harm her as the French admiral bore slowly up to rescue what he could of his defeated vessels. Four—as I have written—he saved in spite of ships so wounded that not one could go about.

The Trente-et-un-Mai came up toward the Vengeur. Such men—the remnant of her crew—as yet stood whole or but slightly hurt, were at the pumps, for she was sinking. But the Trente-et-un-Mai could not stand close enough to the wind to reach the wreck, and from that lacerated and bloody deck they saw Jean Bon's small squadron and their luckier fellows go off again before the wind.

Renaudin, her captain, a man cautious, accurate, and silent, upon whose story the truth of this depends, knew very well that the hull was a prey either to the enemy or to the sea. The water gained on him and the battle was over. His ship had lost what sailors call the "life"—that buoyancy on the water which is always hope. She sogged heavily in the trough, and the pumps were clanking wearily, and now to no purpose, keeping her above for a few more hours as by a sheer effort of arms.

All about her and her ruined companions the English fleet lay at ease. The prizes were sure and the victors mended and refreshed, biding their time to board such easy prizes; still the pumps went on and Renaudin had already despaired.

It was signalled from the English flagship to the Alfred to take the hull in tow; with a last hope a spar and one poor headsail had been run up in the desire, however vain, to crawl to the French line. Three other ships joined her pursuers and gained on her. The Alfred fired a shot across her bows and launched a boat. The Orion fired over her and Renaudin hauled down his flag, and the boy that boarded him took his sword. The decks were all strewn with men, not true sailors, not fully understanding, and not content to yield.

Renaudin knew the danger, which his men had not well grasped. He asked to be taken to the commander of the Alfred, and told him that the Vengeur was slowly filling. How near she was to her end he had not divined.

It was, however, soon apparent to all the vessels near that the Vengeur was sinking. Before six the Calypso put out boats also; in all they took from their prize in the first batch 213 men. The boats having disembarked their prisoners, prepared to return.

But as they went there was seen from all the ships something that stamped itself upon history. Renaudin in the moment of his capitulation and shame ran up from the cabin with his son and saw it from the deck of the Alfred close at hand. Far away to the northward Jean Bon saw it from the poop of the Montagne, Villaret by him. A boy who served in the Queen saw it also —he thought it was the Jacobin that had come to her last hour, and noted it in his diary. Howe saw it and reported it as a thing more strange even than the truth.

The old decks, "on which a man could not lay a two-foot-rule without finding a gun-shot-hole," had touched the water, and the agony of the Vengeur had begun. Her poop felt the sea, her bows rose, and under the level light of evening in the calm that had succeeded those few days of storm and that seemed a natural close for the great action, such of her wounded as could come to their feet appeared against the sky.

The passion or delirium of men in battle is something compelling silence upon us who have not enjoyed it. This high temper was now mixed with one of those affec-

tions from which religions spring, and whose tempest is the beginning of new seasons for Europe. In such exaltations death is a kind of victory, and the divine enthusiasm which resides dormant in man is capable for a few moments of astonishing despair.

The men in the Vengeur called out, some their fate and some their terror; but a major note—the note of a battle not yet ended—left an impression of triumph. They displayed such emblems as remained to them of the three colors, scarves or rags, they cried across the water the name of the Republic, which was already a title for the things they had fought for and hardly known.

Then, 300 miles from Brittany, just off that shelf of the sea-floor on which Europe stands, she went down her thousand fathoms into the "Trench of the Azores" and the darkness that never moves.

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When all this was over and done, when the sun had set and the great arch of June twilight shone clear in the calmer air, each of the fleets slowly abandoned its strange truce; Howe sailing back to England with his six prizes and his fifteen ships all whole, his wrecks well aided.

Jean Bon crept more slowly into the advancing night, towing his three dismasted ships, and dreading even the slight way that his van might make in the light airs. So they reached home painfully: Howe bringing into Plymouth the first fruits of that great and successful war which England was to wage for twenty years by sea; Jean Bon meeting and chasing Montague's small squadron on the 9th and making on the 11th the tortuous entry of Brest.

Von Stabel and his vast treasure of grain in whose defence all these days had been passed and whom in the pressure of action the Admiral seemed to have forgotten, followed close upon the heels of the action and reached harbor on the 14th. He had passed spars, wreckage, and the bodies of men upon the sea, and as the great convoy showed like a train of lights before the harbor and as the populace learnt that the food had come, they on land knew that the famine was ended; it was their principal care, and the battle seemed drawn. But the men of the escort who had seen the wreckage far out were still saying to each other that "a great fight had been fought," and they were right. Nor is it certain that such a fight could now be held upon the sea.

Indeed, it had been of such moment that a hundred legends sprang up around it. Barrere, a Gascon landsman, glowed with a picture of the Vengeur sinking indomitable, manned, her colors flying. Prieur de la Marne thought it *constant* (an admitted fact) that three English ships had gone down. An English officer, with less excuse, for he was present there, saw "three French ships" go down before his eyes! Ballard, on the Queen, was positive of captures that were never made.

The exact detailing of so much valor is more nourishing than all these things.

THE SYMPHONY

By Robert Haven Schauffler

Carry me home to the pine-wood;
Give me to rest by the sea;
Leave me alone with the lulling tone
Of the South-wind's phantasy.

For I am weary of discord,
Sick of the clash of this strife,
Sick of the bane of this prelude of pain,
And I yearn for the Symphony—Life.

THE BURGLAR AND THE LADY

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Illustrations by Karl Anderson

NATHAN selected a window which had a rug under it. He made a neat semi-circular scratch at the bottom of the upper sash, replaced the implement — a Christmas present from an old friend—in his kit, put on a pair of gloves, and gently but firmly pressed upon the glass until the segment fell in. (Now you see why he had chosen a window with a rug under it.) Then he took off his gloves (which were only useful for this one feature of the task), reached in, unbolted the latch, raised the window and, humming a little tune—in a whisper, of course—he entered the silent darkness of the house.

He knew very little about the plan of the house, being a stranger in this city. It was, of course, quite unprofessional, but do not think badly of him, for there are occasions when even burglars cannot be choosers. However amateurish it may sound, he actually knew nothing about the occupants of this house except what he had observed during the day. He had observed enough to make him know it was worth while. He had not observed enough to make him realize that it was not worth the risk. By this time Nathan had reached the dining-room.

"Ah, I see, they carry the silver up-stairs, sideboard drawers and all," Nathan observed to himself in the dark. "A good idea that." He was a critical chap.

Next the library; nothing convertible. Then the drawing-room; only a few trinkets. "I hate to go up-stairs," reflected Nathan, shaking his head in the dark. But being a man of character he softly felt his way up to the second floor. Nothing worthy of him.

"I feared as much," sighed Nathan, in bitter disappointment. Though there had been no light in the second story throughout the long evening, while he waited and watched, yet, he now confessed to himself, he had cherished secret hopes of finding the silver there. "Waited and watched" sounds as if he had stood at the corner, or sauntering back and forth, had gazed up at the house, like a sentimental lover. Of course you understand that he had stridden by like a father of a growing family going for a doctor, or a commuter trying to catch a trolley at the next corner, and somehow he was always in a shadow when he happened to pass the policeman.

Some of you might have left in discouragement. Even Nathan, man of decision that he was, hesitated there in the darkness. For it is considered very unprofessional to ascend to high altitudes. If the second floor is twice as dangerous as the first, the third floor is four times as dangerous as the second. It is a geometric ratio. The lay mind is so woefully ignorant about these things; no high-class, self-respecting burglar carries a revolver or ascends to the third story—if he can help it. But Nathan's need was great, and the beautiful lady with the wonderful earrings, he had followed home from shopping, had turned in at this house. He ascended the stairs—without removing his rubber overshoes.

If you or I had been in his place, two, possibly three of the steps would have creaked. All were silent to Nathan's talented tread. As the delicate touch of the surgeon can detect the complexity of a fracture, as the acute mind of the lawyer can feel almost instinctively the weak spot in a witness's story, where the layman would see only strength, so can the expert in Nathan's calling feel with his mere hands the creakiness of certain stairs and skip them. But Nathan was not puffed up in his superiority. It was all in the night's work to him.

Ah, here was the top landing at last, and a few seconds of well-earned rest. It was on the third floor that he had seen the familiar effects of the lights and shadows, followed at last by sudden darkness, which meant going to bed. That was hours ago. "No such easy routine life for me," mused Nathan, rising from the top landing. "I

am a hustler. I work long after most of you are luxuriously sleeping, like fat, well-fed cattle." Yet he was not envious; had he not just finished a long régime of routine regularity in a retired country place, surrounded by plenty of congenial friends? And he had been bored with it all. This, ah, this was living again! There was the old familiar sound of long-drawn breathing. As the lashing of the angry waves is to the sailor, as the tramp of battalions marching to the front is to the born soldier, so is the delicious, because dangerous thrill of rhythmic snoring to the born burglar who loves art for art's sake.

Now for the adroit opening of the door, and pray heavens it be unlocked. It was not. He was considered an adept at this, and though a little out of practice, he found his hand had not lost its cunning—or rather both hands, for it took two hands and very steady ones. He spent six minutes at it—but he made only one very slight click, and that during the noisy ninth exhalation of the male sleeper. "Odd," thought Nathan, "the last place I ran across a snorer who made number nine his climax, I was unfortunate." But this only lent spice to his work. If it weren't for things of this kind, burglary would be mere drudgery.

Nathan had also detected the lighter breathing of a female nose. "These slender aquiline noses always do it that way," Nathan recollected, feeling possibly a bit pleased with himself for his ability to tell from her snore that she was the one he had seen with the earrings, during the afternoon. Those earrings! They were worthy of him.

Now, Nathan was as gallant as most dashing men, but in his professional capacity he did not fancy woman. It is so with all of his calling, and if you women only knew it, you would get your sisters instead of your brothers to spend the night in the house during your husband's absence. A burglar is much more afraid of nervous, easily wakened women than of mere stolid, snoring men, or even dogs. If he has the natural inborn love of animals, he can make friends with most dogs, but women will not lie still, no matter how kindly you may speak to them.

Nathan had noiselessly emptied a jewel-tray by this time. "Ah," said Nathan to the earrings, "I am glad to meet you at last. I have admired you from a distance," he added, as he put them in his waist-coat pocket. It was a silly habit, but he always talked thus in working.

The deep breathing had continued, though once he feared the masculine snore was waning, but it was only a roll-over. The lady continued in the deep, sweet sleep of which Nathan approved.

Now, if he had only stopped there all might have been well, but Nathan sorely needed some ready cash. Why, he lacked the actual necessities of life, not to speak of railroad fare, for a man of Nathan's standing did not fancy riding on the bumpers like mere hoboes and sociologists. Nathan was something of a snob.

He tried the trousers. Left-hand side, only keys. Right-hand side: Ah, a rather fat bunch of bills. Another roll-over on the gentleman's part, followed by heavier breathing than ever. "Snore on," thought Nathan.

"Filmore! There's a man in the room!" It was the lady's voice, high and shrill, and Nathan—you won't despise him for it?—felt little icicles along his spine. Also he quietly sank to the floor and lay still as if frozen all over. Long years of professional training made him do it instinctively.

"Filmore! Filmore! wake up. There's a man in the room!" She was shaking him.

Nathan was crawling toward the door.

"There, there, dearie, you've got a nightmare." The husband tried to sound sleepy, but he only sounded tremulous. He had been awake for five minutes.

"There he is! Quick, Filmore!"

Nathan was crossing a fateful streak of street light.

"Nonsense, my dear," said her protector, and turned over snoring bravely.

Not so the weak and shrinking female. As quick as a cat, she sprang out of bed, and before Nathan could arise, she was upon his back, trying to hold him down and screaming for Filmore most inconsiderately, despite his evident desire to sleep.

It was the most unpleasant situation in all Nathan's varied career. He did not want to hurt her, but in trying to reach the door he had only kicked it shut, and now he could not get free of her long enough to get it open. Meanwhile she was screaming even louder than Filmore was snoring, and

the window was wide open. Nathan grasped her slender neck and clutched tight.

"Let go, or I'll hit you," commanded Nathan.

"Filmore, do you hear!" she gurgled. "Help, oh!" But Nathan shut her off. But still she clung on, scratching and biting like a lioness in her den. Filmore could not see that because his back was turned. He could not hear well, because he was snoring.

"Madame, I don't want to hurt you," whispered Nathan at bay, "but if you don't let go, I'll kill you."

"He's killing me, Filmore!—Oh—oh!" Again Nathan shut her off. And again she fought him fiercely.

Then Nathan—oh Nathan!—snatched one arm free and gave the lady—Nathan, Nathan!—a sharp upper cut under the chin. She staggered, still clutching him; he shook her off, he ran to the window, hoping to find a—yes, there was a soft flower-bed to jump for. But this was the third story. He hesitated. Filmore was snoring. Here came the lady, and just then the dread sound of a roundsman's whistle cut the silence. Nathan jumped. He whizzed through the air, struck a projecting grape-trestle near the ground, and presently found that he had been for some seconds in a rose-bed with a broken ankle-bone, the lady screaming overhead, and the world awhirl about him. Policemen were running up the street—noisily as usual. Here they came, nearer and nearer. Nathan lying in the shadow could see them. Ah, they passed the house, thanks to an echo. This gave him a chance. He could not go fast or far with one leg, but he dragged himself along the ground toward the deeper shadow of the house, under the trellis. The police were returning. Nathan could see them as he pulled himself up the porch steps. There was a hammock. Not being occupied at present, Nathan took it. "Just what I want," said he, and fainted. Some men would have tried to reach the alley and fainted there. They would have been caught. You see Nathan was a philosopher.

If he had not fainted, he would have heard Filmore's voice shouting: "Stop thief!" most stirringly, and Nathan would have enjoyed this, for he was also a humorist. But Nathan did not move.

The police cleverly located the screams and shouted up encouragement. Filmore was the spokesman from the window.

They found the burglar's tracks in the rose-bed. They looked down in the cellar, out in the alley, under the coal-bin, under the porch, but naturally not in the hammock. Who ever heard of looking for a burglar in a hammock? Quite unprecedented. Ridiculous. They spent the rest of the night searching the slums for suspicious characters.

. . . . . .

When Nathan awoke it was broad daylight and the reminiscent sound of turning a latch was what aroused him. A servant opened a door nearby. Nathan sat up, and put his good foot on the floor. "I thought you would never come to the door," he said, irascibly; "but no matter," he added, kindly, yet regretting it was not a maid instead of a butler. Nathan needed breakfast.

"What are you doing in this hammock?"

Nathan raised his eyebrows haughtily, then condescendingly, "It was the only thing I could find," said Nathan, limping.

"I did not hear you ring," the butler added a little more respectfully somehow. "Have you met with an accident, sir?" Nathan's face was knotted in pain.

"I don't suppose it amounts to anything," said Nathan in a tone to show he forgave the butler; "but on the way down-town to the station to take an early train, I have slipped and hurt my ankle, rather severely, I fear. I took the liberty of—oh, oh, pardon me—but I believe I am going to——"

"My! you are white—Oh, Lord!"

For Nathan had fainted. At least he was tenderly carried from the hammock into the house by the butler and another servant. They were now pouring whiskey down his throat. "That is very good rye," thought Nathan, remembering how wistfully he had passed it by on the sideboard last night. He never drank during business hours.

"You are very kind," said Nathan, "but I am not accustomed to strong drink and so I fear, on my empty stomach—you see, I was about to take breakfast at the station——"

"Oh!" said a sympathetic maid, and here began Nathan's breakfast. They

had his whole story out of him before he had finished, an interesting story; he said he feared the brandy ("Brandy!" the butler winked indulgently at the coachman) had made his poor tongue run wild, and he hoped they'd pardon him. Meanwhile Nathan was planning. It was a delicate situation.

"It's given you a splendid appetite at any rate," said the sympathetic maid. Somehow, they always were sympathetic with Nathan.

"Splendid!" he said, casting his eyes fondly upon her. "Thank you, I will have another cup, since you insist. I'll venture to say you made that coffee yourself." Nathan, like Napoleon, believed in a hearty breakfast before going into action.

"And now," he said, from the fullness of his heart and stomach, "all I require to make my happiness complete is that you will convey my warm thanks to the lady of the house for her gracious hospitality, and my sincere regret that I cannot thank her in person." He spoke with the recklessness of the well-fed. "Then if you will kindly call me a carriage—a closed carriage, please; an open one might give me a cold in my ankle."

"Oh, but," returned the sympathetic maid, encouragingly, "you *can* thank Mrs. Dodge in person."

"She told me she would be out presently to see about your leg," nodded the butler.

"Ah!" said Nathan, visibly affected by this kindness. "This is too good, but I fear I cannot wait. You see the next train leaves at——'

The butler arose. "I'll tell her you are in a hurry," he said, hastening to the door.

"Pray do not disturb her on my——" but the obliging butler had gone.

"She's only in the next room," the maid assured Nathan.

"Oh, I see," he said, reflectively.

"Talking to the police detective," the maid whispered, mysteriously.

"Indeed!" responded Nathan.

"Yes," more mysteriously, "giving him a description of the burglar!" Nathan was evidently impressed. "The burglar?" he inquired, perplexed.

"An awful thing happened here last night."

"You don't say so! In this very house?" Nathan was such a responsive listener.

"Here's the paper," said the sympathetic maid. "It tells all about it."

The butler re-entered. "Mrs. Dodge will be here in a few minutes," he announced, gladly.

"Too bad," said Nathan; "I cannot wait."

"But she told me expressly not to call your carriage till after she saw you."

Nathan saw that the butler knew his place, and Nathan knew that he could not go alone. "How good of her," he said. The situation required a different plan.

"I told her how anxious you were to thank her in person," said the butler.

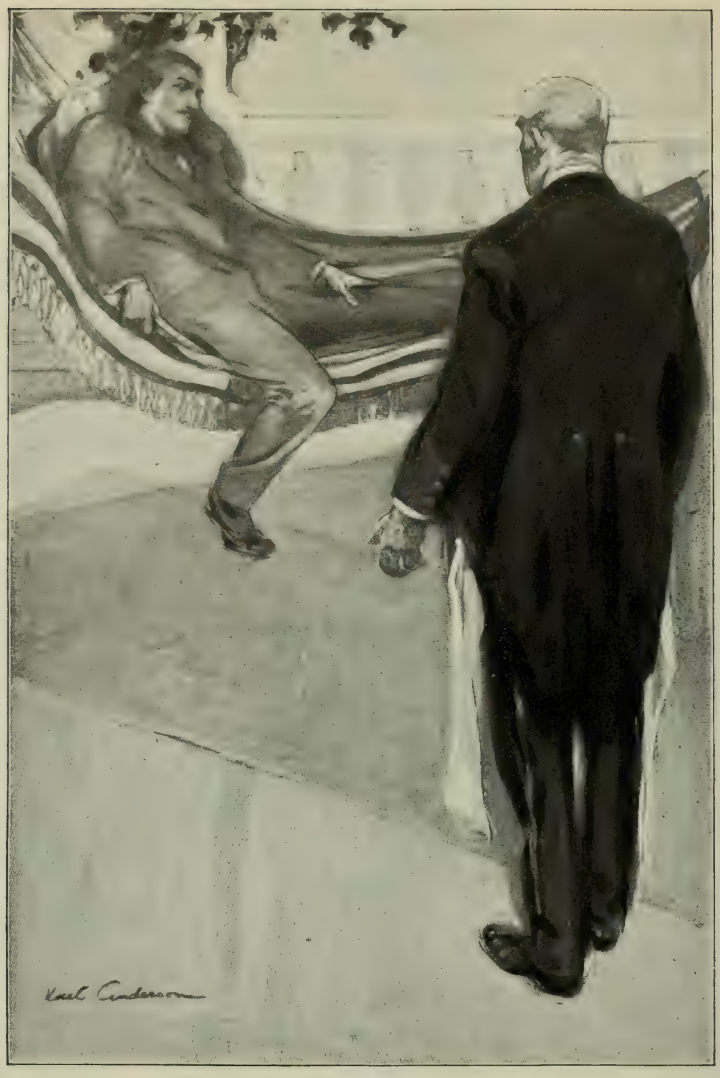
"How good of you," said Nathan; then turning to the maid, "You are all so good," he beamed. "That will do now," he said, nodding kindly at the butler. "This is very absorbing," for just then his eye was caught by large headlines over a description of a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with a bold burglar at the house of General Filmore Dodge, the well-known political leader, the Democratic candidate for mayor of the city.

The General, it appeared, was a general of militia, and a very brave man. For on being awakened by the terrified screams of his young wife, the beautiful Mrs. Helen Dodge, he was amazed to find a cowardly ruffian at her throat endeavoring to choke her. Naturally, he sprang to his feet, dealt the intruder a terrific blow, knocking him across the room; then grappled with his desperate antagonist. Finally, the General, who is a large, powerful man, and was a well-known athlete in his younger days, succeeded in overcoming his adversary, and then, with a superhuman effort, dragged him across the room to the window, opened it and "threw him out into the night," as the reporter put it. Meanwhile, the terror-stricken young wife was screaming hysterically. (Just like a woman.) These feminine cries, however, had the good effect of bringing the ever-watchful police on the dead run. The General himself, in his excitement, had not thought of calling for help until after throwing the burglar out into the night. The police made a thorough search of the premises and neighborhood, but though they found tracks where the thief had landed upon a flower-bed, "the latter was evidently unhurt, and having such a start had made good his escape."



Drawn by Karl Anderson.

The beautiful lady with the wonderful earrings had turned in at this house.—Page 173.



"What are you doing in this hammock?"—Page 175.

The stalwart General kindly consented to be interviewed. He said that naturally he regretted the necessity of throwing a fellow human being out of the window, for even the humblest is yet a fellow-man, "But you see, boys, when I woke up and found that cowardly ruffian choking my dear wife—well, if I had it to do over again, I suppose I would act exactly as I did last night, and I leave it to any of you if you would not, too!"

Mrs. Dodge, whose face and neck were badly bruised, was asked to make a statement, but she was too much overcome by the fright to add anything to her husband's account except that her bruises were mere scratches, and that she is very thankful her husband escaped. It was stated, however, that the loss of her earrings was irreparable, as they were a family heirloom, which she prized more than the whole house. She directed police headquarters to send out descriptions to all the cities to get the jewels back at any price.

An editorial inside, entitled "Our Gal-



"There is a full account of it in the paper in your hand."—Page 182.

lant General," predicted that this episode, though small in itself, was all that had been needed to bring over the doubtful element in the party, and would assure the election of General Filmore Dodge as our next mayor.

"And yet," mused Nathan, cynical bachelor though he was, "some men do not believe in matrimony!" He was tying up his possessions—some would call them kit and swag—in the editorial sheet. It might prove necessary to lose the bundle quietly. And meanwhile he was consumed with a wild desire to behold this woman, clothed and in her right mind.

At this point the door opened, and Nathan heard a man's voice, "Good-by, Mrs. Dodge, if the crook is still in reach, he cannot escape us—it is impossible; my men are scattered over all quarters of the city and suburbs. And as for the earrings——"

"Ah, do find the earrings," said a soft low voice that sent a thrill through Nathan, "if you have to pay double their value. Good-day, Captain. John, please show the gentleman out."

"And now," mused Nathan, as he stuck his little bundle in his pocket, "and now comes my chance." He had formed his plan. It never took Nathan long.

There stood framed in the doorway the most beautiful woman Nathan had ever seen, tall and slender and fair; a small, delicate face, with the fine aquiline nose held high. Yesterday he had only seen the earrings. To-day he beheld a woman who was not afraid, and the earrings were in his pocket.

He tried to rise to meet her, tottered, stuck out his bad leg, gasped and fell at her feet. "I wonder," thought Nathan on the floor, "if she will recognize me when I look up."

Without waiting to ring for servants, the lady leaned over and helped him up with her lithe strong arms—did not Nathan know how strong they were?—just as he had felt sure she would. His features were twisted with pain. At any rate they were twisted beyond recognition. He groaned and sank back on the sofa, covering his face with his hands.

The lady straightway pulled off Nathan's shoe and felt his ankle. "Why, there's a fracture here," she said, and touched the bell. She did not ask him if it hurt him—poor fellow. She seemed to know it did.

"It was that horse-block you tripped on? I've always said it was misplaced."

Such a lovely voice, Nathan hadn't the heart to contradict it. "Can it be possible," he thought, "that this is the same voice I so lately heard in another key?"

The butler came in answer to the bell.

"John, please telephone to St. Luke's Hospital for an ambulance, and then bring the rest of that court-plaster and a basin of water and a towel."

Nathan appreciated this, but did not fancy the idea of the ambulance. The surgeon always brought a policeman along and Nathan had no use for policemen. Moreover, they would go through his clothes at the hospital. He decided to amend his plan.

John returned with the court-plaster. She cut off several strips. John left the room. Now Nathan untwisted his face and looked up at her, almost asking with his eyes if she did not recognize him, then suddenly dropped his eyes again. She had not recognized him, but Nathan had recognized his own finger-prints on that slender throat, and the burglar blushed.

"I'm sorry I hurt you," said the lady, seeing the color.

"When?" said Nathan.

"When I put on the court-plaster," said the lady.

"You didn't," mumbled Nathan, "but you might have." He seemed an ill-natured person. Oh, Nathan, Nathan! how could you! Such a little throat. But he turned it off, as men will, especially after a good meal. "Just think," he mused, as she dressed his face, "a few hours ago those soft slender fingers were trying to scratch my eyes out, and now they are washing the blood away. A few hours ago that delicate creature was sitting on my back, and now she's been filling my stomach."

The lady, meanwhile, seemed preoccupied, but determined to do her duty. "I don't see how your face was scratched so much in tripping over a horse-block."

"And I, in turn," said Nathan, with an apologetic smile, "fail to see how your face was scratched so much while a burglar was waking your husband."

The lady did not seem to crave his sympathy.

"You see I've read the paper," said Nathan.

She made no reply.

"I suppose," ventured Nathan, urbanely, "your husband is a very deep sleeper."

The lady replied, "Does your ankle pain you very much?" Nathan, unlike the butler, did not know his place.

"I trust you will not consider me presuming," said Nathan, "when I remark that the burglar ought to be ashamed of himself to hurt a lady—a lady like you."

The lady raised her eye-brows slightly, then smiled kindly and added, "But then he's only a burglar."

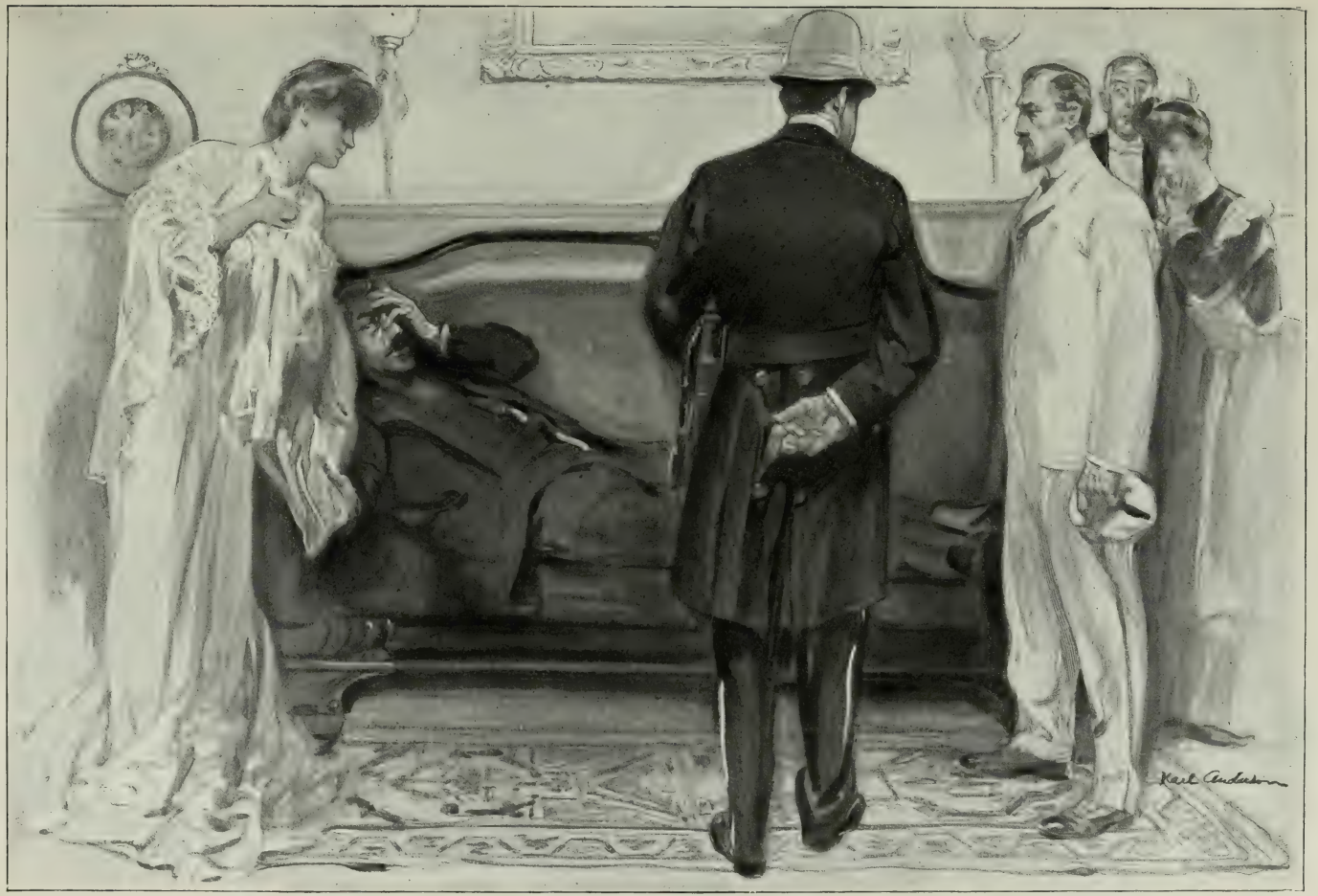
Nathan sighed, "True, too true." It was cruel to rub it in. Then he added, "But if he were lying here as I am"—the lady started—"and could see what he has done, as I do—yes, even a burglar might feel shame and remorse."

The lady was busy with the court-plaster.

"Don't you think so?" ventured Nathan.

The lady made no reply.

"Madame," Nathan inquired, sym-



Drawn by Karl Anderson.

"Thank you, Madame," said Nathan; "thank you for the newspaper."—Page 182.

pathetically, "may I ask if your husband was hurt as much as you?"

"A man naturally knows how to protect himself," said the lady.

"Naturally," said Nathan; ("I thought I could make her answer me") "but a lady —a lady, I suppose, can only scream?"

"There is a full account of it in the paper in your hand," said the lady, haughtily.

"Yes," said Nathan, tapping the paper, "it says this act of bravery will win your husband's election."

The lady was looking out of the window.

"The ambulance ought to be here," she said, tersely.

"Then I must hurry," murmured Nathan, stretched out on the sofa.

"Hurry?" asked the lady, perplexed.

"Madame," said Nathan, gazing up at her eyes, "your husband must be a very brave man."

"As brave as a lion," the lady answered.

"God bless you," said Nathan.

"I beg your pardon?" asked the lady, returning her attention to him.

"For being so kind and considerate to a poor man, who, who—for being so kind and considerate, Madame."

"There now, that dressing will do till you reach the hospital," said the lady. "Here it comes."

"It?" said Nathan.

"The ambulance," said the lady. Nathan heard the bell now, coming up the street as noisily as the police last night. He hated abruptness, but there was no time to lose.

"Madame," he asked, suddenly, "are you sure you lost your earrings?" The ambulance was drawing up at the house. "Are you sure it was not all a night-mare, after all?"

The beautiful lady recoiled. She darted a sudden horrified look at his face, then at his shoes. Black earth of the flower-bed was caked upon them. The door bell rang. "How did you hurt your leg?" she hissed, fiercely, coming bravely toward him again.

Then answered Nathan, like a fool or an artist: "I said on your horse-block, but not all rose-beds are beds of roses. And not all generals are what their wives want people to think. Madame, you are the bravest woman I ever——"

The surgeon and a policeman appeared at the door.

"Here we are, ma'am," said the policeman —deferentially to the wife of the next mayor.

"Made our best time, Mrs. Dodge," smirked the ambulance surgeon—to the leader of local society.

"Officer!" shrilled the lady; her eyes were blazing; she clutched Nathan's shoulder, as if fearing another jump from the window, "this man, I've been feeding and nursing!——"

"Ow! my shoulder!" cried Nathan. He grabbed her little hand with one of his, as if in pain, and while rustling the newspaper with the other, whispered quickly, "Never fear, I won't tell on your husband if you won't tell on me." The two officials were approaching.

"This man," the lady repeated in a dazed manner, "this man, I've been feeding and nursing—is a good man—that is why I've been taking such care of him. Don't you see? And I just wanted to say, he deserves the best of care, Dr. Howe, the best of care," she repeated, nervously. They were spreading out the stretcher for Nathan.

"Thank you, Madame," said Nathan; "thank you for the newspaper." He put one hand under it as he handed the paper to her. They lifted him from the sofa.

"Any patient of yours would have the best of care, Mrs. Dodge," smirked the surgeon. "But you, Mrs. Dodge, need a little care yourself; too much excitement—for such a nervous temperament!" ("These hysterical women!" he added, under his breath.)

"Who wouldn't be excited—see what I have found!" cried the lady, joyfully. She displayed the earrings.

The stretcher-bearers stopped abruptly.

"What!" exclaimed the surgeon.

"Where, m'am?" cried the policeman.

"In the flower-bed," said the lady.

Nathan, reclining on the stretcher, was gazing at her with admiration—his last look.

"By the way, if not asking too much, Madame," he said, reaching into his pocket —was he a fool or artist?— "will you not keep this little bundle of personal possessions till I am well again? They are precious to me—gifts from one I admire."

The lady stood in the door-way with her nose held high. "Call for them when you are out of the hospital," she said.

The patient on the stretcher heaved a sentimental though satisfied sigh as the ambulance went clanging down the street.

The bundle had not been opened when he called for it. Nathan was not a fool.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXVII

AT midnight, one month later, Daniel Dean, bearer of dispatches to the Confederate General in Virginia, rode out of abandoned Richmond with the cavalry of young Fitzhugh Lee. They had threaded their way amid troops, trains, and artillery across the bridge. The city was on fire. By its light the stream of humanity was pouring out of town—Davis and his cabinet, citizens, soldiers, down to the mechanics in the armories and workshops. The chief concern with all was the same, a little to eat for a few days; for, with the morning, the enemy would come and Confederate money would be as mist. Afar off the little fleet of Confederate gunboats blazed and the thundering explosions of their magazines split the clear air. Freight depots with supplies were burning. Plunderers were spreading the fires and slipping like ghouls through red light and black shadows. At daybreak the last retreating gun rumbled past and, at sunrise, Dan looked back from the hills on the smoking and deserted city and Grant's blue lines sweeping into it.

Once only he saw his great chief—the next morning before day, when he rode through the chill mist and darkness to find the headquarters of the commanding General—two little fires of rubbish and two ambulances—with Lee lying on a blanket under the open sky. He rose, as Dan drew near, and the firelight fell full on his bronzed and mournful face. He looked so sad and so noble that the boy's heart was wrenched, and as Dan turned away, he said, brokenly:

"General, I am General Dean's son and I want to thank you——" he could get no farther. Lee laid one hand on his shoulder.

"Be as good a man as your father was, my boy," he said, and Dan rode back the pitiable way through the rear of that noble army of Virginia—through tattered, worn, hungry soldiers, through the broken débris of wagons and abandoned guns, through skeleton horses and skeleton men.

All hope was gone, but Fitz Lee led his cavalry through the Yankee lines and escaped. In that flight Daniel Dean got his only wound in the war—a bullet through the shoulder. When the surrender came Fitz Lee gave up, too, and led back his command to get Grant's generous terms. But all his men did not go with him, and among the cavalrymen who went on toward southwestern Virginia was Dan—making his way back to Richard Hunt—for gallant Morgan was dead and Hunt was general of the old command.

Behind him, Chad was with Grant. He saw the surrender—saw Lee look toward his army, when he came down the steps after he had given up, saw him strike his hands together three times and ride Traveller away through the profound and silent respect of his enemies and the tearful worship of his own men. And Chad got permission straightway to go back to Ohio and be mustered out with his old regiment, and he, too, started back through Virginia.

Meanwhile Dan was drawing near the mountains. After the fight over in Kentucky with Yankees and Daws Dillon's guerilla band, he had chased Burbridge to the edge of the Bluegrass and, coming back, he had found Harry gone. Harry had refused to accept a parole and had escaped. Not a man, Dan was told, had fired a shot at him as he ran. One soldier raised his musket, but an old sergeant struck the muzzle upward.

Dan was worn out as he drew near Abingdon. The wound in his shoulder was festering and he was in a high fever. At the camp of Morgan's Men he found only a



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Margaret was listening eagerly.—Page 191

hospital left—for General Hunt had gone southward—and the hospital was what he most needed now. As he lay, unconscious with fever, next day, a giant figure, lying near, turned his head and stared at the boy. It was Rebel Jerry Dillon, who was still helpless from the fearful wounds his brother, Yankee Jake, had given him. And thus, Chadwick Buford, making for the Ohio to be mustered out with his old regiment, saw the two messmates, a few days later, when he rode into the deserted rebel camp.

All was over. Red Mars had passed beyond the horizon and the white Star of Peace already shone faintly on the ravaged South. The shattered remnants of Morgan's cavalry, pall-bearers of the Lost Cause—had gone South—bare-footed and in rags—to guard Jefferson Davis to safety. Chad's heart was wrung when he stepped into the little hospital they had left behind—a space cleared into a thicket of rhododendron. There was not a tent—there was little medicine—little food. The drizzling rain dropped on the group of ragged sick men from the branches above them. Nearly all were youthful, and the youngest was a mere boy, who lay delirious with his head on the root of a tree. As Chad stood looking, the boy opened his eyes and his mouth twitched with pain.

"Hello, you damned Yankee." Again his mouth twitched and again the old dare-devil light that Chad knew so well kindled in his hazy eyes.

"I said," he repeated, distinctly, "Hello, you damned Yank. *Damned* Yank I said." Chad beckoned to two men.

"Go bring a stretcher."

The men shook their heads with a grim smile—they had no stretcher.

The boy talked dreamily.

"Say, Yank, didn't we give you hell in—oh, well, in lots o' places. But you've got me." The two soldiers were lifting him in their arms. "Goin' to take me to prison? Goin' to take me out to shoot me, Yank? You *are* a damned Yank." A hoarse growl rose behind them and the giant lifted himself on one elbow, swaying his head from side to side.

"Let that boy alone!" Dan nodded back at him confidently.

"That's all right, Jerry. This Yank's a friend of mine." His brow wrinkled. "At any rate he looks like somebody I know. He's goin' to give me something to eat and get me well—like hell," he added to himself—passing off into unconsciousness again. Chad had the lad carried to his own tent, had him stripped, bathed, and bandaged and stood looking down at him. It was hard to believe that the broken, aged youth was the red-cheeked, vigorous lad whom he had known as Daniel Dean. He was ragged, starved, all but barefooted, wounded, sick, and yet he was as undaunted, as defiant, as when he charged with Morgan's dare-devils—at the beginning of the war. Then Chad went back to the hospital—with a blanket and some medicine.

"They are friends," he said to the Confederate surgeon, pointing at a huge gaunt figure.

"I reckon that big fellow has saved that boy's life a dozen times. Yes, they're mess-mates." And Chad stood looking down at Jerry Dillon, one of the giant twins—whose name was a terror throughout the mountains of the middle south. Then he turned and the surgeon followed. There was a rustle of branches to one side and the wounded man lifted his head at the sound. The branches parted and the ox-like face of Yankee Jake peered through. For a full minute the two brothers stared at each other.

"I reckon you got me, Jake," said Jerry. Jake had moved slowly forward and was looking down at his enemy—his heavy head wagging from side to side. Jerry was fumbling at his belt. The big knife flashed, but Jake's hand was as quick as its gleam, and he had the wrist that held it. His great fingers crushed together and the blade dropped on the ground and again they looked at each other. Slowly, Yankee Jake picked up the knife. The other moved not a muscle and in his fierce eyes was no plea for mercy. The point of the blade moved slowly down—down over the rebel's heart and was thrust into its sheath again. Then Jake let go the wrist.

"Don't tech it agin," he said, and he strode away. The big fellow lay blinking. He did not open his lips when, in a moment, Yankee Jake slouched in with a canteen of water. When Chad came back, one giant was drawing on the other a pair of socks. The other was still silent and had his face turned the other way.

A day later Dan came to his senses. A tent was above him, a blanket was beneath him and there were clothes on his body that felt strangely fresh and clean. He looked up to see Chad's face between the flaps of the tent.

"D'you do this?"

"That's all right," said Chad. "This war is over." And he went away to let Dan think it out. When he came again, Dan held out his hand silently.

XXVIII

THE rain was falling with a steady roar when General Hunt broke camp a few days before. The mountain-tops were black with thunder-clouds and along the muddy road went Morgan's Men—most of them on mules which had been taken from abandoned wagons when news of the surrender came—without saddles and with blind bridles or rope halters—the rest slopping along through the yellow mud on foot—literally—for few of them had shoes; they were on their way to protect Davis and join Johnston, now that Lee was no more. There was no murmuring, no faltering, and it touched Richard Hunt to observe that they were now more prompt to obedience, when it was optional with them whether they should go or stay, than they had ever been in the proudest days of the Confederacy.

Threatened from Tennessee and cut off from Richmond, Hunt had made up his mind to march eastward to join Lee, when the news of the surrender came. Had the sun at that moment dropped suddenly to the horizon from the heaven above them, those Confederates would have been hardly more startled or plunged into deeper despair. Crowds of infantry threw down their arms and, with the rest, all sense of discipline was lost. Of the cavalry, however, not more than ten men declined to march south and out they moved through the drenching rain in a silence that was broken only with a single cheer when ninety men from another Kentucky brigade joined them, who, too, felt that as long as the Confederate Government survived, there was work for them to do. So on they went to keep up the struggle, if the word was given, skirmishing, fighting and slipping past the enemies that were hemming them in, on with Davis, his cabinet, and General Breckinridge to join Taylor and Forrest in Alabama. Across the border of South Carolina, an irate old lady upbraided Hunt for allowing his soldiers to take forage from her barn.

"You are a gang of thieving Kentuckians," she said, hotly; "you are afraid to go home, while our boys are surrendering decently."

"Madam!"—for the second time Renfrew the Silent spoke—spoke from the depths of his once brilliant jacket—"You South Carolinians had a good deal to say about getting up this war, but we Kentuckians have contracted to close it out."

Then came the last Confederate council of war. In turn, each officer spoke of his men and of himself and each to the same effect; the cause was lost and there was no use prolonging the war.

"We will give our lives to secure your safety, but we cannot urge our men to struggle against a fate that is inevitable and perhaps thus forfeit all hope of a restoration to their homes and friends."

Davis was affable, dignified, calm, undaunted.

"I will hear of no plan that is concerned only with my safety. A few brave men can prolong the war until this panic has passed and they will be a nucleus for thousands more."

The answer was silence, as the gaunt, beaten man looked from face to face. He rose with an effort.

"I see all hope is gone," he said, bitterly, and though his calm remained, his bearing was less erect, his face was deathly pale and his step so infirm that he leaned upon General Breckinridge as he neared the door—in the bitterest moment, perhaps, of his life.

So, the old Morgan's Men, so long separated, were united at the end. In a broken voice, General Hunt forbade the men who had followed him on foot three hundred miles from Virginia to go farther, but to disperse to their homes; and they wept like children.

In front of him was a big force of Federal cavalry; retreat the way he had come was impossible and to the left, if he es-

caped, was the sea; but dauntless Hunt refused to surrender except at the order of a superior, or unless told that all was done that could be done to assure the escape of his President. That order came from General Breckinridge.

"Surrender," was the message. "Go back to your homes, I will not have one of these young men encounter one more hazard for my sake."

That night Richard Hunt fought out his fight with himself, pacing to and fro under the stars. He had struggled faithfully for what he believed, still believed, and would, perhaps, always believe, was right. He had fought for the broadest ideal of liberty as he understood it, for citizen, State, and nation. The appeal had gone to the sword and the verdict was against him. He would accept it. He would go home, take the oath of allegiance, resume the law, and, as an American citizen, do his duty. He had no sense of humiliation; he had no apology to make and would never have—he had done his duty. He felt no bitterness, and had no fault to find with his foes, who were brave and had done their duty as they had seen it; for he granted them the right to see a different duty from what he had decided was his. And that was all.

Renfrew the Silent was waiting at the smouldering fire. He neither looked up nor made any comment when the General spoke his determination. His own face grew more sullen and he reached his hand into his breast and pulled from his faded jacket the tattered colors that he once had borne.

"These will never be lowered as long as I live," he said, "nor afterwards if I can prevent it." And lowered they never were. On a little island in the Pacific Ocean, this strange soldier, after leaving his property and his kindred forever, lived out his life among the natives with this blood-stained remnant of the Stars and Bars over his hut, and when he died the flag was hung over his grave, and above that grave to-day the tattered emblem still sways in southern air.

. . . . . .

A week earlier, two Rebels and two Yankees started across the mountain together—Chad and Dan and the giant Dillon twins—Chad and Yankee Jake afoot. Down the Cumberland they went and up Lonesome toward the shaggy flank of Black Mountain where the Great Reaper had mowed down Chad's first friends. The logs of the cabin were still standing, though the roof was caved in and the yard was a tangle of undergrowth. A dull pain settled in Chad's breast, as he looked, and when they climbed the spur, he choked when he caught sight of the graves under the big poplar.

There was the little pen that he had built over his foster-mother's grave—still undisturbed. He said nothing and, as they went on up, he kept his gnawing memories to himself. Only ten years before, and he seemed an old, old man now. He recognized the spot where he had slept the first night and awakened to that fearful never-forgotten storm at sunrise, which lived in his memory now as a mighty portent of the storms of human passion that had swept around him on many a battlefield. There was the very tree where he had killed the squirrel and the rattlesnake. It was bursting spring now, but the buds of laurel and rhododendron were unbroken. Down Kingdom Come they went. Here was where he had met the old cow, and here was the little hill where Jack had fought Whizzer and he had fought Tad Dillon and where he had first seen Melissa. Again the scarlet of her tattered gown flashed before his eyes. At the bend of the river they parted from the giant twins. Faithful Jake's face was foolish, when Chad took him by the hand and spoke to him, as man to man, and Jerry, his surly brother, turned his face quickly when Dan told him that he would never forget him, and made him promise to come to see him, if Jerry ever took another raft down to the capital. Looking back from the hill, Chad saw them slowly moving along a path toward the woods—not looking at each other and speaking not at all.

Beyond rose the smoke of the old Turner cabin. On the porch sat the old Turner mother, her bonnet in her hand, her eyes looking down the river. Dozing at her feet was Jack—old Jack. She had never forgiven Chad, and she could not forgive him now, though Chad saw her eyes soften, when she looked at the tat-

tered butternut that Dan wore. But Jack—half-blind and aged—sprang trembling to his feet when he heard Chad's voice and whimpered like a child. Chad sank on the porch with one arm about the old dog's neck. Mother Turner answered all questions shortly.

Melissa had gone to the "Settlemints." Why? The old woman would not answer. She was coming back, but she was ill. She had never been well since she went afoot, one cold night, to warn some *Yankee* that Dan Dillon was after him. Chad started. It was Melissa who had perhaps saved his life. Tad Dillon had stepped into Dan's shoes, and the war was still going on in the hills. Tom Turner had died in prison. The old mother was waiting for Dolph and Rube to come back—she was looking for them every hour—day and night. She did not know what had become of the schoolmaster—but Chad did, and he told her. The schoolmaster had died, storming breastworks at Gettysburg. The old woman said not a word.

Dan was too weak to ride now. So Chad got Dave Hilton, Melissa's old sweetheart, to take Dixie to Richmond—a little town on the edge of the Bluegrass—and leave her there, and he bought the old canoe. She would have no use for it, Mother Turner said—he could have it for nothing; but when Chad thrust a ten-dollar Federal bill into her hands, she broke down and threw her arms around him and cried.

So down the river went Chad and Dan—drifting with the tide—Chad in the stern, Dan lying at full length, with his head on a blue army-coat and looking up at the overswung branches and the sky and the clouds above them—down, through a mist of memories for Chad—down to the capital.

And Harry Dean, too, was on his way home—coming up from the far South—up through the ravaged land of his own people, past homes and fields which his own hands had helped to lay waste.

XXIX

THE early spring sunshine lay like a benediction over the Dean household, for Margaret and her mother were home from exile, once more. On the corner of the veranda sat Mrs. Dean, where she always sat, knitting. Under the big weeping willow in the garden was her husband's grave. When she was not seated near it, she was there in the porch, and to it her eyes seemed always to stray when she lifted them from her work.

The mail had just come and Margaret was reading a letter from Dan, and, as she read, her cheeks flushed.

"He took me into his own tent, mother, and put his own clothes on me and nursed me like a brother. And now he is going to take me to you and Margaret, he says, and I shall be strong enough, I hope, to start in a week. I shall be his friend for life."

Neither mother nor daughter spoke when the girl ceased reading. Only Margaret rose soon and walked down the gravelled walk to the stile. Beneath the hill the creek sparkled. She could see the very spot where her brothers and the queer little stranger in from the mountains were fishing the day he came into her life. She remembered the indignant heart-beat with which she had heard him call her "little gal" and she smiled now, but she could recall the very tone of his voice and the steady look in his clear eyes when he offered her the perch he had caught. Even then his spirit appealed unconsciously to her, when he sturdily refused to go up to the house because her brother was ' feelin' hard towards him." How strange and far away all that seemed now! Up the creek and around the woods she strolled, deep in memories. For a long while she sat on a stone wall in the sunshine—thinking and dreaming, and it was growing late when she started back to the house. At the stile, she turned for a moment to look at the old Buford home across the fields. As she looked, she saw the pike-gate open and a woman's figure enter and she kept her eyes idly upon it as she walked to the house. The woman came slowly and hesitatingly toward the yard. When she drew nearer, Margaret could see that she wore homespun, home-made shoes, and a poke-bonnet. On her hands were yarn half-mits and, as she walked, she pushed her bonnet from her eyes with one hand, first to one side, then to the other—looking at the locusts planted along the avenue, the cedars in the yard, the sweep of lawn overspread with springing bluegrass. At the yard gate, she stopped, leaning over it—her eyes fixed on the

stately white house, with its mighty pillars. Margaret was standing on the steps now, motionless and waiting, and, knowing that she was seen, the woman opened the gate and walked up the gravelled path—never taking her eyes from the figure on the porch. Straight she walked to the foot of the steps and there she stopped and, pushing her bonnet back, she said simply:

"Are you Mar-ga-ret?" pronouncing the name slowly and with great distinctness.

Margaret started.

"Yes," she said.

The girl merely looked at her—long and hard. Once her lips moved:

"Mar-ga-ret," and still she looked.

"Do you know whar Chad is?"

Margaret flushed.

"Who are you?"

"Melissy."

Melissa! The two girls looked deep into each other's eyes and, for one flashing moment, each saw the other's heart—bared and beating—and Margaret saw, too, a strange light ebb slowly from the other's face and a strange shadow follow slowly after.

"You mean Captain Buford?"

"I mean Chad. Is he dead?"

"No, he is bringing my brother home."

"Harry?"

"No—Dan."

"Dan—here?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"As soon as my brother gets well enough to travel. He is wounded."

Melissa turned her face then. Her mouth twitched and her clasped hands were working in and out. Then she turned again.

"I come up here from the mountains, afoot, jus' to tell ye—to tell *you* that Chad ain't no—" she stopped suddenly, seeing Margaret's quick flush—"*Chad's mother was married.* I jus' found it out last week. He ain't no"— she started fiercely again and stopped again. "But I come here fer *him*—not fer *you*. *You* oughtn't to 'a' keered. Hit wouldn't 'a' been his fault. He never was the same after he come back from here. Hit worried him most to death an' I know hit was you—*you* he was always thinkin' about. He didn't keer 'cept fer you." Again that shadow came and deepened. "An' you oughtn't to 'a' keered what he was—and that's why I hate you," she said, calmly—"fer worryin' him an' bein' so high-heeled that you was willin' to let him mighty nigh bust his heart about somethin' that wasn't his fault. I come fer him—you understand—fer *him*. I hate *you!*"

She turned without another word, walked slowly back down the walk and out the gate. Margaret stood dazed, helpless, almost frightened. She heard the girl cough and saw now that she walked as if weak and ill. As she turned into the road, Margaret ran down the steps and across the fields to the turnpike. When she reached the road-fence, the girl was coming around the bend with her eyes on the ground, and every now and then she would cough and put her hand to her breast. She looked up quickly, hearing the noise ahead of her, and stopped as Margaret climbed the low stone wall and sprang down.

"Melissa, Melissa! You musn't hate me. You musn't hate *me*." Margaret's eyes were streaming and her voice trembled with kindness. She walked up to the girl and put one hand on her shoulder. "You are sick. I know you are, and you must come back to the house."

Melissa gave way then and breaking from the girl's clasp she leaned against the stone wall and sobbed, while Margaret put her arms about her and waited silently.

"Come now," she said, "let me help you over. There now. You must come back and get something to eat and lie down." And Margaret led Melissa back across the fields.

XXX

IT was strange to Chad that he should be drifting toward a new life down the river which once before had carried him to a new world. The future then was no darker than now, but he could hardly connect himself with the little fellow in coon-skin cap and moccasins who had floated down on a raft so many years ago, when at every turn of the river his eager eyes looked for a new and thrilling mys-

tery. They talked of the long fight, the two lads, for, in spite of the war-worn look of them, both were still nothing but boys—and they talked with no bitterness of camp life, night attacks, surprises, escapes, imprisonment, incidents of march and battle. Both spoke little of their boyhood days or of the future. The pall of defeat overhung Dan. To him the world seemed to be nearing an end, while to Chad the outlook was what he had known all his life—nothing to begin with and everything to be done. Once only Dan voiced his own trouble:

"What are you going to do, Chad—now that this infernal war is over? Going into the regular army?"

"No," said Chad, decisively. About his own future Dan volunteered nothing—he only turned his head quickly to the passing woods, as though in fear that Chad might ask some similar question, but Chad was silent. And thus they glided between high cliffs and down into the lowlands until at last, through a little gorge between two swelling river hills, Dan's eye caught sight of an orchard, a leafy woodland, and a pasture of bluegrass. With a cry he raised himself on one elbow.

"Home! I tell you, Chad, we're getting home!" He closed his eyes and drew the sweet air in as though he were drinking it down like wine. His eyes were sparkling when he opened them again and there was a new color in his face. On they drifted until, toward noon, the black column of smoke that meant the capital loomed against the horizon. There Mrs. Dean was waiting for them, and Chad turned his face aside when the mother took her son in her arms. With a sad smile she held out her hand to Chad.

"You must come home with us," Mrs. Dean said, with quiet decision.

"Where is Margaret, mother?" Chad almost trembled when he heard the name.

"Margaret couldn't come. She is not very well and she is taking care of Harry."

The very station had tragic memories to Chad. There was the long hill which he had twice climbed—once on a lame foot and once on flying Dixie—past the armory and the graveyard. He had seen enough dead since he peered through the iron gates, to fill a dozen graveyards the like in size. Going up in the train, he could see the barn where he had slept in the hayloft the first time he came to the Bluegrass, and the creek-bridge where Major Buford had taken him into his carriage. Major Buford was dead. He had almost died in prison, Mrs. Dean said, and Chad choked and could say nothing. Once Dan began a series of eager questions about the house and farm, and the servants and the neighbors, but his mother's answers were hesitant and he stopped short. She, too, asked but few questions, and the three were quiet while the train rolled on with little more speed than Chad and Dixie had made on that long ago night-ride to save Dan and Rebel Jerry. About that ride Chad had kept Harry's lips and his own closed, for he wished no such appeal as that to go to Margaret Dean. Margaret was not at the station in Lexington. She was not well, Rufus said; so Chad would not go with them that night, but would come out next day.

"I owe my son's life to you, Captain Buford," said Mrs. Dean, with trembling lip, "and you must make our house your home while you are here. I bring that message to you from Harry and Margaret."

Chad could hardly speak his thanks. He would be in the Bluegrass only a few days, he stammered, but he would go out to see them next day. That night he went to the old inn where the Major had taken him to dinner. Next day, he sent a negro-boy for Dixie, and got a horse from the livery stable where he had bought the old brood mare. Early in the afternoon, he rode out the broad turnpike in a nervous tumult of feeling that more than once made him halt in the road. He wore his uniform, which was new, and made him uncomfortable—it looked too much like waving a victorious flag in the face of a beaten enemy—but it was the only stitch of clothes he had, and that he might not explain. It was the first of May. Just eight years before, Chad with a burning heart had watched Richard Hunt gayly dancing with Margaret, while the dead chieftain, Morgan, gayly fiddled for the merry crowd. Now the sun shone as it did then, the birds sang, the wind shook the happy leaves and trembled through the budding heads of bluegrass to show that nature had known no war and that her mood was never other than of hope and peace. But there were no fat cattle browsing in the Dean pastures now, no flocks of Southdown sheep with

frisking lambs. The worm fences had lost their riders and were broken down here and there. The gate sagged on its hinges; the fences around yard and garden and orchard had known no whitewash for years; the paint on the noble old house was cracked and peeling, the roof of the barn was sunken in, and the cabins of the quarters were closed, for the hand of war, though unclenched, still lay heavy on the home of the Deans. Snowball came to take his horse. He was respectful, but his white teeth did not flash the welcome Chad once had known. Another horse stood at the hitching-post and on it was a cavalry saddle and a rebel army blanket, and Chad did not have to guess whose it might be. From the porch, Dan shouted and came down to meet him, and Harry hurried to the door, followed by Mrs. Dean. Margaret was not to be seen, and Chad was glad—he would have a little more time for self-control. She did not appear even when they were seated in the porch until Dan shouted for her toward the garden; and then looking toward the gate Chad saw her coming up the garden walk bareheaded, dressed in white, with flowers in her hand; and walking by her side, looking into her face and talking earnestly, was Richard Hunt. The sight of him nerved Chad at once to steel. Margaret did not lift her face until she was half-way to the porch and then she stopped suddenly.

"Why, there's Captain Buford," Chad heard her say, and she came on ahead, walking rapidly. Chad felt the blood in his face again and when he saw Margaret nearing him—pale, sweet, frank, gracious, unconscious—it seemed that he was living over again another scene in his life when he had come from the mountains to live with Major Buford; and, with a sudden prayer that his past might now be wiped as clean as it was then, he turned from Margaret's hand-clasp to look into the brave, searching eyes of Richard Hunt and feel his sinewy fingers in a grip that in all frankness told Chad plainly that between them, at least, one war was not quite over yet.

"I am glad to meet you, Captain Buford, in these piping times of peace."

"And I am glad to meet you, General Hunt—only in times of peace," said Chad, smiling. The two measured each other swiftly, calmly. Chad had a mighty admiration for Richard Hunt. Here was a man who knew no fight but to the finish, who would die as gamely in a drawing-room as on a battle-field. To think of him—a brigadier-general at twenty-seven, as undaunted, as unbeaten as when he heard the first bullet of the war whistle and, at that moment, as good an American as Chadwick Buford or any Unionist who had given his life for his cause! Such a foe thrilled Chad, and somehow he felt that Margaret was measuring them as they were measuring each other. Against such a man what chance had he? He would have been comforted could he have known Richard Hunt's thoughts, for that gentleman had gone back to the picture of a ragged mountain boy in old Major Buford's carriage, one court day long ago, and now he was looking that same lad over from the visor of his cap down his superb length to the heels of his riding-boots. His eyes rested long on Chad's face. The change was incredible, but blood had told. The face was high-bred, clean, frank, nobly handsome; it had strength and dignity, and the scar on his cheek told a story that was as well known to foe as to friend.

"I have been wanting to thank you, not only for trying to keep us out of that infernal prison after the Ohio raid, but for trying to get us out. Harry here told me. That was generous."

"That was nothing," said Chad. "You forget, you could have killed me once and —and you didn't." Margaret was listening eagerly.

"You didn't give me time," laughed General Hunt.

"Oh yes, I did. I saw you lift your pistol and drop it again. I have never ceased to wonder why you did that."

Richard Hunt laughed. "Perhaps I'm sorry sometimes that I did," he said with a certain dryness.

"Oh no, you aren't, General," said Margaret.

Thus they chatted and laughed and joked together above the sombre tide of feeling that showed in the face of each if it reached not his tongue, for when the war was over, the hatchet in Kentucky was buried at once and buried deep. Son came back to father, brother to brother, neighbor to neighbor and the sundered threads, unravelled by the war, were knitted together fast. That is why the

post-bellum terrors of reconstruction were practically unknown in the State. The negroes scattered, to be sure, not from disloyalty so much as from a feverish desire to learn whether they really could come and go as they pleased. When they learned that, most of them drifted back to the quarters where they were born, and meanwhile the white man's hand that had wielded the sword went just as bravely to the plough, and the work of rebuilding war-shattered ruins began at once. Old Mammy appeared, by and by, shook hands with General Hunt and made Chad a curtsey of rather distant dignity. She had gone into exile with her "chile" and her "ole Mistis" and had come home with them to stay, untempted by the doubtful sweets of freedom. "Old Tom, her husband, had remained with Major Buford, was with him on his deathbed," said Margaret, "and was on the place still, too old, he said, to take root elsewhere."

Toward the middle of the afternoon Dan rose and suggested that they take a walk about the place. Margaret had gone in to attend to some household duties, and Richard Hunt was going away next day and would stay, he said, with Mrs. Dean, who was tired and would not join them. The three walked toward the dismantled barn where the tournament had taken place and out into the woods. Looking back, Chad saw Margaret and General Hunt going slowly toward the garden and he knew that some crisis was at hand between the two. He had hard work listening to Dan and Harry as they planned for the future, and recalled to each other and to him the incidents of their boyhood. Harry meant to study law, he said, and practice in Lexington; Dan would stay at home and run the farm. Neither brother mentioned that the old place was heavily mortgaged, but Chad guessed the fact and it made him heartsick to think of the struggle that was before them and of the privations yet in store for Mrs. Dean and Margaret.

"Why don't you, Chad?"

"Do what?"

"Stay here and study law," Harry smiled. "We'll go into partnership."

Chad shook his head. "No," he said, decisively. "I've already made up my mind. I'm going West."

"I'm sorry," said Harry, and no more; he had learned long ago how useless it was to combat any purpose of Chadwick Buford.

General Hunt and Margaret were still away when they got back to the house. In fact, the sun was sinking when they came in from the woods, still walking slowly, General Hunt talking earnestly and Margaret with her hands clasped before her and her eyes on the path. The faces of both looked pale, even that far away, but when they neared the porch the General was joking and Margaret was smiling, nor was anything perceptible to Chad when he said good-by, except a certain tenderness in his tone and manner toward Margaret, and one fleeting look of distress in her clear eyes. He was on his horse now, and was lifting his cap.

"Good-by, Captain," he said. "I'm glad you got through the war alive. Perhaps I'll tell you some day why I didn't shoot you that morning." And then he rode away, a gallant, knightly figure, across the pasture. At the gate he waved his cap and at a gallop was gone.

After supper a heaven-born chance led Mrs. Dean to stroll out into the lovely night. Margaret rose to go too, and Chad followed. The same chance, perhaps, led old Mammy to come out on the porch and call Mrs. Dean back. Chad and Margaret walked on toward the stiles where still hung Margaret's weather-beaten Stars and Bars. The girl smiled and touched the flag.

"That was very nice of you to salute me that morning. I never felt so bitter against Yankees after that day. I'll take it down now," and she detached it and rolled it tenderly about the slender staff.

"That was not my doing," said Chad, "though if I had been Grant, and there with the whole Union army, I would have had it salute you. I was under orders, but I went back for help. May I carry it for you?"

"Yes," said Margaret, handing it to him. Chad had started toward the garden, but Margaret turned him toward the stiles and they walked now down through the pasture toward the creek that ran like a wind-shaken ribbon of silver under the moon.

"Won't you tell me something about Major Buford? I've been wanting to ask, but I simply hadn't the heart. Can't we go over there to-night? I want to see the old place, and I must leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said Margaret. "Why —I—I was going to take you over there to-morrow, for I—but, of course, you must go to-night if it is to be your only chance."

And so, as they walked along, Margaret told Chad of the old Major's last days, after he was released from prison, and came home to die. She went to see him every day and she was at his bedside when he breathed his last. He had mortgaged his farm to help the Confederate cause and to pay indemnity for a guerilla raid, and Jerome Conners held his notes for large amounts.

"The lawyer told me that he believed some of the notes were forged, but he couldn't prove it. He says it is doubtful if more than the house and a few acres will be left." A light broke in on Chad's brain.

"He told you?"

Margaret blushed. "He left all he had to me," she said, simply.

"I'm so glad," said Chad.

"Except a horse which belongs to you. The old mare is dead."

"Dear old Major!"

At the stone fence Margaret reached for the flag.

"We'll leave it here until we come back," she said, dropping it in a shadow. Somehow the talk of Major Buford seemed to bring them nearer together—so near that once Chad started to call her by her first name and stopped when it had half passed his lips. Margaret smiled.

"The war is over," she said, and Chad spoke eagerly:

"And you'll call me——"

"Yes, Chad."

The very leaves over Chad's head danced suddenly and yet the girl was so simple and frank and kind that the springing hope in his breast was as quickly chilled.

"Did he ever speak of me except about business matters?"

"Never at all at first," said Margaret, blushing again incomprehensively, "but he forgave you before he died."

"Thank God for that!"

"And you will see what he did for you—the last thing of his life."

They were crossing the field now.

"I have seen Melissa," said Margaret, suddenly. Chad was so startled that he stopped in the path.

"She came all the way from the mountains to ask if you were dead, and to tell me about—about your mother. She had just learned it, she said, and she did not know that you knew. And I never let her know that I knew, since I supposed you had some reason for not wanting her to know."

"I did," said Chad, sadly, but he did not tell his reason. Melissa would never have learned the one thing from him as Margaret would not learn the other now.

"She came on foot to ask about you and to defend you against—against me. And she went back afoot. She disappeared one morning before we got up. She seemed very ill, too, and unhappy. She was coughing all the time, and I wakened one night and heard her sobbing, but she was so sullen and fierce that I was almost afraid of her. Next morning she was gone. I would have taken her part of the way home myself. Poor thing!" Chad was walking with his head bent.

"I'm going down to see her before I go West."

"You are going West—to live?"

"Yes."

They had reached the yard gate now which creaked on rusty hinges when Chad pulled it open. The yard was running wild with plantains, the gravelled walk was overgrown, the house was closed, shuttered, and dark, and the spirit of desolation overhung the place, but the ruin looked gentle in the moonlight. Chad's throat hurt and his eyes filled.

"I want to show you now the last thing he did," said Margaret. Her eyes lighted with tenderness and she led him wondering down through the tangled garden to the old family graveyard.

"Climb over and look, Chad," she said, leaning over the wall.

There was the grave of the Major's father which he knew so well; next that, to the left, was a new mound under which rested the Major himself. To the right was a stone marked "Chadwick Buford, born in Virginia, 1750, died in Kentucky"—and then another stone marked simply:

Mary Bujord.

"He had both brought from the mountains," said Margaret, softly, "and the last time he was out of the house was when he

leaned here to watch them buried there. He said there would always be a place next your mother for you. 'Tell the boy that,' he said." Chad put his arms around the tombstone and then sank on one knee by his mother's grave. It was strewn with withered violets.

"You—*you* did that, Margaret?"

Margaret nodded through her tears.

. . . . . .

The wonder of it! They stood very still, looking for a long time into each other's eyes. Could the veil of the hereafter have been lifted for them at that moment and they have seen themselves walking that same garden path, hand in hand, their faces seamed with age to other eyes, but changed in not a line to them, the vision would not have added a jot to their perfect faith. They would have nodded to each other and smiled—"Yes, we know, we know!" The night, the rushing earth, the star-swept spaces of the infinite held no greater wonder than was theirs—they held no wonder at all. The moon shone, that night, for them; the wind whispered, leaves danced, flowers nodded, and crickets chirped from the grass for them; the farthest star kept eternal lids apart just for them and beyond, the Maker himself looked down, that night, just to bless them.

. . . . . .

Back they went through the old garden, hand in hand. No caress had ever passed between these two. That any man could ever dare even to dream of touching her sacred lips had been beyond the boy's imaginings—such was the reverence in his love for her—and his very soul shook when, at the gate, Margaret's eyes dropped from his to the sabre cut on his cheek and she suddenly lifted her face.

"I know how you got that, Chad," she said, and with her lips she gently touched the scar. Almost timidly the boy drew her to him. Again her lips were lifted in sweet surrender, and every wound that he had known in his life was healed.

"I'll show you your horse, Chad."

They did not waken old Tom, but went around to the stable and Chad led out a handsome colt, his satiny coat shining in the moonlight like silver. He lifted his proud head, when he saw Margaret, and whinnied.

"He knows his mistress, Margaret—and he's yours."

"Oh, no, Chad."

"Yes," said Chad, "I've still got Dixie."

"Do you still call her Dixie?"

"All through the war."

Homeward they went through the dewy fields.

"I wish I could have seen the Major before he died. If he could only have known how I suffered at causing him so much sorrow. And if you could have known——"

"He did know and so did I—later. But I was hurt that you did not tell me how you were troubled."

"I couldn't, Margaret. I couldn't reason then, and I can't now. I tried to see you."

"I could not make my mother more unhappy than she already was," said Margaret, gently.

"I know, I know."

They had reached the stone wall and Chad picked up the flag again.

"This is the only time I have ever carried this flag, unless I—unless it had been captured."

"You had captured it, Chad."

"There?" Chad pointed to the stiles and Margaret nodded.

"There—here—everywhere."

Seated on the porch Mrs. Dean and Harry and Dan saw them coming across the field and Mrs. Dean sighed.

"Father would not say a word against it, mother," said the elder boy, "if he were here."

"No," said Dan, "not a word."

"Listen, mother," said Harry, and he told the two about Chad's ride for Dan from Frankfort to Lexington. "He asked me not to tell. He did not wish Margaret to know. And listen again, mother. In a skirmish one day we were fighting hand to hand. I saw one man with his pistol levelled at me and another with his sabre lifted on Chad. He saw them both. My pistol was empty, and do you know what he did? He shot the man who was about to shoot me instead of his own assailant. That is how he got that scar. I did tell Margaret that."

"Yes, you must go down in the mountains first," Margaret was saying, "and see if

there is anything you can do for the people who were so good to you—and to see Melissa. I am worried about her."

"And then I must come back to you?"

"Yes, you must come back to see me once more, if you can. And then some day you will come again and buy back the Major's farm"—she stopped, blushing. "I think that was his wish, Chad, that you and I—but I would never let him say it."

"And if that should take too long?"

"I will come to you, Chad," said Margaret.

. . . . . .

Old Mammy came out on the porch as they were climbing the stile.

"Ole Miss," she said, indignantly, "my Tom say that he can't get nary a triflin' nigger to come out hyeh to wuk, an' ef that cawnfiel' ain't ploughed mighty soon, it's gwine to bu'n up."

"How many horses are there on the place, Mammy?" asked Dan.

"Hosses!" sniffed the old woman. "They ain't *nary* a hoss—nothin' but two ole broken-down mules."

"Well, I'll take one and start that job myself," said Harry.

"And I'll take the other," said Dan.

Mammy groaned.

. . . . . .

And still the wonder of that night to Chad and Margaret!

"It was General Hunt who taught me to understand—and forgive. Do you know what he said? That every man, on both sides, was right—who did his duty."

"God bless him," said Chad.

XXXI

MOTHER TURNER was sitting in the porch with old Jack at her feet when Chad and Dixie came to the gate, her bonnet off, her eyes turned toward the West. The stillness of death lay over the place, and over the strong old face some preternatural sorrow. She did not rise when she saw Chad, she did not speak when he spoke. She turned merely and looked at him with a look of helpless suffering. She knew the question that was on his lips, for she dumbly motioned toward the door and then put her trembling hands on the railing of the porch and bent her face down on them. With sickening fear, Chad stepped on the threshold—cap in hand—and old Jack followed, whimpering. As his eyes grew accustomed to the dark interior, he could see a sheeted form on a bed in the corner and, on the pillow, a white face.

"Melissa!" he called, brokenly. A groan from the porch answered him, and, as Chad dropped to his knees, the old woman sobbed aloud.

In low tones, as though in fear they might disturb the dead girl's sleep, the two talked on the porch. Brokenly, the old woman told Chad how the girl had sickened and suffered with never a word of complaint. How, all through the war, she had fought his battles so fiercely that no one dared attack him in her hearing. How, sick as she was, she had gone, that night, to save his life. How she had nearly died from the result of cold and exposure and was never the same afterward. How she worked in the house and in the garden to keep their bodies and souls together, after the old hunter was shot down and her boys were gone to the war. How she had learned the story of Chad's mother from old Nathan Cherry's daughter and how, when the old woman forbade her going to the Bluegrass, she had slipped away and gone afoot to clear his name. And then the old woman led Chad to where once had grown the rose-bush he had brought Melissa from the Bluegrass, and pointed silently to a box that seemed to have been pressed a few inches into the soft earth, and when Chad lifted it, he saw under it the imprint of a human foot—his own, made that morning when he held out a rose-leaf to her and she had struck it from his hand and turned him, as an enemy, from her door.

Chad silently went inside and threw open the window to let the last sunlight in: and he sat there, with his face as changeless as the still face on the pillow, sat there until the sun went down and the darkness came in and closed softly about her. She had died, the old woman said, with his name on her lips.

. . . . . .

Dolph and Rube had come back and they would take good care of the old

mother until the end of her days. But Jack—what should be done with Jack? The old dog could follow him no longer. He could live hardly more than another year, and the old mother wanted him—to remind her, she said, of Chad and of Melissa, who had loved him. He patted his faithful old friend tenderly and, when he mounted Dixie, late the next afternoon, Jack started to follow him.

"No, Jack," said Chad, and he rode on, with his eyes blurred. On the top of the steep mountain he dismounted, to let his horse rest a moment, and sat on a log, looking toward the sun. He could not go back to Margaret and happiness—not now. It seemed hardly fair to the dead girl down in the valley. He would send Margaret word, and she would understand.

Once again he was starting his life over afresh, with his old capital, a strong body and a stout heart. In his breast still burned the spirit that had led his race to the land, had wrenched it from savage and from king, had made it the high temple of Liberty for the worship of freemen—the Kingdom Come for the oppressed of the earth—and, himself the unconscious Shepherd of that Spirit, he was going to help carry its ideals across a continent Westward to another sea and on—who knows—to the gates of the rising sun. An eagle swept over his head, as he rose, and the soft patter of feet sounded behind him. It was Jack trotting after him. He stooped and took the old dog in his arms.

"Go back home, Jack!" he said. Without a whimper, old Jack slowly wheeled, but he stopped and turned again and sat on his haunches—looking back.

"Go home, Jack!" Again the old dog trotted down the path and once more he turned.

"Home, Jack!" said Chad.

The eagle was a dim, black speck in the band of yellow that lay over the rim of the sinking sun, and, after its flight, horse and rider took the westward way.

THE END

HARVEST TIME

By Martha Fenner

WHEN little Bacchus in purpling shadows
  Drinks to the harvest year;
When the harvest moon with her keen bright sickle
  Mows through the valleys sere;
When golden Plenty and Peace her sister,
  With the Bacchanals, come arm in arm,
To drink of the year's rare vintage flowing
  In the red wine rich and warm:

Then little Bacchus in purpling shadows
  Lifts his golden goblet high,
And drinks, with the Bacchanals in waiting,
  To the bright days soon to die;
And the harvest moon grows faint and fainter;
  And dims and dies in the chill of the morn,
While the east wind blows through the blackened grasses
  To answer the hunter's horn.

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IN QUIET WAYS

IN QUIET WAYS

BY BEATRICE HANSCOM



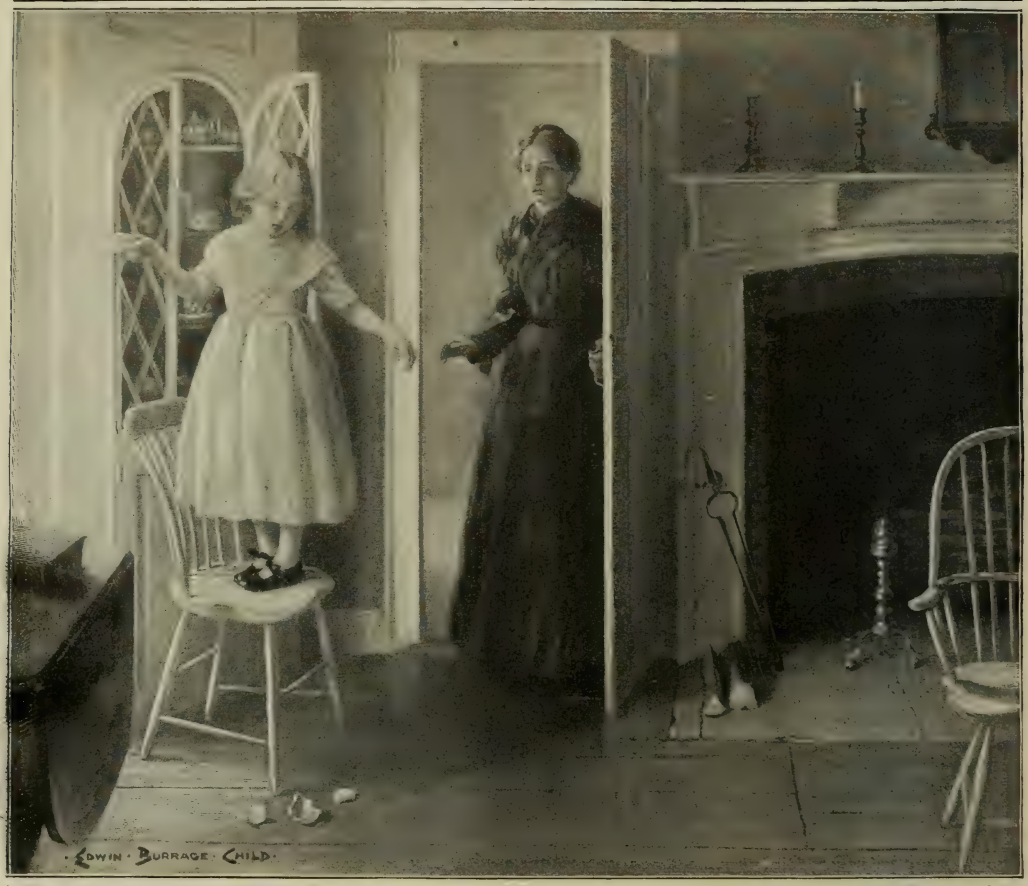
I KNEW it with a child's delight,
The rambling farm-house painted white
With green blinds grateful to the sight
In sultry weather;
Where by the white-stone-bordered walks
Flourished the flaunting holly-hocks,
And pinks and peonies and phlox
All bloomed together.

THERE Aunt Matilda had begun
Her life, and dwelt till it was done.
Each enterprising morning sun
Shone at her greeting.
A red-cheeked lass helped within doors,
A lusty yokel "did" the chores,
Took the farm produce to the stores,
And drove to meeting.



I LIKED the "best room," where among
Old portraits, my small new one hung;
Where odorous clove-apples flung
Their spicy sweetness;
And where through blinds closed sternly tight,
Crept little "chinks" of yellow light
That danced and turned and fled the sight
Of such prim neatness.

THERE, too, she showed with proper pride,
The spinet, mute "since Sister died,"
With faded music placed inside
As though in token
That losing her who touched those keys,
Had stilled the old-time melodies,
Now lain away 'mongst memories
Grown faint and broken.



BUT better, if one wished to play,
The cheery room of every-day ;
The red-bricked hearth where Tabby lay
In peaceful slumber:
The glass-doored cupboard where in state
Stood every treasured cup and plate,
Which my keen interest—and Fate—
Decreased in number.

THE stiff old sofa, deep and wide,
Produced a most effective slide.
Its horse-hair tufts could be untied
By Mischief's fingers
That yet grew gentle did they stray
Where by Barnes' Notes her Bible lay,
Whose well-worn marker "Watch and Pray"
In memory lingers.



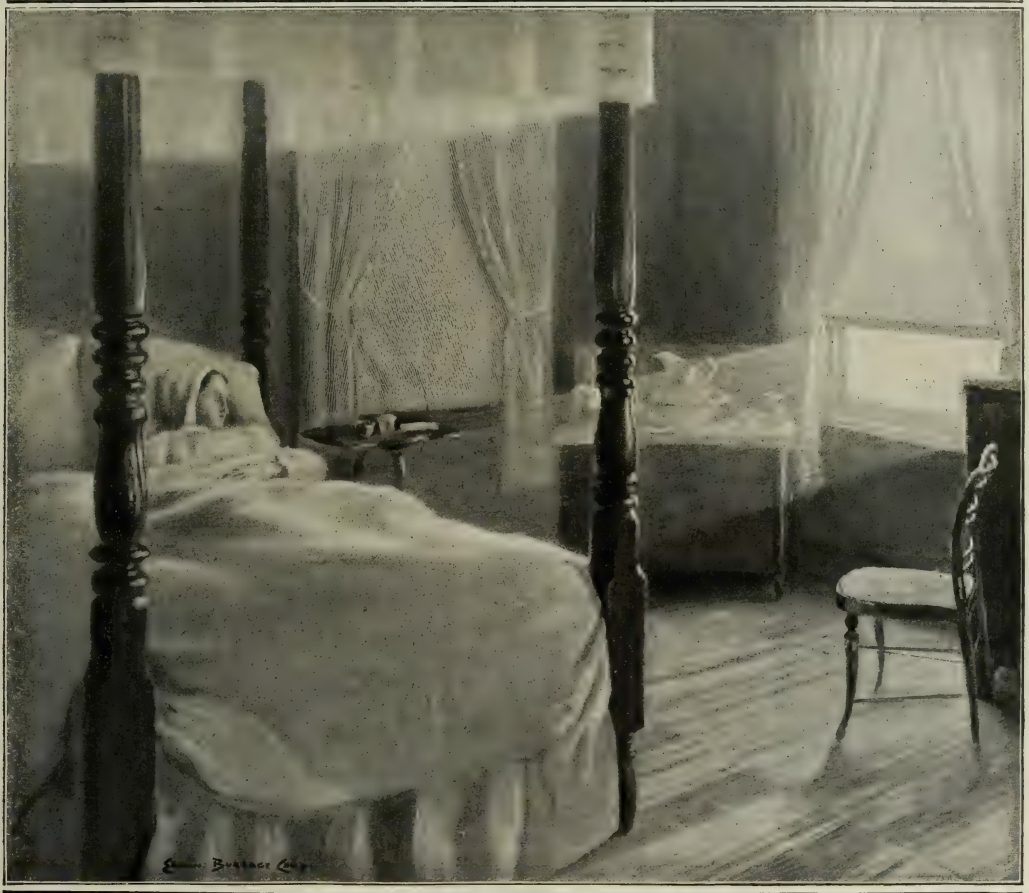
AND then the kitchen—ah, what spells
Seemed blent with its delicious smells,
When kisses went for jams and jells
By one small trader;
And just outside, in morning light,
Long rows of milk-pans shone as bright
As armor worn by parfit knight
Or bold crusader.

BUT best, beneath the old oak's shade,
The rustic seat that Grandsire made,
Where friendly squirrels frisked and played
With no more notion
That harm could come, than had the bees
Lured by the garden-breathing breeze
That set the feathery locust-trees
In soft commotion.



FOR when the sun sank in the west,
'Twas there she loved to sit and rest ;
To watch the oriole's pendent nest
So gently swaying;
Or see, far down the dusty road,
Come, all untroubled by the goad,
The oxen with their fragrant load
Fresh from the haying

IT seemed that nothing rough or rude
Broke in upon her quietude:
Peace cloistered her. She never viewed
Wild woe or weeping.
E'en the Death-Angel waited, lest
He should disturb that tranquil breast,
For when he bore her to her rest,
He took her sleeping.





THE LITTLE REVENGE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by A. I. Keller

SUDDENLY a gust of fresh wind caught Sally's hat, and off it flew, a wide-winged pink bird, over the old, old sea-wall of Clovelly, down among the rocks of the rough beach, tumbling and jumping from one gray stone to another, and getting so far away that, in the soft violet twilight, it seemed as lost as any ship of the Spanish Armada wrecked long ago on this wild Devonshire coast.

"Oh!" cried Sally distractedly, and clapped her hands to her head with the human instinct to shut the stable door after the horse is gone. "Oh!" she cried again; "my pretty hat! And *oh!* it's in the water!"

But suddenly, out of somewhere in the twilight, there was a man chasing it. Sally leaned over the rugged, yellowish, grayish stone wall and excitedly called to him.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, and "That's so good of you!"

The hat had tacked and was sailing inshore now, one stiff pink taffeta sail set to the breeze. And in a minute, with a reckless splash into the dashing waves, the man had it, and an easy, athletic figure swung up the causeway, holding it away from him, as if it might nip at him. He wore a dark blue jersey, and the loose, flapping trousers of a seaman.

"He's only a sailor," Sally said under her breath; "I'd better tip him." Her hand slipped into her pocket and I heard the click of her purse.

He looked from one to the other of us in the dim light inquiringly, as he came up, and then off went his cap, and his face broke into the gentlest, most charming smile as he delivered the hat into Sally's outstretched hands.

"I'm afraid it's a bit damp," he said.

All dark-eyed, stalwart young fellows are attractive to me for the sake of one like that who died forty years ago, but this sailor had a charm of manner that is a gift of the gods, let it fall to prince or peasant; the pretty deference of his few words, and the quick, radiant smile, were enough to win friendliness from me. More than that, something in the set of his head, in the straight gaze of his eyes, held a likeness that made my memory ache. I smiled back at him instantly. But Sally's heart was on her hat; hats from good shops did not grow on trees for Sally Meade.

"I hope it isn't hurt," she said, anxiously, and shook it carefully, and hardly glanced

at the rescuer, who was watching with something that looked like amusement in his face. Then her good manners came back.

"Thank you a thousand times," she said, and turned to him brightly. "I'd have been awfully sorry to lose it. You were so quick—but, oh! I'm afraid you're wet." She looked at him, and I saw a little shock of surprise in her face. Beauty so striking will be admired, even in a common sailor.

"It's nothing," he said, looking down at his sopping, wide trousers; "I'm used to it," and as Sally's hand went forward I caught the flash of silver, and at the same moment another flash, from the man's eyes.

It was enough to startle me for the fraction of a second, but, as I looked again, his expression held only a serious respect, and I was sure I had been mistaken. He took the money and touched his cap and said, "Thank you, miss," with perfect dignity. Yet my imagination must have been lively, for as he slipped it in his pocket, his look turned toward me, and for another breath of time a gleam of mischief—certainly mischief—flashed from his dark eyes to mine.

Then Sally, quite unconscious of this, perhaps imaginary, by-play, had an idea. "Are you a sailor?" she asked.

The man looked at her. "Yes—miss," he answered, a little slowly.

"We want to engage a boat and a man to take us out. Do you know of one? Have you a boat?"

The young fellow glanced down across the wall where a hull and mast gleamed indistinctly through the falling night, swinging at the side of the quay. "That's mine, yonder," he said, nodding toward it. And then, with the graceful, engaging frankness that I already knew as his, "I shall be very glad to take you out"—including us both in his glance.

"Sally," I said, five minutes later, as we trudged up the one steep, rocky street of Clovelly,—the picturesque old street that once led English smugglers to their caves, and that is more of a staircase than a street, with rows of stone steps across its narrow width—"Sally, you are a very unexpected girl. You took my breath away, engaging that man so suddenly to take us sailing to-morrow. How do you know he is reliable? It would have been safer to try one of the men they recommended from the Inn. And certainly it would have been more dignified to let me make the arrangements. You seem to forget that I am older than you."

"You aren't," said Sally, giving a squeeze to my arm that she held in the angle of hers, pushing me with her young strength up the hill. "You're not as old, cousin Mary. I'm twenty-two, and you're only eighteen, and I believe you will never be any older."

I think perhaps I like a little flattery. I am a foolish old woman I am afraid, and I have noticed that it is not the young girls who treat me with great deference and rise as soon as I come who seem to me the most charming, but the ones who, with proper manners, of course, yet have a touch of comradeship, as if they recognized in me something more than a fossil exhibit. I like to have them go on talking about their beaux and their work and play, and let me talk about it, too. Sally Meade makes me feel always that there is in me an undying young girl who has outlived all of my years and is her friend and equal.

"I'm sorry if I was forward, cousin Mary, but the sailing is to be my party, you know, and then I thought you liked him. He had a pretty manner for a common sailor, didn't he? And his voice—these low-class English people have wonderfully well-bred, soft voices. I suppose it's particularly so here in the South. Cousin Mary, did you see the look he gave you with those delicious dark eyes? It's always the way—gentleman or hod-carrier—no one has a chance with men when you are about."

It is pleasant to me, old woman as I am, to be told that people like me—more pleasant, I think, every year. I never take it for truth, of course, but I believe it means good feeling, and it makes an atmosphere easy to breathe. I purred like a contented cat under Sally's talking, yet, to save my dignity, kept up a show of protest.

"Sally, my dear! Delicious dark eyes! I'm ashamed of you—a common sailor!"

"I didn't smile at him," said Sally, reflectively.

So, struggling up the steep street of Clovelly, we went home to the "New Inn," to cold broiled lobster, to strawberries and clotted Devonshire cream, and dreamless

sleep in the white beds of the quiet rooms whose windows looked towards the woods and cliffs of Hobby Drive on one side, and on the other towards the dark, sparkling jewel of the moon-lighted ocean, and the shadowy line of Lundy Island far in the distance.

That I, an inland woman, an old maid of sixty, should tell a story of sailing and of love seems a little ridiculous. My nephews at college beguile me to talk about boats, and then laugh to hear me, for I think I get the names of things twisted. And as for what I know of the other—the only love-making to which I ever listened was ended forty years ago by one of the northern balls that fell in fiery rain on Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Yet, if I but tell the tale as it came to me, others may feel as I did the thrill of the rushing of the keel through dashing salt water, the swing of the great white sail above, the flapping of the fresh wind in the slack of it, the exhilaration of moving with power like the angels, with the great forces of nature for muscles, the joy of it all expanding, pulsing through you, till it seems as if the sky might crack if once you let your delight go free. And some may catch, too, that other thrill, of the hidden feeling that glorified those days. Few lives are so poor that the like of it has not brightened them, and no one quite forgets.

It is partly Sally Meade's Southern accent that has made me love her above nearer cousins, from her babyhood. The modulations of her voice seem always to bring me close to the sound of the voice that went into silence when Geoffrey Meade, her father's young kinsman, was killed long ago.

The Meades, old-time planters in Virginia, have been very poor since the distant war of the sixties, and it has been one of my luxuries to give Sally a lift over hard places. Always with instant reward, for the smallest bit of sunlight, going into her prismatic spirit, comes out a magnificent rainbow of happiness. So when the idea came that they might let me have the girl to take abroad that summer, her friend, the girl spirit in me, jumped for joy. There was no difficulty made; it was one of the rare good things too good to be true, that yet are true. In truth, she did more for me than I for her, for I simply spent some superfluous idle money, while she filled every day with a new enjoyment, the reflection of her own fresh pleasure in every day as it came.

So here we were prowling about the south of England with "Westward Ho!" for a guide-book; coaching through deep, tawny Devonshire lanes from Bideford to Clovelly; searching for the old tombstone of Will Cary's grave in the churchyard on top of the hill; gathering tales of Salvation Yeo and of Amyas Leigh; listening to echoes of the three-hundred-year-old time when the great sea-battle was fought in the channel and many ships of the Armada wrecked along this Devonshire coast. And always coming back to sleep in the fascinating little "New Inn," as old as the hills, built on both sides of the one rocky ladder street of Clovelly, the street so steep that no horses can go in it, and at the bottom of whose breezy tunnel one sees the rolling floor of the sea. In so careless a way does the Inn ramble about the cliff that when I first went to my room, two flights up from the front, I caught my breath at a blaze of scarlet and yellow nasturtiums that faced me through a white-painted doorway opening on the hillside and on a tiny garden at the back.

The irresponsible pleasure of our first sail the next afternoon was never quite repeated. The boat shot from the landing like a high-strung horse given his head, out across the unbordered road of silver water, and in a moment, as we raced toward the low white clouds, we turned and saw the cliffs of the coast and the tiny village, a gay little pile of white, green-latticed houses steeped in foliage lying up a crack in the precipice. Above was the long stretch of the woods of Hobby Drive. Clovelly is so old that its name is in Domesday Book; so old, some say, that it was a Roman station, and its name was Clausa Vallis. But it is a nearer ancientness that haunts it now. Every wave that dashes on the rocky shore carries a legend of the ships of the Invincible Armada. As we asked question after question of our sailor, handsomer than ever to-day with a red silk handkerchief knotted sailor-fashion about his strong neck, story after story flashed out, clear and dramatic, from his answers. The bunch of houses there on the shore? Yes, that had a history. The people living there were a dark-featured, reticent lot, different from other

people hereabouts. It was said that one of the Spanish galleons went ashore there, and the men had been saved and had settled on the spot and married Devonshire women, but their descendants had never lost the tradition of their blood. Certainly their speech and their customs were peculiar, unlike those of the villages near. He had been there and had seen them, had heard them talk. Yes, they were distinct. He laughed a little to acknowledge it, with an Englishman's distrust of anything theatrical. A steep cliff started out into the waves, towering three hundred feet in almost perpendicular lines. Had that a name? Yes, that was called "Gallantry Bower." No; it was not a sentimental story—it was the old sea-fight again. It was said that an English sailor threw a rope from the height and saved life after life of the crew of a Spaniard wrecked under the point.

"You know the history of your place very well," said Sally. The young man kept his eyes on his steering apparatus and a slow half-smile troubled his face and was gone.

"I've had a bit of an education for a seaman—Miss," he said. And then, after apparently reflecting a moment, "My people live near the Leighs of Burrough Court, and I was playmate to the young gentlemen and was given a chance to learn with them, with their tutors, more than a common man is likely to get always."

At that Sally's enthusiasm broke through her reserve, and I was only a little less eager.

"The Leighs! The real, old Leighs of Burrough? Amyas Leigh's descendants? Was that story true? Oh!——" And here manners and curiosity met and the first had the second by the throat. She stopped. But our sailor looked up with a boyish laugh that illumined his dark face.

"Is it so picturesque? I have been brought up so close that it seems commonplace to me. Every one must be descended from somebody, you know."

"Yes, but Amyas Leigh!" went on Sally, flushed and excited, forgetting the man in his story. "Why, he's my hero of all fiction! Think of it, Cousin Mary—there are men near here who are his great—half-a-dozen greats—grandchildren! Cousin Mary," she stopped and looked at me impressively, oblivious of the man so near her, "if I could lay my hands on one of those young Leighs of Burrough I'd marry him in spite of his struggles, just to be called by that name. I believe I would."

"Sally!" I exclaimed, and glanced at the man; Sally's cheeks colored as she followed my look. His mouth was twitching, and his eyes smouldered with fun. But he behaved well. On some excuse of steering he turned his back instantly and squarely toward us. But Sally's interest was irrepressible.

"Would you mind telling me their names, Cary?" she asked. He had told us to call him Cary. "The names of the Mr. Leighs of Burrough."

"No, Cary," I said. "I think Miss Meade doesn't notice that she is asking you personal questions about your friends."

Cary turned on me a look full of gentleness and chivalry. "Miss Meade doesn't ask anything that I cannot answer perfectly well," he said. "There are two sons of the Leighs, Richard Grenville, the older, and Amyas Francis, the younger. They keep the old names you see. Richard—Sir Richard, I should say—is the head of the family, his father being dead."

"Sir Richard Grenville Leigh!" said Sally, quite carried away by that historic combination. "That's better than Amyas," she went on, reflectively. "Is he decent? But never mind. I'll marry *him*, Cousin Mary."

At that our sailor-man shook with laughter, and as I met his eyes appealing for permission, I laughed as hard as he. Only Sally was apparently quite serious.

"He would be very lucky—Miss," he said, restraining his mirth with a respect that I thought remarkable, and turned again to his rudder.

Sally, for the first time having felt the fascination of breathing historic air, was no longer to be held. The sweeping, free motion, the rush of water under the bow as we cut across the waves, the wide sky and the air that has made sailors and soldiers and heroes of Devonshire men for centuries on end, the exhilaration of it all had gone to the girl's head. She was as unconscious of Cary as if he had been part of his boat. I had seen her act so when she was six, and wild with the joy of an autumn morning, intoxicated with oxygen.

We had been put for safety into the hollow part of the boat where the seats are—I forget what they call it—the scupper, I think. But I am apt to be wrong on the nomenclature. At all events, there we were, standing up half the time to look at the water, the shore, the distant sails, and because life was too intense to sit down. But when Sally, for all her gentle ways, took the bit in her teeth, it was too restricted for her there.

"Is there any law against my going up and holding on to the mast?" she asked Cary.

"Not if you won't fall overboard, Miss," he answered.

The girl, with a strong, self-reliant jump, a jump that had an echo of tennis and golf and horseback, scrambled up and forward, Cary taking his alert eyes a moment from his sailing, to watch her to safety. I thought her pretty as a picture as she stood swaying with one arm around the mast, in her white shirt-waist and dark dress, her head bare, and brown, untidy hair blowing across the fresh color of her face, and into her clear hazel eyes.

"What is the name of this boat?" she demanded, and Cary's deep, gentle voice lifted the two words of his answer across the twenty feet between them.

"The Revenge," he said.

Then there was indeed joy. "The Revenge! The Revenge! I am sailing on the Revenge, with a man who knows Sir Richard Grenville and Amyas Leigh! Cousin Mary, listen to that—this is the Revenge we're on—this!" She hugged the mast. "And there are Spanish galleons, great three-deckers, with yawning tiers of guns, all around us! You may not see them, but they are here! They are ghosts, but they are here! There is the great San Philip, hanging over us like a cloud, and we are—we are—Oh, I don't know who we are, but we're in the fight, the most beautiful fight in history!" She began to quote:

And half of their fleet to the right, and
half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on through the
long sea-lane between.

And then:

Thousands of their sailors looked down
from the decks and laughed;
Thousands of their soldiers made mock at
the mad little craft
Running on and on till delayed
By the mountain-like San Philip that, of
fifteen hundred tons,
And towering high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we
stayed.

The soft, lingering voice threw the words at us with a thrill and a leap forward, just as the Revenge was carrying us with long bounds, over the shining sea. We were spinning easily now, under a steady light wind, and Cary, his hand on the rudder, was opposite me. He turned with a start as the girl began Tennyson's lines, and his shining dark eyes stared up at her.

"Do you know that?" he said, forgetting the civil "Miss" in his earnestness.

"Do I know it? Indeed I do!" cried Sally from her swinging rostrum. "Do you know it, too? I love it—I love every word of it—listen." And I, who knew her good memory, and the spell that the music of a noble poem cast over her, settled myself with resignation. I was quite sure that, short of throwing her overboard, she would recite that poem from beginning to end. And she did. Her skirts and her hair blowing, her eyes full of the glory of that old "forlorn hope," gazing out past us to the seas that had borne the hero, she said it.

At Flores in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a frightened bird, came
flying from far away;
Spanish ships of war at sea, we have sighted
fifty-three!
Then up spake Sir Thomas Howard
"'Fore God, I am no coward"——

She went on and on with the brave, beautiful story. How Sir Thomas would not throw away his six ships of the line in a hopeless fight against fifty-three; how yet Sir Richard, in the Revenge, would not leave behind his "ninety men and more, who were lying sick ashore"; how at last Sir Thomas

sailed away
With five ships of war that day
Till they melted like a cloud in the silent
summer heaven,
But Sir Richard bore in hand
All his sick men from the land,
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon—

And he laid them on the ballast down below;
And they blessed him in their pain
That they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the
glory of the Lord.

The boat sailed softly, steadily now, as if it would not jar the rhythm of the voice telling, with soft inflections, with long, rushing meter, the story of that other Revenge, of the men who had sailed from these shores, under the great Sir Richard, to that glorious death.

And the sun went down, and the stars
came out far over the summer sea,
And not one moment ceased the fight of the
one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their
high-built galleons came;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with
their battle thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew
back with her dead and her shame;
For some they sunk, and many they shat-
tered so they could fight no more.
God of battles! Was ever a battle like this
in the world before?"

As I listened, though I knew the words almost by heart too, my eyes filled with tears and my soul with the desire to have been there, to have fought as they did, on the little Revenge one after another of the great Spanish ships, till at last the Revenge was riddled and helpless, and Sir Richard called to the master-gunner to sink the ship for him, but the men rebelled, and the Spaniards took what was left of ship and fighters. And Sir Richard, mortally wounded, was carried on board the flagship of his enemies, and died there, in his glory, while the captains

—praised him to his face,
With their courtly Spanish grace.

So died, never man more greatly, Sir Richard Grenville, of Stow in Devon.

The crimson and gold of sunset were streaming across the water as she ended, and we sat silent. The sailor's strong face was grim, as men's faces are when they are deeply stirred, but in his dark eyes burned an intensity that his reserve could not hold back, and as he still stared at the girl a look shot from them that startled me like speech. She did not notice. She was shaken with the power and the passion of the words she had repeated, and suddenly, through the sunlit, rippling silence, she spoke again.

"It's a great thing to be a Devonshire sailor," she said, solemnly. "A wonderful inheritance—it ought never to be forgotten. And as for that man—that Sir Richard Grenville Leigh—he ought to carry his name so high that nothing low or small could ever touch it. He ought never to think a thought that is not brave and fine and generous."

There was a moment's stillness and then I said, "Sally, my child, it seems to me you are laying down the law a little freely for Devonshire. You have only been here four days." And in a second she was on her usual gay terms with the world again.

"A great preacher was wasted in me," she said. "How I could have thundered at everybody else about their sins! Cousin Mary, I'm coming down—I'm all battered, knocking against the mast, and the little trimmings hurt my hands."

Cary did not smile. His face was repressed and expressionless and in it was a new look that I did not understand. He turned soberly to his rudder and across the broken gold and silver of the water the boat drew in to shadowy Clovelly.

It was a shock to me, after we had landed and I had walked down the quay a few yards to inspect the old Red Lion Inn, the house of Salvation Yeo, to come back and find Sally dickering with Cary. I had agreed that this sail should be her "party," because it pleased the girl's proud spirit to open her small purse sometimes for my amusement. But I did not mean to let her pay for all our sailing, and I was horrified to find her trying to get Cary cheaper by the quantity. When I arrived, Sally, a little flustered and very dignified and quite evidently at the end of a discussion as to terms, was concluding an engagement, and there was a gleam in the man's wonderful eyes, which did much of his talking for him.

"You see the boat is very new and clean, Miss," he was saying, "and I hope you were satisfied with me?"

I upset Sally's business affairs at once, engaged Cary, and told him he must take out no one else without knowing our plans. My handkerchief fell as I talked to him and he picked it up and presented it with as much ease and grace as if he had done such things all his life. It was a remarkable sailor we had happened on. A smile came like sunshine over his face—the smile that

made him look as Geoffrey Meade looked, half a century ago.

"I'll promise not to take anyone else, ma'am," he said. And then, with the pretty, engaging frankness that won my heart over again each time, "And I hope you'll want to go often—not so much for the money, but because it is a pleasure to me to take you—both."

There was mail for us waiting at the Inn. "Listen, Sally," I said, as I read mine in my room after dinner. "This is from Anne Ford. She wants to join us here the 6th of next month, to fill in a week between visits at country-houses."

Sally, sitting on the floor before the fire, her dark hair loose and her letters lying about her, looked up attentively, and discreetly answered nothing. Anne Ford was my cousin, but not hers, and I knew without discussing it, that Sally cared for her no more than I. She was made of showy fibre, woven in a brilliant pattern, but the fibre was a little coarse, and the pattern had no shading. She was rich and a beauty and so used to being the centre of things, and largely the circumference too, that I, who am something of a spoiled old woman, and like a little place and a little consideration, find it difficult to be comfortable as spoke upon her wheel.

"It's too bad," I went on regretfully. "Anne will not appreciate Clovelly, and she will spoil it for us. She is not a girl I care for. I don't see why I should be made a convenience for Anne Ford," I argued in my selfish way. "I think I shall write her not to come."

Sally laughed cheerfully. "She won't bother us, Cousin Mary. It would be too bad to refuse her, wouldn't it? She can't spoil Clovelly—it's been here too long. Anne is rather overpowering," Sally went on, a bit wistfully. "She's such a beauty, and she has such stunning clothes."

The firelight played on the girl's flushed, always-changing face, full of warm light and shadow; it touched daintily the white muslin and pink ribbons of the pretty negligé she wore. Sally was one of the poor girls whose simple things are always fresh and right. I leaned over and patted her rough hair affectionately.

"Your clothes are just as pretty," I said, "and Anne doesn't compare with you in my eyes." I lifted the unfinished letter and glanced over it. "All about her visit to Lady Fisher," I said aloud, giving a résumé as I read. "What gowns she wore to what functions; what men were devoted to her—their names—titles—incomes too." I smiled. "And—what is this?" I stopped talking, for a name had caught my eye. I glanced over the page. "Isn't this curious! Listen, my dear," I said. "This will interest you!" I read aloud from Anne's letter.

"'But the man who can have me if he wants me is Sir Richard Leigh. He is the very best that ever happened, and moreover, quite the catch of the season. His title is old, and he has a yacht and an ancestral place or two, and is very rich, they say—but that isn't it. My heart is his without his decorations—well, perhaps not quite that, but it's certainly his with the decorations. He is such a beauty, Cousin Mary! Even you would admire him. It gives you quite a shock when he comes into a room, yet he is so unconscious and modest, and has the most graceful, fascinatingly quiet manners and wonderful brown eyes that seem to talk for him. He does everything well, and everything hard, is a daredevil on horseback, a reckless sailor, and a lot besides. If you could see the way those eyes look at me, and the smile that breaks over his face as if the sun had come out suddenly! But alas! the sun has gone under now, for he went this morning, and it's not clear if he's coming back or not. They say his yacht is near Bideford, where his home is, and Clovelly is not far from that, is it?'"

I stopped and looked at Sally, listening, on the floor. She was staring into the fire.

"What do you think of that?" I asked. Sally was slow at answering; she stared on at the burning logs that seemed whispering answers to the blaze.

"Some girls have everything," she said at length. "Look at Anne. She's beautiful and rich and everybody admires her, and she goes about to big country-houses and meets famous and interesting people. And now this Sir Richard Leigh comes like the prince into the story, and I dare say he will fall in love with her and if she finds no one that suits her better she will marry him and have that grand old historic name."

"Sally, dear," I said, "you're not envying Anne, are you?"

A quick blush rushed to her face. "Cousin Mary! What foolishness I've been talking! How could I! What must you think of me! I didn't mean it—please believe I didn't. I'm the luckiest girl on earth, and I'm having the most perfect time, and you are a fairy godmother to me, except that you're more like a younger sister. I was thinking aloud. Anne is such a brilliant being compared to stupid me, that the thought of her discourages me sometimes. It was just Cinderella admiring the princess, you know."

"Cinderella got the prince," I said, smiling.

"I don't want the prince," said Sally, "even if I could get him. I wouldn't marry an Englishman. I don't care about a title. To be a Virginian is enough title for me. It was just his name, magnificent Sir Richard Grenville's name and the Revenge-Armada atmosphere that took my fancy. I don't know if Anne would care for that part," she added, doubtfully.

"I'm sure Anne would know nothing about it," I answered decidedly, and Sally went on cheerfully.

"She's very welcome to the modern Sir Richard, yacht and title and all. I don't believe he is as attractive as your sailor, Cousin Mary. Something the same style, I should say from the description. If you hadn't owned him from the start, I'd rather like that man to be my sailor, Cousin Mary—he's so everything that a gentleman is supposed to be. How did he learn that manner—why, he would flatter you if he let the boom whack you on the head. Too bad he's only a common sailor—such a prince gone wrong!"

I looked at her talking along softly, leaning back on one hand and gazing at the fire, a small white Turkish slipper—Southern girls always have little feet—stuck out to the blaze, and something in the leisurely attitude and low, unhurried voice, something, too, in the reminiscent crackle of the burning wood, invited me to confidence. I went to my dressing-table, and when I came back, dropped, as if I were another girl, on the rug beside her. "I want to show you this," I said, and opened a case that travels always with me. From the narrow gold rim of frame inside, my lover smiled gaily up at her brown hair and my gray, bending over it together.

None of the triumphs of modern photographers seem to my eyes so delicately charming as the daguerreotypes of the sixties. As we tipped the old picture this way and that, to catch the right light on the image under the glass, the very uncertainty of effect seemed to give it an elusive fascination. To my mind the birds in the bush have always brighter plumage than any in the hand, and one of these early photographs leaves ever, no matter from what angle you look upon it, much to the imagination. So Geoff in his gray Southern uniform, young and soldierly, laughed up at Sally and me from the shadowy lines beneath the glass, more like a vision of youth than like actual flesh and blood that had once been close and real. His brown hair, parted far to one side, swept across his forehead in a smooth wave, as was the old-fashioned way; his collar was of a big, queer sort unknown to-day; the cut of his soldier's coat was antique; but the beauty of the boyish face, the straight glance of his eyes, and easy grace of the broad shoulders that military drill could not stiffen, these were untouched, were idealized even by the old-time atmosphere that floated up from the picture like fragrance of rose-leaves. As I gazed down at the boy, it came to me with a pang that he was very young and I growing very old, and I wondered would he care for me still. Then I remembered that where he lived it was the unworn soul and not the worn-out body that counted, and I knew that the spirit within me would meet his when the day came, with as fresh a joy as forty years ago. And as I still looked, happy in the thought, I felt all at once as if I had seen his face, heard his voice, felt the touch of his young hand that day—could almost feel it yet. Perhaps my eyes were a little dim, perhaps the uncertainty of the old daguerreotype helped the illusion, but the smile of the master of the Revenge seemed to shine up at me from my Geoff's likeness, and then Sally's slow voice broke the pause.

"It is Cousin Geoffrey, isn't it?" she asked. Her father was Geoffrey Meade's cousin—a little boy when Geoff died. "Was he as beautiful as that?" she said, gently, putting her hand over mine that held the velvet case. And then, after another pause, she went on, hesitatingly: "Cousin Mary, I wonder if you would mind if I told you whom he looks like to me."

"No, my dear," I answered easily, and like an echo to my thought her words came.

"It is your sailor. Do you see it? He is only a common seaman, of course, but I think he must have a wonderful face, for with all his dare-devil ways I always think of 'Blessed are the pure in spirit' when I see him. And the eyes in the picture have the same expression—do you mind my saying it, Cousin Mary?"

"I saw it myself the first time I looked at him," I said. And then, as people do when they are on the verge of crying, I laughed. "Anne Ford would think me ridiculous, wouldn't she?" and I held Geoff's picture in both my hands. "He is much better suited to her or to you. A splendid young fellow of twenty-four to belong to an old woman like me—it is absurd, isn't it?"

"He is suited to no one but you, dear, and you are just his age and always will be," and as Sally's arms caught me tight I felt tears that were not my own hot against my cheek.

It was ten days yet before Anne was due to arrive and almost every day of the ten we sailed. The picturesque coast of North Devon, its deep bays, its stretches of high, tree-topped cliffs, grew to be homelike to us. We said nothing of Cary and his boat at the Inn, for we soon saw that both were far-and-away better than common, and we were selfish. Nor did the man himself seem to care for more patronage. He was always ready when we wished to go, and jumped from his spick-and-span deck to meet us with a smile that started us off in sunshine, no matter what the weather. And with my affection for the lovely, uneven coast and the seas that held it in their flashing fingers, grew my interest in the winning personality that seemed to combine something of the strength of the hills and the charm of the seas of Devonshire.

One day after another he loosed the ropes with practised touch, and the wind caught the sail with a gay rattle and the little Revenge flung off the steep street and the old sea-wall and the green cliffs of Clovelly, and first yards and then miles of rippling ocean lay between us and land, and we sailed away, we did not need to know or care where, with our fate for the afternoon in his reliable hands. Little by little we forgot artificial distinctions in the out-of-doors, natural atmosphere, or that the man was anything but himself—a self always simple, always right. Looking back, I see how deeply I was to blame, to have been so blind, at my age, but the figure by the rudder, swinging to the boat's motion, grew to be so familiar and pleasant a sight, that I did not think of being on guard against him. Little as he talked, his moods were varied, grave or gay or with a gleam of daring in his eyes that made him, I think, a little more attractive than any other way. Yet when a wind of seriousness lifted the still or impetuous surface, I caught a glimpse, sometimes, of a character of quiet self-reliance, of quick decision and vigorous action as solid as the depths under the shifting water of his ocean. There was never a false note in his gentle manner, and I grew to trust serenely to his tact and self-respect, and talked to him freely as I chose. Which of course I should not have done. But there was a temptation to which I yielded in watching for the likeness in his face, and in listening for a tone or two of his voice that caught my heart with the echo of a voice long silent.

One morning to our astonishment Cary sent up to break our engagement for the afternoon. Something had happened so that he could not possibly get away. But it was moonlight and warm—would we not go out in the evening? The idea seemed to me a little improper, yet very attractive, and Sally's eyes danced.

"Let's be bold and bad and go, Cousin Mary," she pleaded, and we went.

A shower of moonlight fell across the sea and on the dark masses of the shore; it lay in white, sharp patches against the black shadows of the sail; it turned Sally's bare, dark head golden, and tipped each splashing wave with a quick-vanishing electric light. It was not earth or ocean, but fairyland. We were sailing over the forgotten, sea-buried land of Lyonesse; forests where Tristram and Iseult had ridden, lay under our rushing keel; castles and towers and churches were there—hark! could I not hear the faint bells in the steeples ringing up through the waves? The old legend, half true, half fable, was all real to me as I sat in the shadow of the sail and stared, only half seeing them, at Sally standing with her hands on the rudder and Cary leaning over her, teaching her to sail the



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"I'm afraid it's a bit damp," he said.—Page 204.

Revenge. Their voices came to me clear and musical, yet carrying no impression of what they were saying. Then I saw Sally's little fingers slip suddenly, and Cary's firm hand close over them, pushing the rudder strongly to one side. His face was toward me, and I saw the look that surged over it as his hand held hers. It startled me to life again, and I sat up straight, but he spoke at once with quiet self-possession.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Meade. She was heading off to the north a bit dangerously."

And he went on with directions, laughing at her a little, scolding her a little, yet all with a manner that could not be criticised. I still wonder how he could have poised so delicately and so long on that slender line of possible behavior.

As the boat slipped over the shimmering ocean, back into the harbor again, most of the houses up the sharp ascent of Clovelly street were dark, but out on the water lay a mass of brilliant lights, rocking slowly on the tide. Sally was first to notice it.

"There is a ship lying out there. Is it a ship or is it an enchantment? She is lighted all over. What is it—do you know?"

Cary was working at the sail and he did not look at us or at it as he answered.

"Yes, Miss—I know her. She is Sir Richard Leigh's yacht the Rose. She was there as we went out, but she was dark and you did not notice her."

I exclaimed, full of interest, at this, but Sally, standing ghost-like in her white dress against the sinking sail, said nothing, but stared at the lights that outlined the yacht against the deep distance of the sky, and that seemed, as the shadowy hull swung dark on the water, to start out from nowhere in pin-pricks of diamonds set in opal moonlight.

Lundy Island lies away from Clovelly to the northwest seventeen miles off on the edge of the world. Each morning as I opened my window at the Inn, and looked out for the new day's version of the ocean, it lifted a vague line of invitation and of challenge. Since we had been in Devonshire the atmosphere of adventure that hung over Lundy had haunted me with the wish to go there. It was the "Shutter," the tall pinnacle of rock at its southern end, that Amyas Leigh saw for his last sight of earth, when the lightning blinded him, in the historic storm that strewed ships of the Armada along the shore. I am not a rash person, yet I was so saturated with the story of "Westward Ho!" that I could not go away satisfied unless I had set foot on Lundy. But it had the worst of reputations, and landing was said to be hazardous.

"It isn't that I can't get you there," said Cary when I talked to him, "but I might not be able to get you away."

Then he explained in a wise way that I did not entirely follow, how the passage through the rocks was intricate, and could only be done with a right wind, and how, if the wind changed suddenly, it was impossible to work out until the right wind came again. And that might not be for days, if one was unlucky. It had been known to happen so. Yet I lingered over the thought, and the more I realized that it was unreasonable, the more I wanted to go. The spirit of the Devonshire seas seemed, to my fancy, to live on the guarded, dangerous rocks, and I must pay tribute before I left his kingdom. Cary laughed a little at my one bit of adventurous spirit so out of keeping with my gray hairs, but it was easy to see that he too wanted to go, and that only fear for our safety and comfort made him hesitate. The day before Anne Ford was due we went. It was the day, too, after our sail in the moonlight that I half believed, remembering its lovely unreality, had been a dream. But as we sailed out, there lay Sir Richard Leigh's yacht to prove it, smart and impressive, shining and solid in the sunlight as it had been ethereal the night before. I gazed at her with some curiosity.

"Have you been on board?" I asked our sailor. "Is Sir Richard there?"

Cary glanced at Sally, who had turned a cold shoulder to the yacht and was looking back at Clovelly village, crawling up its deep crack in the cliff. "Yes," he said; "I've been on her twice. Sir Richard is living on her."

"I suppose he's some queer little rat of a man," Sally brought out in her soft voice, to nobody in particular.

I was surprised at the girl's incivility, but Cary answered promptly "Yes, Miss!" with such cheerful alacrity that I turned to look at him, more astonished. I met eyes



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

Her eyes full of the glory of that old "forlorn hope."—Page 208.

gleaming with a hardly suppressed amusement which, if I had stopped to reason about it, was much out of place. But yet, as I looked at him with calm dignity and seriousness, I felt myself sorely tempted to laugh back. I am a bad old woman sometimes, I fear.

The Revenge careered along over the water as if mad to get to Lundy, under a strong west wind. In about two hours the pile of fantastic rocks lay stretched in plain view before us. We were a mile or more away—I am a very uncertain judge of distance—but we could see distinctly the clouds of birds, glittering white sea-gulls, blowing hither and thither above the wild little continent where were their nests. There are thousands and thousands of gulls on Lundy. We had sailed out from Clovelly at two in bright afternoon sunshine, but now, at nearly four, the blue was covering with gray, and I saw Cary look earnestly at the quick-moving sky.

"Is it going to rain?" I asked.

He stood at the rudder, feet apart and shoulders full of muscle and full of grace, the handkerchief around his neck a line of flame between his blue clothes and the olive of his face. A lock of bronze hair blew boyishly across his forehead.

"Worse than that," he said, and his eyes were keen as he stared at the uneven water in front of us. A basin of smoother water and the yellow tongue of a sand-beach lay beyond it at the foot of a line of high rocks. "The passage is there"—he nodded. "If I can make it before the squall catches us" —he glanced up again and then turned to Sally. "Could you sail her a moment while I see to the sheet? Keep her just so." His hand placed Sally's with a sort of roughness on the rudder. "Are you afraid?" He paused a second to ask it.

"Not a bit," said the girl, smiling up at him cheerfully, and then he was working away at the sail, and the little Revenge was flying, ripping the waves, every breath nearer by yards to that tumbling patch of wolf-gray water.

As I said, I know less about a boat than a boy of five. I can never remember what the parts of it are called and it is a wonder to me how they can make it go more than one way. So I cannot tell in any intelligent manner what happened. But, as it seemed, suddenly, while I watched Sally standing steadily with both her little hands holding the rudder, there was a crack as if the earth had split, then, with a confused rushing and tearing, a mass of something fell with a long-drawn crash, and as I stared, paralyzed, I saw the mast strike against the girl as she stood, her hands still firmly on the rudder, and saw her go down without a sound. There were two or three minutes of which I remember nothing but the roaring of water. I think I must have been caught under the sail, for the next I knew I was struggling from beneath its stiff whiteness, and as I looked about, dazed, behold! we had passed the reefs and lay rocking quietly. I saw that first, and then I saw Cary's head as it bent over something he held in his arms—and it was Sally! I tried to call, I tried to reach them, but the breath must have been battered out of me, for I could not, and Cary did not notice me. I think he forgot I was on earth. As I gazed at them speechless, breathless, Sally's eyes opened and smiled up at him, and she turned her face against his shoulder like a child. Cary's dark cheek went down against hers, and through the sudden quiet I heard him whisper.

"Sweetheart! sweetheart!" he said.

Both heads, close against each other, were still for a long moment, and then my gasping, rasping voice came back to me.

"Cary!" I cried, "for mercy's sake, come and take me out of this scupper!"

I have the most confused recollection of the rest of that afternoon. Cary hammered and sawed and worked like a beaver with the help of two men who lived on Lundy, fishermen by the curious name of Heaven. Sally and I helped, too, whenever we could, but all in a heavy silence. Sally was wrapped in dignity as in a mantle, and her words were few and practical. Cary, quite as practical, had no thought apparently for anything but his boat. As for me, I was like a naughty old cat. I fussed and complained till I must have been unendurable, for the emotions within me were all at cross-purposes. I was frightened to death when I thought of General Meade; I was horrified at the picture stamped on my memory of his daughter, trusted to my care, smiling up with that unmistakable expression into the eyes of a common sailor. Horrified! My blood froze at the thought. Yet—it was unpar-



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"You see, the boat is very new and clean, Miss," he was saying.—Page 209.

donable of me—yet I felt a thrill as I saw again those two young heads together, and heard the whispered words that were not meant for me to hear.

Somehow or other, after much difficulty, and under much mental strain, we got home. Sally hardly spoke as we toiled up the stony hill in the dark beneath a pouring rain, and I, too, felt my tongue tied in an embarrassed silence. At some time, soon, we must talk, but we both felt strongly that it was well to wait till we could change our clothes.

At last we reached the friendly brightness of the New Inn windows; we trudged past them to the steps, we mounted them, and as the front door opened, the radiant vision burst upon us of Anne Ford, come a day before her time, fresh and charming and voluble—voluble! It seemed the last straw to our tired and over-taxed nerves, yet no one could have been more concerned and sympathetic, and that we were inclined not to be explicit as to details suited her exactly. All the sooner could she get to her own affairs. Sir Richard Leigh's yacht was the burden of her lay, and that it was here and we had seen it added lustre to our adventures. That we had not been on board and did not know him, was satisfactory too, and neither of us had the heart to speak of Cary. We listened wearily, feeling colorless and invertebrate beside this brilliant creature, while Anne planned to send her card to him to-morrow, and conjectured gayeties for all of us, beyond. Sir Richard Leigh and his yacht did not fill a very large arc on our horizon to-night. Sally came into my room to tell me good-night, when we went up-stairs, and she looked so wistful and tired that I gave her two kisses instead of one.

"Thank you," she said, smiling mistily. "We won't talk to-night, will we, Cousin Mary?" So without words, we separated.

Next morning as I opened my tired eyes on a world well started for the day, there came a tap at the door and in floated Anne Ford, a fine bird in fine feathers, wide-awake and brisk.

"Never saw such lazy people!" she exclaimed. "I've just been in to see Sally and she refuses to notice me. I suppose it's exhaustion from shipwreck. But I wasn't shipwrecked, and I've had my breakfast, and it's too glorious a morning to stay indoors, so I'm going to walk down to the water and look at Sir Richard's boat, and send off my card to him by a sailor or something. Then, if he's a good boy, he will turn up to-day, and then——!" The end of Anne's sentence was wordless ecstasy.

But the mention of the sailor had opened the floodgates for me, and in rushed all my responsibilities. What should I do with this situation into which I had so easily slipped, and let Sally slip? Should I instantly drag her off to France like a proper chaperone? Then how could I explain to Anne—Anne would be heavy dragging with that lodestone of a yacht in the harbor. Or could we stay here as we had planned and not see Cary again? The unformed shapes of different questions and answers came dancing at me like a legion of imps as I lay with my head on the pillow and looked at Anne's confident, handsome face, and admired the freshness and cut of her pale blue linen gown.

"Well, Cousin Mary," she said at last, "you and Sally seem both to be struck dumb from your troubles. I'm going off to leave you till you can be a little nicer to me. I may come back with Sir Richard—who knows! Wish me good luck, please!" and she swept off on a wave of good-humor and good looks.

I lay and thought. Then, with a pleasant leisure that soothed my nerves a little, I dressed, and went down to breakfast in the quaint dining-room hung from floor to ceiling with china brought years ago from the far East by a Clovelly sailor. As I sat over my egg and toast Sally came in, pale, but sweet and crisp in the pure white that Southern girls wear most. There was a constraint over us for the reckoning that we knew was coming. Each felt guilty toward the other and the result was a formal politeness. So it was a relief when, just at the last bit of toast, Anne burst in, all staccato notes of suppressed excitement.

"Cousin Mary! Sally! Sir Richard Leigh is here! He's there!" nodding over her shoulder. "He walked up with me—he wants to see you both. But"—her voice dropped to an intense whisper—"he has asked to see Miss Walton first—wants to speak to her alone! What does he mean?" Anne was in a tremendous flutter, and it was plain that wild ideas were coursing through her. "You are my chaperone, of



The radiant vision burst upon us of Anne Ford.—Page 218.

course, but what can he want to see you for alone—Cousin Mary?"

I could not imagine, either, yet it seemed quite possible that this beautiful creature had taken a susceptible man by storm, even so suddenly. I laid my napkin on the table and stood up.

"The chaperone is ready to meet the fairy prince," I said, and we went across together to the little drawing-room.

It was a bit dark as Anne opened the door and I saw first only a man's figure against the window opposite, but as he turned quickly and came toward us, I caught my breath, and stared, and gasped and stared again. Then the words came tumbling over each other before Anne could speak.

"Cary!" I cried. "What are you doing here—in those clothes?"

Poor Anne! She thought I had made some horrid mistake, and had disgraced her. But I forgot Anne entirely for the familiar brown eyes that were smiling, pleading into mine, and in a second he had taken my hand and bending over, with a pretty touch of stateliness, had kissed it, and the charm that no one could resist had me fast in its net.

"Miss Walton! You will forgive me? You were always good to me—you won't lay it up against me that I'm Richard Leigh and not a picturesque Devonshire sailor! You won't be angry because I deceived you! The devil tempted me suddenly and I yielded, and I'm glad I did. Dear devil! I never should have known either of you if I had not."

There were more of the impetuous sentences that I cannot remember, and somewhere among them Anne gathered that she was not the point of them, and left the room like a slighted but still reigning princess. It was too bad that anyone should feel slighted, but if it had to be, it was best that it should be Anne.

Then my sailor told me his side of the story; how Sally's tip for the rescue of her hat had showed him what we took him to be; how her question about a boat had suggested playing the part; how he had begun it half for the fun of it and half, even then, for the interest the girl had roused in him—and he put in a pretty speech for the chaperone just there, the clever young man! He told me how his yacht had come sooner than he had expected, and that he had to give up one afternoon with her was so



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

I felt myself pulled by two pairs of hands.—Page 221.

severe a trial that he knew then how much Sally meant to him.

"That moonlight sail was very close sailing indeed," he said, his face full of a feeling that he did not try to hide. "There was nearly a shipwreck, when—when she steered wrong." And I remembered.

Then, with no great confidence in her mood, I went in search of my girl. She is always unexpected, and a dead silence, when I had anxiously told my tale, was what I had not planned for. After a minute.

"Well?" I asked.

And "Well?" answered Sally, with scarlet cheeks, but calmly.

"He is waiting for you down-stairs," I said.

Then she acted in the foolish way that seemed natural. She dropped on her knees and put her face against my shoulder.

"Cousin Mary! I can't! It's a strange man—it isn't our sailor any more. I hate it. I don't like Englishmen."

"He's very much the same as yesterday," I said. "You needn't like him if you don't want to, but you must go and tell him so yourself." I think that was rather clever of me.

So, holding my hand and trembling, she went down. When I saw Richard Leigh's look as he stood waiting, I tried to loosen that clutching hand and leave them, but Sally, always different from anyone else, held me tight.

"Cousin Mary, I won't stay unless you stay," she said, firmly.

I looked at the young man and he laughed.

"I don't care. I don't care if all the world hears me," he said, and he took a step forward and caught her hands.

Sally looked up at him. "You're a horrid lord or something," she said.

He laughed softly. "Do you mind? I can't help it. It's hard, but I want you to help me try to forget it. I'd gladly be a sailor again if you'd like me better."

"I did like you—before you deceived me. You pretended you were that."

"But I have grievances too—you said I was a queer little rat of a man."

Sally's laugh was gay but trembling. "I did say that, didn't I?"

"Yes, and you tried to underpay me, too."

"Oh, I didn't! You charged a lot more than the others."

Sir Richard shook his head firmly. "Not nearly as much as the Revenge was worth. I kept gangs of men scrubbing that boat till I nearly went into bankruptcy. And, what's more, you ought to keep your word, you know. You said you were going to marry Richard Leigh—Richard Grenville Cary Leigh is his whole name, you know. Will you keep your word?"

"But I—but you—but I didn't know," stammered Sally, feebly.

He went on eagerly. "You told me how he should wear his name—high and—and all that." He had no time for abstractions. "He can never do it alone—will you come and help him?"

Sally was palpably searching about for weapons to aid her losing fight. "Why do you like me? I'm not beautiful like Anne Ford." He laughed. "I'm not rich, you know, like lots of American girls. We're very poor"—she looked at him earnestly.

"I don't care if you're rich or poor," he said. "I don't know if you're beautiful—I only know you're you. It's all I want."

She shook a little at his low-voiced vehemence, but she was a long fighter. "You don't know me very much," she went on, her soft voice breaking. "Maybe it's only a fancy—the moonlight and the sailing and all—maybe you only imagine you like me."

"Imagine I like you!"

And then, at the sight of his quick movement and of Sally's face I managed to get behind a curtain and put my fingers in my ears. No woman has a right to more than one woman's love-making. And as I stood there, a few minutes later, I felt myself pulled by two pairs of hands, and Sally and her lover were laughing at me.

"May I have her? I want her very much," he said, and I wondered if ever anyone could say no to anything he asked. So, with a word about Sally's far-away mother and father, I told him, as an old woman might, that I had loved him from the first, and then I said a little of what Sally was to me.

"I like her very much," I said, in a shaky voice that tried to be casual. "Are you sure that you like her enough?" For all of his answer, he turned, not even touching her hands, and looked at her.

It was as if I caught again the fragrance of the box hedges in the southern sunshine of a garden where I had walked on a spring morning long ago. Love is as old-fashioned as the ocean, and as little changed in all the centuries. Its always yielding, never retreating arms lie about the lands that are built and carved and covered with men's progress; it keeps the air sweet and fresh above them, and from generation to generation its look and its depths are the same. That it is stronger than death does not say it all. I know that it is stronger than life. Death, with its crystal touch, may make a weak love strong; life, with its everyday wear and tear, must make any but a strong love weak.

I like to think that the look I saw in Richard Leigh's eyes as he turned toward my girl was the same look I shall see, not so very many years from now, when I close mine on this dear old world, and open them, by the shore of the ocean of eternity, on the face of Geoffrey Meade.

THE FLYING RUSSIAN

By Frederick Palmer

Illustrations by Corwin Knapp Linson

WILD was of that type bred in the Service which preserves its manner to the death. When he heard the court-martial's verdict he only stroked his little blond mustache, as if being dismissed from the army was an every-day occurrence with him. He had his secret; he had kept his code of honor which made him sacrifice himself rather than inform on a fellow officer.

The few loyal friends who gathered in the saloon of a steamer in Manila Bay the next day to give him a stirrup cup were amazed to find no change in him; to the last touch of jauntiness, as he saw them over the side, he was the same "good old Irving Wild" that they had always known. Could they have seen him ten minutes later they would have had a different opinion. The languid giant had buried his face in the pillows of his bunk in all the abandon of a broken heart.

"Never to join in another song in the mess! Never to lead my men on the firing-line!" he cried in his bitterness. "It's all one what happens to me, now!"

That night pacing the steamer's deck, the purling trail of water behind the screw seemed to call to him. But that was too easy and too cowardly a way; he must find his oblivion in action. He longed for nothing so much as another Taiping Rebellion, which would give a soldier of fortune the opportunity to find his peace gamely. He had no knowledge of any business, any profession, any trade, any life except that of arms. From place to place along the coast of China he went, offering himself as clerk, supercargo, drill sergeant for the Chinese army, and for a dozen other occupations, without result.

Almost penniless, at his wits' end, he was walking up and down the Bund of Tientsin when a tap on his shoulder was accompanied by a soft "Good-morning." He turned to see a face well known from Yokohama to Singapore. As surely as ducks are born web-footed for the water, Francisco Dodds was born web-minded for the treaty ports. His father was English; his mother, Portuguese; his birthplace Macao, where gambling and filth breed hellish cunning. He had sold wooden bullets to the Chinese in their war with Japan; filibustered arms to the Filipinos; smuggled opium into Canton, and turned his hand to any hidden project that offered profit, without ever having the iniquity that lay behind his cherubic smile proved in a court of law.

A month before, Wild would have turned from him as from the plague; but a month before, Wild had been an officer of the United States army. He who heard every bit of gossip along the coast and turned it to account took the lieutenant's misfortune

as a granted premise. He always adapted himself to present company. The English side of him now made him brief.

"Do you want to turn an honest penny?" The Portuguese side of him put the question unctuously.

"An honest one, yes; with all my heart. How?"

"It's dangerous. I'll tell you that at the start. There's no medal of honor from Congress in it." His English side knew that candor was the proper bait for this fish.

"How?" Wild repeated, as if Dodds's preamble were entirely superfluous. "I'm not expecting medals of honor, now," he added, carelessly.

"No. An officer who's lost his commission can't be a chooser." The Portuguese side got familiar, and he grinned.

Wild turned on his heel. He was not yet used to patronage from such as Dodds, who quickly put out a detaining hand, giving Wild time to realize, with shame galloping in his temples, that a creature of fate must be humble.

"No offence meant!" The Portuguese side apologized truculently. "This is the billet," the English side proceeded. "Something over three years ago an Australian by the name of Blinders was washed up on the coast broke. I grubstaked him to look for gold up among the mountains and the lanky brigands of Chih-li; conditions, that white-haired old robber, the Viceroy Pang Mu, was one of three who were to share alike. Well, Blinders was a nervy one. The brigands didn't get him and he found a streak of placer twenty feet deep under an old creek bed. He came back for supplies, organized a coolie gang and started to work the lead. In six months he had a thousand ounces. Just before he was ready to ship it he was murdered. Object, robbery, *robbery!* Savez?"

Dodds batted his little eyes and wet his upper lip with the tip of his tongue. "About a month afterward the Viceroy, still shedding tears over poor Blinders's passing," he went on, "secretly shipped a thousand ounces to the San Francisco mint. Since then I've had six managers at that mine. All six have been murdered just as they were ready to make a shipment. Seven thousand ounces has that hoary old cut-throat Shylock Pang Mu sent to Frisco salted in his tears of regret over the death of foreign devils. There you have it! A certain chance of seven to one that you will be killed. Do you take it on?"

Wild stroked his little mustache, and then stroked his chin, his white teeth showing in a smile of gratification, the while he shifted his languid position a little.

"Are there any other conditions?" he asked.

Dodds did not know whether the soldier was scorning his proposition or welcoming it.

"No. The work is easy. Blinders built a snug cottage up on a hill alongside a missionary's. No science required. All you have to do is to store the clean-up and keep a general lookout. There's a guard of Chinese soldiers who see to it that the workmen don't take any of the Viceroy's gold. If they did, he'd cut their heads off—the gentle old soul! You're going up against murder—that's all. Pay? You get three-quarters of my half. There you have it—the whole proposition! Will you take it on, I say?"

"Certainly," was Wild's matter-of-fact reply. "In short, it's quite what I was looking for."

"Looking to be murdered!" Dodds gasped. This was the first victim sent out with any knowledge of what was in store for him. Cussedness and curiosity had had their share in a rascal's candor. It was the English side suddenly rising that caught him napping.

"Yes; if I don't have to play a purely negative part; and I'll see to it that I don't," Wild replied.

"Then we're off to see the old blister—may he be hung up by his own pigtail and starve in sight of a plate of bird's-nest soup! Mind, you've got to act as if you thought him an angel. Of course, he knows that you know that he hasn't an honest hair in his head, but if you said so he'd have to save his face by breaking with us entirely. There's nothing that will pass in hell which a Chinese won't do so long as he talks piety. Just you leave the flinging of compliments to me."

"Evidently I am entering upon a new career," said Wild to himself, softly.

They made a strange pair: the tall, blonde soldier, careless to his own ruin, and the short, dark commercial adventurer—to use the phrasing by which Dodds saved

his own face—as they proceeded through narrow, stinking passageways of the native city, choked with traffic and sonorous with the calls of coolies. At the Yamen they were ushered into the presence of Pang Mu, a withered, yellow old man, his face lined with the wrinkles of crafty experiences which formed a whole as expressionless as stirred concrete that has congealed. He nodded, bent his body slightly, shook his own hands in the recesses of his ample silk sleeves, and sank back into his teakwood chair. The curiosity of the visitors—Dodds's as well as Wild's—was diverted from him to his companion, who occupied the place on the other side of the carved table. This big white man, with a big flowing blonde beard, was as out of keeping with his surroundings as tan shoes with evening dress. He was inhaling the single puffs of smoke from the tiny pipe which an attendant refilled and lighted, Chinese fashion. He had not once lifted his gaze from a point on the wall. So far as he was concerned, no one had entered the room.

"A lowly entreating foreigner hopes that the all-wise Viceroy's mother is well," said Dodds.

"My noble mother prospers. She is now in her ninety-fourth year. Her worthless son, my poor self, felicitates the great foreigner on his robust health and his grand presence. As Confucius says——"

"Meanwhile, he might offer us a chair," thought Wild. However, Pang Mu had no intention of doing anything of the kind.

Then Dodds explained who Wild was, and even how he had told Wild what he might expect according to precedent.

The Viceroy showed keen interest; that is, he nodded the wooden image from the fulcrum of his shoulders.

"Are you a grandfather?" he asked Wild.

"A little young for such honors, your Excellency."

"Yet you have a mustache. Only those who have had the joy of seeing themselves twice reproduced should wear mustaches." He touched his own trailing wiry hairs with a deliberate gesture. "But the foreign peoples are wise, I hear, though they do not live according to the laws of Confucius." He nodded again, this time to indicate intense grief. "My inexpressible misery was increased on learning that two of the dead managers were fathers," he continued. "I have had ancestral tablets to their memories erected in my own gardens. My heart is rent"—his face was leathery in its calm, while he waved his fan gently—"that all the wisdom of seven noble foreigners should be as the ashes in the brazier at two in the morning. It is sweet to think that the gold-dust disappeared with them, relieving us of the pain of profiting by their labors."

"Listen to that, will you!" Dodds gasped under his breath. "We know how your noble soul is racked. Weep not too much!" he said aloud.

"My cherished Dodds, assure our choice young friend that he will have a better fate. I have prayed to our joss; I have burned great bundles of incense, to assuage the anger of the earth devils over the disembowelling of their treasure which led them to kill your predecessors. Not your wisdom, not your wonderful guns, not your steam-spouting engine devils can assuage the rage of our earth devils, who can claim the life of whom they choose. I have thought much. The matter has weighed deeply on this poor mind which can repeat only five thousand quotations from the classics. Lest the loneliness of a new land should oppress our new manager, I have chosen a companion for him in my wise friend, Mr. Smith P. Borinsky, who will meet you in the morning with the coolies and the junks I shall provide to transport you."

He nodded toward the figure on the other side of the table. For the first time, Mr. Smith P. Borinsky took notice of the visitors' presence. His mild blue eyes were just as expressive as a china doll's.

"To-morrow—ten o'clock," he said in easy, automatic English. Then he looked at the wall again.

With profuse compliments, Dodds started to withdraw.

"Wait!" said the Viceroy, rising. "We should be unworthy of the worship of our descendants if we did not shed a tear before parting over the memory of the two fathers who chivalrously defied the earth-dragon's ire."

While Borinsky remained smoking, Pang Mu led the guests into his garden and showed them the two tablets, which he addressed with wise saws from Confucius.



"A lowly, entreating foreigner hopes that the all-wise Viceroy's mother is well."—Page 224.

"So that's Borinsky!" said Dodds with fierce interest, once the two were away.

"Yes. Who is he? What part does he play? The plot thickens."

"Borinsky! Smith P. Borinsky is a myth. It makes no difference if you have seen him in the flesh—he is a myth just the same. I've been hearing of him half my life and this is the first time I ever laid eyes on him. He's the kind of man who isn't seen—that's the best I can do to describe him. If there's anything mysterious done, we say Borinsky. If a man with no pull gets a concession, we say Borinsky got it

for him. He is the Flying Dutchman—the Flying Russian, I mean—of North China. Once I saw a big envelope with his name on it on the desk of the Russian Minister. I've heard coolies mutter Smith P. Borinsky to quiet the devils, and mothers warn their kiddies to be good or Smith P. would get 'em."

"And why is he going with me?"

"Only the devil and the Viceroy know—the old murderer! Did you observe that he didn't offer me a chair, let alone tea? If the eighth man is killed he will have me thrown out of the Yamen. Look here, if you'll bring that gold out and come out of the game alive yourself, I'll let you have my half and his, too." Dodds' Portuguese was his kotowing side. Now he was in the full swing of his English side, which made him fume with indignation.

"Indeed!" Wild stroked his little mustache, thoughtfully. "Er—might I inquire where you come in? Just what object you would have in paying my expenses up there? I take it you aren't exactly a philanthropist."

"Me! A philanthropist! They don't breed 'em on the coast of China. I've got a game back of my liberality, and I won't hesitate to let you know what it is. I'm thinking of future deals with the saintly Pang Mu—d——n him! If you escape his assassins and get the gold out, I'd sit up there across from Pang as biggity as Borinsky."

"I'm learning something every minute," said Wild, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I'd be a great man in the Viceroy's eyes," he went on in his English preoccupation. "It'd mean I was worthy his partnership on big things—it'd mean thousands to me. If he succeeds in murdering the eighth man I'll lose face entirely."

"Yes, it will be very hard for *you*. For *your* sake I will try not to be killed."

Dodds caught the humor of this illuminating view of the situation.

"That's so. Are you going to back out?"

"Not at all!" was the laconic reply.

They went immediately to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, where a haughty clerk supplied Wild with expense money. Before night the necessary supplies, as well as Wild's personal belongings, were aboard the junks. Nine o'clock the next morning arrived and still nothing from Borinsky. At ten promptly the carriage of the Russian Consul, with the curtains drawn, drove up. Borinsky alighted with a blanket roll under his arm.

"Have you no other baggage?" Wild asked.

"Oh, no; never."

There was almost an expression of surprise in Borinsky's china-blue eyes. He immediately made himself comfortable at full length on the deck with his blanket roll as a pillow and began to study some abstract point in the heavens as if it held the argosy of his dreams.

"If I tame that earth dragon and tie him to a staple in the door-casing, there'll be no objection, I trust?" Wild called his farewell to Dodds.

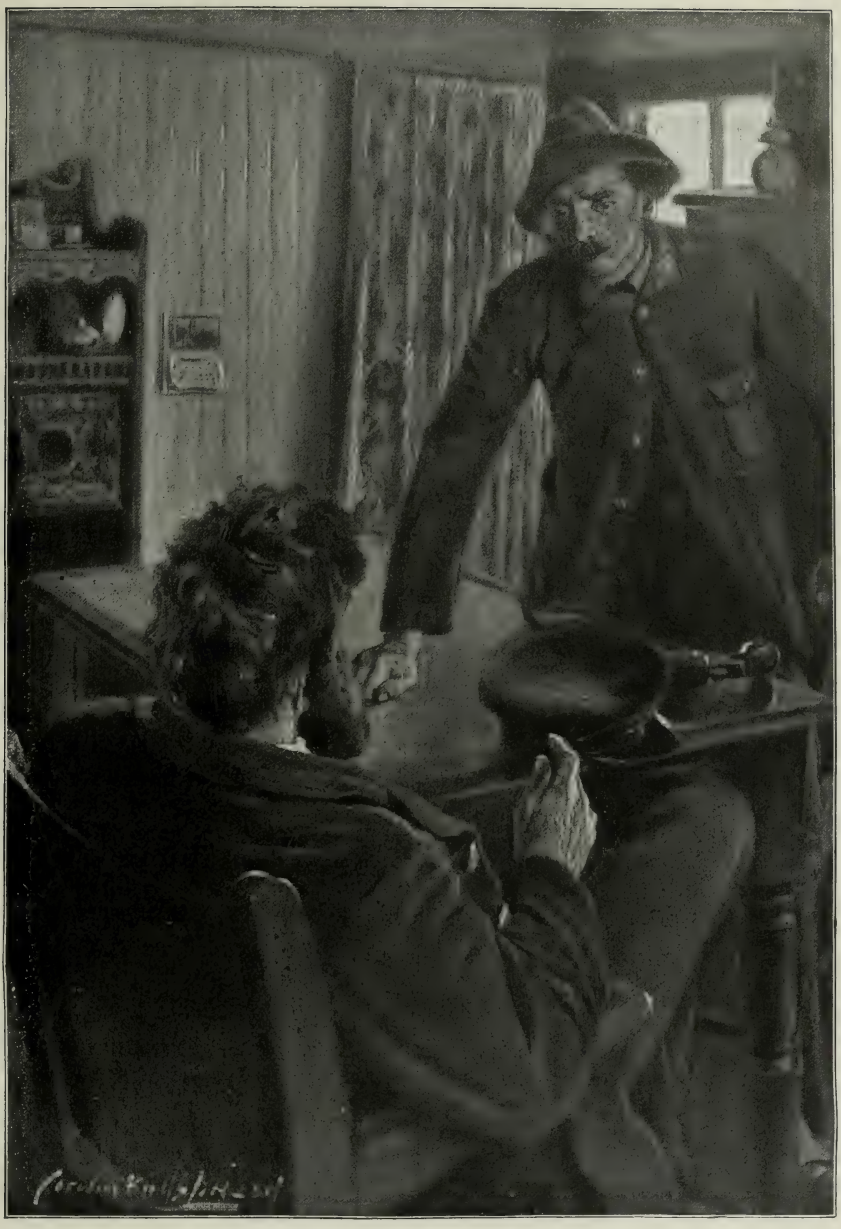
"You're all right. I expect to see you back."

Wild smiled. He didn't expect so much or care for it.

Gratefully, he watched the European settlement disappear around the bend of the muddy Pei-Ho; for since the day of the court-martial the face of every white man that he had met seemed to remind him of his disgrace. The river was high; the vast stretches of lowlands with their ancestral mounds, like so many magnified ant-hills, were taking on the first green blush of spring. The landscape, he thought, was a convenient peg upon which to hang a conversation with Smith P. Borinsky; but it was in vain that he tried to draw his companion out. Borinsky volunteered this much and no more:

"I was born up yonder. My mother was an American; my father was a Russian. Anybody who understands their romance might explain me."

With this remark, he looked back at the sky again, as if he had been struck dumb by arrangement. Wild remained affable and polite, and became taciturn as the other. Days passed without the exchange of more than the few necessary words of such close association: the officer sitting on a cane chair with his back against the mainmast and Borinsky reclining, except when he ate or drank tea brewed from the supply that he had brought in his blanket roll, the while they watched the brown, lean bodies of the straining, naked coolies on the towline who bore the junk against the current, except when the wind was strong



"I propose to know whether you are for my death or against it."—Page 228.

enough to stiffen the square, multi-patched sail that was set.

When they disembarked and the baggage was lifted from the hull to the backs of squat donkeys, two of which all saddled awaited the two foreign devils, the people of the village gathered quickly and closed about them with growing clamor. The Russian regarded them as vacantly as if they were a thousand miles away until a stone was shied; whereupon "Smith P. Borinsky" preceded a flood of native jargon that flowed from his lips. Their inexpressive faces first stared, then smiled;

then in answer to more vigorous phrase they dispersed.

"A Chinese mob seems an open book to you," Wild observed.

"Somewhat," was the careless reply.

"I meant *somewhat*," Wild retorted with dignity.

His powerlessness in the hands of this strange being who could draw any tune he pleased out of native passion was exasperating. As one turns to his sole remaining friend in distress, so Wild now laid his fingers caressingly on the holster of his six-shooter, which contained five cartridges for others and one which he reserved for himself. There was nothing in Smith P. Borinsky's china-blue eyes to indicate that he had observed the movement.

"Ruling races," he observed casually, "are self-respecting."

Such was Wild's mood now that he would have made no comment on this to him meaningless statement if it had been followed by a long oration and a sentence of death on himself. Thenceforth, his silence had the keen edge of readiness for any emergency, until, after six days' travel overland, they reached their destination, which identified itself from the distance in the glitter of window-glass from two western-built houses on a hillside, as if the necessity of living among a heathen people which had brought the dwellers there had been qualified by instinctive racial predilection for isolation from odoriferous surroundings.

From his own door-sill Wild looked up a hundred yards to the shaded porch of the evangelist of Indiana parentage, and he looked down a thousand yards to spoil banks in a valley—the mine—guarded by Chinese soldiers in hats as big as sun-umbrellas, who paced up and down, fans in hand.

His first practical consideration was Borinsky. He got him into the small room which was dining-room and sitting-room in one, where they would be free from interruption. Then he laid his revolver on the table in token of his intention to take no unfair advantage. As usual, Borinsky staring into space seemed not to see him. This attitude was more fuel to Wild's flame. He proposed to have it out with Borinsky then and there. The soldier leaned forward and said, with Anglo-Saxon intensity:

"Candor may save us both trouble in the end. My seven predecessors in unbroken line have been murdered. I am sent here expecting the same fate. As you are a white man and have no face to save I will tell you that I believe that the Viceroy is responsible for the murders in order to get Dodds' as well as his own share of the gold. For the first time the Viceroy has sent a personal representative to the mine—yourself. Therefore——"

Borinsky looked at him in mild surprise.

"Oh, did His Excellency say that? I wasn't listening when he was talking to you. I was thinking." There was a certain diffident expression of apology in the china-blue eyes. "In fact, I have a great deal of thinking to do."

"Therefore, I want to know what part you are going to play," Wild demanded.

"Here at the mine?" Borinsky asked, innocently.

"Yes, at the mine."

Wild could hold in his temper no longer. He rose and bent over Borinsky, determined that neither should leave the room until one or the other was proven master. On the adversary's part there was no change of position; nothing more than the slightest concentration of gentle curiosity in his gaze.

"Oh, none at all. I have nothing to do with the mine—nothing at all!"

Such calm, flippant denial was more aggravating than brazen defiance.

"Then either you or the Viceroy is a liar!"

"Knowing myself as I do and knowing the Viceroy as I do, I certainly wouldn't hesitate to say that the Viceroy was—dear old Pang Mu!"

"That is not the point. I propose to know whether you are for my death or against it—my enemy or my ally."

"Dear old Pang Mu!" Borinsky repeated. "He says what he pleases and Smith P. Borinsky *does* what he pleases. Really, he is the least of my troubles. I'm going to move on as soon as my escort arrives. It ought to be here now."

As if to make his announcement dramatic half-a-dozen horsemen came galloping up to the door. Astride Cossack ponies, in Russian caps, blouses, and long boots, they had the stalwart physique of the Russian; but their almond eyes, their raven-black

hair and their devilish leer were unmistakably brigandish and Manchurian. They greeted their leader with a guttural cry of respect; he replied with a few words that brought smiles to their saturnine faces. One of them strapped the blanket roll back of the one empty saddle in the cavalcade, which Borinsky promptly occupied.

"It never does to lose your temper in China," he said, looking at his horse's ears; then rode away at the all-day trot of the wiry Cossack steeds.

When the column of dust that had followed the little cavalcade afar down the road had settled back to earth, the new manager was approached by a most portentous individual, the captain of the guard of Chinese soldiers, Hok Wong, who belied his grandeur by bumping his head on the ground in a formal kotow. Then he pointed toward the mine, where a swarm of coolies had already begun to work. By many significant gestures he made it clear that this activity was the result of the new manager's arrival. Oh, no! Pang Mu would not take out an ounce of the dust which he meant to steal until the legal representative of the firm was present, according to agreement.

Wild wondered, naturally enough, if this obsequious captain of mercenaries was the one who had the blood of seven white men on his hands. He found himself less interested in the mine than in prognosticating the manner of his death; while the port of all that he saw was as innocent as the bearing of the captain of the guard.

From the first, he had hoped for information from his neighbor. He could see an old man pottering about in a garden at one side of the cottage, also a young woman coming and going on the veranda. It was impossible that they should not see him, unless they were blind. Yet they gave no sign of recognizing his presence.

The Reverend John Thomas lived for the purpose of being helpful, but he had begun to think that he could be of little service to the mine managers which the famous Dodds recruited from among the beachcombers of Tientsin. He had this time left all overtures to the newcomer, whose sheer curiosity brought him up the path on the second day.

Immediately he observed that Wild was neither drunk nor profane, he made apologies:

"I—I didn't know as I would be welcome," he said, in the quavering voice of old age. "Your predecessor had—er—I think you call it delirium tremens. Poor man, he would come up here for the night, saying that his own house was occupied by devils, and he would take on terribly. The one before him drank less, but he was blasphemous—so blasphemous, sir, that it made me shudder to listen to him. Mr. Dodds and the Viceroy seem to change managers with every shipment of gold. It is the monotony here, I suppose."

There was nothing about this old man to indicate an unsmiling delight in such grim humor as his remark implied. Was it possible that Borinsky was not alone in eccentric connection with the tragedies of the mine? The Russian himself had appeared no more calm and disinterested than the missionary.

"Yes, considering that every one of them has been murdered," Wild observed, drily.

"Murdered!" the missionary exclaimed. "Every one murdered!"

"Yes. I am sent here expecting the same fate. Not one has returned alive to Tientsin. The murders were for the purpose of robbery, apparently, for Dodds says that the Viceroy sent the booty to the Frisco mint." Wild scrutinized the pallid white-bearded face sharply.

"Possible!" breathed the missionary, slowly but not sceptically. "Every one left here with the treasure safely in the escort of Hok Wong and a guard of soldiers. They must have been killed on the journey. I know Pang Mu well. I am not surprised," he concluded, with a measured shaking of his head as he gazed reflectively at the moth-patches on the backs of his trembling hands. His face was almost as expressionless as Borinsky's.

"Time has taught me the folly of being surprised," he went on. "I've been in China fifty-five years and I have made fifty converts—not rice converts—not the kind who pray to our Lord before you feed them and to their own joss after dinner! No, no! Real converts! I had hoped before my last call came to have one for every year—fifty-five in all. Alas! I have given that up, now. I must be content that I have turned the furrow in new ground,

which will be more fruitful under future tillage. My lasting regret is that I did not go to Thibet. I have always said that Thibet was the greatest field. They who are so obdurate now, once they do come will come *en masse*, with glad huzzas. Ay, mark my words, we shall have a Christian city of Lhassa ere we do of Peking."

"And Smith P. Borinsky?" Wild hastened to ask, after a respectful pause; "have you ever heard anything of him?"

The old man's face lighted with genuine Occidental curiosity.

"Heard of him? How could I help it? I've heard of other myths in China, too."

"He came with me. He was to assist me at the mine, the Viceroy said; but he went away with a band of Cossacks."

"You saw him! You are quite sure you saw him? Others say that they have seen him; I suppose that *you* did. Still, I shall contend that he is a myth. It is the only adequate word."

Wild went into details about his relations with the man. The missionary rested his head on the back of his chair and sighed from the depths of long, deep, and unrevealing experience.

"Do not ask me to solve the riddles of fate, much less the riddles of China," he said. "I ceased half a century ago to puzzle over them, and ever since I have reserved my strength for my Master's work, which is as sweet as it is simple. Ah—my granddaughter!"

The last words were spoken in recognition of the presence at his side of the young woman whom Wild had hitherto seen only at a distance. He flushed with surprise on beholding such beauty in such a place. There was in the manner of her interruption a suggestion of her desire to know and see someone from the outside world, battling with her innate modesty. She crimsoned with a blush that was as wasted in China as the perfume of the rose on the desert air.

"She and I are all that are left of the Thomases," her grandfather explained. "I am training her to go on with the endless work where I shall leave off soon, very soon."

On his part, the soldier thought of the comparative advantage on the score of brevity of being actually buried alive. While the three talked he was continually stroking that little mustache, as if thereby he could veil his gaze, which he never lifted from Miss Thomas's sad, puzzling, wonderful face, except for stern politeness' sake.

Of Borinsky he was to hear no more for a long time. Day in and day out, in an existence as monotonous as the faces of the coolies, with the villainous Hok Wong ever subservient to his requests, he stored the clean-ups in the vault, which the unhappy Blinders had built under his bedroom; he listened to the quavering regrets of the chivalrous old missionary about Thibet, and his leisure moments were spent in playing a game for which he had previously had masculine contempt, namely, croquet, with Miss Thomas as his winning adversary, there in a court overlooking a hundred square miles of China that did not contain a single other white woman. Propinquity was bound to bring confidences when mallets were laid aside.

"I'm sorry that I ever went to the States," she said once, impulsively. "It makes China so much harder. Though I didn't go until I was fourteen, for the first time in my life I felt really at home. I knew then that it was the spirit of the West which I had always heard calling me: at last it had found its own. That isn't the way with most of our people. They are glad when their vacations are over. They want to return to their work and to China. The truth is, China is no hardship to them—it is home. White complexions become pasty to them; they long for the yellow; they long for their servants; for the millions who await conversion. The cable cars, the flying trains, the whizzing elevators, the eager faces are all the confusion and vanity of a strange land to them. Yes, they have become Oriental. So I was meant to be and am not."

"Grandfather's great pride has been that I was born here in China—born to the work, born to the language and the ways and the spirit of the East, which newcomers have to learn. Alas, he is so ambitious—he even wanted me to go to Thibet. Oh, I suppose it's very wicked of me—it's doing my faith and the missionary society that sent my ancestors here a great wrong; but I couldn't—I couldn't!"

When it came to the discussion of his own affairs she was equally convinced with her

grandfather that he would never reach the coast alive if he went with the gold.

"If Pang Mu has determined to kill you," said the old gentleman, "why, he will, and there's an end of it. You had best go while you can. The truth is, no one knows how soon we may be besieged. This spring the people had little seed, and for the second season has come a withering drought. From many sources I hear news of mobs gathering strength as they go and crying 'Death to the foreigners whose magic arts have dried up the heavens!'

"I have written of the danger to our Minister and to the Board Secretary in Peking. The Minister is comfortable in his legation; the Secretary is comfortable in his compound, surrounded by docile servants. The Minister said that the Tsung-li-Yamen has the situation well in hand. The Tsung-li-Yamen!" The old man smiled ever so sweetly as he repeated that empty phrase. "The Board Secretary humorously referred to the old cry of 'Wolf! wolf!' I wrote back to him that he should bear in mind how lonely the shepherd was and that eventually the wolf did come and the lambs were not rescued. So is the wolf coming now; for these Boxers, as they call themselves, are of a new breed of rioters. So, too, is death coming to us all, and I am ready."

He put the tips of his fingers together in his favorite gesture and rocked his chair gently. From a Christian knight who trusted in Providence, but incidentally kept his powder dry, he had become a Christian fatalist of the East.

"I should have told you," he concluded, "that a name—an army's watchword, as you would call it, sir—which the Boxers conjure with, is that of that mythical person—I say mythical advisedly—that mythical person, Smith P. Borinsky."

"Naturally," was the dry reply.

Nothing about Borinsky could surprise Wild now. Moreover, he was convinced, as he had been from the moment of the Russian's disappearance in a cloud of dust, that they should have sharp work together yet, face to face.

His refusal to go on their advice, their refusal to go on his, led to the granting of a request by the man of God which the man of war had much at heart. Wild gained permission to drill the male converts. Happily, he had rifles for the score of neat pigtails that had suffered persecution for the sake of their faith. He became as absorbed in his new occupation as in croquet; while otherwise they went on with their old life, unmindful of warnings of danger, until they awakened one morning to find that both coolies and soldiers had deserted the mine and joined the "Borinskys," as he called the Boxers. In the village below there was the hum of disaster in the brewing.

The very placidity with which Miss Thomas received the news made him realize how the stubborn self-denial of her grandfather and his carelessness as to his own fate had been paraded to the destruction of a young and valuable life. Her safety became his single thought.

"I cannot desert my converts," pleaded the missionary. "I, too, am a soldier who must stick to his post."

"We'll take the converts with us," Wild replied. "In the twentieth century a living evangelist is more useful than a dead one."

He over-rode all objections and set the pair to packing the necessaries for a journey. As for himself, he hoped that he would not have to accompany them. He preferred to remain and face the mob and guard his gold. At all events, he would turn back from the gate that closed on them in safety.

Of the three servants sent to bring donkeys, only two returned. While they groaned from their bruises, and told how the third was stoned to death, the shouting in the village rose to a roar. Wild's attention was attracted to a dark object that came winding along the highway in the distance. With his glasses he saw that it consisted of thousands of coolies waving triangular red banners.

"There is no time to be lost," he said. "You must get into your chairs."

He led the way with such of the army as were not occupied with the two precious burdens; the trembling servants brought up the rear. Before they had gone a hundred yards they saw another mob approaching from the opposite direction to the first.

"We cannot elude them," said Mr. Thomas. "If they catch us flying they will lose their superstitious fear of the foreign-devils' magic. There is nothing for it but to remain and show a bold face."

"It will take them about two hours to reach here, which means two valuable hours to prepare for their reception."

"Ah, I know the Chinese better than that," Mr. Thomas replied. "They'll palliate the earth devils to-night and attack in the morning. Slowly, slowly"—this in Chinese to the chair-bearers—"if we hasten back it will be a sign of weakness. We must save our face."

Wild kept his garrison at work all night with pick and shovel. When he had brought the last of his baggage and the last of the gold from his own cottage he applied the match to keep it from furnishing the enemy cover.

Dawn saw the croquet-ground a redoubt and the mission the centre of a circling mound of earth, studded with the rifle barrels of the convert force. At the base of the hill were two vast patches of the brown of bare, tanned bodies, spattered with the blue jean blouses of the opulent.

"There's only about five thousand to our twenty," said Wild.

"To our twenty-one," put in Mr. Thomas, with a positive chuckle. "Twenty-one! Where do you place me, Captain Joshua?"

"And I—I can shoot, too!" Miss Thomas, rifle in hand, said, smiling.

"In the cellar. You will be quite under cover there," Wild replied.

She smiled again and dropped on her knee behind the breastworks.

A rumble of shouting arose from the valley, the red flags were waved vengefully aloft, and in the pandemonium of people debouching from a theatre in a fire, the two mobs came surging up the ascent. Wild the soldier was all himself again. His benign confidence as he whispered directions to his men was catching. From the circle of earth where the besieged lay there was no sound except that of the leader's voice. From the outside nothing was visible except his head and torso, as he walked up and down jauntily, stroking his little mustache, a target for those infamously bad marksmen, Hok Wong and his Chinese soldiers, who were lying on their bellies apart from the attacking force, and firing at long range. Though everyone could hear his every word distinctly, only one looked up—Miss Thomas. She regarded him as if he were a ward of her pride, fulfilling her promises.

The column on the right made for the mine manager's house instead of the breastworks. There it stopped with the swoop of a flock of vultures over a carcass. Unmindful of burns, its greedy members dug in the hot embers for treasure.

"The gold's up here, my wayward children! But we are very glad to see you so busily occupied."

The missionary's eyes sparkled with the joy of strife as he spoke. A turn of fate in youth might have made him into a soldier instead of an evangelist. His granddaughter's profile outlined against the dull background of freshly turned earth was as calm as that of a Greek statue.

"You must go into the cellar!" Wild cried to her.

"No, I must not!" she replied.

"I shall take you, then." He stretched out his strong arms as if to show how easy it would be for him to carry out his threat.

"When one rifle counts so much," she said, "would you deny any woman the privilege of fighting?" And he could only say "No."

Meanwhile, their ears were afflicted by the fierce, guttural cries of the advancing Boxers. In face of that host swaying forward in its primitive might, twenty-two rifles seemed as helpless as so many fans.

"Not a shot till they reach that mulberry-tree!" Wild kept repeating in a matter-of-fact way, as if the advancing monster with its mane of red banners were a hunter that he was riding around the ring at the Horse Show.

"I'll take that first one—the Philistine with the long spear." The missionary spoke as if he were reasserting an inherent right.

"I was waiting on him myself!" This from the granddaughter. "Very well. I name the one just behind him."

And now the head of the monster swept under the mulberry-tree.

"The Amalakites are upon us, my children." The converts heard the voice of age and authority in their own tongue in the even strain of invocation, repeating all the captain's commands.

The crack of rifles followed. The man with the long spear fell; so did the one behind him. The press from the rear was soon mounting a heap of corpses. But in passing over the obstruction they saw, with starting eyeballs, of what it was made.



Turned toward the yellow flood only twenty yards away.—Page 235.

When again the magazines vomited their bile the column reared like a stricken snake, its head falling back on its wriggling body. So it recoiled and fled, with the inanimate and the groaning causes of its terror on the field.

"Joshua! Aye, Joshua!" The missionary began his pæan of thanks to the converts grown strong on seeing prophecy fulfilled. "Yes," he continued to Wild, "and a Moses of this day of steam and electricity would have done as I did."

There was a sweeter compliment yet to come.

"We could not help winning under *you*," said Miss Thomas, who was put into confusion by the sound of her own words. Without looking up again, she began mechanically to clean her rifle.

Well out of range the retreat ceased in a swirl, as brute courage returned to the panic-stricken horde. When the flags were upraised again defiantly, among them was a white one. The man who bore it advanced alone. Wild, who moved out to meet it halfway, waving a handkerchief, was not surprised to recognize Borinsky.

"My compliments!" said Borinsky, absently.

"Your business!" said Wild, sharply.

"I'm just up from Tientsin, where the Christians are dodging about under the heathen shellfire." The references were those of a disinterested, almost a bored, spectator. "I slipped in over night to see how the place looked when it was besieged. Under the circumstances, I didn't know but you would like to hear from home. I brought you a letter."

"Thank you," Wild replied, thrusting it in his pocket without so much as a glance at the address.

"Just an ordinary courtesy," Borinsky continued. "It wouldn't do you much good if it were delivered to-morrow. We fired a little too low, didn't we? I judge that we better spread out when we come up next time."

Wild understood the futility of opposing such overpowering numbers in open order. Only one thing could have made him plead with this man whose face was never more expressionless than at this tragic moment. That object was a woman's life.

"You, a white man!" he said. "You are leading a mob of coolies against an old man and a young girl! Have you none of the chivalry of race left? Are you a fiend, or are you mad?"

"We shall see," Borinsky responded languidly and faced about. "I thought you'd think it rather nice of me to bring you the letter."

As Wild stepped back over the breastworks he heard a mighty shout from the direction of the enemy. He looked back, to see a mad waving of banners, that made the mob look like a field of giant poppies in bloom, in response to something that Borinsky, standing on a rock, had said to his army.

There was nothing to do now except to await the second attack. Mechanically, he tore open the envelope that the Russian had given him. As he unfolded the sheet he started at sight of his colonel's handwriting.

"Dear boy," he read, "Simpson was shot through the abdomen in an affair with ladrones at Babang day before yesterday. Before he died he made a confession of certain facts which must be too well engraved on your mind to need repetition here. This is one of five letters sent to different addresses to let you know that you are to-day the best-liked officer in the Forty-eighth.

"P. S.—We have just had orders for Tientsin on account of the Boxer rebellion. The impression when you left Manila was that you intended to seek a livelihood in China. Let us hope that you may join us there."

"If I only had my company of the Forty-eighth here!" he cried. "I'd charge that rubbish down there!"

The rubbish was dividing into bands which were taking positions at allotted distances in a semicircle at the base of the hill. The directing spirit, flying here and there on horseback, was Borinsky.

As, buoyantly, Wild went from rifleman to rifleman, using his limited command of Chinese to encourage them, he happened to look up at the second story of the house. The white clapboards were peppered with bullet-holes, while there was scarcely an abrasion on the first story. He called to mind Borinsky's remark about firing too low. It was only more of Borinsky's fiendish sarcasm, he concluded. The groups of the attackers had now been spread out until they formed three and four deep. Though armed with little else but knives and sticks, it was a geometrical certainty that their mass could not be resisted. The twenty rifles instead of mowing would cut only straws here and there.

"This is the end, beyond a doubt," he thought. "It would have been easier if I hadn't received the letter," he added cynically. "Probably Borinsky knew what was in it and brought it to me as a refining touch. I pray God that he is the first over the breastworks!"

Looking in vain for any sign of life on the crest of the hill at the back of the house, he

formed his command at the front in a tiny semicircle that was the counterpart of the vast one that it faced. Was it only more of Borinsky's satire that the doomed garrison had to wait from anxious minute to anxious minute until an hour had passed before the curving line of blue and brown fanaticism broke into shrieking action?

Wild looked at the faces along the breastworks. None was fazed by this onrush of humanity to which they were no more than reeds in the path of the torrent from a broken dam. The converts felt perfectly safe in the belief that a miracle would save them as it had before.

With no restraint except that of their weakening breath, the tide of death approached. Individual Boxers fell continually under the play of the rifles, but they meant no more than the dropping of cinders from the fire-box of the speeding locomotive. More stumbled than were hit as the angle of the mass narrowed.

"Almighty Father! I have done my duty!" the old missionary cried, and fell back, dying from a bullet wound.

One glance at him and the converts dropped their rifles. Superstition as much as faith had steeled their hearts; Moses, not Joshua, was their leader. With their miracle-worker gone, they fled, or their trembling limbs refusing to support them, they grovelled on the ground, awaiting their fate.

Wild sprang to Miss Thomas's side with drawn revolver. He had an instant's view of her calm face before he gritted his teeth and himself turned toward the yellow flood only twenty yards away and scanned it in vain for Borinsky.

Then he was pinioned from behind and borne backward by strong arms. Next, he heard the voice of Borinsky from the crest of the redoubt calling in Chinese that the mob that had come up on the right yesterday had taken the gold out of the ruins and secreted it. At that, the Boxer force became a seething thing of accusations and denials, its energy turned on itself. Wild rubbed his eyes to make sure that the half-dozen men standing about him were white.

"I'm the chappy that found the mine," said the foremost. "I'm Blinders."

"Oh, indeed!" Wild responded. He stroked his little mustache from habit. He also blinked.

"Yes," Blinders went on informingly, "and these are the other managers that Borinsky murdered. Murdered us to keep the old Viceroy in the dark! Murdered us to give us a better job—to help him work his platinum mine up yonder. Platinum —yes, platinum, by——"

"Lead mine, *lead!*" Borinsky spoke with unusual vocal energy for him. "Will you never learn to save your face, Blinders? It's lead, I tell you!"

"Lead, lead, of course—nice kind of lead, too," Blinders repeated dutifully. "What a monkey we've made of Dodds! That's what gets *me!*"

. . . . . .

Two weeks later, Miss Thomas, Wild, and the murdered managers reached Tientsin under the escort of the most obeisant Hok Wong, who acted under superior orders. But Smith P. Borinsky was there before them. He was almost verbose in his reception.

"The Boxers got to going faster than I anticipated," he explained, "so I had to jump on and ride. They thought I made great medicine when I spread them out so they could reach you. The real medicine was getting to you from the rear before they did."

"Why in the devil didn't you tell me that was your plan when you came out under the flag of truce?" Wild asked.

There was a faint twinkle in the china-blue eyes:

"If you hadn't believed me—and you wouldn't—you'd have posted some of your men in the rear to fire at me. But—I find myself making explanations—*in China!*"

With that he entered the Russian Consul's carriage and was driven away.

Wild marched on to Peking with his company. Considering the lady's natural equipment for a soldier's wife, it is not the most surprising feature of this story that she will never go to Thibet unless it is garrisoned by the United States army.



THE PRINCESS AND THE MICROBE

BY

MARGARET HERWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. J. GOULD

THE Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine sat on a stone seat by the mermaid fountain in the royal gardens, crying bitterly because she was not a prince. The sun was warm, the water splashed merrily over the mermaids' tails, and not far away two infant counts, an archduckling, and a baby marchioness were playing on the green grass, but the Princess would have none of their game of tag. She only howled with her mouth open, and paused for breath, and howled again. Then Lady Marie Françoise Godolphin and the Duchess Louise of Werthenheim, who were pacing the garden paths by box hedge and rose bed (Lady Marie was superb in pink chiffon over white silk, and the Duchess wore blue embroidered tulle looped with clusters of artificial lilies), frowned and whispered to each other that the naughty child ought to be punished, which was manifestly unfair, as it was all their fault. Never would the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine have thought of being wickedly ungrateful for the privilege of being a girl if the following conversation had not reached her through the box hedge:

Lady Marie: His Majesty will be *so* relieved that it is a son. Think, the boy will be Auguste Philippe the Twenty-fourth!

The Duchess: I distinctly remember the grief of both the King and Queen when the Princess turned out to be a girl.

It was then that the Princess Victorine, who had been dandling her doll and gaining great comfort from this distinctly feminine occupation, threw this same doll from her with violence, unconscious of the symbolic character of the act, and digging her little fists into her eyes, burst into weeping so loud that Lady Marie Françoise and Duchess Louise dragged their buckram-stiffened trains away over the grass to escape from their victim's cries.

Presently sobbing became hard work, and the Princess sat still in the sunshine, thinking. Her blue eyes had red rims about them, her yellow hair was dried in wisps on her forehead, her fat legs hung dejectedly down. She was reaching back farther and farther into her dim little consciousness, trying to remember how she ever came to make that dreadful initial mistake. She had disappointed the Queen, her mother—here the sobs began again, for the Princess loved that royal lady; she had chosen, though she could not remember when, and had chosen wrongly. Then she began to wonder what it was to be this thing that the King and Queen and Lady Marie and the Duchess were so grateful for, a boy. She candidly thought that she

was nicer than the two little counts and the archduckling, and she found her riddle hard to read, for no one had ever before suggested to her, much less explained, the disgrace of sex.

Crying was difficult, and thinking was harder still—for the Princess. Presently she jumped down from her bench and trotted away almost joyfully, for a happy thought had struck her. The Princess was the sweetest, most obliging little soul in the world, and helpful withal. A way of escape had suggested itself to her: she would find out what boys were like and be one. The Queen, her mother, should be no longer disappointed in her, nor should any ladies of the court make invidious remarks through box hedges. Whatever happened, she would never again turn out to be a girl. So, in an unfortunate comparison, made by two people who could obviously ill afford to be critics, began the evolution of that unnatural monster, more "fell than hunger, anguish, or the sea," a mannish woman.

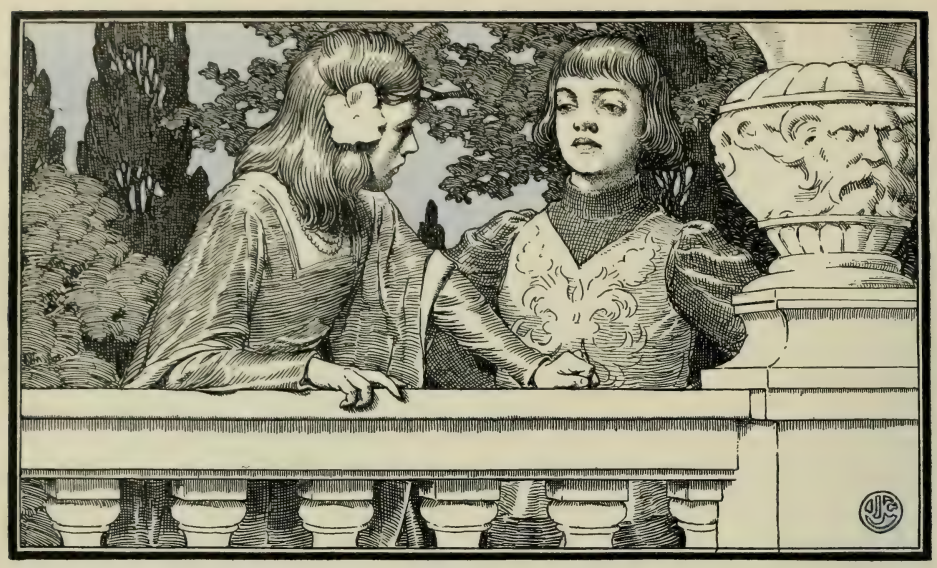
At first the Princess Victorine prayed about it. Every night, in her little golden crib, which had the arms of her house—a spotless leopard, *couchant*—embroidered on the blue satin hangings, she shut her eyes and begged to be made into a prince with yellow love-locks and scarlet doublet and pink hose. Would he be Olivero Rinaldo Victor the Twenty-fourth, she wondered? But every morning she wakened with indignation to the fact that she was still a girl. As her faith in miracle weakened, her determination to succeed by her own efforts grew stronger, and she never doubted that she could do it if she tried hard enough. Her face took on an expression of firmness "most unfeminine," said Lady Marie, who was her governess.

"Do not run, my dear—it is so masculine," said Lady Marie, often; or "Do not climb trees, Your Highness—such rough playing is fit only for boys."

Then the Princess would look at her with non-committal, wide-opened eyes and say nothing. She had a secret, inner knowledge, dating from that moment of revelation in the garden, of the superiority of being a boy, and henceforward nothing could take it from her, not precept, nor example, nor soft insinuation of the beauty and propriety of womanliness. She knew that people were trying to deceive her; she had heard of conspiracies before—but she never let them see that she knew. On occasions like this she had a way of looking stupid which was nearer cleverness than anything else that she ever did.

Now, there are people for whom one idea, with variations, will last a lifetime, and the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine was one of them. As to questions about the whys and wherefores of things, she never asked one in her life, nor answered one. Very systematically she set about her life-work. As His Highness, her baby brother, grew up, she imitated him. Once she was found standing with her sturdy legs apart and her arms akimbo, whistling. Lady Marie and the Queen both wept, and deprived the Princess that day of her bread and jam, but to no effect. She seemed inspired by the energy of the small boy or the demon. Her legs could not keep still; she ran, she jumped, she leaped, she climbed, she played all boyish games, and once, but my ink blushes red in recording this, she was caught by the Duchess turning somersaults in the garden. Terrible were the reproaches heaped upon her, and her misdeeds seemed greater because they went unexplained. On this occasion Lady Marie and the Duchess were both sent to discipline her. (Lady Marie was attired in rose satin covered with black lace, and the Duchess was charming in Nile-green brocade, with pearls.) When Lady Marie said, with her scented handkerchief at her eyes: "My dear, your actions are bringing me into disrepute; what will their Majesties think of me?" the Princess, who detested scents, only turned red and said nothing. Not once did she retort that she never would have tried to be a boy if these two had not taught her the desirability of it; she only trudged on in her own way toward the longed-for goal, sure that the scoldings, the reproaches, and, saddest of all, her mother's tears, came because she had not tried hard enough and had not succeeded.

There were times when the Princess Victorine surpassed Auguste Philippe. One sunshiny morning, when the two were playing knight and ogre in the courtyard, the Prince announced that he meant to climb the castle wall. He did it only out of bravado, for, being a boy, with a boy's common sense, he knew that it was impossible.



"There aren't any—there s only the Microbe.—Page 239.

"I'm going to climb it, too," said Olivera Rinalda Victorine, stubbornly.

"Pshaw, you can't! You're only a girl," said Auguste Philippe, strutting up and down in his slashed velvet doublet and his feathered cap.

"And you are only a boy," said the Princess, meditatively eyeing him. She did not say it to be saucy—she was only thinking. Then she deliberately took the hem of her embroidered blue satin skirt in her teeth and began to climb the wall, while Auguste Philippe watched from below with wrath and terror in his eyes. By means of a niche here, a clinging ivy vine there, a window ledge, and, now and then, a friendly, grinning gargoyle, the Princess succeeded, and stood at last triumphant upon the battlements, waving her blue skirt for a flag. But all that she got for it was a scolding, and, to the day of his death, Auguste Philippe never admitted that it was true. In fact, he never entirely believed it, though he had watched every step from the courtyard below.

Better even than boyish sports, the Princess loved stories of knightly deeds, and the very pith and marrow of chivalry entered into her bones. She could not read, but that did not matter, for the story-tellers could not write, but oh! they could tell tales. Stories of dragons slain and ogres vanquished, stories of maidens rescued, enchanters caught and prisoned, stories of caitiff knights thrust through at the moment of their greatest villainy by the swords of heroes, all these the Princess Victorine drank up with greedy ears and mind, and her heroic little heart throbbed within her. Often—it was most unmaidenly—she furtively felt of her muscle in leg or arm, wondering when she would be strong enough to go forth in quest, for not one tale roused in her the desire to become a teller of stories herself—she only wanted to act one. Once she took Auguste Philippe aside, saying:

"I'll tell you a secret if you won't tell."

"Go ahead!" said Auguste Philippe, graciously. He had doubly the air of a sovereign, being at once a brother and heir presumptive.

"I'm going out to find and fight a dragon," said Princess Victorine.

"Huh!" sneered the Prince. "There aren't any dragons any more. You are behind the times."

"Aren't any dragons!" cried the Princess. "What do you mean?"

"There haven't been any for a long time," remarked Auguste Philippe, nonchalantly, his hands in his pockets. But the Princess would not have the foundations of her faith shaken too easily.

"What do they mean by telling us about

them all the time?" she demanded. "Every minstrel that comes here does, and so does old Lord Jean and the Countess Madeline, and everybody nice."

"I don't care," asserted the Prince. "There aren't any—there's only the Microbe."

"What's the Microbe?" gasped the Princess.

"It's worse than dragons, that's what it is," said Auguste Philippe, viciously.

"What does it do?" asked the Princess.

"It bites," answered the Prince. "It stays somewhere in the woods and swamps, and every year it eats a great number of youths and maidens and old men and children. It's always hungry."

"Why doesn't somebody go and kill it?" said the Princess.

"Dunno!" answered Auguste Philippe.

"What does it look like?"

"It has one great eye," answered the Prince, unhesitatingly, knowing that life demanded that he should instruct the feminine mind whether he had information or not; "it has ten great rows of teeth, and what it does not bite with one set it bites with another. It never roars—that makes it worse than a dragon, for you can't tell when it is coming. And it has a hundred thousand claws reaching everywhere."

The Princess went and sat by a rose-bush, wearing her most enigmatical expression. If she was overawed, she was too plucky to show it. Prince Auguste Philippe looked at her, not without remorse. He was aware that he knew nothing of the Microbe save its name, but he decided not to confess—it would only shake a sister's confidence, so he went away to fly his kite.

Now, years flew past, and every day the Princess's bosom swelled with knightly ardor, and every waking thought was of the slaying of the Microbe. The words of Auguste Philippe that day by the rose-bush became the second inspiration of her life, and the second only completed and strengthened the first. At eighteen, as at six, the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine was round of face and pink of cheek. Her big blue eyes, set in the baby fairness of her face under the yellow hair, had the confiding look of a little child. All this was very pretty, but manly sports had developed her physique far beyond the bounds of feminine propriety. There were muscles on her lovely shoulders, and they made her tiring-women weep. As for her biceps, she had always to wear loose, flowing sleeves, for the strong arms broke through the embroidery of tight ones. She was taller than she should have been, and her waist refused to taper. If her sex had been different, the royal parents would have gloried in her strength and her agility, but as it was, they cast down their eyes in her presence and begged her, if she had any filial reverence, to talk mincingly and small, at least in their presence.

One day the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine sought out Lady Marie.

"I am going on a quest, to find and fight the Microbe," she remarked, briefly. Lady Marie gave her one look, and fainted, and the Princess revived her by means of her vinaigrette.

"My dear!" whimpered Lady Marie, "think how many gray hairs you are bringing down in sorrow. I do not mean mine," she added, hastily; and, in truth, hers were no longer gray.

"It's got to be killed," said the Princess, sturdily. "It's a pest."

"But what is it?" whispered Lady Marie, blushing through her rouge. "Is it a thing that a young girl ought to know about?"

There was hubbub in the court for ten days. Counts, marchionesses, dukes and earls gathered in corners and talked under their breath. Some thought that the Princess should be imprisoned in a dungeon; others spoke of her with pity, believing her mad. One party, headed by old Lord Jean and the Countess Madeline, said that it was all nonsense. Everybody knew that there was no such thing as the Microbe; it was only a new heresy, wickedly devised to shake the established faith in dragons. The Princess might just as well be allowed to go the way of her folly and find out the truth. Another faction, made up of believers, spoke darkly of the mystery that enshrouded the foe, for he lived in a fog, and went out to kill veiled in cloud, and they hinted that if the Princess went to find him she would not return alive. His Majesty and Her Majesty, bewildered, agreed with both parties, wept, protested, but did not forbid the Princess to go, for fear that she would not mind. Auguste Philippe said a bad word.



Drawn by J. J. Gould.

"It's got to be killed," said the Princess, sturdily.—Page 239.

At first the Princess tried to reason with them—an unwonted occupation for her.

"It really is a combat that a lady could very well engage in," she said, earnestly. "It isn't as if it were a dragon, you know." But they only pooh-poohed and ha-haed until she shut her lips very tightly together, and went on her way as usual, unexplained.

Just here attention was diverted from her, for His Majesty, who had been hurt in hunting, sickened and died, and, amid sobs and whisperings and discussions, Auguste Philippe the Twenty-fourth came to the throne. There were many rumors and whispers of how the late King had come to his death: some said that it was a fall from his steed; others hinted the Microbe, shivering with horror at the name. No one was sure of anything, and the court physicians very cleverly gave out that they could not explain at length His Majesty's ailment because nobody knew enough to understand.

But the Princess Victorine, who was not a person of doubts, was convinced from the first. With her head held very erect, she went to the court armorer, and gave orders that he dared not disobey; then she went to the royal stables and made her choice, while all stood still to watch her, spell-bound, no one venturing to lift a hand. Her Majesty was too much overcome with grief to care what happened; Lady Marie and the Duchess were absorbed and happy getting the court into mourning, and so there was no one but Auguste Philippe to say good-by to the Princess when she went away. He had risen very early, and stood upon the battlements to see her go.

It was one brave June day when the Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine, armed *cap-à-pie*, went forth to war. She was mounted on a charger of dapple gray; a palfrey she would not have. On her head was a shining steel helmet, through the back of which her tawny hair floated down her back—there was not room to do it high. Through her visor her blue eyes sparkled with a steady light. On her arm she carried a blue shield, for even in her battle mood she could not forget what color was becoming. It bore the device that she had chosen for herself, a virgin *rampant*, gules. The armor that covered her from head to foot was of wrought rings of finest steel, made with a flowing skirt that fell in protecting folds about her feet. Her right hand held a spear; with her left she guided her steed.

"Good-by, dear!" called the Princess, waving her hand to Auguste Philippe.

"You are a silly thing," he remarked, affectionately, from the battlements. "You won't do anything but tear your clothes."

He did not try to stop her. In the strain of becoming Auguste Philippe the Twenty-fourth he found that there were many things he was not so sure of as he had been before. The flame in his sister's eyes he did not understand, and he wondered why she was not content to stay at home and play at quoits and dance to music, as he was; but he resolved that Victorine should make a fool of herself in her own way, and that it should not cost her too dear. So he stood long watching her as she went shining across the great green plain with the light flashing from a thousand glittering points on her armor.

Now, the Princess rode by night and day, and not once did her courage fail or her arm grow weary. She left behind the green plain and the pleasant trees and travelled in a grievous waste beyond the songs of birds, and anon she came to a woodland that was dark and old. She was sorely puzzled as to the habitat of the Microbe, for in his raids he came from east and west and north and south, and no one could tell if he had a permanent abiding-place. Often in the dusky shadows of the wood, she stopped to call a challenge: "What, ho! Come out and try thy skill!" But that was not his way of fighting, and he stayed hidden. Sometimes she inquired at a cottage door or at a shepherd's hut on the edge of the wood, but all thought that the lovely lady in armor was surely mad, wearing such strange clothing and asking such strange questions. Once she came upon a witch-wife who was gathering simples by a swamp in the wood.

"Is the pretty lady looking for the pretty knight that passed this way yestere'en?" asked the witch-wife, with a horrible leer of her sunken eyes.

The Princess elevated her eyebrows with a look of scorn.

"No," she answered, coldly; "I am looking for the Microbe."

"How?" asked the witch-woman, with her hand behind her ear.

"The Microbe!" shouted the Princess.

"Is it a man or a lady or a place?"

"It's a monster!" shrieked the Princess. "It kills and eats and destroys." And then followed a faithful repetition of Auguste Philippe's description of the beast. The witch-wife laughed and rocked to and fro, her yellow teeth showing in her shrunken gums.

"Oh, deary, deary, deary!" she said, "there ain't any such critter, truly there ain't. I've lived here in the swamp seventy-nine year; I never saw one, and I sees pretty nigh everything."

"Who eats the youths and the maidens, and the old men and the children?" demanded the Princess, sternly.

"How do I know? How do I know?" cackled the old woman. "*I* don't."

The Princess Victorine rode away, and behind her the witch-wife laughed.

"That's the way the pretty knight went," she called. "You'll find him further on."

The Princess indignantly turned her charger and rode in the opposite direction. That morning came her moment of great reward, for, by the side of a noxious swamp a gray mist met her, blinding her eyes, and she thought she heard sounds of gurgling and lashing and clawing. Once she caught sight of the great shining eye of which Auguste Philippe had told her, and then she dimly detected the grin of teeth. Olivera Rinalda Victorine was sure that she had met the Microbe at last. With lifted spear, and with the shout, "A maiden to the rescue!" she rode into the floating cloud and thrust it through and through. Her spear crashed on—something; her charger seemed to trample a living creature under foot, and snorted with terror. Thrice came swift blows upon the Princess's shield, but whether they were of claws or tail she could not tell. Her ears were deafened by the noise; her armor ripped in the gathers at the waist; her good steed for a moment lost his footing in the morass, but she reined him up, and, mad with the thrill of victory, struck out again and again with more than woman's strength. Then, was it fancy, or did she hear a roar as of mortal pain? Did she catch the sound of swift retreat of a hundred thousand wounded legs?

At home, upon the battlements, that morning, stood Auguste Philippe with some ladies of the court. (Lady Marie was lovely in deepest crêpe, and the Duchess was looking her best in heavy mourning.)

"It was in that direction that she went, did you say?" sobbed the Duchess, with a black-bordered handkerchief at her eyes.

The young king nodded.

"How can I bear it?" asked Lady Marie, raising her clasped hands to heaven. "Oh, Your Highness, send out a searching party! Send fifty armed knights! Think what may happen at any moment!"

"Pshaw!" said Auguste Philippe the Twenty-fourth, "Victorine can take care of herself. She is four inches taller than I, and her arms are like iron. Let her be. She is foolish, but she has got to have her fling."

"In my day," said Lady Marie, "no modest girl would have suggested such a thing."

"I dare say," sighed His Majesty, "but the thing has got to come; they must sow their wild oats! She will come back all right."

Though Lady Marie did not know it, His Majesty, Auguste Philippe, then, as always, spoke the truth.

At that very moment, beyond the wide green plain, and beyond the sandy waste, a young knight, riding slowly, with his head bent down upon his breast, came upon a maiden sitting at the edge of a wood. Near her, cropping the grass, strayed a gray charger, with his bridle falling loose upon his neck. The maiden was curiously clad in shining armor, only her helmet was off, and tears were trickling down her cheeks. Now and then she dried them with strands of her yellow hair, and then she shuddered, gazing at a bloody spear that she held in her left hand.

"Fair lady," said the Knight, riding toward her, "tell me your trouble, that I may help you."

The Princess Olivera Rinalda Victorine looked up at him and sobbed, and her chain armor rose and fell upon her bosom. She had not cried this way since that memorable day on the stone bench in the garden, twelve years ago.

"I've—I've killed the Microbe!"gasped Princess Victorine.

"Indeed?" said the Knight, raising his visor and showing a pleasant smile upon a pale face. "And are you not glad?"

"Ye-es!" said the Princess, with a great heave of her bosom as she looked at the disfigured spear.

The stranger alighted from his horse and came slowly toward the Princess. He was tall and strongly built, but he walked as one to whom every motion brings pain.

"Are you quite sure that the beast is dead?"

The Princess nodded.

"Quite."

"I wonder," said the Knight, meditatively, "if you brought away his head or a claw?"

"No, I didn't; but I feel very sure. Men are so sceptical!" said the Princess, with some heat.

"Not at all," answered the Knight, courteously, "only your quest is the same as mine, and I should be glad to know that it is over. I, too, am hunting him."

A beautiful expression swept over the Princess's face and into her blue eyes. She looked less like a baby than she had done at any time for seventeen years.

"I thought men didn't care."

"Some do."

"Auguste Philippe doesn't — he only laughs, and so does old Lord Jean; but I think that this will convince them," and Princess Victorine triumphantly brandished her spear.

"Ah!" said the Knight, looking at it with sudden interest, "may I see your point?" But as he moved to take it, he gave a sudden groan and fainted at the Princess's feet.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Olivera Rinalda Victorine. In a trice she unlaced the Knight's helmet and corselet, and was horrified to find blood flowing from an open wound in his shoulder. Hastily she brought water in her helmet from a spring hard by, and bathed his forehead and eyes, and then ran for more to pour on the wound, saying, as she went, something unpleasant about her skirt of chain armor, which kept getting in her way. As she worked, the eyelids fluttered, and the dark eyes slowly opened.

"Are you hurt?" asked the Princess, eagerly.

"I'm afraid that I am rather badly cut up," he answered, with a groan.

"Did that—Beast do it?" asked the Princess.

"It may be," said the Knight.

The Princess rose and put on her helmet.

"Where are you going?" asked the Knight.

"After It," said Victorine, sternly.

"Lovely lady," he said, feebly, "don't you think you ought to wait until I am better?"

"I'm not a lovely lady; I'm a warrior," said the Princess, "but of course I'll stay if you want me to."

"You are both," said the Knight. "Do you know I think that it would make me forget my pain if you should tell me of your fight."

So the Princess, with a shining face, told him of her battle in the mist, and of the monster with the great, glowing eye, and as she talked she failed to see that the wounded man kept looking toward the spot where his gleaming helmet lay.

"And now," said the Princess, reproachfully, with red flushing her cheeks, "tell me how you were wounded. Do you mind explaining how you came to be hurt in the back?"

"Somebody or something attacked me from behind," said the Knight, with a smile half hiding the look of pain on his face.

"The coward!" cried the Princess Victorine, in great anger.

"It may have been someone who did not know the rules of the game," said the Knight.

"That makes *no* difference," said Princess Victorine, loftily.

"Well, it was a strange combat," remarked the Knight, "and the blows were the oddest I ever received. They came thrashing from all sides, in defiance of all the laws of fighting. Whether they came from man or beast I could not see—you know yourself that it is foggy in the woods, and I was disabled by the blow in the back."

"I know," nodded the Princess, sympathetically. "You've been fighting that same monster that I killed." And for the life of her she could not help a little feeling of triumph that the beast had gone down before her rather than before him.

"When did you kill him?" asked the wounded man.

"This morning," beamed the Princess. "When were you hurt?"

"Oh, I believe it was this morning," said the Knight, carelessly.

"I wish, for your sake, I had done it sooner," said Victorine, regretfully. One of her greatest charms was her slowness in putting two and two together. Now she had little time for it, for the Knight fainted again. For the first time in her life, the Princess repented of her aversion to smelling-salts. However, there was plenty of water in the spring, and she kept her best lawn handkerchief, which she had carried up her sleeve, wet upon the sick man's brow. Through the fever of that day she watched him, and all night, and again a second one, and on the third day there was a look of weariness upon her face that had never been there before. As the fever abated, and the Knight was aware of the tender nursing that he was receiving, he watched the Princess with eyes full of gratitude. She had laid aside her armor, and was becomingly attired in blue brocade, which she had worn underneath the steel. The sun shone pleasantly on her yellow hair, and if the color in her cheeks was less pink than it had been, it meant, with the dark shadows under her eyes, only new beauty. When he spoke his thanks, she turned red as a boy would have done, and asked him please to stop, which he did.

That afternoon the Princess grew confidential. She was sitting near the invalid, who was propped up on a mossy pillow, supported from underneath by her armor and her shield.

"Just feel my muscle!" said the Princess, impulsively.

"I have!" said the sick Knight, gravely.

"Why, when?" demanded the Princess. "Oh, you mean when I lifted your head. But look how it stands out."

He did so.

"You see," said Olivera Rinalda Victorine, "I am so unfeminine. I ought to have been a boy."

"Never!" cried the Knight, vehemently.

The Princess looked at him in surprise.

"I'm very sure," she said, gently. "I've known it ever since I was so high," and she measured off the stature of six years by holding her white hand above the ground.

"I don't agree with you," said the Knight. "You're not in the least like a boy, really. You do not look like one, nor use your arms like one."

"When have you noticed that?" asked the Princess, in surprise.

"Oh, lots of times," he answered, evasively. "But tell me why you think so."

Sitting beside him, with the beech leaves making a flickering shade on her face and throat, the Princess told him all the tragedy of her life, her discovery of her initial great mistake, her unavailing efforts to set it right, and the persecutions she had suffered because she was not ladylike. It was the first confidence that she had made in all her life, and her cheeks flushed deep red. Overhead sang thrush and sparrow, and a little breeze came and played with her floating hair. Suddenly the Knight reached out and took the white hand in his and kissed it.

"Why did you do that?" asked the Princess, softly. "To comfort me for not being a boy?"

"No," growled the sick man.

"Then why?" she persisted, drawing it away.

"Oh, I can't tell you," he groaned, "until I know whether I shall get well of this beastly wound."

But the Princess, taking both hands to arrange the wet handkerchief, suddenly found them prisoned and covered with kisses.

"It is because I love you," he moaned. "Don't you understand?"

Princess Victorine eyed him with curiosity, and shook her head.

"No," she answered, kneeling down and looking at him, "I'm afraid I don't. Nobody ever did before."

The Knight laughed out from the mossy green pillow.

"That's just what makes you so adorable."

"Won't you try to make me understand?" said the Princess. "I am very slow, but when I once learn, I never forget."

"Victorine," said the Knight, fixing his dark eyes on her, "I love you, and I need you. I love your hair and your eyes and the touch of your hands, and I want you to be my queen. You are a princess, I know, but then I am a prince."

Olivera Rinalda Victorine was silent a long time, kneeling on the moss.

"Are you angry?" asked the Knight, at length.

"No," said the Princess, in a whisper.

"I think I like it." Then he smiled up at her, but did not even touch her hand.

"Tell me truly," said the Princess, "don't you mind my climbing trees and doing all those things?"

"Not a bit."

"Nor the device on my shield?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"Nor my wanting to go on a quest, and do all those unfeminine things?"

"Victorine," said the Knight, "it is the brave soul of you that I love. We will go on and fight together."

Then there was a sudden shining that was neither from the sun nor the Princess's hair, but from the light that sprang into her face, and when the wounded man lifted his arms and drew her toward him, she bent and kissed him on the eyes, and no one ever knew, she least of all, where she had learned that.

Three days more and three nights they stayed there, and the sick man's strength came slowly back. In the quiet they talked of many things in the past and many yet to come. Only once in all that time did Princess Victorine look troubled.

"Dear," she said, one day, "there are moments when I am afraid that you do not quite believe in me. I am not sure that you are convinced that I have really killed the Microbe."

"Beloved," said the Knight, putting down a piece of his armor, where he had been idly fitting the point of the Princess's spear into a great hole, "I believe in you utterly, only, there may be more than one, you know, and so our quest is not over."

On the fourth day they put their armor on, caught their steeds, and rode away. On the Princess's shield the maiden stood out bravely against the blue; the stranger Knight carried the device of an ugly worm transfixed by a glittering sword, and the motto was "I search." The maiden knight and the man looked at each other from under their visors.

"To the death!" he cried, and he spurred his steed.

"To the death!" echoed the Princess, dashing after him, and so they rode gallantly away. Whether they have found and fought the Microbe none can say, but this is known, that they are happy in the quest.



MISS MARTIN'S HOUR

By Anne O'Hagan

I

THE age of Miss Martin, measured by any calendar, is a matter of no importance. Women a decade her senior in years were younger than she in joyousness and charm. Women a decade younger were her elders in sophistication, in emotion, and in *ennui*. Miss Martin had never bloomed. She had faded in the bud. It is a fate not unlikely to befall girls in small towns whence the young men make early escapes.

Miss Martin eventually made her own escape from Standish Plains. The auctioneer's hammer had fallen on the last stove-lid, the last clothes-line, the last of everything in the undistinguished house that had been her lifelong home. Across an elm-bordered street and down a slope she could see the dark evergreen bushes and the low, slanting stones of the cemetery where all of her race, save only herself, now lay—her mother's years new chiselled on the yellowing marble that had long weighed down her father's sleep. No tears suffused her eyes at the sight, but her mouth sank into a more permanent groove of loneliness. Miss Martin's pale skin had never wrinkled, her features only seemed to sink inward with each new year and each new sorrow.

When she had closed the door of her old home upon herself for the last time, she was conscious of a moment's stoppage of the living forces within her breast. Fear gripped them. A great timidity seized her, a great loneliness. But patient, undefining acceptance of all that came to her had been the unconscious rule of her life. She could permit herself no coddling note of her fright. She looked but once at the old house with its roof sloping groundward at the kitchen. Over the knocker she tacked up the sign for the new tenant's eye —"Key next door." Then she crossed to the kitchen of the neighboring house and left the key. The stove glistened with fire and with polishing, as she paused on the step to make her adieux; her buxom neighbor had a freckled tow-head clinging to her skirts. The odor of hot gingerbread was on the air. Miss Martin suddenly beheld herself, a little girl again, at her mother's skirts on baking day. But it was the neighbor's voice that broke, the neighbor's eyes that filled, as they said good-bye.

Then Miss Martin had taken the train southward and the evening saw her parents' pictures and her black leather Bible neatly disposed on a hall bedroom chiffonier in a New York boarding-house. By day she was one of a noisy swarm of young men and women at a business college. By night she diligently transcribed stenographic notes from a soft-backed note-book, and fitted herself to become a wage-earner. The money from the auction would see her modestly through the time of preparation; the tiny rental from the cottage would be a source of comfort and security. As for the rest she found the new life exciting. The young women with pompadours hanging over their eyes and tulle bows spreading behind their ears almost awed her with their air of brilliant, careless worldliness. The young men, though not so magnificent, seemed paragons of wit and good humor to her. She moved among them, quiet, gray, as usual, but with stirrings of admiration. Mere novelty wore for her the hues of gayety. The carping spirit of the inexperienced she never had.

As for the boarding-house, though there were many to revile it, Miss Martin at first found it stately and stimulating. Dinner each night was a festivity by the mere effect of numbers; it was an elaborate function because of the presence of a negro waiter and the appearance of viands in successive courses. To Miss Martin the badinage of the older boarders was spirited and lively, the suspicious punctilio of the newcomers the perfection of high breeding. She drank diluted chickory without even a sigh of regret for the fragrant mixture she had known at home. She cleaned her own

small room on Saturday mornings with never a thought of complaint. Her tidy soul would have revolted against living in it in the condition which the chambermaid called clean, but she regarded her own labors as a small price to pay for the social privileges of her position.

She had passed her probationary period and had become the accurate, self-effacing drudge of a law firm down-town, when the lustre of the boarding-house, beginning to tarnish a little, was regilded by some new arrivals. Henrietta Warden was an artist in a small way, illustrating widely syndicated fashion articles for a living, and splashing pieces of canvas with impressionistic studies for art's sake. Her sister, Mollie, was at the Art League diligently preparing to follow in Henrietta's footsteps. With an easel, a piano, a chafing-dish, and some East Indian cotton prints, they imparted to the second floor back an air which no other room in the house had. When Miss Martin was admitted to look upon it—at the end of the third day, for the sisters were hospitable to the verge of indiscretion—she thought that she had never seen anything so æsthetic.

"Poor old soul!" said Henrietta to Mollie, "we ought to have her in often. There's no fire in her room."

Mollie was toasting marshmallows over the coals in the grate. She popped one into her mouth as she answered:

"As often as she pleases. She's a decent little creature."

Whereupon life widened for the pale little woman. The easy-going ways of the Warden sisters had constant charm for her. She mended their stockings and laughed at their jokes; she polished their tea-kettle and listened to their art jargon; she watered their fern and she met their friends, most of whom shared their warm-heartedness and their cheerful irresponsibility. She submitted to be led from art exhibition to art exhibition, and to make Saturday afternoon tours of the Fifth Avenue picture shops. She went to Sunday night concerts, though she could never teach her heart not to throb with sudden desolation at the thought of the church bells calling at Standish Plains. And she met Henry Lovell.

It was not Henry's fault but Nature's, that his smile was caressing. His disposition was as warm and kindly as his laughter and his eyes. He was treated by the *habitués* of the Warden circle as a boy, and he had the buoyancy which boyhood does not always have. He was young and happily inexperienced in hard facts. That he talked wisely about them gave him to Miss Martin an air of masterful intellectuality. And all of the circle agreed that when he grew up, Henry might possibly "do something."

Meantime, Henry lounged in the Wardens' window-seat—a position commanding an extensive view of back fences, of alianthus trees, growing in turfless yards, and of back windows with a strange assortment of ledge riches—smoked many cigarettes, aired many opinions, and fought valiantly for many which he did not hold, squabbled with Mollie, whom he had known since the period of pinafores and pantalettes, submitted cheerfully to go on trivial errands, and was in all respects as harmless and even as useful an appendage as a free-and-easy, youthful household could desire.

Standish Plains, however, knew no such institution as Henry was in the Warden *ménage*. Caroline Martin soon became deeply interested in all that was connected with the boy. She found herself annoyed that his friends took Henry and Henry's views so lightly, that they interrupted his brilliant harangues irrelevantly, that they showed no sense of flattery at his presence and none of neglect at his absence.

One evening, when he had not been at the Wardens' for a fortnight, during which Miss Martin had put timid questions to the sisters as to the possibility of his illness, only to be laughed at, he overtook her as she was making her way homeward in the twilight fog.

"Ah!" she cried, startled out of her customary reticence by the swift relief his presence gave her from her half-unconscious anxieties, "you aren't ill, then? I'm so glad."

"Ill?" boasted Henry, laughing and straightening his broad shoulders. "I was never ill in my life!"

Miss Martin, whose small frame had been racked by many pains, looked up at him. Of course he had never been ill! It had been absurd to fear it! How strong, how fine, how wonderful he was! Henry

caught, without understanding it, the wistful adoration in her face. His kind eyes softened inexpressibly.

"It was good of you to care about it, either way," he said, gratefully. And then he plunged on: "How are the girls?"

The next day, strolling in with the request that he be invited to stay to dinner, he found Miss Martin before the Wardens' fire. He had some early lilac in his hand and on an impulse laid it in her lap. She looked little and tired and lonely, and it pleased the kindness of his youth to bring the faint flush of pleasure to her face. Besides, he had been touched by her anxiety over him.

"Why don't you get her an invitation to the Ditmyers' dance?" he asked Henrietta when she had gone to her room to put her flowers in water.

"She doesn't dance," answered Henrietta with conviction.

"I wonder if she would like it," speculated Mollie. "It's fancy dress and it might amuse her a lot. She does enjoy things so in her funny, little, mouse way. Oh, it's a great thing to have been brought up in the country! She regards Henrietta as an artist, me as a wit, Bobby Reynolds as a true poet, you, Harry, as a world genius, New York as a sort of Paradise. Let's see if she wouldn't like to go to the Ditmyers'. She'd see more freaks, whom she could think wonderful, than at any other place in the city."

It was Henry who approached her on the subject after dinner. The true artistic instinct to make the most of an undertaking caused him to say:

"Please come; please let me take you. Oh, you will have loads of fun, as Mollie says. I'll see that you have two partners for every dance, and I'll send you—let's see—heliotrope, pansies?—whatever you like."

Her face was suffused with color.

"There were pansies," she said, "in the borders of the flower beds at home."

To Henry this was the essence of pathos. His fine eyes clouded sympathetically. His ready hand sought hers—the girls were hospitably welcoming a newcomer from the stairway.

"Poor little woman," he said, and meant it in all simplicity and warmheartedness.

But no man's fingers had ever closed upon Miss Martin's before, save in the way of perfunctory greeting. A great shock ran through her. Her hand burned. She looked at it, half frightened, at him trembling.

"I'll go—thank you," she said, quickly, as Henrietta and Mollie ushered in their guests with a gale of noise. She fled to her own room to preserve in its silence the ecstasy that enveloped her—an ecstasy so fragile that she felt a sound might shatter it.

"She's coming," announced Henry triumphantly. "She's coming. And I tell you one thing—I'm going to give the dear old girl the time of her life."

II

From office to bank Miss Martin sped, an air of mixed guilt and triumph upon her. Her pale cheeks flaunted two red discs, her pale eyes glittered. Had the money which she withdrew from deposit with such a surreptitious air been that of a stranger, her manner could scarcely have been more nervous. Yet there was about it bravado as well as tremor.

It was the pitifully "independent" woman's precarious security against evil days that she drew from the bank—her doctor's bill, her funeral expenses, the money for her living expenses when work should temporarily fail.

"I don't care, I don't care, Oh, I don't care," cried the agitated heart of Miss Martin to her reproving conscience. It seemed to her that the indolently tender eyes of Henry Lovell shone upon her in support of her recklessness. He himself was so magnificently spendthrift! The worshipper's passion for imitation burned within her, seeking to destroy the long inheritance of caution.

"I don't care, I don't care!" she said again to the blaming voice of tradition and training.

The red discs in her cheeks flamed high as she entered a shop where silks billowed and flowed in the windows.

"Only this once," she told the shrewish, kill-joy conscience as she ordered the yards of silver that melted to lavender and rose, and the soft plaitings of chiffon that were to foam about it. She bade the clerk send the materials to a dressmaker of such dis-

tinction that she bore no prefix to her name, and the subtle deference of the clerk's manner made Miss Martin smile even in her self-absorption.

Then, still shaking with excitement, she went on. Her manner became more and more furtive as she left the region of gorgeous shops, and slid though the dingy West Side streets. Finally she reached her destination, and after one careful glance in each direction, she darted into a bare hallway and climbed dusty, uncarpeted stairs to Duval's West Side Dancing Academy. In a big, bare room, glaring with light from unshaded windows, a man and a woman awaited her. There was a platform raised at one end of the room, and a piano stood on it. At the opposite end camp chairs were folded into a disorderly pile.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the man, bowing low.

"Good day, you're on time," said the woman, pushing back a strand of grayish hair. Then she went to the tinkling piano and began to pound out dance music, while her husband with infinite patience and courtesy tried to train the unaccustomed feet of Miss Martin to the ways of grace. He grew pale and damp in the exhaustion of the effort.

"No, no, mademoiselle," he pleaded. "Not ze hop—ze glide. So—no, no. Do not make ze knee like—vat you call eem—ze jumping-jack. So—so. Long—glide. Ah,—ve vill rest for one, two minute, mademoiselle."

"It is my sixth lesson, and your advertisement said waltzing guaranteed in six lessons," moaned poor Miss Martin.

"Mademoiselle, I give you lesson—one, two, tree extra, if you are not satisfy I do my best. *Mais*—I fear me it vill be vat you call it—futeel. Some person, mademoiselle, zay cannot lairn. Zare is one glory for ze star and one for ze moon, *oui*. *Moi*, I cannot lairn ze chess."

"I must learn," almost sobbed Miss Martin.

"Ah, mademoiselle, you shall lairn," cried the kind-hearted teacher, relenting suddenly. "It is ze beginning zat tries ze soul. Some morning you awake. Zare is music in ze veins, ze feet, zay glide. *Voilà!* Mademoiselle has lairned ze waltz. It is in her. It is no more zan to breathe."

And again monsieur took the tense little woman on his arm and hauled her over the floor. In the anxiety of the moment, in the strained, vain desire to force her unused feet to rhythm, Miss Martin forgot all the scruples that had been tormenting her—the shame that she, the decent daughter of a decent race, should be taking surreptitious lessons in a grimy Eighth Avenue dancing-school, the Puritan voice that denounced her frivolity, the common sense that would not lie quiescent but reminded her relentlessly of her years. All these she forgot while she struggled heroically with stiff limbs and heavy feet.

III

"You look lovely, lovely!" It was Henrietta Warden who exclaimed. "That brocade is beautiful and that old-fashioned way of making it suits you to a T. Where did you get the ivory comb? You must dress exactly like that for me to-morrow, and let me paint you. 'From a Colonial Frame' I shall call it. Dear Miss Martin, Harry Lovell will be the proudest thing in the studios to-night. And how beautiful his pansies are!"

Then she descended to put the finishing touches to her Watteau shepherdess make-up, and to tell her sister of the transformation of Miss Martin.

"She really looks distinguished, and almost pretty," she announced. "I wish she had let me rouge her. But New England balked at that."

In the carriage into which Henry handed her with so courtly an air that it was almost burlesque, Miss Martin leaned back and gave herself up to bliss. She was going to a dance. She wore brocade, and she was enveloped in silk and lace. In her lap lay flowers of gold and purple and he who had sent them to her—she looked at him sitting opposite, out of the way of her furbelows. The intermittent lights from the street lamps fell upon his clearcut, careless face, and brought all its lines of dominant youth and vigor into play. Henry was immensely taken with his own magnanimity and the joy of it sparkled in his eyes. Moreover, he was proud of his guest, and his manner paid her subtle homage. New-come into man's inheritance of proprietorship over things feminine, a delicate care for her blended with the rest of his mood. Caro-

line was wrapped in it as in a mantle. The blood sang in her ears, beat deliciously in her veins. The hand he had lightly touched the other night throbbed beneath her glove. Common sense was asleep at last. She had come into her belated youth.

That she danced not ill, thanks to the labors of Monsieur Duval; that the Ditmyers' set, with the easy enthusiasm of their kind for novelty, were inclined to make much of her, to rave over the quaintness of her manner, the simplicity of her talk, the wistfulness and wonderment of her eyes; and that Henry was indefatigable in bringing her partners—these are matters of record. He had set out to give Miss Martin the time of her life, and he flattered himself that he succeeded.

They drove home through the deserted streets in the hush of the early morning. Compliment and laughter, the glance of responsive eyes, the ready smile of tender lips, the throb of hearts, the thrill of blood —all this was youth as she had never known it, as she would never know it again. For this was clear to her in the morning gray. And in some way which she did not understand, it was all linked with that deeper something that had spoken to her lonely heart when her neighbor's child at home had clung to its mother's skirts. Attraction, love—life. She shivered a little. Common sense returned to her with a pang, as consciousness returns to those who have lain in swoons.

"Are you cold?" asked the solicitous voice of Henry.

"No, not cold," she said. Her eyes dwelt tenderly upon him. He was all that she had missed of young love and young companionship. He was all that she had missed of the fulness of life. Yet she was not so poor as she had been. She knew now what the world was meant to be to women. Knowledge enriched her, and with it some wide-embracing sympathy.

In the hall, when he had helped her from the carriage and into the house, he took her hand and bent low over it.

"Fair Mistress Martin," he said in travesty, "I kiss your hand."

"No," she said, withdrawing it. "Don't make fun."

In the long look she turned upon him there was the essence of a farewell. She knew that she would not see him again as she had been seeing him—with the eyes of unmixed rapture. To-morrow, when she awoke, it would be to a different world. And knowing that she was returning to her own again, that she was bidding farewell to the hour of youth which he had made her snatch from her sad, sober age, a great longing swelled within her.

"Kiss me," she whispered. "No one—no one ever did."

It seemed to him then and always after, that it was not poor, pale Caroline Martin whom he kissed, but some sad type of loneliness and emptiness, some embodiment of a stolen youth; and that the kiss was not a caress, but a sacrament endowing his soul forever with the tender grace of pity.

THE POINT OF VIEW

AT the time when it was thought that Governor Taft might come home from the Philippines, to accept a place on the Supreme Court bench, a leading public man said of his special equipment for colonial service: "Governor Taft has the great gift of charm; a courteous and cordial manner, the evident expression of a winning personality, convincing to all whom he meets of his sincere spirit of friendliness." Except as they imply tact,—which, after all, includes politeness, does it not? only so far as it contributes toward making the best approaches according to an individual's peculiarities or foibles—such phrases as charm and courtesy are not often used to describe the qualities looked for in the man called to be an administrator. Rather we are told of his "unerring insight," "quick decisiveness," "set purpose," "rugged honesty," the changes being rung on the peremptory and "backbone" qualities associated with the man who has the maximum to do with but the minimum of time in which to do it. Charm and courtesy of manner imply a sense of leisure; if not leisure itself, at least a recognition of its utility and of the right of others to be leisurely, especially if leisure is an inheritance.

The Other View of "Manners"

The constantly growing contacts of Occidental with Oriental civilization are likely to bring home to us unexpected appreciation of the utility of "manners"; of the value of politeness as a possible "asset" in administration. The *gaucherie* of the foreigner, many competent observers agree in stating, is a constant offence to the Oriental, and goes far to account for the fact that outward subservience under compulsion only intensifies the antagonism of hidden contempt. A contributor to the London *Spectator* has pointed out, in a somewhat minute study of race antipathy, that "the manners of the European always strike the Asiatic as plebeian." He expects in an equal or superior "a kind of smoothness which few Europeans possess." Even in minor details, the European "grates" on the Asiatic, his laugh being "as disagreeable as the laugh of the uncultivated is to the refined European." To the Asiatic "very few Europeans appear to be gentlemen, and those few only when they are not familiar."

This wide difference in point of view is encountered at every turn. What in the strenuous life of our great cities is a too trivial incident for notice, the continual jostling against one another in our hurry, is in Japan a serious act of rudeness constituting a personal trespass. The "rush hour" of our crowded street-cars, when human beings, regardless of sex, are rounded up and herded for conveyance, would there be held simply intolerable. That such coarsening familiarity has contributed in no small degree to a changed popular estimate of manners, is hardly open to question. But, *per contra*, among a class whose distinguishing mark is supposedly "good form," there often appears a like disregard, both in America and in England, for those conventions which constitute mutual consideration. Not in the pages of a "society novel," but at a gathering of representative British gentlewomen, the statement passed unchallenged that "there is a national decay of good manners, roughness being prized as an excellence, and grace being far rarer than in the past." Roughness, another word for rudeness in the sphere of manners, is an accepted condition not only of pushing to the front in business, but of that "sport" which divides with business success the intense interest of increasingly large numbers, thus dominating work and play alike. It is only in an occasional career that we are reminded how charm of manner may add effectiveness to statesmanship no less than dignity to high station.

Business and sport alike are potently democratizing, each in its own way, for in neither does leadership go by favor. But a civilization too fully obsessed by these can hardly escape realizing Matthew Arnold's formula of Philistinism, an upper class "materialized," a middle class "vulgarized," and a lower class "brutalized." Manners, no less than culture or breeding, become distrusted as the badge of an unadmitted superiority, or sus-

pected as the mask of insincerity. We all recognize this as a familiar attitude toward manners when it is revealed to us by a subtle touch as in Mr. Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance." Kitty's confession that "she wasn't taught to respect the idea of a gentleman very much" found its sanction in what she had often heard her uncle say: That being a gentleman was "at the best a poor excuse for not being just honest, and just brave, and just kind, and a false pretence of being something more." At what a far remove is that common misconception from the simple, convincing definition of Emerson, the truest Democrat of them all: "Manners are the happy ways of doing things . . . . hardened into usage."

MY friend the Cynic insists that the publication of a book is primarily an affair astrological. Nothing but planetary influence, he declares, can explain the successes of some books and the failure of others. If the horoscope of books could be cast, he feels sure that the malign or the favorable aspect of the planets reigning at the time of their publication would justify his opinion.

"How else can anybody account for the remarkable success of 'The Whispering Doves' by Baines Purdue? On two continents it was the 'book of the year.' Clergymen quoted from it in their sermons. Brokers carried it in their pockets to read on the trains. It lay on countless tables with marked passages and pencilled comments. Unlettered people artfully alluded to it and established reputations for taste and discretion in literature. Those who had not read it lied and said they had, meaning to read it the next day and thus whitewash their sin."

An Astrological Suggestion.

"Read what?" The Cynic raised his tones. "The story of a belated hero with a collection of platitudes belonging to an era of speculative thought long before thrashed out. Baines Purdue delivering himself in such a solemn way of some ethical commonplaces which nobody now disputes, is curious enough. But this is not so curious as an intelligent public as well as an unintelligent public accepting them as something sparkling with dew, and Baines first in the field. Nothing explains this," he continued, "for it conforms to no mundane laws, but that Baines had the luck to publish when the stars were propitious. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. They worked with Baines Purdue."

"On the other hand, what but an evil aspect, an evil planet, the malign influence of Mars in Scorpio, perhaps, could so blast and wither 'The Massinghams' of Avery Morton. Here were men and women of flesh and blood acting according to the laws of their being, instead of stalking horses weighted with ideas run to seed. Here was dialogue crisp and incisive, incident pertinent and probable, description brief and picturesque, fine style, limpid English. Yet the public with their faces buried behind the pages of 'The Whispering Doves' saw nothing of this. Why?" here the voice of the Cynic fell into the tones of inspired confidence. "Because Avery Morton and his publisher did not keep one eye on the planets."

Why one is taken and another left is a problem as old as the Christian era. Most books furnish their own excuse, or lack of excuse, for being. The relation of one man's meat to another man's poison, as it concerns the public, we accept if we do not understand. We also hear that this or that is too good for the public. This is unfortunate phrasing. Nothing is too good for the public. But unquestionably it is within everybody's experience that the most unlikely books do succeed, and the most likely—that is, viewed from the known world of experience and analogy—sometimes fall by the way. Advertising, the reputation which an author has legitimately won, identifications with real personages, there are many factitious advantages that have no relation to storytelling, and but distant cousinship to literature, to which we attribute the success of books which could not succeed otherwise. There are other books for which we all put behind us our dearest prejudices and which we receive with open arms. But granted all this, there is an occasional instance to which only the astrological theory seems to apply. Must we take refuge in it? Perhaps the study is not worth while; but it should be possible, after the fact at least, to analyze some of these cases and discover the laws which underlie them. We have reduced panics and epidemic emotional excitement to scientific terms; why would not the Psychology of the Average Reader be as profitable a subject as the Psychology of Crowds?

THE FIELD OF ART

THE SKYSCRAPER PROBLEM

THAT the skyscraper is still *feræ naturæ*, that it should require to be brought under the reign of law is no wonder. Not yet a full generation has elapsed since the first of the two elements which have gone to make it possible was recognized in the design of buildings. No such innovation in the art of building has been so swiftly accomplished since the development and expression of groined vaulting in masonry in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and that took two generations. The two buildings in which the first recognition of the elevator as an element in commercial architecture was made—the Tribune Building and the Western Union Building—were concurrently under construction in 1872. Two or three years after, Professor Huxley, making his first visit to New York, found the first exemplification of the American spirit in the fact that the two most conspicuous buildings that confronted the arriving stranger were not the church or the fortress that he would have expected to find crowning the cliffs of an European harbor, but these two monuments of commercial utility. In those old days (it seems odd enough to us now) these two towered, like Saul, head and shoulders above their fellows. In the building which he designed primarily for the use of the *Tribune* Mr. Richard Morris Hunt made groups of stories with piers and arches, so as to simulate the division of a lower building and to make the group of stories fulfil the same function of an organic member of the composition that the single story had previously performed. In the Western Union Mr. Post offered a much more radical solution of the novel problem. Above the basement and below the cornice, which indeed was crowned with a steep roof containing additional stories, the included stories repeated one another with a similarity amounting almost to identity of treatment, and this was the recognition in the new architecture of the Aristotelian requirement in every work of art of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Speaking the language of architecture, it was a division into base, shaft, and capital. The pioneer thus arrived at once at the scheme of composition to which, after years of experimentation, his successors have returned, and which has "imposed itself" upon them as the fundamental design of the skyscraper.

But the elevator is only one of the factors of the modern tall building, and by no means the most important element in the problem of the skyscraper. In fact, if the elevator were alone in question, there would be no problem. Building would have adjusted itself to the new condition, and our commercial quarter would again have had a skyline, only a sky-line half as high again as the old one. "It is looked out for," says Goethe, "that the trees shall not grow into the sky." And, so long as the old construction of real walls of masonry was adhered to, it provided a safeguard against the tall building scraping the sky. The thickening of the wall made necessary by every increase of altitude fixed the limit beyond which the increased altitude would not pay, except with a corresponding increase of magnitude, of area. How the architects of the country were startled by the first project of a twenty-story building! It seemed to them, and to all the rest of us, a pure fantasy, an "iridescent dream," as indeed it was under the conditions that then existed. By reason of their height, it would evidently have been reckless to permit the interior divisions of the elevator buildings, their floors and partitions, to remain of inflammable material. And, just about the beginning of the elevator period, the fires of Chicago and Boston had demonstrated that unenclosed metal could not be trusted in a conflagration. So there came in what we may call the transitional tall building, of which the enclosing walls indeed were of masonry, but the interior connections and divisions a skeleton of metal, and of which the height was fixed by its conditions at a maximum of ten stories.

We could have managed with that. The

next step was easy and obvious. But it was the next step that cost. It was the extension to the exterior of the metal skeleton of the interior, the actual abolition of the masonry wall, and the substitution for it of a frame of metal protected by a mere envelope of stone or clay. Necessity was the mother of this invention. There have been disputes about the origin of it which, in a large view, look rather idle, so much was the new construction "in the air," so sure was the application, all these conditions concurring, presently to be made. Another condition concurred in the offer, through the cheapening of steel by the Bessemer process, of a material giving far greater strength for the same area than had before been available. In fact, in the Home Life Building in Chicago, the first example of the "Chicago construction" designed for iron, was first introduced the use of structural steel in a building. Almost at the same time, and quite independently, the architect of the Tower Building on Broadway, New York, was struggling with the problem of a ten-story building on a lot twenty feet wide, a problem commercially insoluble if the structure had to have real walls, and he arrived, as a tablet on the front of the building sets forth, at "the earliest example of the skeleton construction in which the entire weight of the walls and floors is borne and transmitted to the foundation by a framework of metallic posts and beams."

This it is which has raised the problem of the skyscraper. It is the skeleton structure which has enabled builders to go, not as with the pioneers of the elevator architecture, only half as high again, but three times, four times, five times as high as builders went before; and while the Western Union and the Tribune Building towered only head and shoulders above their fellows, the newer skyscrapers stand waist deep, knee deep, ankle deep in such relics as are left of the old-fashioned commercial building. The *Great Eastern* was for forty years the realized vision of an unpractical engineer; but only the other day there steamed into this port, in the *Cedric*, a specimen of modern naval architecture, built for profit and with every prospect of realizing it, which surpasses Brunel's experiment in every dimension. We move faster than the British. Mr. Buffington's unrealized project of the twenty-story building has long ago been caught up to and over passed; Mr. Sullivan's project of a thirty-five-story building pyramidizing in a series of terraces from an ample base has not yet been attained, but it is well within our vision of to-day. And yet it is noteworthy that the skyscrapers which we have acclaimed and have to acclaim as architectural successes belong to what we have been calling the transitional period. They are such buildings as the Union Trust in New York and as the Monadnock in Chicago. There is no example of the modern and extreme skyscraper which commends itself as an architectural success. There are very few examples of it which are entitled to respectful consideration, even as earnest and artistic attempts to express that construction. To express, that is to say, not the simulacrum of a building of masonry, but to express the idea of a frame building wrapped in a protective envelope of stone or clay. The Guaranty Building in Buffalo, the Bayard Building in New York are almost alone in entitling themselves even to this consideration, and their author almost the only architect who has really stated the architectural problem, not to speak of solving it. The extreme skyscraper that we know and disrespect presents in its front an obviously irrelevant compilation of historical architecture, while its equally conspicuous sides and rear make no pretensions to architecture at all. It is only not his head which the architectural ostrich flatters himself is hidden and requests us to ignore.

And the architectural problem which presents itself to individual architects, in so few cases with even the recognition of it on their part, is less urgent than the civic problem. If every architect employed to erect a skyscraper should do his very utmost to produce a logical, sincere, and beautiful exposition of what he was doing, their united efforts would leave the city of skyscrapers little less appreciably ugly than before. How can it be otherwise when each owner's view of his own interest is the only rule he is bound to follow, and when this view leads one owner to build ten stories, a second twenty, and a third thirty? Like Frankenstein, we stand appalled before the monster of our own creation, literally

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

These things have turned the sky-line of New York into a horribly jagged sierra, and converted the commercial quarters of all our

chief commercial cities into gloomy and windy canyons. There is, to be sure, another aspect of such places as the lower end of Manhattan Island and the business district of Chicago, and that is the tremendously, the almost awfully impressive expression they give of human energy and of American individualism. Hear how it strikes a stranger! The stranger is Mr. Steevens, that brilliant British journalist who died at Ladysmith, too early lost, and the occasion his first impression of New York in 1896:

> Never have I seen a city more hideous or more splendid. Uncouth, formless, piebald, chaotic, it yet stamps itself upon you as the most magnificent embodiment of Titanic energy and force. . . . . The very buildings cry aloud of struggling, almost savage, unregulated strength. It is the outward expression of the freest, fiercest individualism.

How true that is! Although "the eye of little employment hath the daintier sense," how true even we hardened New Yorkers who have seen these monsters grow can still perceive it to be. We perceive that the stranger's first impression is an arraignment of our pretensions to civilization, a grievous and a just arraignment. But what to do? This is a case in which individualism cannot fight individualism, in which the power of the community must be invoked to protect the community against the individual In France, we know that that power could and would be invoked, and successfully invoked, and we know also, or at least we suspect, that it would be invoked so as to cripple and hamper that individual energy in which we glory. In England, we know that individualism might be invoked to resist individualism, even though British individualism, according to Mathew Arnold's famous instance of it, has allowed a truss-factory to occupy "the finest site in Europe." But we appear to have fallen between the two stools. The highest court in the State of New York has decided that "The English doctrine of 'ancient lights' has no application in New York." "It cannot be applied," said the learned justice who delivered the opinion of the court, "in the growing villages and cities of this country without working the most mischievous consequences." So that it appears that not only is this monster *feræ naturæ*, but that the courts will give us no help toward reducing him to subjection. Fortunately, the maxim of the Roman law is still the maxim of our own: "So use your own as not to injure another." And when the Legislature acts upon this maxim, the courts will uphold its power to do so, though they can find no redress for injured individuals at common law. There seems to be little significance in what is called the final decision by the Supreme Court of the United States of the case presented by the builder of that famous skyscraper, the Westminster Chambers in Boston. It was by no means an aggressive skyscraper, or it would not have been so accounted in New York, but it did transcend, by some six feet, what the Bostonian æsthetes had fixed upon as the proper cornice line of Copley Square, and the æsthetes had induced the Legislature of Massachusetts to fix that cornice line by law. The decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the municipality of Boston has been acclaimed as a decision by that highest tribunal, that there was such a thing as an æsthetic nuisance, and that the optic nerves were as much entitled as the olfactory to what Lord Coke describes as "living under the protection of the law, and in the gladsome light of jurisprudence." But it appears that the acclamation was misapplied and premature. The counsel for the owner of the peccant building has explained that the only question submitted to the court, and consequently the only question decided, was not the large question whether there is such a thing as an æsthetic nuisance, but the small question whether the municipality of Boston had not been premature in insisting upon the truncation of the building before the question who should pay for it had been judicially determined. But that does not much matter. Whether or not an æsthetic nuisance is a common law nuisance, no tribunal, least of all the Supreme Court of the United States, has denied or could deny the right of a legislature to "make it so."

Our actual problem, then, is to get the Legislature—that is to say, the representatives of the people—that is to say, ourselves—to "make it so." It is entirely true that in the large architectural and pecuniary transactions of these recent years some owners of skyscrapers have done of their own accord what it might very well be argued that all owners of skyscrapers ought to do of their own accord—that is to say, to acquire enough adjoining property to secure reasonable light for the occupants of their skyscrapers. No practical grievance can

arise when such precautions are taken. But the point is to enforce such precautions upon short-sighted or unwilling owners of skyscrapers; and that can be done only by the power of regulation which inheres in the community as one of its powers of self-protection. Everybody will admit that if we had a city of "magnificent distances," a city of which the great avenues bore the same relation to a ten-story cornice line of bordering buildings that our actual streets bear to the three-story buildings with which those who laid them out expected them to be lined, there would be no hardship at all and no grievance in fixing a ten-story cornice line for such streets. In fact, in order to domesticate the skyscraper and bring it within the reign of law, we need to revise the municipal arrangements which were made without prevision of its advent. A hundred years ago, of course, no one had prevision of the advent of a ten-story building, and yet the men of a hundred years ago who laid out real cities and stately streets provided for skyscrapers much more accurately than those small persons whose imagination was limited by what they saw. L'Enfant did a very great work for the nation as well as for the capital when he laid out, on a plan and a scale not yet belittled or discredited, nor likely to be, "the Federal City." One would be puzzled to select a street of Old New York which could be lined with skyscrapers with so little public or private detriment as Pennsylvania Avenue. And the artists and engineers who have lately revised and brought down to date L'Enfant's plan have a share in his title to the gratitude of their countrymen. No New Yorker desires to commemorate the street commissioners of 1807, whose notion of a great city was a magnified village consisting exclusively of three-story houses, and who, in sad literalness, "regularly laid out" New York. But our descendants would be very willing to commemorate the commissioners who should not only revise but correct and enlarge the petty and mistaken dispositions that were made for New York a hundred years ago. There is evident and urgent need of the commission to revise the plan of New York which it is so much to the credit of the comprehension and the public spirit of the Mayor that he has urged. That "savage and unregulated strength" which so impressed our foreign visitor needs to be regulated, not to be weakened. We can imagine quarters and avenues in New York in which a uniform bounding row of skyscrapers might be not merely inoffensive but sublime. We might be able to say of those bounding buildings, in Paul Bourget's eloquent words, and with more justice than that with which he applied them to the skyscrapers of Chicago:

> The simple force of need is such a principle of beauty, and these buildings so conspicuously manifest that need, that in contemplating them you experience a singular emotion. The sketch appears here of a new kind of art, an art of democracy, made by the crowd and for the crowd, an art of science in which the certainty of natural laws gives to audacities in appearance the most unbridled the tranquillity of geometrical figures.

We should not be Americans if we were not believers in our future and in our competency to amend the things that are amiss with us. Of these, the aggressiveness of skyscrapers, though so conspicuous, is not the most formidable. And we may console ourselves with the words of Tennyson:

> Wait. Our faith is large in Time
> And that which brings it to some perfect end.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.


Legislative Library
Ontario
Dep



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

SHE DROPPED THE LETTER AND HID HER FACE IN HER HANDS.

"Sanctuary," page 290.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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THE WYOMING GAME STRONGHOLD

By Frederic Irland

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN N. LEEK AND THE AUTHOR

THERE is yet a region within the domain of the United States where undisturbed the wild goose makes her nest, and where the spirit of the wilderness smiles down serene as in the days of old.

Elk, antelope, and deer have been so long banished from many Western States that most people imagine they belong only to a past that can never be recalled. But if you would behold something very like the sights witnessed by the first explorers of the West; if you would see antelope by hundreds and wapiti by thousands, go to the great valley in Wyoming between the Shoshone and Wind River Mountains on the east, and the Tetons on the west. I was there for two months in the spring of 1903, and if I had not taken many photographs, I should doubt my own recollection of the vast numbers of these animals I saw.

When Francis Parkman spent a summer with the Ogalala Sioux in 1846, they told him of a country to the west, inhabited by their enemies, the Snakes. Into that mountain fortress the Sioux dared not go, and when their buffalo hunting took them near it, they went home again as soon as possible. The Snake Indians occupied what is now the western half of Wyoming, and although warlike tribes surrounded them, they protected their domain and punished every intruder. At the present time there are some ranches scattered over this region, but there are fewer people in it than in any other considerable part of the United States. When you have been through this country you will understand why it was so easy for the old Snake Indians to keep other people out, and also why it is that the tide of modern settlement has not overwhelmed it.

The stage ride from Rawlins to the farthest post-office at the head of Wind River is two hundred and fifty miles, and except at the little town of Lander and the military post at Fort Washakie you will not see fifty human faces on the entire journey of four days. It is in the heart of the arid region, and seems likely to remain the home of the jack rabbit, the coyote, and the sage hen. After you have crossed this desert, you have the mountains to penetrate, and long after summer has resumed its sway in most of the United States, the passes in these ranges are filled with snow. The valley between the Wind River and the Tetons is cut off from the rest of the world for more than six months each year, except to those willing to follow the mail carrier who pilots a pack-horse over the Teton Pass. I spent nearly a month trying to find a way to cross the Shoshone Mountains before the first of June, but the guides who lived in that country finally gave it up, and I had to go back to Rawlins and around by the railroad to St. Anthony in Idaho, a distance of eight hundred miles, before I could get where I wanted to go, to see the winter assemblage of the wapiti. In summer the elk are scattered through the mountains

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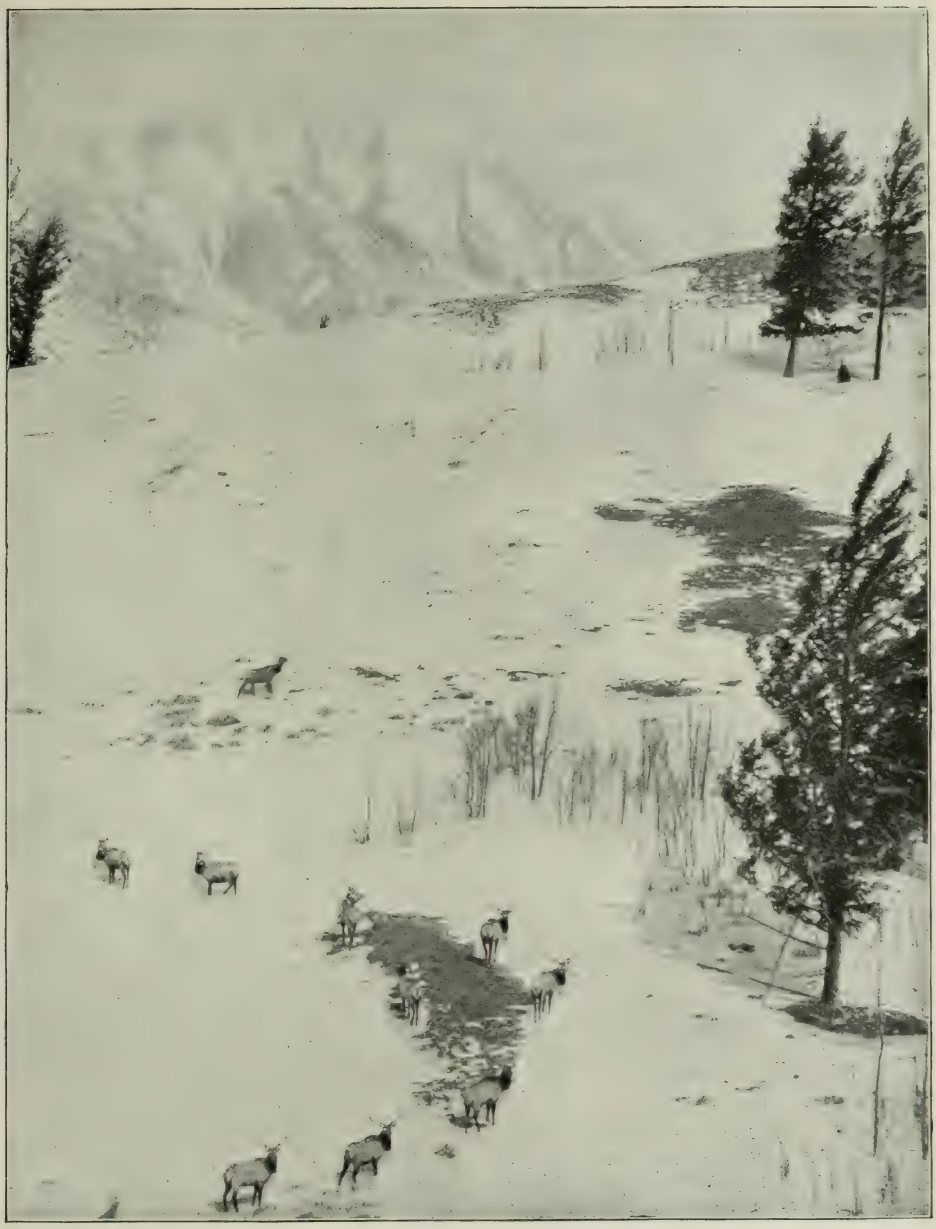
The horses were in trouble most of the time.

in small bunches, but in the winter and spring, while the snow is deep on the high ranges, they stay in the lower foothills, and anybody who cares to do so can leave New York City on a Monday morning, and the next Monday afternoon be where he can see a thousand elk in a day without half trying.

The train that runs from Idaho Falls to St. Anthony is due to go at 10.30 A.M., but it waits for the local freight from Ogden. About two in the afternoon it starts, dragging a few reluctant freight cars with it. By four o'clock it has arrived at St. Anthony, and the Teton stage has gone two hours ago. To-morrow being Saturday there will be no stage, and if you are accustomed to travelling by schedule you will not like the methods of the West. As soon as you enter the land of the buck-board and the saddle-horse you should arrange to do things by the week or month, and never mind the loss of a day or two.

The stage stops at the foot of the Teton Pass, so you must hire a saddle-horse from the local liveryman, and be responsible for your own safekeeping thereafter. The mail carrier goes on horseback, and if you wish you may follow his track in the snow. At first there is a road that is not hard to follow; but when you have climbed half way up the valley you find nothing except a single horse track, beaten down after each storm, with snow ten feet deep on either side. If the horse steps off the narrow trail he flounders neck deep. The mail carrier sends the pack-horse ahead of him, and so is warned where the soft places are. When the snow is melting in the spring, the water cuts holes beneath the surface, so there are hidden caves and pitfalls into which the horse sometimes falls out of sight. If you keep discreetly in the rear you will get plenty of entertainment watching the horses and the boy ahead of you; and if they succeed in weakening the snow so that your own horse takes an unexpected plunge, you will have some amusement on your own account.

When the situation gets too precarious for saddle-horses the mail carrier breaks the road with a sled. I went over with him on the first trip of that kind this year, and it took all day to go ten miles. The horses



Eight bull elk.—Page 266.

were in trouble most of the time, and when one of them would fall in too far and get discouraged, the boy would fasten a rope and haul him out by the neck with the help of the other animal. At this time of the year you cannot carry any baggage across the pass, and will be glad when you get yourself over it.

When I had survived the snowy journey, and gone on to the post-office at Jackson, I told the first man I met that I wanted to make some photographs of the elk. "Well," he said, "probably we can see a few bunches right here from the house." So we took a field-glass and looked at the nearest mountain side, and sure enough in



A small bunch of elk.—Page 264.

less than a minute we discovered a number of elk quietly feeding, a couple of miles away, on the green grass at the edge of the melting snow. We counted them and there were thirty-seven. "That is only a little bunch," said the man. "A month ago you could have seen hundreds of them all around here; but now if you wish to see five hundred or a thousand at once you will have to go up the valley a few miles. They work up to the higher ranges as fast as the snow melts."

So the next day I went seven miles up the valley to the ranch of Frank Petersen, and told him I wanted to get near enough to elk to photograph some of them. He said it was too late to go to-day, but to-morrow we would go, and he thought there would be no trouble in making all the pictures I wanted. He said the new grass was making the elk feel pretty good now, and it was harder to get near them than it would have been when the snow was deeper.

Petersen lives on Flat Creek, under the shadow of the Tetons. He has a right to feel proud of those peaks, because he was one of the two guides who accompanied Mr. Owens and Mr. Spalding when, after attempting it for three successive summers, they finally succeeded in climbing to the top of the Grand Teton five years ago. In the corral back of his log house Petersen has a dozen young elk which he rescued from starvation near his ranch last winter. Elk like hay as well as cattle do, and the most serious trouble ranchmen have is to protect their haystacks. Every stack is surrounded by a high pole fence, but the elk often knock the fences down in the night. I talked with two or three men whose task last winter was to sleep in the haystacks to drive away the elk. When wapiti get a taste of good hay, they seem to lose all idea of going back to the foothills to find feed for themselves. As one of the ranchmen expressed it, "They stand around and mourn, and hope to get another chance at the haystack, until some of the weaker ones starve." It has been suggested that there ought to be a provision in the Wyoming game law making it a misdemeanor for anyone to let his haystack go unprotected, because when the winter is very severe a taste of hay is almost sure to be followed by the starvation of some of the elk. Last winter was unusually severe, and some of the calves, trailing along behind the older animals, unable to find good feed, died for want of it. Nearly all these deaths from starvation occurred right among the ranches, within a few miles of Jackson. There were so many dead elk along Flat Creek that the water was unfit to drink this spring; but scarcely any dead animals were found on the wilderness range.

The next day after I went to Petersen's we started out with the camera. It was a beautiful spring morning. The lowlands were covered with fresh grass, and hundreds of cattle were grazing all about. The bare foothills rolled away in every direction, like billows in a green ocean. On the east rose the snowy peaks of the Gros Ventre range, their white sides contrasting strongly with the black patches of the timber. On the west the precipitous wall of the Tetons barred out the world.

Pretty soon we left the ranches and the



We got a long procession of them started toward a high peak.—Page 264.

cattle behind us, and began to climb up among the foothills. I had been hearing about elk for a month when I was in the Wind River country. The people in Idaho, west of the Tetons, thought they knew something about elk. The nearer I came to Jackson, the more I heard about elk. It is against the law to sell elk tusks in Wyoming, but almost every man I met had privately exhibited to me at least one pair of these beautiful teeth; of course not for the purpose of selling them, but to show what a really fine pair looked like. Everybody in that country had talked about elk, in the same way that Gloucester people talk about codfish, or New York brokers about stocks. But before I had been with Petersen two hours I learned more about elk than I had dreamed of knowing. I saw them on every hillside.

As we were riding along Petersen called my attention to a hill ahead of us covered with yellow specks. We took the field-glasses and looked. The hill resolved itself into what would be a respectable mountain in the Adirondacks, and the yellow specks became elk. Some of them were lying down and some of them were feeding. I could see the curve of their necks and their long ears. All the larger bulls had shed their antlers, but here and there a young spike-horn still retained his head-piece.

The elk were perhaps a mile away, but Petersen said we could ride within two hundred yards of them, and then we would see if we could get nearer by creeping up.

The trail along which we rode was deeply cut. It was made by hundreds of elk that had gone over it within a day or two. We rode for perhaps half a mile, and suddenly we saw a small bunch of elk running along the next ridge, their outlines clear and sharp against the sky. They were a hundred yards away. I jumped off my horse, opened my camera, and made my first photograph of elk. This was not the band we had seen on the farther hillside, but an incidental bunch that we had overlooked.

By the time we got to the far side of the ridge where we expected to leave our horses, dark clouds began to obscure the sun, and in a few minutes it was snowing briskly. Making pictures was out of the question, so we rode to the top and sat looking at the elk scattered out in front of us. We began counting them, and as nearly as we could tell there were about three hundred and fifty in sight. We had not been against the sky line very long before some of the elk began to stand up and look, and soon the entire audience gave us their undivided attention. Some of them ran back and forth, as if they did not know where to go, but finally an old cow took the lead. All the others fell in behind her, and they sailed away in a long irregular line, running toward higher ground. Petersen told me to come on, and I galloped after him as hard as I could. By taking a short cut we came right among them, separating them into two divisions. They ran hither and thither in great confusion, the whole crowd turning now this way and now that, like frightened sheep. The pattering of a thousand hoofs blended into a deep bass note, the music of which was never to be forgotten. Finally part of them went one way and part another, and for a long time we watched them, until they disappeared over a far-away hillside. It snowed nearly all the afternoon, and so any further picture making was out of the question for that day; but we made a wide circuit to see where the elk were, and at scarcely any time during the whole afternoon were we out of sight of them somewhere. Petersen said that when the snow had gone from the high mountains there would not be an elk within twenty miles of his ranch, and then they would not come down again until the next winter.

The following day was bright, and we saw elk until I felt as if I had been seeing them always. It was astonishing how soon I began to take their presence almost as a matter of course. It was easier to find places where they were than where they were not. But what I wanted was to get them at close range, with the snow for a background, so we could photograph them well. The elk seemed to have ideas of their own on this subject, and while I could repeatedly get within easy rifle-range, and could sometimes surprise a group of them by getting within fifty yards, nine times out of ten they would either go between me and the sun, or would be half concealed by bushes, or on bare ground where they would not make the picture I wanted. Finally we got a long procession of them started toward a high peak where



We watched them as they grouped and posed.—Page 270.

the snow was deep enough so that they could not keep out of our way. The sun had softened the snow, but it was wonderful to see how the horses got along through it, although it was knee deep. Higher and higher up we climbed, the elk keeping just ahead of us, until finally the ground got so rough that we had to leave our horses and clamber over a long rock-slide. The elk separated into two or three bunches, but one lot of old bulls went up a steep gulch. We toiled after them, and every two or three minutes I had to stop for breath. We were over eight thousand feet above the sea; and if anybody wants to know what real exercise is, he should try climbing after a bunch of long-winded elk in the snow, at that altitude.

After a while the elk got as far into the gulch as they could go. Then they huddled up and watched us. When they saw that we were coming too, they concluded that they must get out by the same way they had gone. We were on one side of the gulch and they came back down the other. They did not like to go by us, but there was nothing else to do, and as they trotted along the steep mountain side opposite us, in fear of their lives, I had a good chance to photograph as many of them as came in the field of the camera at one time. After they had gone we thought we would go and look for the others, and we had not climbed more than two hundred yards before we saw a large bull lying under a big spruce. I went within fifty feet of him,



Hoback Canyon.—Page 270.



The elk were on bare ground.—Page 270.

and still he showed no disposition to get up. He was so protected by overhanging branches that he was safe from the camera. I told Petersen I was going to see how close I could get to him. "Well," he said, "you will have a scrap on your hands if you do." He picked up a stone and threw it at the elk, and the old fellow bounced to his feet, clattering off down the rock-slide with a reckless indifference that filled me with envy. If a man had lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, hoofs on his feet and wings on his shoulders, he would be admirably fitted for getting over those mountains with ease and promptness.

That night when I got back to the ranch, while we were unsaddling our horses, we saw a coyote trotting along, out in the big pasture among the cattle. "I'll fix him," said Petersen, as he ran into the house and brought out a .38-72 Winchester. Stepping to the fence he rested the rifle on a post, and as the coyote stopped to look back he fired. Petersen's two dogs had been taking just as much interest in the proceedings as we had, and when the coyote jumped as the bullet struck him, they both made a dash. The coyote was crippled, but he drew his lips back and opened his jaws wide. He seemed to be all teeth, and showed a surprising capacity for biting both dogs at the same time. But they were two to one, and the poor coyote did not last long. I stepped the distance, and it was two hundred and forty-nine yards.

Several people at Jackson had told me that a few miles below the post-office lived a man by the name of Stephen N. Leek, who had a camera. I thought I would go down and get acquainted with him. Some of the people who told me about him said of course he could not be considered a photographer, because he wore blue overalls and a woollen sweater. When I went to

see Mr. Leek, who is a prosperous ranchman and guide, and told him I was making elk pictures, he said nothing would suit him better than to go on a little trip with me for a few days. He said that about twelve miles south of his house was the Hoback Canyon, through which a good many antelope came every spring, to get from their winter range on the Red Desert and in the Green River country back to their summer feeding-grounds in Jackson's Hole. While antelope pictures are very hard to get, he thought we might have a chance to ambush the creatures as they come through the canyon. Then he showed me his camera and his big dark room, and some of the photographs he took last winter, when people had to drive the elk away from their haystacks. When I saw his ninety-dollar convertible lens, with its long focus that was practically a low power telephoto, that would show an elk plainly a hundred yards away, and when he had brought out some of the photographs he had taken, I began to realize that the people who had judged his photographic ability by his clothes had fallen into the old mistake of underestimating home talent. I engaged him on the spot to help me make some pictures to be used in connection with this article. We did not expect to see very many elk in the country where we were going, because their particular range is further north; but our good luck exceeded our expectations.



The camera in ambush.—Page 270.

The next morning Leek and I took a pack-horse and our saddle-horses, and after passing three or four ranches went down to the Hoback Canyon to establish our photographic blockade.

The way in which some people equip themselves for the mountains is a joke. I have seen four men start out for a three weeks' trip attended by four guides, a cook, a horse-wrangler, and a string of forty pack-horses. What they find for the horses to carry it is hard to understand. Two men who know their business can take a saddle-horse each and at the most two pack-horses, and carry all the necessary paraphernalia for a trip of almost indefinite length. Then they do not have to spend half their time packing and unpacking their luggage. Leek and I had everything we needed, and it was carried on the back of one horse.

We had not gone through the foothills more than five miles before we were treated to a pleasant surprise. As we came to the top of a ridge we saw that the hillside beyond us was thickly covered with elk lying down. Only our heads were visible to the elk, and although several of them saw us, they did not seem to know what we were. They often seem unwilling to believe their eyes, and although they may see you plainly, yet if you keep perfectly still they will look at you a long time, and then make up their mind you are a harmless feature of the landscape, and will lie down again, or resume their feeding.

As soon as we saw the elk we backed away from the top of the ridge and dismounted. Mr. Leek had his big and somewhat clumsy camera hanging on his saddle-horn, and as soon as we were safely out of sight he unlimbered his artillery, ran out the long focus, and started to make a half-mile circuit to get the sun in the right direction. When a man is hunting with a rifle he has to keep in mind the direction of the wind. When he is hunting with a camera he must add the direction of the sun to his other troubles.



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Elk on snowy hillside in Jackson's Hole.



Astonishing to see the horses climb steep places.—Page 272.

Before we had gone very far we discovered that the ridges were full of elk, scattered here and there, and it was hard not to frighten them. If they had started, as I had already learned while hunting with Petersen, the scattering animals would have run toward the large bunch and frightened them all. We had good luck in this, however, and at last got part of the elk in range. Then the sun went under a cloud, and we had to sit half an hour waiting for it to come out again. The elk were on bare ground, and green grass does not make a perfect background; but one of the photographs accompanying this article is the result of that attempt. After we went back to the horses and continued our way we saw a good many other elk, and it seemed as though on this and the following days the whole country had been invaded by them, even though that was not supposed to be their particular feeding-ground. This was because the elk are increasing in numbers yearly.

The Hoback Canyon is the deep conduit through which Fall River pours down its green sulphurous waters, on their way to swell the volume of the Snake. It is the only break in the mountains for many miles on either side. During countless years it has been a highway for men and beasts. When Mr. Hunt, Mr. Crooks, and the other agents of Mr. Astor went to found a trading-post at the mouth of the Columbia in 1810, they passed along this same trail. The Indians always kept the country rather sparse in game, and only five years ago the ranchmen put a large band of Arapahoes and Bannocks back on their reservations, when they were hunting out of season. The supreme court of Wyoming has decided that Indians as well as white men must obey the game laws, and so the greatest menace to the future has been removed. If two Indians had been hunting where we were, they could easily have killed a hundred elk every day.

Just at the mouth of the Hoback Canyon Leek selected a fallen tree, swept down the mountain for a mile by an irresistible snow slide. Around this tree he piled smaller logs and green brush, as a conceal-



Appalling to see them come down.—Page 272.

ment for his camera. Then we lay down and waited, just as many an Indian had done at the same spot, from time immemorial.

Among the most interesting reminiscences of early times in these mountains are the many ruined fences and pens built long ago by the Sheep-eater Indians. They were the poorest of the Shoshones. They had no guns or horses, and were compelled to hunt at short range. Selecting a natural pass they would build low barriers of fallen timber, extending wing-like for long distances. These fences would persuade the elk and deer and sheep into the narrow path that led to destruction, for it ended in a close pen, in which the panic-stricken animals could be clubbed to death. As late as twenty years ago these pens were used by Indian hunters, and some of the rude constructions still remain in fairly good condition.

We had not lain behind our ambuscade more than two or three hours before Leek said he thought he would never be a very good Indian, because when there was no game in sight it was hard to keep still. The wind was blowing down the canyon, and the antelope and other game rarely come through a narrow pass unless the wind is in their faces, so that they can tell what is ahead of them. So Leek proposed that we take our horses and ride down the river bottom through the willows for a few miles. He thought the chance of seeing game might be better toward night.

We had not gone very far before we came to the bones of a dead bull elk, picked clean by the coyotes. Nobody had gone that way since the elk died, for his tusks were still in his jaw. Anybody who sees the carcass of an elk always looks for the tusks, because although a contraband article of commerce, or perhaps for that very reason, they are much prized by eastern men who belong to a famous brotherhood, and who wear the teeth on their watch chains.

As we went along down the river bottom we frequently scared up wild geese from their nests on the ground. We saw one bird stretching her long neck to look at us



Antelope—"Please take our pictures."—Page 273.

while we were some distance away. As we were coming straight toward her she flew when we were about fifty yards off, giving voice to heart-broken honkings as she fled. Her four big eggs, surrounded by a few twigs, looked very lonely in their setting of newly fallen snow, and we were glad to see the old bird fly back accompanied by her mate, before we had been gone half a minute.

When Lewis and Clark crossed this country in 1804 they noted the presence of geese, and said these birds had nests in trees. This has been called a fairy tale, and a British writer some years ago doubted whether human eye had ever beheld the nest of a wild goose, because the birds hatch their young so far to the north. But geese breed in considerable numbers along all the streams in the Teton country, and several people told me they had known them to occupy the abandoned nests of fish-hawks in trees. If they cannot find such homes ready made, they lay their eggs on the ground near the water.

We did not see any game all the morning, and so we climbed the high foothills to look over the country. It was astonishing to see the horses climb steep places, and appalling to see them come down. Let a Rocky Mountain horse have his head and he will go almost anywhere a man can go, if the man will not use his hands.

The higher we climbed the more there was to see, until the foothills gave place to the mountains, and up in the snow we came in sight of elk again. I was glad we were making pictures instead of shooting. We opened the shutter of the lens and watched them on the ground glass as they grouped and posed, all unconscious of our presence. Sometimes it seemed as though they were executing some military evolution. It was the prettiest hunting I ever did.

It was nearly sunset when we neared our camp on Fall River. From the first bench above the stream we saw a long file of elk coming to the water on the further side, and when they had scrambled down the steep cut-bank the foremost one waded out and started across. Soon he was beyond his depth and struck out boldly, swimming in a long curve to the shore on our side. The others followed and soon the river had a whole string of elk across it. Before the last one was over we saw more elk coming from further down-stream. I happened to look back of me, and from the foothills came a small bunch of antelope, mincing along in a coquettish way. "We are surrounded," said Leek. And there were two more outfits of antelope coming, one on our right and the other on our left. "I forgot that we are right near a salt-lick here," said Leek. "There is no escape, but we will fight hard!"

The first lot of elk got wind of us, and when they ran the other elk took alarm too. But some of the antelope came right on, and we made two pictures of them. They saw us after a while, and circled half around us. While Leek struggled to open a stubborn plate-holder they formed in company



A group of black-tail deer.—Page 274.

front and charged straight for us, till I thought they would really run us down. On they came till they were not fifty feet away, and then stopping in line, cocked their heads and said, as plainly as they could, "Please take our pictures." Leek's plate-holder was hopelessly stuck, and I had used my last film. I felt as a man feels when he takes a bevy of girls to a restaurant for luncheon, and then discovers he has no money. I had lost the big fish and missed the big buck; but never do I expect to feel so foolish as I did while those antelope faced our helpless cameras, in a pose we may never either of us see again.

For ten seconds they stood, and then, as

the air grew warm with what we said, they tossed their heads scornfully and ran away. As long as I live I shall remember that cavalry charge of the antelope.

When I thought how, on that very camping-ground where we were, the founders of Astoria had camped nearly a century ago, so near starvation that they had to eat Indian ponies, it occurred to me that game must be more plentiful than it was a hundred years back. Now that the red men have gone there are fewer people in the mountains. The white men respect the game laws, and the deer and wapiti and antelope have some chance.

One of the pictures we made that I thought very good was a group of black-tail deer. They were in a little open place among the trees up in the snow, and when they saw our horses they all stopped and looked, their big ears and graceful figures showing clearly against the snowy background. They seemed the most charming impersonation imaginable of innocence and curiosity. For a moment they stood and then whisked away as though they had not a care or fear in the world.



The nest of a wild goose.

The pictures we took on this trip must compel anyone, no matter how sceptical, to realize that game in these mountains is very plentiful. It was repeatedly stated to me that at one time last winter a herd of elk estimated to contain twelve thousand animals passed along the valley in which the post-office at Jackson is located; and the total number in Western Wyoming has been placed at forty thousand. What the real total is no man knows. I saw elk enough to make it seem as though they were almost as the leaves on the trees.

What is the future of these beautiful creatures? They have an ample range, in a country where no man may lawfully kill more than two in any one year, and where the license to non-residents is fifty dollars. The mountains are an almost impregnable barrier against poachers. The settlers observe the game laws very well. Most of the men are guides in the hunting season and they appreciate the value of the game as a perpetual source of revenue. The elk breed rapidly, and a severe winter only kills some of the weaker ones. What, then, if any, dangers confront the elk? At present there are two. The first and most formidable is the domestic sheep. Idaho on the west, and all of Wyoming east of the Wind River Mountains, have been given over to a business which when properly conducted is lawful and laudable, but which when recklessly carried on is a curse. Cattle can graze in a country for a thousand years, and at the end of that time the grass in spring will again carpet every hill with green. Put sheep on the same ground for three years and they will make it a desolation. Thousands of square miles in Wyoming are bare of vegetation, where the sheep have devastated the land so that a gopher cannot live there. It takes six years for grass to grow again where sheep have pulled it up and tramped it down.

There is no prettier picture than that of a sheep herder, with his wonderful dog, handling a bunch of five thousand sheep; moving about with them at will, carrying his family with him in his little house on wheels, and free as a wild animal. It is only the indiscriminate crowding of the range and reckless destruction of the public pastures that have brought the State of Wyoming face to face with a great danger. People there have been reluctant to believe that the grazing range could be overcrowded. They did not wish to think that unrestricted sheep-pasturage meant the doom of all other live stock. But they believe it now, and so the cattlemen say to the sheepmen, "You are destroyers of the public pasture lands. Here is your dead-line. Keep off our grass." If the sheep come over the dead-line something unpleasant happens. And the sheepmen are sore pressed for grazing land.

Nearly the whole range of the elk is within the borders of the great Teton forest reserve. This reserve, while subject to the game laws of Wyoming, is under the control of the Secretary of the Interior so far as grazing permits are concerned,



Sheep herder and his travelling house.—Page 274.

and thus far no sheep have been allowed to destroy the vegetation. If the Interior Department ever has a man at the head of it who opens the mountains to the woolly multitudes the elk will all be dead in a few years, for their food will be destroyed.

There is one other danger to the game. That is the misguided enthusiasm of a collection of gentlemen who wish to drive the ranchmen and settlers entirely out of Western Wyoming, and to make the country a vast preserve. It must be remembered that before there was any forest reservation a great many settlers, after the manner of the West, went in and occupied the irrigable portions of the unsurveyed land. These settlers are lawfully there, but they have not all been able to prove up and secure titles. Other settlers live close to the timber reserve, and are dependent upon it for their summer cattle-range. It is the impression of a great many people in Wyoming that the government of the United States is acting as a cat's-paw for the eastern sportsmen's league that avowedly wishes to drive the cattle from the mountains and the settlers from their homes. They fear a variation of the black page of English history when the rich and powerful confiscated the homes of the lowly to make hunting parks for the amusement of the great. Buildings lawfully erected on what is now the Teton forest reserve have been burned by federal officials. Forest rangers have been ordered to accept the kindly hospitality of the ranchman's dinner-table, to spy upon his larder for evidence of fresh meat out of season.

These grievances, real or imaginary, make the settlers uneasy. They feel that they are weak and far away, and some of them look on the elk as their rivals. As one ranchman said, "This valley is our home. If we thought the elk would be the cause of our being driven out, the elk wouldn't last long."

Most of this region can never be anything except what it now is. Those who know say there is abundant feed for all the game and all the cattle too, because few more ranches can ever be established. There is

not water enough for much more irrigation, so, if the settlers already there are made to feel secure, and the game laws now in existence are enforced, the future of the elk and other game seems secure. The animals lawfully killed by sportsmen and settlers do not keep down the natural increase. Deep snows and severe winters kill ten elk where man kills one.

While in Jackson's Hole I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Robert E. Miller, chief supervisor of the reserve, who represents the best type of western ranchman. He says every settler will be protected, and that Washington will not be misled by paper sportsmen who think forest reserves look pretty on the map, but who forget the people living on the land. Besides, there is one man who probably understands the situation and appreciates the right of it better than anyone else. His name is Theodore Roosevelt.

For the man who, in the fine weather of autumn, wishes to see game in the profusion that other people saw it in other days, there can be no more wonderful place than this. Two months in each year hunting is legal. The game country can be reached from four sides: through the Yellowstone Park from the north, from Rawlins by stage to Dubois on the east, from Opal by stage on the south, and from St. Anthony by stage to Jackson on the west. Then the saddle and the pack-horse; the straining muscle and the expanding lung; the glorious vision of the mountain landscape, till you wonder what heaven can have to offer more, when this good old earth is altogether lovely.



Travel in Wyoming in the spring.

TOM FOLIO

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

IN my early Boston days a gentle soul was often to be met with about town, furtively haunting old bookshops and dusty editorial rooms, a man of ingratiating simplicity of manner, who always spoke in a low, hesitating voice with a note of refinement in it. He was a devout worshipper of Elia, and wrote pleasant discursive essays smacking somewhat of his master's flavor—suggesting rather than imitating it—which he signed "Tom Folio." I forget how he glided into my acquaintanceship; doubtless in some way too shy and elusive for remembrance. I never knew him intimately, perhaps no one did, but the intercourse between us was most cordial, and our chance meetings and bookish chats extended over a space of a dozen years.

Tom Folio—I cling to the winning pseudonym—was sparely built and under medium height, or maybe a slight droop of the shoulders made it seem so, with a fragile look about him and an aspect of youth that was not his. Encountering him casually on a street corner, you would, at the first glance, have taken him for a youngish man, but the second glance left you doubtful. It was a figure that struck a note of singularity and would have attracted your attention even in a crowd.

During the first four or five years of our acquaintance, meeting him only out of doors or in shops, I had never happened to see him with his hat off. One day he recklessly removed it, and in the twinkling of an eye he became an elderly bald-headed man. The Tom Folio I once knew had virtually vanished. An instant earlier he was a familiar shape; an instant later, an almost unrecognizable individual. A narrow fringe of light-colored hair, extending from ear to ear under the rear brim of his hat, had perpetrated an unintentional fraud by leading one to suppose a head profusely covered with curly locks. "Tom Folio," I said, "put on your hat and come back!" But after that day he never seemed young to me.

I had few or no inklings of his life disconnected with the streets and the bookstalls, chiefly those on Cornhill or in the vicinity. It is possible I am wrong in inferring that he occupied a room somewhere at the South End or in South Boston, and lived entirely alone, heating his coffee and boiling his egg over an alcohol lamp. I got from him one or two fortuitous hints of quaint housekeeping. Every winter, it appeared, some relative, far or near, sent him a large batch of mince pies, twenty or thirty at least. He once spoke to me of having laid in his winter pie, just as another might speak of laying in his winter coal. The only household companion Tom Folio ever alluded to in my presence was a Maltese cat, whose poor health seriously disturbed him from time to time. I suspected those mince pies. The cat, I recollect, was named Miss Mowcher.

If he had any immediate family ties beyond this I was unaware of them, and not curious to be enlightened on the subject. He was more picturesque solitary. I preferred him to remain so. Other figures introduced into the background of the canvas would have spoiled the artistic effect.

Tom Folio was a cheerful, lonely man —a recluse even when jostled and hurried along on the turbulent stream of humanity sweeping in opposite directions through Washington Street and its busy estuaries. He was in the crowd, but not of it. I had so little real knowledge of him that I was forced to imagine his more intimate environments. However wide of the mark my conjectures may have fallen, they were as satisfying to me as facts would have been. His secluded room I could picture to myself with a sense of certainty—the couch (a sofa by day), the cupboard, the writing-table with its student lamp, the litter of pamphlets and old quartos and octavos in tattered bindings, among which

were scarce editions of his beloved Charles Lamb, and perhaps—nay, surely—an *editio princeps* of the Essays.

The gentle Elia never had a gentler follower or a more loving disciple than Tom Folio. He moved and had much of his being in the first part of the last century. To him the South-Sea House was the most important edifice on the globe, and the slender figure of the famous clerk, clad in his suit of decent black, was still seated, quill in hand, behind these stately porticos looking upon Threadneedle Street and Bishopsgate. Every line traced by the "lean annuitant" was as familiar to Tom Folio as if he had written it himself. Stray scraps, which had escaped the vigilance of able editors, were known to him, and it was his to unearth amid a pile of mouldy, worm-eaten magazines, a handful of leaves hitherto forgotten of all men. Trifles, yes—but Charles Lamb's! "The king's chaff is better than any other man's wheat," says Tom Folio.

Often his talk was sweet and racy with old-fashioned phrases; the talk of a man who loved books and drew habitual breath in an atmosphere of fine thought. Next to Charles Lamb, but at a convenable distance, Izaak Walton was Tom Folio's favorite. His poet was Alexander Pope, though he thought Mr. Addison's tragedy of "Cato" contained some proper good lines. Our friend was a wide reader in English classics, greatly preferring the literature of the earlier periods to that of the Victorian age. His smiling, tenderly expressed disapprobation of various modern authors was enchanting. John Keats's verses were monstrous pretty, but over-ornamented. The poetry of Shelley might have been composed in the moon by a slightly deranged, well-meaning person. If you wanted a sound mind in a sound metrical body, why there was Mr. Pope's "Essay on Man." There was something winsome and by-gone in the general make-up of Tom Folio. No man living in the world ever seemed to me to live so much out of it, or to live more comfortably.

Although Tom Folio was not a collector —that means dividends and bank balances —he had a passion for the Past and all its belongings, with a virtuoso's knowledge of them. A fan painted by Vanloo, a bit of rare Nankin (he had caught from Charles Lamb the love of old china), or an undoctored stipple of Bartolozzi gave him delight in the handling, though he might not aspire to ownership. I believe he would willingly have drunk any horrible decoction from a silver teapot of Queen Anne's time. These things were not for him in a coarse, materialistic sense; in a spiritual sense he held possession of them in fee-simple. I learned thus much of his tastes one day during an hour we spent together in the rear showroom of a dealer in antiquities.

I have spoken of him as lonely, but I am inclined to think that I misstated it. He had hosts of friends who used to climb the rather steep staircase leading to that modest third-story front room which I have imagined for him—a room with Turkey-red curtains, I like to believe, and a rare engraving of a scene from Mr. Hogarth's excellent moral of The Industrious and Idle Apprentices pinned against the chimney-breast. Young Chatterton, who was not always the best of company, dropped in at intervals. There Mr. Samuel Pepys had a special chair reserved for him by the window, where he could catch a glimpse of the pretty housemaid over the way, chatting with the policeman at the area railing. Dr. Johnson and the unworldly author of "The Deserted Village" were frequent visitors, sometimes appearing together arm-in-arm. Not that Tom Folio did not have callers vastly more aristocratic, though he could have had none pleasanter or wholesomer. Sir Philip Sidney (who must have given Folio that copy of the "Arcadia"), the Viscount St. Albans, and even two or three others before whom either of these might have doffed his bonnet, did not disdain to gather round that fireside. Fielding, Defoe, Dick Steele, Dean Swift —there was no end to them! On certain nights, when all the stolid neighborhood was lapped in slumber, the narrow street stretching beneath Tom Folio's windows must have been blocked with invisible coaches and sedan-chairs, and illuminated by the visionary glare of torches borne by shadowy link-boys hurrying hither and thither. A man so sought after and companioned cannot be described as lonely.

My memory here recalls the fact that he had a few friends less insubstantial—that quaint anatomy perched on the top of a hand-organ, to whom Tom Folio was wont

to give a bite of his apple; and the brown-legged little Neapolitan who was always nearly certain of a copper when this multi-millionaire strolled through the slums on a Saturday afternoon—Saturday probably being the essayist's pay-day. The withered woman of the peanut-stand on the corner over against Faneuil Hall Market knew him for a friend, as did also the blind lead-pencil merchant, whom Tom Folio, on occasions, safely piloted across the stormy traffic of Dock Square. *Noblesse oblige!* He was no stranger in those purlieus. Without designing to confuse small things with great, I may say that a certain strip of pavement in North Street could be pointed out as Tom Folio's Walk, just as Addison's Walk is pointed out on the banks of the Cherwell at Oxford.

I used to observe that when Tom Folio was not in quest of a print or a pamphlet or some such urgent thing, but was walking for mere recreation, he instinctively avoided respectable latitudes. He liked best the squalid, ill-kept thoroughfares shadowed by tall, smudgy tenement-houses and teeming with unprosperous, noisy life. Perhaps he had, half consciously, a sense of subtle kinship to the unsuccess and cheerful resignation of it all.

Returning home from abroad one October morning several years ago, I was told that that simple spirit had passed on. His death had been little heeded; but in him had passed away an intangible genuine bit of Old Boston—as genuine a bit, in its kind, as the Autocrat himself—a personality not to be restored or replaced. Tom Folio could never happen again!

Strolling to-day through the streets of the older section of the town, I miss many a venerable landmark submerged in the rising tide of change, but I miss nothing quite so much as I do the sight of Tom Folio entering the doorway of the Old Corner Bookstore, or carefully taking down a musty volume from its shelf at some melancholy old bookstall on Cornhill.

TO HELEN KELLER

By Florence Earle Coates

Life has its limitations manifold:
All life; not only that which throbs in thee,
And strains its fetters, eager to be free.
The faultless eye may not thy vision hold—
Maiden, whose brow with thought is aureoled,
And they who hear may lack the ministry,
The august influence, of Silence, she
Who brooded o'er the void, in ages old.

Prisoner of the Dark inaudible—
Light, which the night itself could not eclipse,
Thou shinest forth, Man's being to reveal.
We learn, with awe, from thine apocalypse,
That nothing can the human spirit quell,
And know him lord of all things, *who can feel!*

SANCTUARY

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

PART II

I

"DOES it look nice, mother?" Dick Peyton met her with the question on the threshold, drawing her gaily into the little square room, and adding, with a laugh with a blush in it: "You know she's an uncommonly noticing person, and little things tell with her."

He swung round on his heel to follow his mother's smiling inspection of the apartment.

"She seems to have *all* the qualities," Mrs. Denis Peyton remarked, as her circuit finally brought her to the prettily-appointed tea-table.

"*All*," he declared, taking the sting from her emphasis by his prompt adoption of it. Dick had always had a wholesome way of thus appropriating to his own use such small shafts of maternal irony as were now and then aimed at him.

Kate Peyton laughed and loosened her furs. "It looks charmingly," she pronounced, ending her survey by an approach to the window, which gave, far below, the oblique perspective of a long side-street leading to Fifth Avenue.

The high-perched room was Dick Peyton's private office, a retreat partitioned off from the larger enclosure in which, under a north light and on a range of deal tables, three or four young draughtsmen were busily engaged in elaborating his architectural projects. The outer door of the office bore the sign: *Peyton and Gill, Architects;* but Gill was a utilitarian person, as unobtrusive as his name, who contented himself with a desk in the work-room, and left Dick to lord it alone in the small apartment to which clients were introduced, and where the social part of the business was carried on.

It was to serve, on this occasion, as the scene of a tea designed, as Kate Peyton was vividly aware, to introduce a certain young lady to the scene of her son's labours. Mrs. Peyton had been hearing a great deal lately about Clemence Verney. Dick was naturally expansive, and his close intimacy with his mother—an intimacy fostered by his father's early death—if it had suffered some natural impairment in his school and college days, had of late been revived by four years of close comradeship in Paris, where Mrs. Peyton, in a tiny apartment of the Rue de Varennes, had kept house for him during his course of studies at the Beaux Arts. There were indeed not lacking critics of her own sex who accused Kate Peyton of having figured too largely in her son's life; of having failed to efface herself at a period when it is agreed that young men are best left free to try conclusions with the world. Mrs. Peyton, had she cared to defend herself, might have said that Dick, if communicative, was not impressionable, and that the closeness of texture which enabled him to throw off her sarcasms preserved him also from the infiltration of her prejudices. He was certainly no knight of the apron-string, but a seemingly resolute and self-sufficient young man, whose romantic friendship with his mother had merely served to throw a veil of suavity over the hard angles of youth.

But Mrs. Peyton's real excuse was after all one which she would never have given. It was because her intimacy with her son was the one need of her life that she had, with infinite tact and discretion, but with equal persistency, clung to every step of his growth, dissembling herself, adapting herself, rejuvenating herself, in the passionate effort to be always within reach but never in the way.

Denis Peyton had died after seven years of marriage, when his boy was barely six. During those seven years he had managed to squander the best part of the fortune he

had inherited from his step-brother; so that, at his death, his widow and son were left with a scant competence. Mrs. Peyton, during her husband's life, had apparently made no effort to restrain his expenditure. She had even been accused, by those judicious persons who are always ready with an estimate of their neighbours' motives, of having encouraged poor Denis's improvidence for the gratification of her own ambition. She had in fact, in the early days of their marriage, tried to launch him in politics, and had perhaps drawn somewhat heavily on his funds in the first heat of the contest; but the experiment ending in failure, as Denis Peyton's experiments were apt to end, she had made no farther demands on his exchequer. Her personal tastes were in fact unusually simple, but her outspoken indifference to money was not, in the opinion of her critics, designed to act as a check upon her husband; and it resulted in leaving her, at his death, in straits from which it was impossible not to deduce a moral.

Her small means, and the care of the boy's education, served the widow as a pretext for secluding herself in a socially remote suburb, where it was inferred that she was expiating, on queer food and in ready-made boots, her rash defiance of fortune. Whether or not Mrs. Peyton's penance took this form, she hoarded her substance to such good purpose that she was not only able to give Dick the best of schooling, but to propose, on his leaving Harvard, that he should prolong his studies by another four years at the Beaux Arts. It had been the joy of her life that her boy had early shown a marked bent for a special line of work. She could not have borne to see him reduced to a mere money-getter, yet she was not sorry that their small means forbade the cultivation of an ornamental leisure. In his college days Dick had troubled her by a superabundance of tastes, a restless flitting from one form of artistic expression to another. Whatever art he enjoyed he wished to practise, and he passed from music to painting, from painting to architecture, with an ease which seemed to his mother to indicate lack of purpose rather than excess of talent. She had observed that these changes were usually due, not to self-criticism, but to some external discouragement. Any depreciation of his work was enough to convince him of the uselessness of pursuing that special form of art, and the reaction produced the immediate conviction that he was really destined to shine in some other line of work. He had thus swung from one calling to another till, at the end of his college career, his mother took the decisive step of transplanting him to the Beaux Arts, in the hope that a definite course of study, combined with the stimulus of competition, might fix his wavering aptitudes. The result justified her expectation, and their four years in the Rue de Varennes yielded the happiest confirmation of her belief in him. Dick's ability was recognized not only by his mother but by his professors. He was engrossed in his work, and his first successes developed his capacity for application. His mother's only fear was that praise was still too necessary to him. She was uncertain how long his ambition would sustain him in the face of failure. He gave lavishly where he was sure of a return; but it remained to be seen if he were capable of production without recognition. She had brought him up in a wholesome scorn of material rewards, and nature seemed, in this direction, to have seconded her training. He was genuinely indifferent to money, and his enjoyment of beauty was of that happy sort which does not generate the wish for possession. As long as the inner eye had food for contemplation, he cared very little for the deficiencies in his surroundings; or, it might rather be said, he felt, in the sum-total of beauty about him, an ownership of appreciation that left him free from the fret of personal desire. Mrs. Peyton had cultivated to excess this disregard of material conditions; but she now began to ask herself whether, in so doing, she had not laid too great a strain on a temperament naturally exalted. In guarding against other tendencies she had perhaps fostered in him too exclusively those qualities which circumstances had brought to an unusual development in herself. His enthusiasms and his disdains were alike too unqualified for that happy mean of character which is the best defence against the surprises of fortune. If she had taught him to set an exaggerated value on ideal rewards, was not that but a shifting of the danger-point on which her fears had always hung? She trembled some-

times to think how little love and a life-long vigilance had availed in the deflecting of inherited tendencies.

Her fears were in a measure confirmed by the first two years of their life in New York, and the opening of his career as a professional architect. Close on the easy triumphs of his studentship there came the chilling reaction of public indifference. Dick, on his return from Paris, had formed a partnership with an architect who had had several years of practical training in a New York office; but the quiet and industrious Gill, though he attracted to the new firm a few small jobs which overflowed from the business of his former employer, was not able to infect the public with his own faith in Peyton's talents, and it was trying to a genius who felt himself capable of creating palaces to have to restrict his efforts to the building of suburban cottages or the planning of cheap alterations in private houses.

Mrs. Peyton expended all the ingenuities of tenderness in keeping up her son's courage; and she was seconded in the task by a friend whose acquaintance Dick had made at the Beaux Arts, and who, two years before the Peytons, had returned to New York to start on his own career as an architect. Paul Darrow was a young man full of crude seriousness, who, after a youth of struggling work and study in his native northwestern state, had won a scholarship which sent him abroad for a course at the Beaux Arts. His two years there coincided with the first part of Dick's residence, and Darrow's gifts had at once attracted the younger student. Dick was unstinted in his admiration of rival talent, and Mrs. Peyton, who was romantically given to the cultivation of such generosities, had seconded his enthusiasm by the kindest offers of hospitality to the young student. Darrow thus became the grateful frequenter of their little *salon*, and after their return to New York the intimacy between the young men was renewed, though Mrs. Peyton found it more difficult to coax her son's friend to her New York drawing-room than to the informal surroundings of the Rue de Varennes. There, no doubt, secluded and absorbed in her son's work, she had seemed to Darrow almost a fellow-student; but seen among her own associates she became once more the woman of fashion, divided from him by the whole breadth of her ease and his awkwardness. Mrs. Peyton, whose tact had divined the cause of his estrangement, would not for an instant let it affect the friendship of the two young men. She encouraged Dick to frequent Darrow, in whom she divined a persistency of effort, an artistic self-confidence, in curious contrast to his social hesitancies. The example of his obstinate capacity for work was just the influence her son needed, and if Darrow would not come to them she insisted that Dick must seek him out, must never let him think that any social discrepancy could affect a friendship based on deeper things. Dick, who had all the loyalties, and who took an honest pride in his friend's growing success, needed no urging to maintain the intimacy; and his copious reports of midnight colloquies in Darrow's lodgings showed Mrs. Peyton that she had a strong ally in her invisible friend.

It had been, therefore, somewhat of a shock to learn in the course of time that Darrow's influence was being shared, if not counteracted, by that of a young lady in whose honour Dick was now giving his first professional tea. Mrs. Peyton had heard a great deal about Miss Clemence Verney, first from the usual purveyors of such information, and more recently from her son, who, probably divining that rumour had been before him, adopted his usual method of disarming his mother by taking her into his confidence. But, ample as her information was, it remained perplexing and contradictory, and even her own few meetings with the girl had not helped her to a definite opinion. Miss Verney, in conduct and ideas, was, patently, of the "new school": a young woman of feverish activities and broad-cast judgments, whose very versatility made her hard to define. Mrs. Peyton was shrewd enough to allow for the accidents of environment; what she wished to get at was the residuum of character beneath Miss Verney's shifting surface.

"It looks charmingly," Mrs. Peyton repeated, giving a loosening touch to the crowded chrysanthemums in a tall vase on her son's desk.

Dick laughed and glanced at his watch.

"They won't be here for another quarter of an hour. I think I'll tell Gill to clean out the work-room before they come."

"Are we to see the drawings for the competition?" his mother asked.

He shook his head smilingly. "Can't—I've asked one or two of the Beaux Arts fellows, you know; and besides, old Darrow's actually coming."

"Impossible!" Mrs. Peyton exclaimed.

"He swore he would last night." Dick laughed again, with a tinge of self-satisfaction. "I've an idea he wants to see Miss Verney."

"Ah," his mother murmured. There was a pause before she added: "Has Darrow really gone in for this competition?"

"Rather! I should say so! He's simply working himself to the bone."

Mrs. Peyton sat revolving her muff on a meditative hand; at length she said: "I'm not sure I think it quite nice of him."

Her son halted before her with an incredulous stare. "*Mother!*" he exclaimed.

The rebuke sent a blush to her forehead. "Well—considering your friendship—and everything."

"Everything? What do you mean by everything? The fact that he has more ability than I have and is therefore more likely to succeed? The fact that he needs the money and the success a deuced sight more than any of us? Is that the reason you think he oughtn't to have entered? Mother! I never heard you say an ungenerous thing before."

The blush deepened to crimson and she rose with a nervous laugh. "It *was* ungenerous," she conceded. "I suppose I'm jealous for you. I hate these competitions!"

Her son smiled reassuringly. "You needn't. I'm not afraid: I think I shall pull it off this time. In fact, Paul's the only man I'm afraid of—I'm always afraid of Paul—but the mere fact that he's in the thing is a tremendous stimulus."

His mother continued to study him with an anxious tenderness. "Have you worked out the whole scheme? Do you *see* it yet?"

"Oh, broadly, yes. There's a gap here and there—a hazy bit, rather—it's the hardest problem I've ever had to tackle; but then it's my biggest opportunity, and I've simply *got* to pull it off!"

Mrs. Peyton sat silent, considering his flushed face and illumined eye, which were rather those of the victor nearing the goal than of the runner just beginning the race. She remembered something that Darrow had once said of him: "Dick always sees the end too soon."

"You haven't too much time left," she murmured.

"Just a week. But I shan't go anywhere after this. I shall renounce the world." He glanced smilingly at the festal tea-table and the embowered desk. "When I next appear, it will either be with my heel on Paul's neck—poor old Paul—or else—or else—being dragged lifeless from the arena!"

His mother nervously took up the laugh with which he ended. "Oh, not lifeless," she said.

His face clouded. "Well, maimed for life, then," he muttered.

Mrs. Peyton made no answer. She knew how much hung on the possibility of his winning the competition which for weeks past had engrossed him. It was a design for the new museum of sculpture, for which the city had recently voted half a million. Dick's taste ran naturally to the grandiose, and the erection of public buildings had always been the object of his ambition. Here was an unmatched opportunity, and he knew that, in a competition of the kind, the newest man had as much chance of success as the firm of most established reputation, since every competitor entered on his own merits, the designs being submitted to a jury of architects who voted on them without knowing the names of the contestants. Dick, characteristically, was not afraid of the older firms: indeed, as he had told his mother, Paul Darrow was the only rival he feared. Mrs. Peyton knew that, to a certain point, self-confidence was a good sign; but somehow her son's did not strike her as being of the right substance—it seemed to have no dimension but extent. Her fears were complicated by a suspicion that, under his professional eagerness for success, lay the knowledge that Miss Verney's favour hung on the victory. It was that, perhaps, which gave a feverish touch to his ambition; and Mrs. Peyton, surveying the future from the height of her maternal apprehensions, divined that the situation depended mainly on the girl's view of it. She would have given a great deal to know Clemence Verney's conception of success.

II

MISS VERNEY, when she presently appeared, in the wake of the impersonal and exclamatory young married woman who served as a background to her vivid outline, seemed competent to impart at short notice any information required of her. She had never struck Mrs. Peyton as more alert and efficient. A melting grace of line and colour tempered her edges with the charming haze of youth; but it occurred to her critic that she might emerge from this morning mist as a dry and metallic old woman.

If Miss Verney suspected a personal application in Dick's hospitality, it did not call forth in her the usual tokens of self-consciousness. Her manner may have been a shade more vivid than usual, but she preserved all her bright composure of glance and speech, so that one guessed, under the rapid dispersal of words, an undisturbed steadiness of perception. She was lavishly but not indiscriminately interested in the evidences of her host's industry, and as the other guests assembled, straying with vague ejaculations through the labyrinth of scale-drawings and blue prints, Mrs. Peyton noted that Miss Verney alone knew what these symbols stood for.

To his visitors' requests to be shown his plans for the competition, Peyton had opposed a laughing refusal, enforced by the presence of two fellow-architects, young men with lingering traces of the Beaux Arts in their costume and vocabulary, who stood about in Gavarni attitudes and dazzled the ladies by allusions to fenestration and entasis. The party had already drifted back to the tea-table when a hesitating knock announced Darrow's approach. He entered with his usual air of having blundered in by mistake, embarrassed by his hat and great-coat, and thrown into deeper confusion by the necessity of being introduced to the ladies grouped about the urn. To the men he threw a gruff nod of fellowship, and Dick having relieved him of his encumbrances, he retreated behind the shelter of Mrs. Peyton's welcome. The latter judiciously gave him time to recover, and when she turned to him he was engaged in a surreptitious inspection of Miss Verney, whose dusky slenderness, relieved against the bare walls of the office, made her look like a young St. John of Donatello's. The girl returned his look with one of her clear glances, and the group having presently broken up again, Mrs. Peyton saw that she had drifted to Darrow's side. The visitors at length wandered back to the workroom to see a portfolio of Dick's water-colours; but Mrs. Peyton remained seated behind the urn, listening to the interchange of talk through the open door while she tried to coördinate her impressions.

She saw that Miss Verney was sincerely interested in Dick's work: it was the nature of her interest that remained in doubt. As if to solve this doubt, the girl presently reappeared alone on the threshold, and discovering Mrs. Peyton, advanced toward her with a smile.

"Are you tired of hearing us praise Mr. Peyton's things?" she asked, dropping into a low chair beside her hostess. "Unintelligent admiration must be a bore to people who know, and Mr. Darrow tells me you are almost as learned as your son."

Mrs. Peyton returned the smile but evaded the question. "I should be sorry to think your admiration unintelligent," she said. "I like to feel that my boy's work is appreciated by people who understand it.".

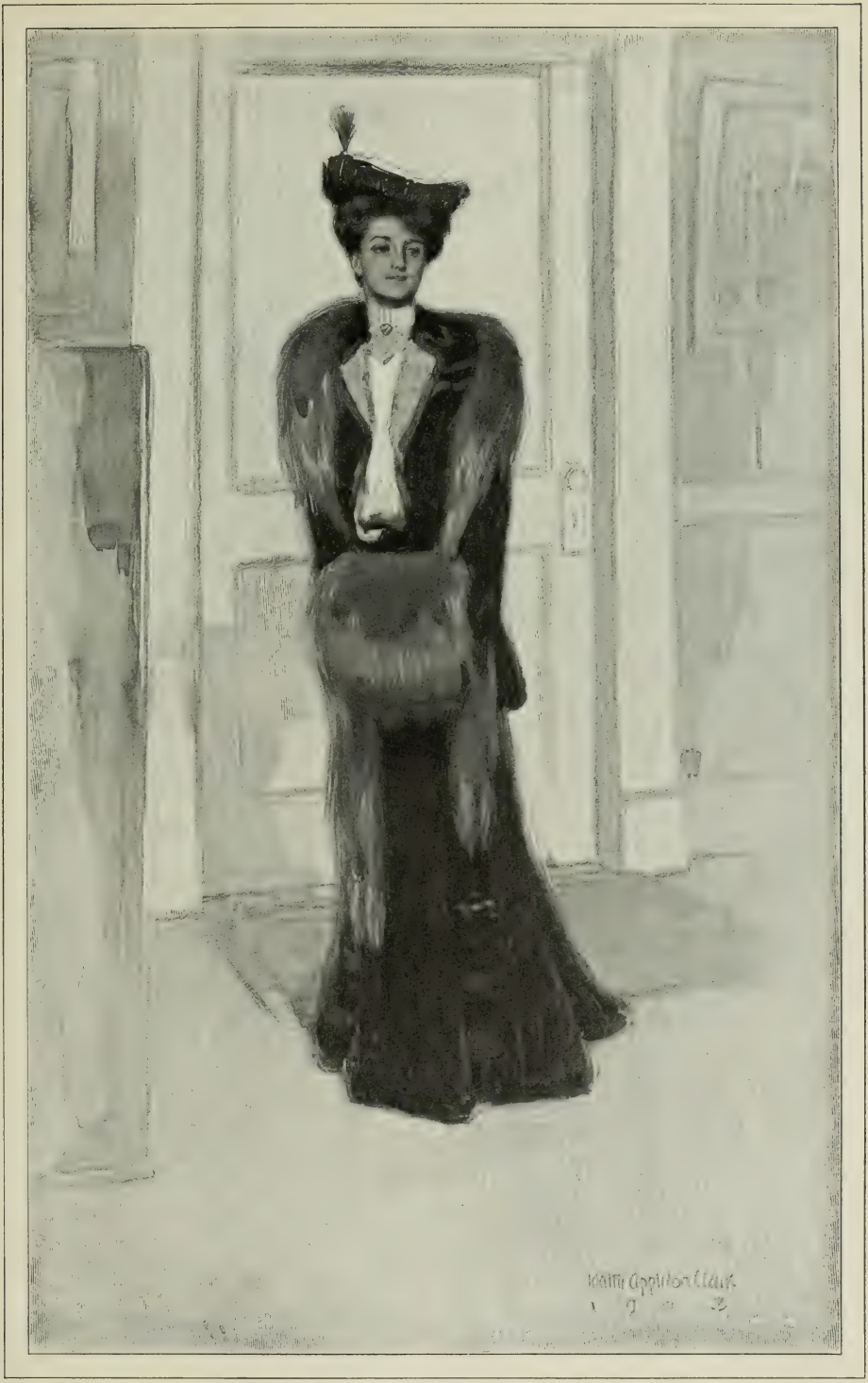
"Oh, I have the usual smattering," said Miss Verney carelessly. "I *think* I know why I admire his work; but then I am sure I see more in it when some one like Mr. Darrow tells me how remarkable it is."

"Does Mr. Darrow say that?" the mother exclaimed, losing sight of her object in the rush of maternal pleasure.

"He has said nothing else: it seems to be the only subject which loosens his tongue. I believe he is more anxious to have your son win the competition than to win it himself."

"He is a very good friend," Mrs. Peyton assented. She was struck by the way in which the girl led the topic back to the special application of it which interested her. She had none of the artifices of prudery.

"He feels sure that Mr. Peyton *will* win," Miss Verney continued. "It was very interesting to hear his reasons. He is an extraordinarily interesting man. It



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Miss Verney.

must be a tremendous incentive to have such a friend."

Mrs. Peyton hesitated. "The friendship is delightful; but I don't know that my son needs the incentive. He is almost too ambitious."

Miss Verney looked up brightly. "Can one be?" she said. "Ambition is so splendid! It must be so glorious to be a man and go crashing through obstacles, straight up to the thing one is after. I'm afraid I don't care for people who are superior to success. I like marriage by capture!" She rose with her wandering laugh, and stood flushed and sparkling above Mrs. Peyton, who continued to gaze at her gravely.

"What do you call success?" the latter asked. "It means so many different things."

"Oh, yes, I know—the inward approval, and all that. Well, I'm afraid I like the other kind: the drums and wreaths and acclamations. If I were Mr. Peyton, for instance, I'd much rather win the competition than—than be as disinterested as Mr. Darrow."

Mrs. Peyton smiled. "I hope you won't tell him so," she said, half-seriously. "He is over-stimulated already; and he is so easily influenced by any one who—whose opinion he values."

She stopped abruptly, hearing herself, with a strange inward shock, re-echo the words which another man's mother had once spoken to her. Miss Verney did not seem to take the allusion to herself, for she continued to fix on Mrs. Peyton a gaze of impartial sympathy.

"But we can't help being interested!" she declared.

"It's very kind of you; but I wish you would all help him to feel that this competition is after all of very little account compared with other things—his health and his peace of mind, for instance. He is looking horribly used up."

The girl glanced over her shoulder at Dick, who was just re-entering the room at Darrow's side.

"Oh, do you think so?" she said. "I should have thought it was his friend who was used up."

Mrs. Peyton followed the glance with surprise. She had been too preoccupied to notice Darrow, whose crudely-modelled face was always of a dull pallour, to which his slow-moving grey eye lent no relief except in rare moments of expansion. Now the face had the fallen lines of a death mask, in which only the smile he turned on Dick remained alive; and the sight smote her with compunction. Poor Darrow! He did look horribly fagged-out: as if he needed care and petting and good food. No one knew exactly how he lived. His rooms, according to Dick's report, were fireless and ill-kept, but he stuck to them because his landlady, whom he had fished out of some financial plight, had difficulty in obtaining other lodgers. He belonged to no club, and wandered out alone for his meals, mysteriously refusing the hospitality which his friends pressed on him. It was plain that he was very poor, and Dick conjectured that he sent what he earned to an aunt in his native village; but he was so silent about such matters that, outside of his profession, he seemed to have no personal life.

Miss Verney's companion having presently advised her of the lapse of time, there ensued a general leave-taking, at the close of which Dick accompanied the ladies to their carriage. Darrow was meanwhile blundering into his great-coat, a process which always threw him into a state of perspiring embarrassment; but Mrs. Peyton, surprising him in the act, suggested that he should defer it and give her a few moments' talk.

"Let me make you some fresh tea," she said, as Darrow blushingly shed the garment, "and when Dick comes back we'll all walk home together. I haven't had a chance to say two words to you this winter."

Darrow sank into a chair at her side and nervously contemplated his boots. "I've been tremendously hard at work," he said.

"I know: *too* hard at work, I'm afraid. Dick tells me you have been wearing yourself out over your competition plans."

"Oh, well, I shall have time to rest now," he returned. "I put the last stroke to them this morning."

Mrs. Peyton gave him a quick look. "You're ahead of Dick, then."

"In point of time only," he said, smiling.

"That is in itself an advantage," she answered with a tinge of asperity. In spite of an honest effort for impartiality she could not, at the moment, help regarding Darrow as an obstacle in her son's path.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"Let me make you some fresh tea," she said.—Page 286.

"I wish the competition were over!" she exclaimed, conscious that her voice had betrayed her. "I hate to see you both looking so fagged."

Darrow smiled again, perhaps at her studied inclusion of himself.

"Oh, *Dick's* all right," he said. "He'll pull himself together in no time."

He spoke with an emphasis which might have struck her, if her sympathies had not again been deflected by the allusion to her son.

"Not if he doesn't win," she exclaimed.

Darrow took the tea she had poured for him, knocking the spoon to the floor in his eagerness to perform the feat gracefully. In bending to recover the spoon he struck the tea-table with his shoulder, and set the cups dancing. Having regained a measure of composure, he took a swallow of the hot tea and set it down with a gasp, precariously near the edge of the tea-table. Mrs. Peyton rescued the cup, and Darrow, apparently forgetting its existence, rose and began to pace the room. It was always hard for him to sit still when he talked.

"You mean he's so tremendously set on it?" he broke out.

Mrs. Peyton hesitated. "You know him almost as well as I do," she said. "He's capable of anything where there is a possibility of success; but I'm always afraid of the reaction."

"Oh, well, Dick's a man," said Darrow bluntly. "Besides, he's going to succeed."

"I wish he didn't feel so sure of it. You mustn't think I'm afraid for him. He's a man, and I want him to take his chances with other men; but I wish he didn't care so much about what people think."

"People?"

"Miss Verney, then: I suppose you know."

Darrow paused in front of her. "Yes: he's talked a good deal about her. You thinks she wants him to succeed?"

"At any price!"

He drew his brows together. "What do you call any price?"

"Well—herself, in this case, I believe."

Darrow bent a puzzled stare on her. "You mean she attaches that amount of importance to this competition?"

"She seems to regard it as symbolical: that's what I gather. And I'm afraid she's given him the same impression."

Darrow's sunken face was suffused by his rare smile. "Oh, well, he'll pull it off then!" he said.

Mrs. Peyton rose with a distracted sigh. "I half hope he won't, for such a motive," she exclaimed.

"The motive won't show in his work," said Darrow. He added, after a pause probably devoted to the search for the right word: "He seems to think a great deal of her."

Mrs. Peyton fixed him thoughtfully. "I wish I knew what *you* think of her."

"Why, I never saw her before."

"No; but you talked with her to-day. You've formed an opinion: I think you came here on purpose."

He chuckled joyously at her discernment: she had always seemed to him gifted with supernatural insight. "Well, I did want to see her," he owned.

"And what do you think?"

He took a few vague steps and then halted before Mrs. Peyton. "I think," he said smiling, "that she likes to be helped first, and to have everything on her plate at once."

III

AT dinner, with a rush of contrition, Mrs. Peyton remembered that she had after all not spoken to Darrow about his health. He had distracted her by beginning to talk of Dick; and besides, much as Darrow's opinions interested her, his personality had never fixed her attention. He always seemed to her simply a vehicle for the transmission of ideas.

It was Dick who recalled her to a sense of her omission by asking if she hadn't thought that old Paul looked rather more ragged than usual.

"He did look tired," Mrs. Peyton conceded. "I meant to tell him to take care of himself."

Dick laughed at the futility of the measure. "Old Paul is never tired: he can work twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. The trouble with him is that he's ill. Something wrong with the machinery, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Has he seen a doctor?"

"He wouldn't listen to me when I sug-

gested it the other day; but he's so deuced mysterious that I don't know what he may have done since." Dick rose, putting down his coffee-cup and half-smoked cigarette. "I've half a mind to pop in on him to-night and see how he's getting on."

"But he lives at the other end of the earth; and you're tired yourself."

"I'm not tired; only a little strung-up," he returned smiling. "And besides, I'm going to meet Gill at the office by and by and put in a night's work. It won't hurt me to take a look at Paul first."

Mrs. Peyton was silent. She knew it was useless to contend with her son about his work, and she tried to fortify herself with the remembrance of her own words to Darrow: Dick was a man and must take his chance with other men.

But Dick, glancing at his watch, uttered an exclamation of annoyance. "Oh, by Jove, I shan't have time after all. Gill is waiting for me now; we must have dawdled over dinner." He bent to give his mother a caressing tap on the cheek. "Now don't worry," he adjured her; and as she smiled back at him he added with a sudden happy blush: "She doesn't, you know: she's so sure of me."

Mrs. Peyton's smile faded, and laying a detaining hand on his, she said with sudden directness: "Sure of you, or of your success?"

He hesitated. "Oh, she regards them as synonymous. She thinks I'm bound to get on."

"But if you don't?"

He shrugged laughingly, but with a slight contraction of his confident brows. "Why, I shall have to make way for some one else, I suppose. That's the law of life."

Mrs. Peyton sat upright, gazing at him with a kind of solemnity. "Is it the law of love?" she asked.

He looked down on her with a smile that trembled a little. "My dear romantic mother, I don't want her pity, you know!"

Dick, coming home the next morning shortly before daylight, left the house again after a hurried breakfast, and Mrs. Peyton heard nothing of him till nightfall. He had promised to be back for dinner, but a few moments before eight, as she was coming down to the drawing-room, the parlour-maid handed her a hastily-pencilled note.

"Don't wait for me," it ran. "Darrow is ill and I can't leave him. I'll send a line when the doctor has seen him."

Mrs. Peyton, who was a woman of rapid reactions, read the words with a pang. She was ashamed of the jealous thoughts she had harboured of Darrow, and of the selfishness which had made her lose sight of his troubles in the consideration of Dick's welfare. Even Clemence Verney, whom she secretly accused of a want of heart, had been struck by Darrow's ill-looks, while she had had eyes only for her son. Poor Darrow! How cold and self-engrossed he must have thought her! In the first rush of penitence her impulse was to drive at once to his lodgings; but the infection of his own shyness restrained her. Dick's note gave no details: the illness was evidently grave, but might not Darrow regard her coming as an intrusion? To repair her negligence of yesterday by a sudden invasion of his privacy might be only a greater failure in tact; and after a moment of deliberation she resolved on sending to ask Dick if he wished her to go to him.

The reply, which came late, was what she had expected. "No; we have all the help we need. The doctor has sent a good nurse and is coming again later. It's pneumonia, but of course he doesn't say much yet. Let me have some beef-juice as soon as the cook can make it."

The beef-juice ordered and despatched, she was left to a vigil in melancholy contrast to that of the previous evening. Then she had been enclosed in the warm circle of her maternal cares; now the barriers of self were broken down, and her personal preoccupations swept away on the current of a wider sympathy. As she sat there in the radius of lamp-light which, for so many evenings, had held Dick and herself in a charmed circle of tenderness, she saw that her love for her boy had come to be merely a kind of extended egotism. Love had narrowed instead of widening her, had rebuilt between herself and life the very walls which, years and years before, she had laid low with bleeding fingers. It was horrible, how she had come to sacrifice everything to the one passion of ambition for her boy. . . .

At daylight she sent another messenger, one of her own servants, who returned without having seen Dick. Mr. Peyton

had sent word that there was no change. He would write later; he wanted nothing. The day wore on drearily. Once Kate found herself computing the precious hours lost to Dick's unfinished task. She blushed at her ineradicable selfishness, and tried to turn her mind to poor Darrow. But she could not master her impulses; and now she caught herself indulging the thought that his illness would at least exclude him from the competition. But no—she remembered that he had said his work was finished. Come what might, he stood in the path of her boy's success. She hated herself for the thought, but it would not down.

Evening drew on, but there was no note from Dick. At length, in the shamed reaction from her fears, she rang for a carriage and went upstairs to dress. She could stand aloof no longer: she must go to Darrow, if only to escape from her wicked thoughts of him. As she came down again she heard Dick's key in the door. She hastened her steps, and as she reached the hall he stood before her without speaking.

She looked at him and the question died on her lips. He nodded and walked slowly past her.

"There was no hope from the first," he said.

The next day Dick was taken up with the preparations for the funeral. The distant aunt who appeared to be Darrow's only relation had been duly notified of his death; but no answer having been received from her, it was left to his friend to fulfill the customary duties. He was again absent for the best part of the day; and when he returned at dusk Mrs. Peyton, looking up from the tea-table behind which she awaited him, was startled by the deep-lined misery of his face.

Her own thoughts were too painful for ready expression, and they sat for a while in a mute community of wretchedness.

"Is everything arranged?" she asked at length.

"Yes. Everything."

"And you have not heard from the aunt?"

He shook his head.

"Can you find no trace of any other relations?"

"None. I went over all his papers. There were very few, and I found no address but the aunt's." He sat thrown back in his chair, disregarding the cup of tea she had mechanically poured for him. "I found this, though," he added after a pause, drawing a letter from his pocket and holding it out to her.

She took it doubtfully. "Ought I to read it?"

"Yes."

She saw then that the envelope, in Darrow's hand, was addressed to her son. Within were a few pencilled words, dated on the first day of his illness, the morrow of the day on which she had last seen him.

"Dear Dick," she read, "I want you to use my plans for the Museum if you can get any good out of them. Even if I pull out of this I want you to. I shall have other chances, and I have an idea this one means a lot to you."

Mrs. Peyton sat speechless, gazing at the date of the letter, which she had instantly connected with her last talk with Darrow. She saw that he had understood her and the thought scorched her to the soul.

"Wasn't it glorious of him?" Dick said.

She dropped the letter and hid her face in her hands.

(To be continued.)

LYRICS FROM SAPPHO*

By Bliss Carman

Hesperus, bringing together
All that the morning star scattered,—

Sheep to be folded in twilight,
Children for mothers to fondle,—

Me, too, will bring to the dearest,
Tenderest breast in all Lesbos.

Well I found you in the twilit garden,
Laid a lover's hand upon your shoulder,
And we both were made aware of loving
Past the reach of reason to unravel
Or the much-desiring heart to follow.

There we heard the breath among the grasses
And the gurgle of soft running water,
Well contented with the spacious starlight,
The cool wind's touch and the deep blue distance,
Till the dawn came in with golden sandals.

There is a medlar tree
Growing in front of my lover's house,
And there all day
The wind makes a pleasant sound.

And when the evening comes,
We sit there together in the dusk
And watch the stars
Appear in the quiet blue.

The courtyard of her house is wide
And cool and still when day departs.
Only the rustle of leaves is there
And running water.

And then her mouth, more delicate
Than the frail wood-anemone,
Brushes my cheek, and deeper grow
The purple shadows

I grow weary of the foreign cities,
The sea-travel and the stranger peoples.
Even the clear voice of hardy fortune
Dares me not as once on brave adventure.

For the heart of man must seek and wander,
Ask and question and discover knowledge,
Yet above all goodly things is wisdom,
And love greater than all understanding.

So, a mariner, I long for land-fall,—
When a darker purple on the sea-rim,
O'er the prow uplifted, shall be Lesbos
And the gleaming towers of Mitylene.

* In these verses an attempt has been made at an imaginary paraphrase of the lost lyrics of Sappho—making use from time to time, as will be seen, of the existing fragments.—B. C.

If death be good,
Why do the gods not die?
If life be ill,
Why do the gods still live?

If love be naught,
Why do the gods still love?
If love be all,
What should men do but love?

It never can be mine
To sit in the door in the sun,
And watch the world go by,
A pageant and a dream;

For I was born for love,
And fashioned for desire,
Beauty, passion, and joy,
And sorrow and unrest;

And with all things of earth
Eternally must go,
Daring the perilous bourne
Of joyance and of death,—

A strain of song by night,
A shadow on the hill,
A hint of odorous grass,
A murmur of the sea.

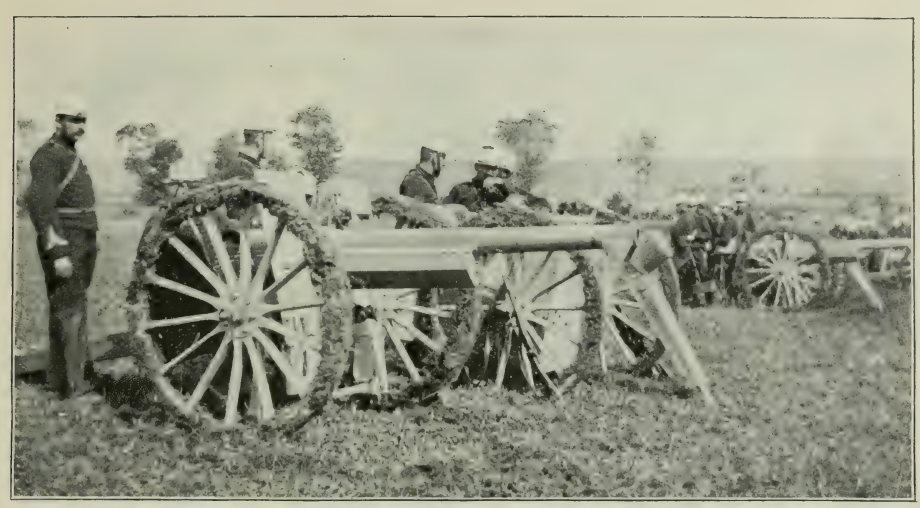
Over the roofs the honey-colored moon,
With purple shadows on the silver grass,

And the warm south wind on the curving sea,
While we two, lovers past all turmoil now,

Watch from the window the white sails come in,
Bearing what unknown ventures safe to port!

So falls the hour of twilight and of love
With wizardry to loose the hearts of men,

And there is nothing more in this great world
Than thou and I and the blue dome of dusk.

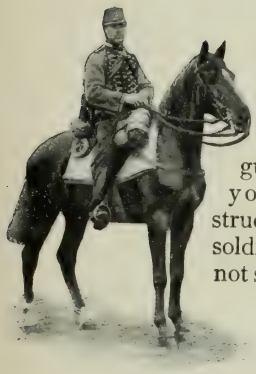


Field artillery in action.

WORK AND PLAY OF THE MILITARY ATTACHÉS

By Captain T. Bentley Mott

Military Attaché to the American Embassy at Paris



If you have ever made anything of a journey on the country roads of France during August or early September, you must have been struck with the number of soldiers seen at every turn; not soldiers out in their best clothes for a holiday, but organized bodies with arms in their hands, and packs on their backs; a squad at the bridge, a picket at the cross-roads, a battery on the neighboring hill, a regiment sitting in the interminable ditch that borders the highway or lying in the fields that slope away from it.

These men are at manœuvres, and hard work with little fun they are for everybody, yet eagerly anticipated as is any change that brings a break in garrison monotony. But there is another reason why the period of the manœuvres is a happy one for the soldiers. It is for them what commencement time is to the collegian, and the long marches, the nights in granaries or on the grass, the two o'clock reveille, are all forgotten in the thought that soon the work will be over, and then there will be furloughs for many, and permanent homegoing for at least one-third of them all.

The manœuvres are the crowning point in the instruction and in the efficiency of the army, and for many of the officers they constitute a veritable annual examination on which the future of their career may largely depend. When they are over, the soldiers who have completed three years of service go home, rejoicing in their liberty and the sight of the dear faces and familiar scenes of "their country." *Mon pays* to the Frenchman of the lower class means his town, his "quartier," his village; the rest of France is as far to him as the Indies.

The soldiers who are left have very little to do for a month or so. Many are given furloughs, and most of the officers go on leave until the new recruits arrive. Then the wheels of the factory which turns out 180,000 soldiers a year are once more put in motion, not to stop again for another ten months

People who live in America, where soldiers are few and rarely seen, where no one need serve unless he chooses, can understand only by an effort of the imagination all that the French army is to a Frenchman. It represents no mere instrument of the Government for distant expeditions, or a first line of defence in case of some vaguely possible war; to him the army is a barrier against an ever-present and dangerous flood, a bulwark whose strength ensures not his country's peace alone, but her very existence. What affects the army, then, affects him; its glory is his happiness, its weakness, his despair.

But there is another intimate reason for this unfailing interest. There is no family in France where the father, brother, uncle, or cousin, has not served, or is not serving, in its ranks, and to even the women the details of military life are as familiar as last year's fashions.

While every regiment of the army spends about two weeks of the summer in manœuvres of brigade, division, or corps, special interest attaches to what are always designated the Grand Manœuvres. These consist of the evolutions, as nearly as possible on a war footing, of two or more army corps, involving the assembling, marching, and fighting of from 45,000 to 140,000 men. The mere spectacle this affords, terminated as it often is with a review by the President, draws a vast crowd of sightseers, who are by no means incapable of appreciating the points of the game. At this period the daily and weekly papers of every city and town in the country devote many columns each morning to the details of the previous day's exercise and criticisms of the work of generals and troops. To read these one would think that every editor in France was a ripe military critic, and, indeed, it is true that many of the papers have men of first-rate military talent on their staffs.

It is to these Grand Manœuvres that foreign nations are invited to send officers, who are entertained during their stay at the expense of the Government.

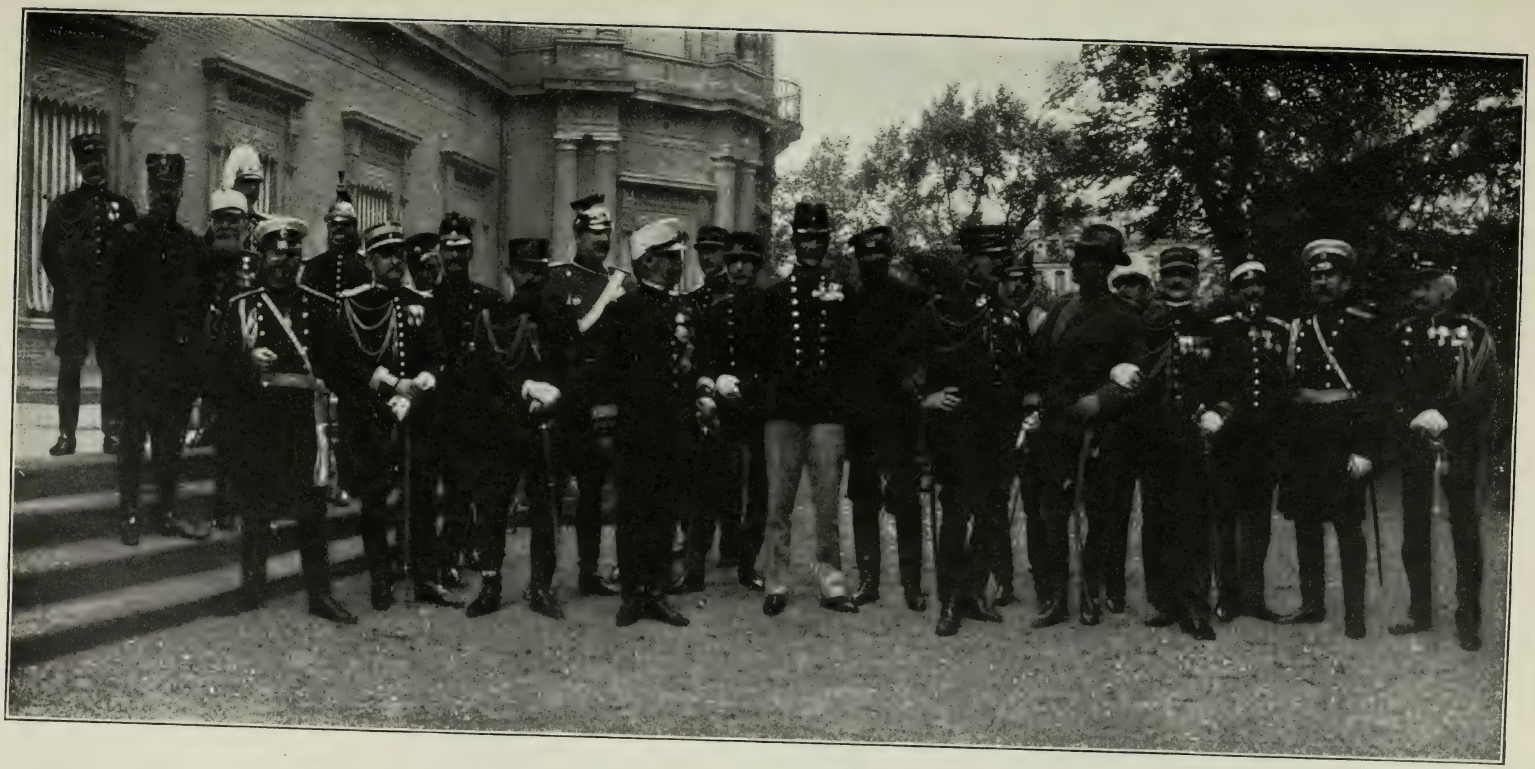
Nothing is more characteristic of French hospitality than the minutiæ of the arrangements made to receive and care for these officers, and the largeness, even extravagance, which attends their entertainment. Americans who have lived much in France often remark how seldom French people do anything informally. If the average Frenchman, fresh from the acquisition of transatlantic habits, should telephone home late some afternoon that he was bringing a couple of friends to dinner, it is likely that his less advanced wife would find means to prevent the renewal of such disconcerting hospitality. The French do not enjoy these surprises. If a guest is coming they like to have sufficient warning to enable them to receive him with due honor, start the drawing-room fire, set out the best china, add a course or two to the dinner, and in general be sure that when the best foot is put forward it has the best shoe on it.

This trait is characteristic of the nation in official as well as in family life. They like to give an invitation in due form for a fixed date, and upon its acceptance make their arrangements to receive their guests; and, indeed, he would be hard to please who found any fault with a habit which brings with it an exquisite cordiality toward the stranger, a deference toward his wishes and an anticipation of whatever can add to his comfort and pleasure.

The officer who has been designated by his government to attend the manœuvres is requested to present himself on a certain day and hour at a certain room in the Ministry of War. Here the Chief Intelligence Officer receives and welcomes him, and then proceeds with a short examination: "What is your weight? Are you a good rider? Do you prefer a quiet horse? Do you ride an English saddle or have you brought your own? Where are you staying in Paris? What is the date of your commission? Please tell me how to pronounce your name," etc., etc. The usefulness of these questions is evident, but it requires the French genius for detail to think of that and to take care of thirty men of all the nations of the world, foreseeing absolutely *everything*, from religious and political distinctions to the *amour propre* which prevents any man from acknowledging he is not a good rider.

After this information is recorded, the officer is asked to come in full uniform to the residence of the Minister of War at half-past two on such a date to be presented.

The first time he faces this ceremony, an American or an Englishman is likely to



A group of foreign officers at the manœuvres of 1902.

Reading from left to right: France, Argentine Republic, Spain, Portugal, Bulgaria, France, France, Switzerland, Japan, Germany, Spain, France, Holland, Austria, Chili, France, Italy, United States, Spain, France, Greece, Russia, Denmark.



Field artillery in action.
Rear view of gun and caisson.

ask himself whether our way of glaring blankly at people we do not know—especially when we are sure that sooner or later we are bound to be introduced to them—is, after all, superior to the custom prevailing in Continental Europe.

The American walks into the large drawing-room where, perhaps, twenty officers are assembled. He knows they are all every-day sort of people like himself, but he cannot help being a little impressed with their varied and strange magnificence. He goes over to the French officer who put him through his examination the day before, shakes hands, and asks him fervently whether he is well; he is so glad to see somebody with whom he has a speaking acquaintance. He then turns to look about the circle, which inevitably recalls the Eden Musée. Nobody says anything to him, he knows no one, and so, like the rest, he solidifies into waxen silence.

Just then a Russian or a Belgian or a Bulgarian comes in. He pauses in front of the first man he encounters, gets his heels together, pronounces his name and title, and extends his hand. The other does the same thing and, behold, as simply as that, they know each other! The new arrival repeats this ceremony in front of every person in the semi-circle, which seems to have formed itself expressly to facilitate the manœuvre, and then he, too, chooses a spot on which to petrify.

It is much better than our way, saves the master of ceremonies the repetition of thirty unpronounceable names thirty times over, and if you have not been introduced to everybody in the room, 'tis your own fault.

The Minister now arrives, though not until the French officers almost imperceptibly have arranged the whole row of foreigners in a vast arc, according to rank. Then comes a *tour de force* for the Chief Intelligence Officer. Preceding the Minister one pace, he pronounces to him the title, name, and country of each officer—frequently there are from twenty to thirty—and, as far as my experience goes, invariably without hesitation or mistake. If anyone thinks that the Chief Intelligence Officer in France is not selected for ability, let him try to do the same.

The Minister then makes a short speech of welcome, always concluding with "gentlemen, I will now say *au revoir* until we shall meet upon the terrain," and departs. After this each officer receives a large envelope, and those who have been to the manœuvres before go home. The others stop to ask a few hundred perfectly natural questions, every one of which is answered beforehand in the printed slips contained in the envelope. That is why the knowing ones have gone home.

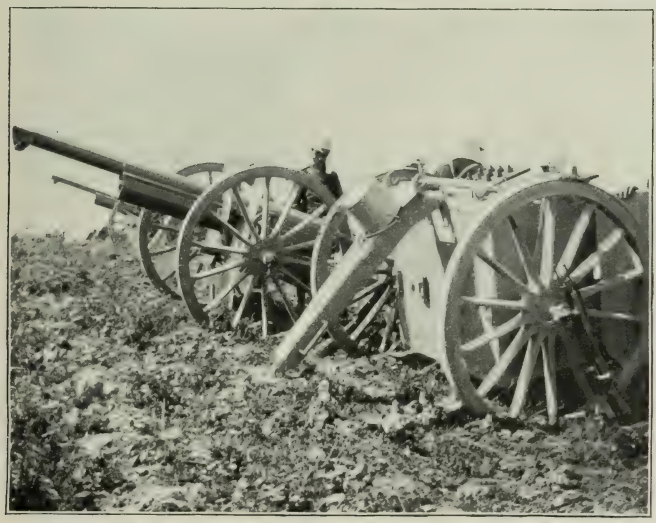
I have no intention of indexing the contents of that envelope; it is sufficient to say

that when I packed my trunks I found in it the labels to paste on them; when I considered whether I should dine before going to the station, I not only learned that we dined on the train, but found a sketch indicating my seat in the car and the names of the other officers at my table.

From this moment, until ten days later, when he is set down at his quarters in Paris by a cabman, who is probably already engaged and



The battery telescope.



Field artillery in action. The new 75 mm. gun.

The bottom of the caisson—turned toward the enemy in action—is of steel plate; the doors are of steel plate; the gun has shields; all the cannoneers are thus protected from infantry fire coming from the front.

knows the name of his fare, the foreign officer moves like a locomotive upon a strategic track laid by the French engineers. He glides so smoothly and so agreeably, with such interesting conversation and jolly companions withal, that he does not perceive that he is on rails, or if he does, the places where he wants to slow up, go fast, or take a branch line, seem known already, and 'tis done before he can ask for it.

During one week the foreign officers are the guests of the Government, and this period covers the most interesting of the manœuvres, involving the largest number of troops. Usually the best hotel in one of the towns near the scene of action is appropriated to them wholly or in part; a special train takes the party from Paris, remains for their daily use and takes them back; a horse, a groom, a mounted orderly and a striker* are assigned to each man, and six or seven French officers are detailed to see that nothing is needed for the comfort of the luxurious or the information of the inquisitive.

For the last three years the supreme direction of all the manœuvres has fallen to General Brugère,† an officer now well known in the

*Each French officer is allowed a soldier servant who generally is most capable, being often a *valet de chambre* doing his military service. This man is called an "ordonnance." Before the custom was prohibited in the American service, our term for such a man was "striker."

†There is no commanding general of the French army, the highest grade being general of division. The Minister of War (who may or may not be an officer of the army) commands the army directly, and even the orders of the President, to be legal, must be countersigned by him. However, the Vice-President of the Conseil Supérieur de Guerre is the officer designated in time of peace to command the principal army or armies of France in case of war, and to fit him for this task he directs all the great manœuvres, witnesses the lesser ones, and in general supervises the whole field instruction of the army. This is the position now held by General Brugère.

United States for the happy impression he made as the head of the Rochambeau Mission of 1902. A more fortunate selection would be hard to imagine, both for France and for her foreign guests toward whom he acts as host.

It is not a small thing that one man should unite the distinguished manners and *savoir vivre* of a diplomat with the straightforward ways and direct speech dear to professional soldiers; but this General Brugère does, and it brings him love and confidence in the service and out of it. Amidst all the dissensions and disputes that rage over the army in France, there is heard nothing but praise for the talent and industry with which he devotes himself to sharpening the great instrument confided to his hands.

General Brugère's recollections of his recent visit to America procured me the pleasure of many a chat with him in the pauses of the manœuvres last autumn, and he seemed always glad to revert to the two things which most pleased and impressed him in all that he found on the other side of the Atlantic: the American woman and Colonel Roosevelt.

The night the foreign officers arrived at the headquarters in the field was always signalized by a dinner given to them and the senior officers of the army present by the general directing the manœuvres; after this the daily routine followed with unbroken regularity. We were waked at about four o'clock in the morning, had a light breakfast and got to the railway station about half-past five, whence the special train took us to a point near the outposts of the previous night. Here we found our horses and orderlies, and once mounted, were free to go where we chose—in groups, in a body, or singly.



On the firing line.

With a good horse and well-mounted orderly, a map of the country and the orders for the day's movements in your pocket, all France and a fair portion of her army spread before you, it may be imagined that the sensation is distinctly exhilarating as you leave the road to prick across the fields, all fresh and moist as they usually are from the rain of the night before.

After riding for about twenty minutes you come upon a squadron of chasseurs halted in the sunken road crossing your course; further on, a few horsemen are trotting back to report the result of their reconnaissance; then a messenger goes galloping off to the rear with a report for his general, while you push on to the crest of a hill and just see in the distant fields the white caps of the enemy's infantry. They are no enemy for you, so you ride peacefully on, quickening your gait as



Column going through a village.

you catch sight of a column of artillery in the distance leaving the road to take position behind the crest of the hill that lies before you. A big field of growing corn appears in that direction, the ground is heavy from recent ploughing and the rains, you want to catch the gunners in their worst troubles, and so you gallop ahead.

As often as you have seen it, you never tire of watching this artillery, believed to be the best in the world, pick out its place with calm judgment, come up quietly and with no appearance of hurry, unlimber behind the crest, concealed and protected from the enemy, and yet at once open fire with range and direction fairly good, which a few trial shots soon reduce to accuracy.

They are in the cornfield now, and the stalks crackle under the heavy wheels; maybe it is the drivers' whips you hear, for their horses have to tug to get up the slope.

Suddenly a regiment of cavalry is perceived moving back toward the flank of its infantry; it is exposed for only a minute or two, but in that time the guns have been brought to bear on the new target, and rapid fire is ordered. This gives you an idea of what it means to be able, in a pinch, to fire twenty shots a minute; the first half go wild, but the last have the correct range and they sound as rapid as a pompom. The cavalry is galloping hard now to get under the hill, but that minute would have cost them dear if shrapnel as well as powder had been in the guns.

You have joined the attacking army as was your intention, and now in rear more artillery is seen coming up and taking position; further back, between these hill-tops the masses of infantry are beginning to appear; later on they spread out, advance and detach their scouts and lines of sharpshooters. But now a halt is ordered. The manœuvre is developing too fast; the artillery must be given time to crush the enemy's guns; moreover, the infantry are not crawling slowly along from cover to cover as they would do if the red caps on the other side were really shooting at them. After a while it is deemed that the enemy is pretty well shaken up; his guns are moving off to another position, it is seen that he cannot



Some of the foreign officers stop at the headquarters of the 17th Corps

hold out where he is; the infantry columns move forward, the little squads have already done so and are lining the ditches you jumped over as you came up to look at the artillery unlimber.

You ride on till you come to the tricolored flag of the division commander, who is on foot walking about, apparently with nothing to occupy him. That is really the case, for he can only kill time until the action has further developed. You present yourself and ask him to be good enough to tell you what he expects to do. He takes your map, and marking it with his pencil, says that "we are right here and the enemy is occupying that line of heights; my reserve is back there and as soon as I hear that the attack of the other division is pronounced, I shall push everything I have against the hill you see here, marked 'moulin'; the best place for you to see the final attack would be here"; and so on. You are very much obliged, borrow a light from the Chief of Staff, try to look unconscious while two or three ladies, who are out to see the fight, take a snap at you with their cameras, mount and ride off to inspect the reserve, as you know the final attack will not come off for an hour.

This final assault is always a stirring sight, whether possible or impossible from the point of view of real war, and as made by the French in great masses of men following line upon line, drums and bugles sounding, red legs flying and throats splitting with yells, it stirs you with a martial excitement hard to resist.

The position having been taken, our poor friends with the white caps fall back to the line already chosen, whence their artillery begins to sound on the ears of the victors as soon as their own retiring infantry are out of the way. You ride over to see how this retreat is conducted, when you perceive a counter-attack preparing to the right of the hill that was lately the matter of such hot dispute. The general commanding the white caps has brought up his reserve and, seeing the weak point between the two divisions opposed to him, pushes them down the hill he holds, across the little stream at the bottom, up the opposite slope, while all the guns he can get thunder from the nearby heights and keep it up till friend and foe are almost meeting.

It is all fine to see and instructive to think about, and you are imagining a minute and critical description, quite unlike



to present themselves to the General and find out what he intends to do.

this one, which you are going to make of it in your official report. You even photograph the windmill on the hill and the victorious troops, peasants, ladies, generals, foreigners, and newspaper correspondents all mingled and crowded about it.

But now you look at your watch and your map and note that you have just time enough to catch the train by riding hard. You refuse the suggestion of your friend Journu to send off your horse, have breakfast in his automobile and let him spin you luxuriously back to Toulouse. It is tempting; for Journu, besides being General Brugère's chauffeur, is the prince of good fellows and a delightful high private to boot, with an automobile that is larder, cellar, and observation car. But you keep that for another day and think you will be punctilious and join the others on the train.

Fortunately you do not have to bother with roads, so off you go across country to the station. You meet a fellow attaché and begin to tell him what a fine sight that last assault was and how he missed it, when he interrupts and expresses his sympathy that you were not with him about three miles off on the left flank where the two cavalry divisions met and charged each other. This cools your ardor a little and you inwardly determine that to-morrow you will ride with the cavalry, though, of course, you stick to your superiority of judgment and the importance of what you have seen from a purely tactical point of view.

This discussion brings you to the station where the other men are arriving, hot, mud-stained, and dusty, hardly resembling the spick-and-span sights in patent leather, gold lace, and all the colors of the rainbow you saw depart that morning. It reminds you of a hunting field in England, where a fly speck on your breeches at the meet causes more comment than a whole bog on your back at the check.

One of the most picturesque sights of the manœuvres is when the day's fighting is over and the signal "Cease manœuvre" is hoisted on the balloon. This is usually about mid-day, and the ingenuity of the Frenchman in the matter of cooking is then seen in all its variety. French soldiers in the field live by little families of eight, and each family carries all that it needs for its comfort, whether for one, two, or more days, as the case may require. One man carries the utensils for the coffee, even to a strainer

and mill, another a can for boiling water, another a bundle of dry twigs picked in the morning before the march and packed all day on his knapsack, so that no matter where the halt is made a fire can be started with the dry wood at once.



The English Military Attaché in Khaki.
(Colonel Stuart-Wortley.)

These little fires spring up all over the field as if by magic, and in a few minutes there is under way, besides the inevitable coffee, every conceivable dish that the ration could furnish or the pockets of the men and the shops at last night's cantonment supply. If one of the privates you see chopping up meat, peeling potatoes, or grilling a sausage, happens to be a prince, a duke, or a common-place millionaire, you may be sure that a bottle of good wine, a *paté de foie gras*, or whatever else the village furnished, will eke out the cold meat, bread, and cheese saved from last night's supper.

The French soldier has no more useful habit than this way of caring for himself; he is independent of wagons and can eat, as well as sleep, wherever he halts.

Remember that these men have been up since two o'clock in the morning, some of them on outpost all night; so they are hungry, and possibly tired, tough as they are. They had a cup of coffee and a piece of bread about half-past two or three, and since then they may have crunched a crust, but they have trudged in the boiling sun and dust, or across ploughed fields that caked the feet with snow-shoe clots of mud, from three or four o'clock until noon, and when they have finished the lunch they are cooking (and, perhaps, a nap, if it is warm weather) they may have to march till five, six, or seven o'clock to the night's cantonment.

When our day's work was over and the thirty or forty officers from nearly every civilized country in the world assembled in uniform at one long table for dinner, the sight and the conversation were of no ordinary interest. The meal was always served with a good deal of ceremony and a regimental band playing outside happily filled any pauses due to the juxtaposition of men having no audible means of communication. For the most part, however, all spoke sufficient French to understand anybody except a Frenchman; to do that (strangely enough) requires a greater knowledge of the language than the usual run of army officers possess.

After a few days of this intimate association, good feeling and good dining slackened the formality which first prevailed when all were strangers, and all a little constrained by the desire worthily to represent their services, and when, in consequence, the politeness was sometimes so rigid as to be a bore. I have thus seen a dozen intelligent and hungry human beings stand ten minutes at the dining-room door, each bowing, protesting, and refusing to enter before the others. But the *camaraderie* which is happily characteristic of all soldiers quickly wore away the last remnant of this restraint and it seemed to all that they had been companions for years, instead of days.

The piano too was often a factor in this unbending process and one or two good musicians were sure to be found among the visitors. We were particularly fortunate in this matter last year, for one of the Spanish officers, being able to speak only a little French, made up for it by telling us each night on the piano many beautiful things of his country.

Speaking of Spanish officers reminds me

of the misapprehension that continues even to-day amongst our people concerning their hostility toward us. As a matter of fact, an American army officer will not find anywhere in Europe more genuine and cordial courtesy than from them. It may come from a long inheritance in this "grave and courtly nation," or spring from the real absence of any sustained enmity toward a people who have brought them much suffering; but where army officers are concerned, it undoubtedly takes its source in that sentiment which was as spontaneous at Santiago as at Fontenoy, and which forms a real and unconscious brotherhood among the military men of all nations in both peace and war.

This comradeship in arms is one of the pleasantest phases of the life at the manœuvres, and manifests itself in a hundred interesting ways. National distinctions and differences, real or imagined, count for nothing whatever, and where coteries are formed they follow simply lines of personal preference.

The recent practice at the Grand Manœuvres has been to start with a "theme" of given conditions for each of the opposing armies, then to let the movements resulting from each day's fighting or manœuvre follow consecutively for several days, thus conforming to the actual conditions found in modern battles between large armies. In 1902, for example, the supposition was something like this: An army is moving north from the Pyrenees; it has pushed an advance guard (the 16th Corps) toward Toulouse with the purpose of seizing that place. An opposing army is moving to meet the invaders and has sent an advance guard of one corps (the 17th) to hold Toulouse and prevent the further progress of the enemy.

With this theme to start with and their initial positions prescribed, the 16th and 17th Corps and a division of cavalry fought and manœuvred for three days, the dispositions of each general depending upon the success or failure of the day before. By keeping an extra brigade in his hand (and sometimes the cavalry) and throwing it on one or the other side, General Brugère brought a realistic element of uncertainty into the game and could make one army or the other retreat as he thought best for the instruction to be obtained.

During these days each corps commander knew of his enemy only what he could learn from reconnaissances and other means used in real war; the umpires (all generals of high rank) decided on the spot whether any movement undertaken was doomed to defeat, and thus whether one party or the other must fall back.

The more real these situations were made the more instructive it was for everybody and the more intense the interest taken.

The last two days are generally devoted to the manœuvres of an army composed of two, three, or four corps, against another army of supposed equal size but really only outlined by a few brigades. Of course, the represented enemy is always pushed back and his positions taken by storm, whereby the year's work is made to close with a



The Prince of the Asturias talking to a brigade commander. Admiral Fournier stands on the Prince's left.

grand spectacular sight. Nevertheless, to direct, say, 120,000 men, as at Reims, in 1901, from their widely separated positions of the night against a short front of attack, to properly concert the movements while simulating all the phases of real battle, requires no mean skill on the part of commanding generals and much experience in handling large bodies of troops. The chief value of these manœuvres with strong effectives lies exactly in this opportunity they furnish to the generals and the staff to learn in time of peace what it would be criminal to wait for war to teach them—the sure and swift handling of the units they command.

While the real work of the army does not vary much from year to year, the public and the press, always eager for a novelty, select some feature of each season's manœuvres for their especial attention. One year it is automobiles, balloons, bicycles or a new gun; another it is some important mission of foreign officers or the visit of a royal personage.

Thus, in 1900, much interest attached to the presence of no less than six general officers representing as many different nations; last year the Prince of the Asturias* with a brilliant suite came from Spain, and incidentally delighted everybody with his good looks and frank cordiality.

In 1901 the manœuvres were unusually brilliant, due to the great number of troops concerned and the presence of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. The assembling of these 140,000 men to greet the sovereigns of the allied power, the wonderful spectacle of the assault of a fortified line by nearly the whole of this army and the magnificent review of the closing day, gave to the manœuvres an interest which was felt by every soul in the country.



Starting the fire to cook lunch at the long halt after the "Cease manœuvre" has sounded.

In the arrangement of these imposing ceremonies, France of to-day maintains her old-time prestige, and it seems to be in the blood of each inhabitant to lend intelligent aid to a final grand result. The perfect ordering of every detail and the consummate grouping into a splendid whole, the feeling for proportion and the unerring taste, would fail of half their effect were they not comprehended and seemingly served by the whole population.

For the review at Reims miles of special railway were built, not only for the Czar, but for the public; nearly a mile of stands was erected and covered with gold and scarlet cloth. A special station and a great

*Charles de Bourbon, Infant d'Espagne, lately married to the sister of the King of Spain.



The foreign officers await the arrival of the French President and the Czar at Reims.

One mile of reviewing stands covered with cloth of scarlet and gold.

dining pavilion were constructed especially for his majesty's use, and both seemed too beautiful to be torn down the next day. The vast crowd, which came on foot, in carriages, in automobiles and by endless trains, were taken care of, seated and dispersed with as much ease (and less struggling) as the audience of a Paris theatre any night in the week.

The little touch of contrast needed to heighten and perfect the prevailing note of magnificence throughout these fêtes was furnished by the unaffected simplicity of the Emperor in dress and bearing. He moved about, talked and greeted people with the quiet naturalness of any captain in his suite. But when at the close of breakfast, in the presence of a hundred generals and the ruling men of France, he answered the toast of the President, it was with the manner and words of a king.

At that moment I could not help thinking of the comment I had overheard half an hour before in the ante-room. A servant behind me, guarding the portières, seeing the Emperor walking about the rooms, looking unconcernedly here and there, whispered to his comrade, "Dis, donc, mon vieux, il ne se gêne pas, celui-là!"

The Empress was a delight to all the camera "fiends," for she set them an imperial example. Wherever she went, a tall Cossack followed, bearing a kodak, which she constantly used, and after this I saw many an officer bring out a camera, until then concealed, and boldly snap whatever pleased him. Such is the force of high example.

The Russians were usually the envy of all the visitors for their easy command of foreign languages, but it is a mistake to imagine that all of them have this talent. I have seen Russian officers attending the manœuvres who could not even speak a little French. Another surprising thing about them was that, as a rule, they drank so little. Of course, all Russians are pictured as talking every known language from birth and drinking gallons of rum each day. I can only say that those the Emperor sends to France do neither.

This does not prevent them from being thoroughly good fellows, and with a point of view in most things very sympathetic to an American.

During the manœuvres about Chartres in 1900 the Russian officers were headed by Lieutenant-General Wonlarlarski, who,

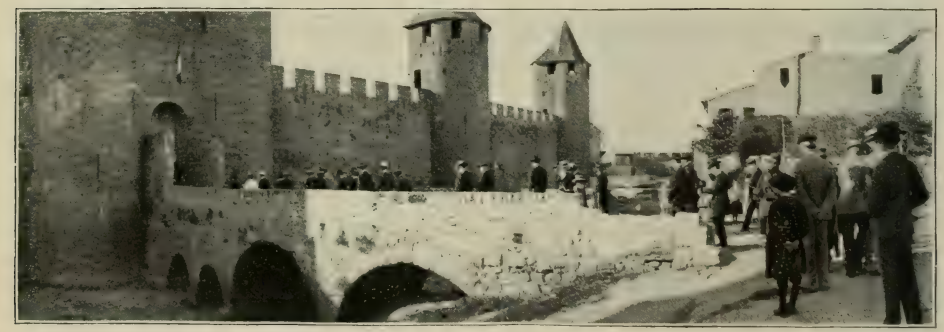
I think, was an aide on the Grand Duke Nicholas's staff during the war of 1877-78. Upon our assembling at the Ministry of War he had himself taken around the circle and every officer in the room introduced to him, to each of whom (not even excepting the Japanese, if I remember correctly) he spoke a few words in his native language. When he came to me and heard the words, "United States," he said in perfect English, "Ah! so you are in the American army. You ought to be able, then, to tell me something of my old friend, Lieutenant Greene." I replied that I had recently had the pleasure of serving on his staff. "His staff, the devil! What is he doing with a staff?" asked the bluff general. "Like yourself, sir," I ventured, "he has not stood still." "Well, you tell him that I want him to send me his photograph. He wrote the best book of any of them about our war, and I think I have read about all," and then he moved on to say something in Roumanian to Captain Miclesco.

A month later I received from Warsaw a photograph inscribed to General Francis V. Greene and another for myself.

In whatever part of France the manœuvres take place, the local population show a keen but polite curiosity in the foreign officers. This interest manifests itself soberly, or with much noise and shouting, according to the latitude and corresponding expansiveness of French disposition. In the north the people will wait in silence for hours to see the visitors, but make never a sign beyond the inevitable "Vive la Russie," which always hails the well-known uniform of the allied nation; in the south, on the other hand, the crowds cheer and applaud as at a political meeting, and give one the feeling of being delightfully welcome. If, however, last year in Languedoc any of us so far yielded to the charm of this southern enthusiasm as to believe it a tribute to his personal value, he was well cured during the visit to Carcassonne.

On a day when the troops were given a rest, the special train took us to this famous old fortress, and the visit had been announced in the local papers. Unfortunately, it was decided as a matter of comfort that we should go in civilian dress. Thus, when the train reached Carcassonne, the enormous crowd of people from all the country round, who had come to see the foreign officers, waited in vain for the much-read-of brilliant company to alight; at last it dawned upon them that the motley and in no way distinguished-looking lot of civilians just leaving the station were the unworthy objects of all this curiosity. Their disappointment and disapproval were then shown nearly as vociferously as would have been their enthusiasm had we worn our uniforms. The whole thing was reduced to its simplest expression by an old peasant whom I heard grunt out: "Pshaw, they are nothing but just men like ourselves!"

And yet, in spite of Carlyle, there are people still left in this world, where all things now seem known, who cannot help believing that "the wearing of white waistcoats" is more than a sign, and has some connection with substance.



The foreign officers in mufti on an excursion to Carcassonne.

A NIGHT OUT

By F. Hopkinson Smith

Illustrations by George Wright

THOREAU once spent the whole live-long night in the hush of the wilderness; sitting alone, listening to its sounds—the fall of a nut, the hoot of a distant owl, the ceaseless song of the frogs.

This night of mine was spent in the open; where men came and went and where the rush of many feet, and the babel of countless voices could be heard even in its stillest watches.

In my wanderings up and down our land, speaking first in one city and then in another, often with long distances between, I have had the good fortune to enjoy many such nights. Some of them are filled with the most delightful memories of my life.

. . . . . .

The following telegram was handed me as I left the stage of the Opera House in Marshall, Mich., some months ago:

"Can you speak in Cleveland to-morrow afternoon at 2.30? Important—Answer."

I looked at my watch. It was half-past ten o'clock. Cleveland was two hundred miles away and the Night Express to Toledo and the East, due in an hour, did not stop at Marshall.

I jumped into a hack out at the hotel entrance and corralled the clerk as he was leaving for the night. For some minutes we pored over a railway guide. This was the result:

Leave Marshall at 1.40 A.M., make a short run up the road to Battle Creek, stay there until half-past three, then back again through Marshall without stopping, to Jackson—lay over another hour and so on to Adrian and Toledo for breakfast, arriving at Cleveland at 11.30 the next morning. An all-night trip, of course, with changes so frequent as to preclude the possibility of sleep, but a perfectly feasible one if the trains made reasonable time and connections.

This despatch went over the wires in reply:

"Yes, weather permitting."

To go upstairs and to bed and to be called in two hours wouldn't pay for the trouble of undressing; better pick out the warm side of the stove, take two chairs and a paper two days old and kill time until one o'clock. I killed it alone—everybody having gone to sleep but the night porter, who was to telephone for the hack and assist with my luggage.

It was a silent night. One of those white cold silent nights when everything seems frozen—the people as well as the ground; no wind, no sounds from barking dogs nor tread of hoof nor rumble of wheels. A light snow was falling—an unnoticed snow, for the porter and I were the only people awake; at eleven o'clock a few whirling flakes; at twelve o'clock an inch deep, packed fine as salt, and as hard; at one o'clock three inches deep, even as a sheet and as unbroken; no furrow of wheels nor slur of footstep. The people might have been in their graves and the snow their winding-shroud.

"Hack's ready, sir." This from the porter, rubbing his eyes and stumbling along with my luggage.

Into the hack again—same hack; it had been driven under the shed, making a night of it, too—my trunk with a red band outside with the driver, my fur overcoat and grip inside with me.

There is nothing princely, now, about this coat; you wouldn't be specially proud of it if you could see it—just a plain fur overcoat—an old friend really—and still is. On cold nights I put it next to the frozen side of the car when I am lying in my berth. Often it covers my bed when the thermometer has dropped to zero and below, and I am sleeping with my window up. It has had experiences, too, this fur coat; a boy went home in it once with a broken leg and his little sister rode with



Drawn by George Wright.

Heads and arms and legs made the passage of the aisle difficult.—Page 309.

her arm around him, and once—but this isn't the place, of course, to tell about it.

From the hotel to the station the spools of the hack paid out two wabbly parallel threads, stringing them around corners and into narrow streets and out again, so the team could find its way back, perhaps.

Another porter now met me—not sleepy this time, but very much awake; a big fellow in a jumper, with a number on his cap, who caught the red-banded trunk by the handle and "yanked" it (admirable word this) on to the platform, shouting out in the same breath "Cleveland via Battle Creek—no extras."

Then came the shriek of the incoming train—a Local bound for Battle Creek and beyond. Two cars on this train, a passenger and a smoker. I lugged the fur overcoat and grip up the snow-clogged steps and entered the smoker. No Pullman on these Locals, and, of course, no porter, and travellers, therefore, did their own lifting and lugging.

The view down the perspective of this smoker was like a view across a battle-field, the long slanting lines of smoke telling of the carnage. Bodies (dead with sleep) were lying in every conceivable position, with legs and arms thrust up as if the victims had died in agony; some face down; others with gaping mouths and heads hooked across the seats. These heads and arms and legs made the passage of the aisle difficult. One—a leg—got tangled in my overcoat, and the head belonging to it said with a groan:

"Where in h— are you goin' with that ——"

But I did not stop. I kept on my way to the passenger coach. It was not my fault that no Pullman with a porter attached was run on this Local.

There was no smoke in this coach—there was nothing that could cause it. Something had happened to the coupling of the steam hose so that it wouldn't couple; or the bottom was out of the hollow mockery called a heater; or the coal had been held up. Whatever the cause, a freight shed was warm beside it. Nor had it any signs of a battle-field. It looked more like a ward in a hospital with most of the beds empty. Only one or two were occupied; one by a baby and another by its mother—the woman on one seat, her hand across the body of the child, and both fast asleep, one little bare foot peeping out from beneath the shawl that covered the child, like a pink flower a-bloom in a desert.

I can always get along in a cold car. It is a hot one that incites me to murder—the porter or the brakeman. I took off the coat I was wearing and laid it flat on a seat. Then came a layer of myself with the grip for a pillow, and then a top crust of my old friend. They might have knocked out the end of the car now and I should have been comfortable. Not to sleep—forty minutes wouldn't be of the slightest service to a night watchman, let alone an all-night traveller—but so as to be out of the way of porterless-passengers lugging grips.

The weather now took a hand in the game. The cold grew more intense, creeping stealthily along, blowing its frosty breath on the windows; so dense on some panes that the lights of the stations no longer shone clear, but were blurred, like lamps in a fog. The incoming passengers felt it and stamped their feet, shedding the snow from their boots. Now and then some traveller, colder than his fellow, stopped at the fraudulent heater to warm his fingers before finding a seat, and, strange to say, passed on satisfied—due to his heated imagination, no doubt.

The blanket of white was now six inches thick, and increasing every minute. The wind was still asleep.

"Guess we're in for it," said the conductor to a ticket stuck in the hat of a man seated in front. "I hear No. 6 is stalled chuck-a-block this side of Schoolcraft. We'll make Battle Creek anyway, and as much furder as we can get, but there ain't no tellin' where we'll bring up."

I thrust my ticket hand through the crust of my overcoat and the steel nippers perforated the bit of cardboard with a click. I was undisturbed. Battle Creek was where I was to get off—what became of the train after that was no affair of mine.

Only one thing worried me as I lay curled up like a cocoon. Was there a hotel at Battle Creek within reasonable distance (walking, of course; no hack would be out a night like this) with a warm side to its stove and two more chairs in which I could pass the two hours of my stay, or would there be only the railroad station—and if the last, what sort of a railroad station?

One of those bare, varnished, steam-heated affairs with a weighing machine in one corner and a slot machine in the other—or a less modern chamber of horrors with the seats divided by iron arms—instruments of torture for tired, sleepy men which must have been devised in the Middle Ages?

The wind now awoke with a howl, kicked off its counterpane and started out on a career of its own. Ventilators began to rattle; incoming passengers entered with hands on their hats; outgoing passengers had theirs whipped from their heads before they touched the platforms of the stations. The conductor as he passed shook his head ominously:

"Goin' to be a ring-tailed roarer," he said to a man in the aisle whose face was tied up in a shawl with the ends knotted on top of his cap, like a boy with the toothache. "Cold enough to freeze the rivets in the b'iler. Be wuss by daylight."

"Will we make Battle Creek?" I asked, lifting my head from the grip.

"Yes; be there in two minutes. He's blowin' for her now."

Before the brakeman had tightened his clutch on his brake I was on my feet, had shifted overcoats and was leaning against the fraudulent heater ready to face the storm.

It would have been a far-seeing eye that could have discovered a hotel. All I saw as I dropped to the snow-covered platform was a row of gas jets, a lone figure pushing a truck piled up with luggage, one arm across his face to shield it from the cutting snow, and above me the gray mass of the station, its roof lost in the gloom of the wintry night. Then an unencumbered passenger, more active than I, passed me up the wind-swept platform, pushed open a door and he and I stepped into— What did I step into? Well, it would be impossible for you to imagine, and so I will tell you in a new paragraph.

I stepped into a little gem of a station, looking like a library without its books, covered by a low roof, pierced by quaint windows and fitted with a big, deep, all-embracing fire-place ablaze with crackling logs resting on old-fashioned iron dogs, and beside them on the hearth a huge pile of birch wood. A room once seen never to be forgotten—a cosy box of a place, full of curved alcoves and half-round recesses with still smaller windows and a table bearing a silver-plated ice-pitcher and two silver-plated goblets, *unchained* (really, I am telling the truth), and big easy chairs, five or six of them, some of wicker work with cushions, and a straw lounge big enough and long enough to stretch out on at full length. All this, remember, from out a night savage as a pack of wolves, and quite a thousand miles from home.

I gravitated instinctively toward the fire, threw my overcoat and grip on the lounge and looked about me. The one passenger beside myself tarried long enough at the ticket office to speak to the clerk, and then passed on through and out the other door. He lived here, perhaps, or preferred the hotel—wherever that was—to the comforts of the station.

The ticket-clerk locked his office, looked over to where I stood with my back to the blazing fire, my eyes roving around the room, and called out:

"I'm going home now. Hotel's only three blocks away."

"When is the down train due?" I asked.

"Three-thirty."

"Will it be on time?"

"Never stole it. Search me! May be an hour late; may be two," he added with a laugh.

"I'll stay here, if you don't mind."

"Course—glad to have you. You'll want more wood, though. . . . John!" This to the man who had been pushing the truck. "Bring in some more wood—man's going to stay here for No. 8. Good-night." And he shut the door and went out into the storm, his coat sleeve across his face.

John appeared and dropped an armful of clean split silver-backed birch logs in a heap on the hearth, remarking as he bobbed his head good-night: "Guess you won't freeze," and left by the same exit as the clerk, a breath of the North Pole being puffed into the cosy room as he opened and shut the door.

There are times when to me it is a delight to be left alone. I invariably experience it when I am sketching. I often have this feeling too when my study door is shut and I am left with my work and books. I had it in an increased degree this night, with the snow drifting outside, the wind fingering around the windows seeking for an en-

trance and the whole world sound asleep, except myself. It seemed good to be alone in the white stillness. What difference did the time of night make, or the place, or the storm, or the morrow and what it might bring, so long as I could repeat in a measure the comforts and privacy of my own dear den at home?

I began to put my house in order. The table with the pitcher and goblets was drawn up by the side of the sofa; two easy chairs moved into position—one for my feet and one for my back, where the overhanging electric light would fall conveniently, and another log thrown on the fire, sending the crisp blazing sparks upward. My fur overcoat was next hung over the chair with the fur side out, the grip opened and the several comforts one always carries were fished out and laid beside the ice-pitcher—my flask of Private Stock, a collar-box full of cigars, some books and a bundle of proof with a special delivery stamp—proofs that should have been revised and mailed two days before. These last were placed within reach of my hand.

When all was in order for the master of the house to take his ease, I unscrewed the top of the flask, and with the help of the pitcher and the goblet compounded a comfort. Then I lighted a cigar and began a tour of the room. The windows were banked up with the drift; through the half-blinded panes I could see the flickering gas jets and on the snow below them the discs of white light. Beyond these stretched a ruling of tracks edged by a bordering of empty yard-cars, then a waste of white ending in gloom. The only sounds were the creaking of the depot signs swaying in the wind and the crackle of the logs on my hearth—*mine* now in the isolation, as was everything else about me. Next I looked between the wooden spindles of the fenced-in ticket office and saw where the clerk worked and how he kept his pens racked up and the hook on which he hung his hat and coat, and near it the newsstand locked tight, only the book posters showing over the top, and so on back to my fire and into my fur-lined throne. Then with a sip of P. S., I picked up my proof sheets and began to work.

Before I had corrected my first galley my ear caught the sound of stamping feet outside. Some early train-hand, perhaps, or porter, or some passenger who had misread the schedule; for nothing up or down was to pass the station except, perhaps, a belated freight. Then the door was burst open and a voice as crisp as the gust of wind that ushered it in called out:

"Well, begorra—ye look as snug as a bug in a rug. What d'ye think of this for a night?"

He was approaching the fire now, shaking the snow from his uniform and beating his hands together as he walked.

I have a language adapted to policemen and their kind, and I invariably use it when occasion offers. Strange to say, my delight at being alone had now lost its edge.

"Corker, isn't it?" I answered. "Draw up a chair and make yourself comfortable."

"Well, I don't care if I do. By Jiminy! I thought the ears of me would freeze as I come acrost the yard. What are ye waitin' for—the 3.30?"

"I am. Here, take a nip of this," and I handed him the other goblet and pushed the P. S. his way. Corrupting the Force, I know, but then consider the temptation, and the fact that I was stranded on a lone isle of the sea, or adrift on a detached ice floe (that's a better simile), and he the only other human being within reach.

He raised the flask to his eye, noted the flow line, poured out three fingers, added one finger of water, said "How!" and emptied the mixture into his person. Then I handed him a cigar, laid aside my proofs and began to talk. I not only had a fire and a pile of wood with something to smoke and enough P. S. for two, but I had a friend to enjoy them with me. Marvellous place this Battle Creek!

"Anything doing?" I asked after the storm and the night had been discussed and my lighted match had kindled his cigar.

"Only a couple o' drunks lyin' outside a j'int," he answered, stretching his full length in the chair.

"Did you run 'em in?"

"No, the station was some ways so I tuk 'em inside. I know the feller that runs the j'int an' the back dure was open—" and he winked at me. "They'd froze if I'd left 'em in the drift. Wan had the ears of him purty blue as it wuz."

"Anything else?"

"Well, there was a woman hollerin'

bloody murther back o' the lumber yard, but I didn't stop to luk her up. They're allus raisin' a muss up there—it was in thim tiniments. Ye know the place." (He evidently took me for a resident or a rounder.) "Guess I'll be joggin' 'long" (here he rose to his feet), "my beat's both sides of the depot an' I daren't stop long. Good luck to ye."

"Will you drop in again?"

"Yes, maybe I will," and he opened the door and stepped out, his hand on his cap as the wind struck it.

The silence settled again. Only the crackling of the sparks, the sound of my pencil on the proof sheets and the moan of the wind.

Half an hour passed.

Then the cough of a distant locomotive, catching its breath in the teeth of the gale, followed by the rumbling of a heavily loaded train, growing louder as it approached, could be heard above the wail of the storm.

When it arrived off my window I rose from my seat and looked out through the blurred glass. The breast of the locomotive was a bank of snow, the fronts and sides of the cars were plastered with the drift. The engineer's head hung out of the cab window, his eye on the swinging signal lights. Huddling close under the lee of the last box car I caught the outline of a brakeman, his cap pulled over his ears, his jacket buttoned tight. The train passed without stopping, the cough of the engine growing fainter and fainter as it was lost in the whirl of the gale. I regained my seat, lighted another cigar and picked up my proofs again.

Another half hour passed. The world began to awake.

First came the clerk with a cheery nod; then the man who had brought in the wood and who walked straight toward the pile to see how much of it was left and whether I needed any more; then the lone passenger who had gone to the hotel and who was filled to the bursting point with profanity, and who emitted it in blue streaks of swear-words because of his accommodations; and last the policeman, beating his chest like a gorilla, the snow flying in every direction.

The circle widened and another log was thrown on the crackling fire. More easy-chairs were drawn up; the policeman in one and the clerk in another. Then the same old pantomime took place over the P.S. and the goblets, and the old collar-box had its lid lifted and did its duty bravely. The lone passenger being ill-tempered and out of harmony with the surroundings, was not invited (What a lot of fun the ill-tempered miss in this world of care!).

Some talk of the road now followed, whether the Flyer would get through to Chicago, the clerk remarking that No. 8 ought to arrive at 3.30, as it was a local and only came from Kalamazoo. Talk, too, of how long I would have to wait at Jackson, and what accommodations the train had, the clerk in an apologetic voice remarking, as he sipped his P. S., that it was a "straight passenger" with nothing aboard that would suit *me*. Talk of the town, the policeman saying that the woman was "bilin' drunk" and he had to run both her and the old man in before the "tiniment got quiet," the lone passenger interpolating from his seat by the steam pipes that—But it's just as well to omit what the lone passenger said, or this paper would never see the light.

At 3.30 the clerk sprang from his chair. He had, with his quick ear, caught the long-drawn-out shriek of No. 8 above the thrash of the storm.

Into my overcoat again, in a hurry this time—everybody helping—the fur one, of course, the other on my arm—a hand-shake all round, out again into the whirl, the policeman carrying the grip; up a slant of snow on the steps of the cars—not a traveller's foot had yet touched it, and into an ordinary passenger coach: All in less than two minutes—less time in fact than it would take to shift the scenery in a melo-drama, and with as startling results.

No sleeping corpses here sprawled over seats, with arms and legs thrust up; no mothers watched their children; no half-frozen travellers shivered beside ice-cold heaters. The car was warm, the lights burned cheerily, the seats were unlocked and faced both ways.

Not many passengers either. Only six beside myself at my end. Three of them were wearing picture hats the size of tea-trays, short skirts and high shoes with red heels. The other three wore derbies and the unmistakable garb of the average drummer. Each couple had a double seat



Drawn by George Wright.

Incoming passengers entered with hands on their hats —Page 310

all to themselves and all six were shouting with laughter. Packed in the other end of the car were the usual collection of travellers seen on an owl train.

I passed on toward the middle of the coach, turned a seat, and proceeded to camp for the night. The overcoat did service now as a seat cushion and the grip as a rest for my elbow.

It soon became evident that the girls belonged to a troupe on their way to Detroit; that they had danced in Kalamazoo but a few hours before, had supped with the drummers and had boarded the train at 2.50. As their conversation was addressed to the circumambient air, there was no difficulty in my gaining these facts. If my grave and reverend presence acted as a damper on their hilarity there was no evidence of it in their manner.

"Say, Liz," cried the girl in the pink waist, "did you catch on to the—" here her head was tucked under the chin of the girl behind her.

"Oh, cut it out, Mame!" answered Liz. "Now, George, you stop!" This with a scream at one of the drummers, whose head had been thrust close to Mame's ear in an attempt to listen.

"Say, girls," broke in another—they were all talking at once—"why them fellers in the front seat went on awful. I seen Sanders lookin' and——"

"Well, what if he *did* look. That guy ain't—" etc., etc.

I began to realize now why the other passengers were packed together in the far end of the car. I broke camp and moved down their way.

The train sped on. I busied myself studying the loops and curls of snow that the eddying wind was piling up in the cuts and opens, as they lay glistening under the glow of the lights streaming through the car windows; noting, too, here and there, a fence post standing alone where some curious wind-fluke had scooped clear the drifts.

Soon I began to speculate on the outcome of the trip. I had at best only four hours lee-way between 11.30 A. M., the schedule time of arriving in Cleveland, and 2.30 P.M., the hour of my lecture—not much in a storm like this, with every train delayed and the outlook worse every hour.

At Albion the drummers got out, the girls waving their hands at them through the frosted windows. When the jolly party of coryphées regained their seats their regulation smiles, much to my surprise, had faded. Five minutes later, when I craned my neck to look at them, wondering why their boisterousness had ceased, the three had wrapped themselves up in their night cloaks and were fast asleep. The drummers, no doubt, forgot them as quickly.

The conductor now came along and shook a sleepy man on the seat behind me into consciousness. He had a small leather case with him and looked like a doctor—was, probably; picked up above Battle Creek, no doubt, by a hurry call. He had been catching a nap while he could. Jackson was ten minutes away, so the conductor told the man.

More stumbling down the snow-choked steps and plunging through drifts (it was too early yet for the yard shovellers) and I entered the depot at Jackson—my second stop on the way to Cleveland.

No cry of delight escaped my lips as I pushed open the door. The Middle Ages had it all their own way at Jackson and still do unless the Battle Creek architect has modernized the building. Nothing longer than a poodle or a six months' old baby could stretch their lengths on these iron-divided seats. "Move on" must have been the watchword, for nobody sat—not if they could help it. I tried it, spreading the overcoat between two of them, but the iron soon entered my soul, or rather my hip joints, and yet I am not over large. No open wood fire, of course, no easy chairs, no lounge; somebody might pass a few minutes in comfort if there were. There was a sign, I remember, nailed up, reading "No loiterers allowed here," an utterly useless affair, for nobody that I saw *loitered*. They "skedaddled" at once (that's another expressive word) and they failed to return until the next train came along. Then they gathered for a moment and again disappeared. No, the station building at Jackson is not an enticing place—not after Battle Creek.

And yet I was not unhappy. I had only an hour to wait—perhaps two—depending on the way the tracks were blocked.

I unlocked the grip. There was nothing left of the P. S.—the policeman had seen



Drawn by George Wright.

Into my overcoat again.—Page 312.

to that—and the collar-box was empty—the clerk had had a hand in that—two, if I remember. The proofs were finished and ready to mail, and so I buttoned up my fur coat and went out into the night again, tramping the platform where the wind had swept it clean. The crisp air and the sting of the snowflakes felt good to me.

Soon my eye fell on a lump tied up with rope and half buried in the snow. The up-train from Detroit had thrown out a bundle of the morning edition of the Detroit papers. I lugged it inside the station, brushed off the snow, dragged it to a seat beneath a flaring gas jet, cut the rope with my knife and took out two copies damp with snow. I was in touch with the world once more, whatever happened! I soon forgot the hardness of the seat and only became conscious that someone had entered the room when a voice startled me with:

"Say, Boss!"

I looked up over my paper and saw a boy with his head tied up in an old-fashioned tippet. He was blowing his breath on his fingers, his cheeks like two red apples.

"Well, what is it?"

"How many poipers did ye swipe?"

"Oh, are you the newsboy? Do these belong to you?"

"You bet! How many ye got?"

"Two."

"Ten cents, Boss. Thank ye," and he shouldered the bundle and went out into the night where a wagon was standing to receive it.

"Level-headed boy," I said to myself. "Be a millionaire if he lives. No back talk—no unnecessary remarks regarding an inexcusable violation of the law—petty larceny if anything. Just a plain business statement, followed by an immediate cash settlement. A most estimable boy."

A road employee now came in, looked at the dull-faced clock on the wall, went out through a door and into a room where a telegraph instrument was clicking away, returned with a piece of chalk and wrote on a black-board:

"No. 31—52 minutes late."

This handwriting on the wall had a Belshazzar-feast effect on me. If I lost the connection at Adrian what would become of the lecture in Cleveland?

Another man now entered carrying a black carpet-bag. A sleepy man with his hair tousled and who looked as if he had gone to bed in his clothes. He fumbled in his pocket for a key, went straight to the slot machine, unlocked it, disclosing a reduced stock of chewing-gum and chocolate caramels, opened his carpet-bag and filled the machine to the top. This sort of a man works at night, I thought, when few people are about. To uncover the mysteries of a slot machine before a gaping crowd would be as foolish and unprofitable as for a conjurer to show his patrons how he performed his tricks.

I became conscious now, even as I turned the sheets of the journal, that while my flask of P. S. and the contents of my collar-box were admirable in their place, they were not capable of sustaining life, even had both receptacles been full, which they were not. There was evidently nothing to eat in the station, and from what I saw of the outside, no one had yet started a fire; no one had even struck a light.

At this moment a gas jet flashed its glare through a glass door to my right. I had seen this door, but supposed it led to the baggage-room—a fact that did not concern me in the least, for I had checked my red-banded trunk through to Cleveland. I got up and peered in. A stout woman in a hood, with a blanket shawl crossed over her bosom, its ends tied behind her back, was busying herself about a nickel-plated coffee-urn decorating one end of a long counter before which stood a row of high stools—the kind we sat on in school. I tried the knob of the door and walked in.

"Is this the restaurant?"

"What would ye take it for—a morgue?" she snapped out.

"Can I get a cup of coffee?"

"No, ye can't, not till 6 o'clock. And ye won't git it then if somebody don't turn out to help. Sittin' up all night lallygagin' and leavin' a pile o' dirty dishes for me to wash up. Look at 'em!"

"Who's sitting up?" I inquired in a mild voice.

"These '*ladies*'"—this with infinite scorn—"that's doin' waitin' for six dollars a week and what they kin pick up, and it's my opinion they picks up more'n 's good for 'em."



Drawn by George Wright.

It soon became evident that the girls belonged to a troupe.—Page 314.

"And they make you do all the work?"

"Well, ye'd think so if ye stayed 'round here."

"Can I help?"

She had been swabbing down the counter as she talked, accentuating every sentence with an extra twist of her arm, the wash-cloth held tight between her fingers. She stopped now and looked me squarely in the face.

"*Help!* What are *you* good for?" There was a tone of contempt in her voice.

"Well, I'm handy passing plates and cutting bread and pie. I've nothing to do till the train comes along. Try me awhile."

"You don't look like no waiter."

"But I am. I've been waiting on people all my life." I had crawled under the counter now and was standing beside her. "Where will you have this?" and I picked up from a side table a dish of apples and oranges caged in a wire screen. I knew I was lost if I hesitated.

"Lay 'em here," she answered without a word of protest. I was not surprised. The big and boundless West has no place for men ashamed to work with their hands. Only the week before, in Colorado Springs, I had dined at a house where the second son of a noble lord had delivered the family milk that same morning, he being the guest of honor. And then—I was hungry.

The woman watched me put the finishing touches on the dish of fruit, and said in an altered tone, as if her misgivings had been satisfied:

"Now, fill that bucket with water, will ye? The sink's behind ye. I'll start the coffee. And *here!*" and she handed me a key—"after ye fetch the water, unlock the refrigerator and bring me that ham and them baked beans."

Before the "ladies" had arrived—half an hour, in fact, before one of them had put in an appearance—I was seated at a small table covered with a clean cloth (I had set the table) with half a ham, a whole loaf of bread, a pitcher of milk that had been left outside in the snow and was full of lovely ice crystals, a smoking cup of coffee and a smoking pile of griddle cakes which the woman had compounded from the contents of two paper packages, and which she herself had cooked on a gas griddle—and very good cakes they were: total cost, as per schedule, fifty cents.

Breakfast over, I again sought the seclusion of the Torture Chamber. The man with the piece of chalk had been kept busy. No. 31 was now one hour and forty-two minutes late.

When it finally reached Jackson and I boarded it with my grip and overcoat, it looked as if it had run into a glacier somewhere up the road and had half a snow-slide still clinging to its length.

Day had broken now, and what light could sift its way through the falling flakes, shone cold and gray into the frost-dimmed windows of the car. I had lost more than two hours of my leeway of four, and the drifts were still level with the hubs of the driving wheels.

We shunted and puffed and jerked along, waiting on side tracks for freight trains hours behind time and switching out of the way of delayed "Flyers," and finally reached Adrian. (Does anybody know of a Flyer that is on time even when but a bare inch of snow covers the track?)

Out of the car again, still lugging my impedimenta.

"Train for Toledo and the East, did you say?" answered the ticket agent. "Yes, No. 32 is due in ten minutes—she's way behind time and so you've just caught her. Your ticket is good, but you can't carry no baggage."

The information came as a distinct shock. No baggage meant no proper habiliments in which to appear before my distinguished and critical audience—the most distinguished and critical which I ever have the good fortune to address—a young ladies' school.

"Why no baggage?"

"'Cause there's nothing but Pullmans and only express freight carried—it's a news train. Ought to have been here a week ago."

"Can I give up my check and send my trunk by express?"

"Yes. That's the agent over there by the radiator."

One American dollar accomplished it—a silver one—they don't use any other kind of money out West.

When No. 32 hove in sight—the Fast Mail is its proper name—and stopped opposite the small station at Adrian, a blessed, beloved, be-capped, be-buttoned and be-overcoated Pullman porter—an attentive, considerate, alert porter—emerged

from it and at a sign from me picked up my overcoat and grip—they now weighed a ton apiece—and with a wave of his hand conducted me into a well-swept, well-ordered Pullman.

"Porter, what's your name?" I inquired. (I always ask a porter his name.)

"Samuel Thomas, sah."

"Sam, is there a berth left?"

"Yes, sah—No. 9 lower."

"Is it in order?"

"Yes, sah—made up for a gem'man at South Bend, but he didn't show up."

"Let me see it."

It was exactly as he had stated; even the upper berth was clewed up.

"Sam!"

"Yes, sah."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, sah."

"Got any children?"

"Yes, sah—two."

"Think a good deal of them?"

"Yes, sah." The darkey was evidently at sea now.

"Well, Sam, I'm going to bed and to sleep. If anybody disturbs me until we get within fifteen minutes of Cleveland your family will never see you alive again. Do you understand, Sam?"

"Yes, sah, I understand." His face was in a broad grin now. "Thank ye, sah. Here's an extra pillow," and he drew the curtains about me.

. . . . . .

At twenty-five minutes past two, and with five minutes to spare, I stepped onto the platform of the Academy for Young Ladies in Cleveland, properly clothed and in my right mind.

The "weather had permitted."





Drawn by W. S. Potts.

"Les convenances! Les convenances!" she laughed gaily.—Page 321.

THE FLOWERING OF THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

By Beatrice Hanscom

Illustrations by W. Sherman Potts

IT was one of the rules of the game not to show disappointment; and they had the air of a young couple to whom Care had not as yet had an introduction, as they came out of the Grand Hotel des Champs-Elysées and walked buoyantly down the broad avenue.

And yet calamity had just visited them.

The Famous Publisher, whose name they had seen blazoned in that very morning's *New York Herald* on the hotel's list of guests, and whom they had hoped would be so favorably impressed by the sketches that an order would be forthcoming—that inconsiderate individual, they had just been informed, had left Paris on the morning train for one of the celebrated German spas.

It had been especially important to see him, because the American magazines seemed to have caught what Kitty called "the rejection microbe," and for some weeks past, every steamer had brought back one or more packages of Worthing's sketches with Kitty's running commentary in verse or prose stories.

Some had come back with just an indigo-blue (appropriate color!) printed slip, which set forth the pleasing information that "The rejection of a contribution does not imply any lack of merit," as though any rejected contributor ever thought it did; and some were pronounced "very clever, but not quite in our line."

In the meantime, the family exchequer had dropped so low that they had stopped making jokes about their "sinking fund."

For about a block they both looked straight ahead. Then Worthing squared his broad shoulders a trifle defiantly, with the air of a man who *won't* fail, and turned a cheerful countenance to his wife.

"After all, Kitty," he said, encouragingly, "if the man was too ill to stay more than three hours in Paris, he wouldn't have been in the humor to like anything."

She smiled back at him confidently.

In Kitty Worthing's loving eyes, the world existed largely as a background for this wonderful husband of hers.

"We're probably in the greatest luck *not* to have seen him," she answered, gaily, "but won't we lie in wait for him on his way back, when his liver is normal and his disposition serene! He'll be ready then to adopt the first deserving young persons he sees, to say nothing of buying a few sketches."

"'You are really undervaluing these sketches, Mr. Worthing,'" she burlesqued; "'you must allow me to pay you a reasonably adequate sum. Young men of genius are all too rare in these days.'"

"Kitty," said Worthing, looking at her so rapturously that a weather-beaten old vender of roasted chestnuts muttered something to himself about *la jeunesse*, "you are certainly the dearest woman in the world. You never whimper. You never fret. You plucky little soul! I'll succeed in spite of everything, just to have the joy of giving you all kinds of things."

A warm wave of color came up in Kitty Worthing's face.

"Jack," she said, with a sudden solemnity that was very sweet, "you know, don't you, that I'd rather go through the world with you shoulder to shoulder, like a good little comrade, sharing things, than to sit at home and have you pour the crown jewels in my lap."

Worthing swung a little nearer to her in his long stride.

"I suppose it would be an unpardonable thing for a man to kiss his own wife in broad daylight in Paris," he observed, regretfully.

Kitty's hands went out in an inimitable French gesture.

"*Les convenances! Les convenances!*" she laughed, gaily; 'and then we should have to put it in 'The Flowering of the Elysian Fields,' and I'm not equal to another line. We put in every thought we had, didn't we?

Let's take it down to Munroe's now, and get it right off. We can see what they've got for us at the same time."

Worthing patted the flat parcel under his arm affectionately.

"It's good, anyway," he said, with a note of challenge in his voice, and looked at the panorama before him with an air of special proprietorship.

The old woman who sold the chairs—how well she had worked up!—the Punch and Judy show, the nurses with the amazing bows on their caps, the babies with the tops which had to be whipped to keep them going, the chestnut trees a-bloom, the typical *boulevardiers*, the quarrelsome coachmen, the dressmaker's apprentice, with her square box wrapped up in a black cloth, the lumbering omnibus with its top seats crowded, and Kitty enjoying the scene from the point of view of a penny chair—he had them all there together in the ten sketches which his workman's eye told him were good.

As they went through the Place de la Concorde, a guide was talking rapidly to a



Muttered something to himself about *la jeunesse*.—Page 321



A dejected-looking set of tourists, Baedekers in hand, listened wearily.

dejected-looking set of tourists, who, Baedekers in hand, listened wearily and perfunctorily to his tirade.

"Tourists," said Worthing, reflectively, "are of two varieties, the Cook-ed and the un-Cook-ed."

> "The tourist on a sunny morn
> From green to Baedeker doth turn,"

paraphrased Kitty.

And these two buoyant young people laughed as light-heartedly at each other's jokes as though their entire worldly wealth had not dwindled to four twenty-franc pieces.

Two young men, coming down the winding stairs of the bank, looked admiringly at the tall, slender, animated girl in the undeniably becoming picture-hat.

"Regular Chandler-Christy girl, isn't she?" said one, as they passed by, using that cheerfully audible tone in which

Americans are apt to make comments in a foreign land.

The reading-room was full of people, but there were two vacant chairs next a stout and middle-aged woman presumably of that class who are popularly supposed to be the bulwarks of the nation.

Upon her capacious corsage a small American flag rose and fell, suggesting dimly the planting of the standard on newly discovered islands by some intrepid explorer viewed from the standpoint of one still left in the ship's small boat.

"Let's go over by the Elderly Pin-Cushion, and I'll write my note," murmured Worthing.

"Would you try the weeklies?" he asked, anxiously, as he undid the parcel.

The Pin-Cushion looked at the pile of colored sketches with great interest.

"My, but those are pritty," she said, friendlily. "Be they hand-painted?"

"They are some sketches my husband is sending back to America," answered Kitty, with the pleasant smile she gave the world at large out of the fulness of her heart.

The Pin-Cushion hitched her chair a trifle nearer.

"Well, I wish I was goin' with 'em," she said with conviction. "Yur-rup is all right fur young people, I guess, but Pa 'n' I are too old to catch on to all these new-fangled ways."

"We've been here a week," she went on, "'n' this 's the first comf'table afternoon I've had. It's been just as good as listenin' to a brass band to set here 'n' hear United States."

The stop-cock of her confidences once open, they flowed on with the regularity of the tides.

"I guess," she hazarded, "we made our money too late in life. But 's long as we'd *got* it, Pa was determined to do like other rich folks. If there's anythin' in this travellin' in foreign parts, we'll get it, he said. So we come. But it ain't easy, I will say that. They're terrible dishonest, too. That upsets Pa more'n anythin' else. For a church-member in good standin', he's used some pritty queer language the last day or two. But it is tryin'.

"Why, yesterday we hired a man to take us through the Louv-er for five francs. That's a dollar. Some of the pictures were real nice, but some of 'em I was just ashamed to have Pa see. The man talked enough, but half the time I couldn't make head or tail of what he was sayin'.

"Finally we stopped in front of a real pritty picture 'n' Pa says to him, 'What's this?' 'Madonna by great painter Raf-fa-el,' says the man.

"Pa just looked at him.

"'Now, look here,' he says, 'you're lyin' to me 'n' I know it. You said that picture across the room was Madonna, 'n' they don't look the least bit alike.'

"The fellow acted like he was goin' to tear his hair out. 'Anozzer painter, Musshoe,' he kep' a-sayin'. 'S'pose it was,' says Pa, 'n' his voice sounded real stern, 'no matter *how* poor a painter was, I guess if it's the same lady, as you *say*, they'd look some alike, anyway. Why, there ain't even a family resemblance! Here,' he says to the man, 'take your dollar, though you ain't earned it. Go 'n' sin no more.'

"Is your husband subject to fits?" she inquired, hastily, gazing in some consternation at Worthing's convulsed countenance.

Kitty was saved the embarrassment of a direct answer by the opening of the reading-room door and the entrance of an excited-looking, stubby man whose whiskers showed what untrammelled freedom can produce in the way of eccentric growth.

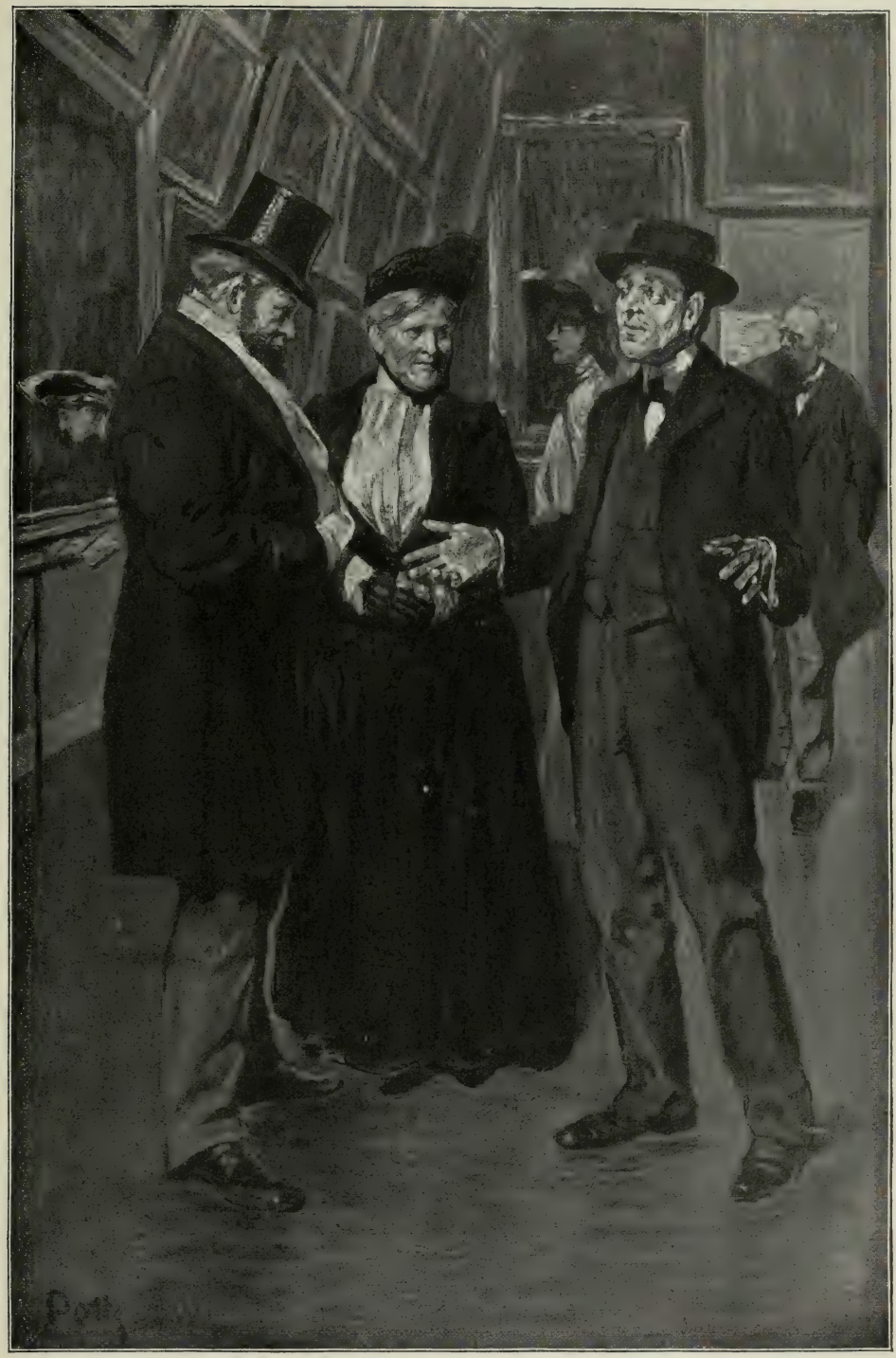
"Pa's some stirred up again," said the old lady, placidly.

"It's no use, Mother," said that individual, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "heathen are just heathen, that's all, 'n' I shan't give another cent f'r foreign missions.

"I was so beat out, I went into a restaurant to get a cup of tea, 'n' if they didn't charge me f'r my napkin! 'It's a bare-faced swindle,' says I, ''n' I won't pay it.' But a man at the next table told me 'twas the custom. 'Well, here,' says I, 'take it. I s'pose I ought to be thankful I don't have to buy the table.' 'Mercy, Musshoe,' says the waiter. 'You need it,' says I, 'n' I walked out."

"This," breathed Worthing to Kitty, "is concentrated riches. It's just finding money."

"Never mind, Pa," said the old lady, soothingly, "we're goin' on to-morrow, 'n' the next place may be better. This might



Drawn by W. S. Potts.

" 'Anozzer painter, Musshoe,' he kep' a-sayin'."—Page 324.



He and Kitty read the note together.—Page 327.

be all right when you got used to it. This young man 'n' his wife live here. He paints real pritty pictures in all colors."

"Where do you go next?" inquired Kitty, hastily, fearing Worthing's countenance might become unmanageable.

"We're goin' to Ber-lin, ma'am," said Pa, with a return to complacency. "We're

calculatin' to see all the capitals of Yur-rup. No use wastin' any time on small towns, I told Mother, when we've lived all our lives in a little town. But I guess we'll be glad enough to get back to it," he added, reflectively.

The clerk at the mail window waved a letter at Worthing. It bore the letter-head of one of the great magazines.

Worthing tore it open, half dreading to read it. A piece of blue paper fell from it, and he crumpled it in his hand while he and Kitty read the note together. It was brief but kindly. The editor wrote that he had great pleasure in accepting the illustrated article they had been kind enough to send him, and that he enclosed a foreign draft in payment of the same, and that he should be very glad to hear from them again.

Kitty caught her breath in a little joyous sob, and Worthing's hands trembled slightly as he unfolded the crumpled paper. It was a draft for a thousand francs.

"Jack," said Kitty, softly, "let's keep 'The Flowering of the Elysian Fields' over one more mail, just because they've really flowered for us to-day."

"You're a dear little goose," said Worthing, tenderly, but he tucked the parcel under his arm again.

Kitty was shaking hands with the old lady.

"Good-by," she said, in her pretty, friendly way, "I'm sorry you have found so many things to vex you, but perhaps if you just made a joke of the odd things that come up, you could have a good time out of them after all."

"Pa" wrung Worthing's hand with a mighty pressure.

"Good-by, young man," he said; "I s'pose you know you've got a treasure in your wife. That's right! 'N' if you like it here, it's *your* business. But it beats me!" he added, sadly.

Worthing stopped outside the reading-room door. The little hall was dark and they were quite alone.

He kissed his wife tenderly, and then they ran down the winding stairs and went out into a world where Love festooned flowers along their way, and Fame tossed them her laurel wreaths, and the glamour of Youth touched the scene with the rose-colored light of Arcady.

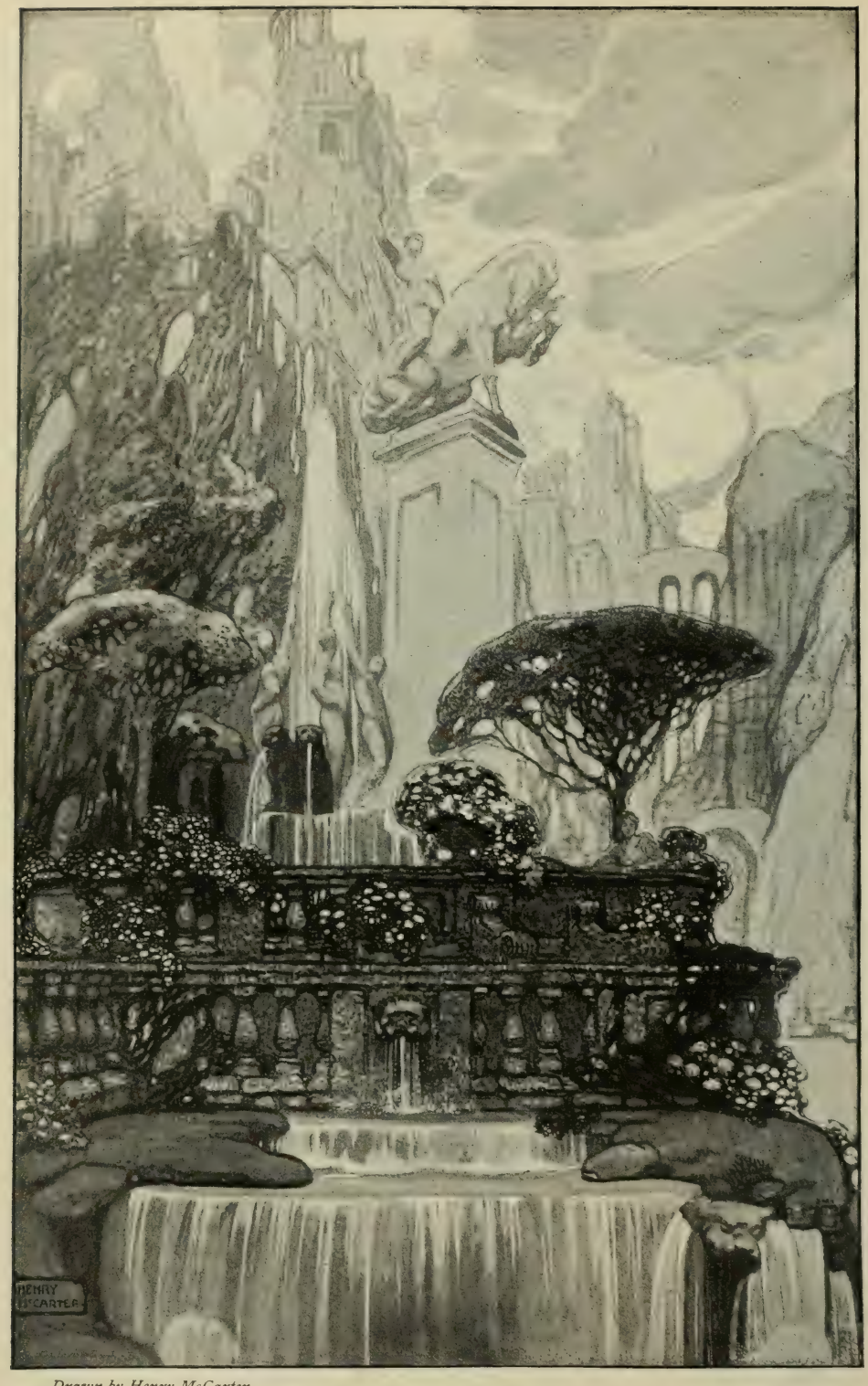
The reading-room assumed a grayer tone when they were gone.

"She's about the age Marietta would be, if she'd lived," sighed the old lady.

"Now, don't dwell on it, Mother," said Pa, kindly. "She's a nice girl, though. 'N' they are the only people we've met here that ain't made somethin' out of us," he added, meditatively.

But in that he was mistaken.

Worthing's series of illustrations, "Strangers in a Strange Land," are proving so popular that they bid fair to become hackneyed.



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

With domes and towers enskied.

THE UNKNOWN CITY

By Charles G. D. Roberts

There lies a city inaccessible
Where the dead dreamers dwell.

Abrupt and blue, with many a high ravine
And soaring bridge half seen,
With many an iris cloud that comes and goes
Over the ancient snows,
The imminent hills environ it, and hold
Its portals from of old,
That grief invade not, weariness, nor war,
Nor anguish evermore.

White-walled and jettied on the peacock tide,
With domes and towers enskied,
Its battlements and balconies one sheen
Of ever-living green,
It hears the happy dreamers turning home
Slow-oared across the foam.

Cool are its streets with waters musical
And fountains' shadowy fall.
With orange and anemone and rose,
And every flower that blows
Of magic scent or unimagined dye,
Its gardens shine and sigh.
Its chambers, memoried with old romance
And faëry circumstance—
From any window love may lean, sometime,
For love that dares to climb.

This is that city babe and seer divined
With pure, believing mind.
This is the home of unachieved emprise.
Here, here the visioned eyes
Of them that dream past any power to do
Wake to the dream come true.
Here is fulfilled each hope that soared and sought
Beyond the bournes of thought;—
The chorded cadence art could ne'er attain
Crowns the imperfect strain;
The obdurate marble yields; the canvas glows;
Perfect the column grows;
And the great song that seemed to die unsung
Triumphs upon the tongue.
Here the high failure, not the level fame,
Attests the spirit's aim,—
And hero hearts, by too frail flesh forsworn,
At last forget to mourn.

AT THE HIGH WATER

By Lucia Chamberlain

Illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover

"THE river's bound to rise six feet before morning," said the foreman, taking a cup of coffee from the tray that Wong, the Chinaman, offered him.

"Seems to be a heavy thaw in Yosemite." His employer, Nathan Boyce, showed a bald head and one lifted eyebrow over the top of the *Merced Times*.

"If I'd Providence I'd have found a proper way to irrigate the Merced valley."

His daughter laughed.

His sister looked up meekly. She was a faded little woman, with a pathetic habit of looking on the bright side of impossible situations.

"We're sure to have some pleasant weather now," she said with shocked conciliation. "When the month comes in like a lion, you know——'

"It goes out like the devil," said her brother, laying his paper down crisply, and stirring his coffee on the table-cloth.

"Anyhow, the river's rising," repeated the foreman, positively His employer's daughter frowned. She did not know which irritated her more, the new foreman's statements of future possibilities as unalterable facts, or the stiff, dark curl that stood up aggressively over his forehead.

"Something ought to be done to the race-gate," he continued, still addressing his employer, though he smiled at the girl. "If I should take some tools, and a man up there in a buckboard right after breakfast, I could have 'em back by two o'clock, in time to take a look at the mill on the water side."

His employer's daughter had refused to see the smile, but it puzzled her that it could change the color of his eyes from steel to blue. His employer was addressing himself to his breakfast.

"You can't be too careful about the gate, Chester," he said. "As for the old mill, she's stuck on the bank through a flood, and fifty freshets. She couldn't go downstream if she tried—unless, of course, the race gets away from you."

"The mill stream's up to the oak now," said the foreman.

Mr. Boyce swore cheerfully. "Well, look after the gates. We can't tie the mill down, and the bridge has been going every spring for the past twenty year."

He turned to his daughter. "You'll want web feet to get across the run to your party to-night, Skeesics."

She ignored her pet name, and opened her gray eyes very wide. "Why, dad, it's always like this! Don't you remember last spring we couldn't cross at the mill at all, and had to go round by Robinson's ford?"

"So we did—so we did! Memory failin' with eye-sight! Used to be able to locate a fly on the county road, and now can't see a horse and buggy." He winked at the foreman.

His daughter colored. She did not like the foreman included in the family joke.

Chester looked worried. "No one will come over from town to-night," he declared. "It's too long a swim from Snelling to the river."

Neith Boyce raised her straight brows.

"Oh, you don't know *us*, Mr. Chester. They'll come as long as there's a bridge to cross on, and we'll dance till we're drowned out."

Her father laughed. "Chip of the old block," he said. "You'll dance holes in your stockings before morning. Chester, I don't like to leave you (bound to be hard work at high water), but every mill owner from here to Stockton will be in Merced at that meeting to-day—and Hochstetter'll freeze me out if he can. I've taken too much grist from Hornitas lately to suit him!"

The telephone rang sharply in the little office that opened off the dull ranch dining-room.

"Damn it! what's wrong at the mill now! Only a minute ago I answered every question a man could think of—" He disappeared into the office whence his voice rose in irascible monologue.

"Well, I tell you, he's going up to see to it now. Yes, he knows—as much as you do, and a damn sight more. No, don't send a man from the mill. You'll need 'em all there if the run rises. He'll take a look at the bridge as he goes over this morning."

Neith listened carelessly to an often-heard conversation. The telephone was always busy at the high water. Wong stood, immobile as an oriental bronze, behind her chair. His narrow eyes were fastened on some point beyond, and through the foreman. He did not approve of the boss's new man. The foreman called him "Charlie," and gave orders to Missy Neith, who, for eighteen years, had given orders to everything two or four-legged on the Boyce ranch.

"Miss Boyce," the foreman began——

Wong's unmoving eyes glittered. "Miss Boyce, I guess you'll have to postpone that dance."

"Why, are they stacking grain in the warehouses?" She knew well—being a miller's daughter—that this was not the reason. He flushed, but his eyes were unwavering.

"It's not safe," he answered.

She sat in the full dazzle of the sun, her blond hair burnt with fiery lights. In the strong glare, her cheeks bloomed flawless, pink as cherry blossoms. She laughed. "Why, Mr. Chester, you talk as if there was going to be a flood! Give it up? Dad didn't ask me to give it up! When dad says a thing goes on this ranch, it goes!" She looked at him through her lashes.

He ground his teeth in impotent rage against this obstinate piece of pink and white. He started to speak.

"Oh, there are the ponies!" she cried, springing up. "Oh, the dear things!" She snatched some cut sugar from the table, and ran out of the room. When Chester followed a few moments later with Mr. Boyce, coated and hatted for his twenty-mile drive, she was laying her pink cheek against a black velvet muzzle, crooning, while the ponies nuzzled her for more sugar. She climbed into the buggy after her father, hugged him, and insisted on driving as far as the bottom of the hill with him.

"I suppose she's nothing but a baby," thought the foreman, looking after the retreating buggy, "but, oh, Lord!" He crammed his hands into his pockets and tramped up and down the board walk between the house and the bulkhead that raised Mr. Boyce's pretentious lawn five feet above the drive.

"You don't seem to cotton much to Chester," said Mr. Boyce, as they drove down the road that was cut in the soft, white stone of the hill. She shook her fair head impatiently.

"He's too cock-sure!" she announced.

"Humph! Only man your poor old pap ever had who could work without asking questions. Now, mind, Skeesics, you're boss when I'm here, but Chester's boss when I'm away." They drew up at the foot of the hill.

"Now, one, two—jump!"

Neith sprang from the wheel, and landed ankle-deep in the spongy ground. She waved both hands to the back of the buggy. Then, running to the crest of a knoll, watched it crawl up the middle of the black county road, between the fields of newly springing wheat.

Beyond these sparsely clothed spaces swept hill above hill, green as moss. Faint yellow in the hollows meant early buttercups. California spring is well begun by the middle of February. The sky was full of feathery clouds. The air was full of the sound of running water. All the little, dry, stony channels of last summer ran gurgling full. The willows along Robinson's Run stood three feet out in the stream. Above all the lesser voices, the hoarse, dominant roar of the Merced River beat like a great artery through the valley.

The girl's pulses ran as high and quick as the water. She whirled in an abandon of high spirits, and raced down the knoll. Instead of climbing the dry, white drive, she chose to wade through the lush young grass, reaping here and there an early buttercup, or startling a lark into a tumultuous, singing flight—now stopping to look out over the cloud-shadowed land that rose on three sides to meet the sky, now at the house that crested the hill with a line of three linked buildings, with a tall tank-

house, like a tower, at one end; now gazing back up the long road where the buggy was a crawling speck on the sky-line.

Her world was held in this cup of the hills. It had been an easy world until this domineering person with the aggressive forelock had come into it, with unimpeachable credentials from no less a place than the Sperry mills.

As she came out on the road before the house, flowers in her hands, a hummed song on her lips, Chester was standing on the bulkhead directly above her, his big body dark against the sky. Her heart jumped and pounded. She told herself that this was vexation. She felt that he was looking with disapproval at the black mud her shoes had accumulated during her climb. In point of fact, he was looking at the sun on her head, with feelings too mixed to analyze.

"I thought you'd gone long ago," she called.

"I was waiting for you," he answered.

"Oh!" She was coming up the steps, panting a little, and assisting herself with the overhanging ledge. She sat down on the bulkhead, swinging her muddy little boots blissfully, and smiled up at his immobile chin and steel-colored eyes until his frown relaxed.

"Well, and why were you waiting for me? Has Wong been misbehaving?"

The foreman glanced in the direction of the kitchen door, where Wong and the Chinese vegetable peddler were comfortably wrangling over the relative prices of green peas and strawberries.

"It's not Wong this time," he answered, and fell silent for a moment.

"Dear me!" she cried. "Of course, this is lots of fun, but really, I must not keep you another minute!"

"See here, Miss Boyce," he said, "I didn't tell your father all there was to tell this morning—because he had to go to Merced, and there was no use of worrying him over something he couldn't help—but things are very shaky at the mill."

"Oh, is that all?" She made as if to slide from her perch, but he blocked the way.

"Miss Boyce"—his voice had the quality of steel—"the river is only three feet from the top of the banks, the mill stream is tearing its channel to pieces. If anything breaks to-night the warehouses will be roof-under-water. Of course you think nothing will—but your father left everything that's his in my care, and I'm bound to take care of 'em!" She tried to interrupt him, but he went on:

"If you'll only say the word I'll send Bob over to Snelling to let the folks know the dance is off, and why. Why, I wouldn't even answer for the big bridge in twenty-four hours."

Neith's voice was ominously calm. "My father went all over the place yesterday morning, and he saw no reason for postponing anything."

"Twenty-four hours has made the difference."

"It seems to me," she said, sliding to the step, "that half an hour—since Mr. Boyce left the place, in fact—has made the difference. He gave you full charge over the ranch, but that does not include *me*, Mr. Chester. Did you hear him give me permission to have that dance to-night? Don't you think, after that, what you are saying sounds pretty queer?"

"Miss Boyce," he said, very pale, "I have already told you your father doesn't know how bad things are. You assign a very strange motive to me! Considering what I told you last week I might call it an insult."

"Oh!" she cried, scarlet, "I told you never to speak of that again!"

"And I told you I would never cease speaking of it! Yes—you can call me selfish and brutal—but I love you, and you sha'n't walk into a danger, if I know it!"

"I really don't see how you are going to help it."

He bit his lip.

"And I would like to know if you think this sort of thing very honorable in my father's absence?"

His eyes blazed. Her wrists were in his hands, her flowers were under his feet. Perhaps in her alarm she made an audible sound.

A sinewy body suddenly thrust between them. She saw for an instant yellow fingers with long nails cover the hands on her wrists. Then she was released, and with one jerk of the foreman's arm, Wong landed, sitting, in the wet earth of a recent flower-bed. He rose, gabbling with vituperation, and made for the foreman. Neith clung to his arm.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Neith Boyce.

"I no let touch—no let—" he stuttered.

"Wong, you go right into the kitchen!"

"Heap bad man, Miss Neat," Wong protested, shrilly. "You make go! You make go! I no stay, he stay!"

"Wong, you do as I tell you! Mr. Chester *has* to stay!" The Chinaman tore off his apron and threw it on the ground. "No cook for him—no work here!" he screamed and stalked into the kitchen.

Neith following, found him hurling saucepans at the sink in the intervals of collecting his belongings. For the first time he heard her coaxing with a mask-like indifference.

"Him heap bad man, Miss Neat! No stay same place, him! I go!"

Her aunt, hearing sounds of contention, came from the sitting-room, and joined her voice to the girl's. Wong, with a face as impassive as a wooden doll's, continued his packing. When it was completed he shook hands solemnly with each in turn. From the kitchen piazza the two women watched with desolate faces the little figure in blue blouse and trousers, and round, black hat, trotting down the road. "After twenty years of faithful service, this! I cannot account for it," murmured her aunt.

Neith could, but said nothing. She turned, and entered the kitchen, where Yip Sing, Wong's boy assistant, was placidly washing dishes. The place looked no more vacant than if Wong had stepped out for wood, or a gossip with the vegetable peddler. The paper dragons still decorated the pea-green walls. The narcissus bloomed in accurately arranged rows on the sunny window-sills. After twenty years! She could not realize what had happened. Why, Wong had carried her pig-a-back before she could walk, and because of someone she had known three weeks—there was a horrible injustice somewhere! She turned, and saw the tall foreman standing in the door.

"Where's that Chinaman?" he asked, abruptly.

"Gone," answered Neith. The word had such a hollow sound that she found herself looking at him through a mist of tears.

"Gone?" he echoed. "Oh, I guess not! What for?"

"He's always been here," she continued, looking forlornly about. "He was here when I was born—he's given me cookies as long as I can remember"—with a catch in her breath—"and he thought you were hurting me!"

The foreman growled. "Nonsense," he said.

Her chin rose high.

"It was all your fault," she declared. "He said he wouldn't stay if you did—and I said you *had* to stay—so he went!"

An inkling of the calamity that had fallen on this house began to dawn on him.

"Miss Neith, I—I'm terribly sorry—I couldn't help it, you know! Can't I help you? Let me do something——"

"Can you *cook?*" she interrupted, scorchingly.

"I can get another one!"

"Another one!" she echoed, indignantly. "Do you think Wong is like every other Chinaman? You can't get *him* back," she said, chokingly. "You weren't considerate of Wong. You never did understand him!"

She passed him with disdainful head. He was expected to understand a Chinaman! The foreman stared helplessly after her. Then someone halloed from the bulkhead. It was young Bob Ritter with the buckboard.

"Damned Chinaman!" Bob heard the foreman mutter as he climbed in. The domestic tragedy had temporarily dislodged from his mind the trouble at the race-head. He laid the lash hard on the mare's flank. They spun away, tools rattling in the wagon body, past the barn and down the hill. Recent rains had left the roads deep with mud. They travelled in a halo of it.

The foreman's white hat was dashed with black. As he drove past the old mill, the miller's man hailed him from the door. He shouted back, but drove on. He noticed with relief that the mill stream was no higher than it had been at four o'clock that morning, when he had returned from opening the gates, but the race ran flush with the culvert. The roar of the river grew louder in his ears as they drove forward, and now the sway and spring of the big bridge was under them. A scant three feet below the bridge the river swept, an opaque yellow flood, extending from bank to bank of the river bottom. The tops of willows swayed and flowed on the surface

like strange water weeds. Logs and broken branches, sometimes with furry creatures clinging to them, shot the rapids like canoes. Up-stream the water seemed massing in a tidal wave against the sky, and the great bridge thrilled in every timber as the river shouldered its foundations.

Half way across a horseman passed them. He nodded, "Mornin'."

Chester pulled up. "Hullo, Shore"—the rider wheeled—"how do you like the look of the river?"

"Oh, tol'able, tol'able!" The man looked down thoughtfully at the boiling water below.

"No higher, is it?"

The eyes of the woodsman—eyes set in long wrinkles—looked up- and down-stream.

"Nop—fell, if anythin'," he vouchsafed.

"Think it'll keep going down?"

"River's like folks, Mr. Chester. Longer I live among 'em, fewer idees I have about 'em. Mornin'."

Chester laughed and nodded, and drove on.

They splashed and waded up the river valley for three miles over a tortuous road fringed with willows and cotton-woods, standing root-deep in miniature floods, recrossed by the upper bridge, below the deserted woolen mills, and a sharp turn to the left brought the race-head in sight.

The race, a wooden sluice-box, six feet deep, concentrated a part of the river's power in its narrow channel, letting, as it were, the river thrust a long arm into the land toward the mill. At the head two stout oak gates, raised and lowered by means of pulleys, and secured by bolts clamped in the uprights, regulated the flow of the water.

The inner gate was opened and shut regularly, the outer only in time of flood, or when the mill shut down. It was the fastenings of the inner gate that were defective. The bolts had rusted out. The foreman spent a hard morning, alternately astride the gate, or, with a rope under his arms, hip deep in the icy race water, wrestling with the new bolts.

"There," he said, surveying the work of his hands from the bank where he sat, regardless of mud, "I guess the river can't get under that. He mopped the perspiration from his face. "See that clamp?" He turned to young Ritter. "It works like the other one, except for the catch. That makes it ten times safer. But be sure it catches. If it doesn't, the Merced'll be on top of the mill."

"She's mighty near the top a quarter of a mile up from here," said Ritter.

"Anywhere near town?" inquired the foreman.

"Nop. Camp of Chinks—that's all. Always settle in some fool gully in a vegetable garden. Lot of 'em drowned every spring."

The foreman felt a momentary irritation in remembering Wong. He wondered if it was to this "Chink's camp," as Ritter phrased it, that Wong had made occasional pilgrimages to visit a "cousin." If so, and if he had gone thither when he renounced the Boyce ranch, he might be caught in the overflow of the river. At the moment, Chester remorsefully felt that total immersion was not too great a punishment for any creature who had presumed to lay hands on Neith Boyce. He vented his irritation on Ritter.

"Look sharp," he said, "and get the tools together. We're wanted at the mill in a hurry. Peters never speaks without reason."

It was a few minutes past two when he pulled up in the spacious doorway under the great cotton-wood. The roar of the mill stream a rod distant, and the rush of the race over the wheel made conversation with the head miller an exchange of shouts.

"Stream seems to be down a little, Mr. Chester."

The powdered man in the door rubbed a floury forehead with the back of a floury hand.

"I noticed it wasn't any higher as I came through. How's the mill?"

"Well, I don't so much mind her tremblin'," the miller was standing between the wheels now, speaking in the foreman's ear, "but I do hate to feel her give! I'll show you where I mean——"

Chester got out of the buckboard and followed him into the mill. In half an hour he was hard at work with a reluctant staff, recruited from the mill force. He quashed their growls with the same calm energy with which he swung his hammer.

"You'd a sight better be carpenters than corpses," he said. "If we don't stiffen the

old girl's legs a little, she'll swim before morning."

At eight o'clock in the evening the miller's wife sent the miller's supper, hot, to the mill, because "it was such a bad night he might not want to come home just for that." The head miller insisted on the foreman's joining him, and the two ate rabbit stew and hot biscuits off the high desk in the dingy office.

The foreman looked upon the miller with envy. "To think," he said, "of anyone caring to make things so comfortable! A man never would! women are so different!"

The head miller stared. He was twenty years married.

"Oh, yes, they're made that way," he assented. "She's pretty smart, my old lady!" His teeth sank luxuriously into a biscuit. The foreman wondered fearfully whether a pink-and-white butterfly could ever stoop so low as to think of a foreman's eating and drinking.

"Mr. Chester!" It was Bob Ritter, standing in the office door, turning his soft hat round and round in his fingers. "Mr. Chester, can I go over to the dance at the warehouse?"

That dance again!

"Why, Bob, I need all you men here to-night, and I can't let one go without the whole gang."

"Jus' 'cross the road," complained the boy.

"Don't make any difference! I want all you fellows here to-night, and *sober*," he added, emphatically. "And Bob—I want you to shut the gates, now. Shut both gates."

The boy stared. "The other's the 'mergency gate; it's never shut."

The foreman's eyes were ominous. "Well, this *is* an emergency. I want that gate shut *tight!* Understand? Take Pete Duff with you—it'll be too much for you alone, and mind that new bolt I showed you."

The boy shuffled out. The foreman turned sharply to the miller. "Does he drink much?"

"Not to notice." The miller read the unspoken thought. "He's safe enough. He shut the gate all last summer."

"Well, we'll take a look at the prop under the wheel as soon as the water's off."

The foreman strode away through the grotesque shadows of the mill. Above his head busy wheels spun ceaselessly. The gleaming belts slid noiselessly between the big and little. He paused by the water door. The light of a solitary lantern lay in a broken gleam on the flurry of the race. Then he walked to the front of the mill, and stood looking out. The door of the largest warehouse opposite was open. A broad bar of light streamed out. A man was planting a pole with a lantern just outside the door, to show where stepping-stones had been set in the mud. He heard wheels rumble over the race culvert, and voices shouting back and forth, shrill, laughing voices. Three rigs drew up before the lighted door. One after another, feminine shapes stepped from the vehicles into the light, and the man with the lantern welcomed them hilariously. One was matronly, two or three were slim, with glints of white or blue under their coats. But *she* was not one of them! No, of course not. She would come from the other direction. More hoof-beats. This time it was—no, it wasn't; was it? No—the miller's wife, in all the glory of a silk waist.

Now there was a jungle of dark vehicles in the bar of light, and from these, like butterflies half out of their cocoons, emerged shapes in hoods and mackintoshes, with flimsy flares of colors where the loose coats flapped. They flitted through the lighted doorway. A sound of scraping violins piped thinly against the roar of the mill stream. He looked to the left of the mill where the race bank rose steeply, to the right where the mill stream ran. These two met and were merged in one another just behind the mill. Thus, the two streams of water, and the line of three warehouses made an acute triangle of low land, with the mill in the acute angle. It occurred to the foreman that it was a peculiarly nasty situation at high water.

"These people are crazy," he muttered. His eyes were fixed on the mill stream. Was there something moving in the current? Could anyone be trying to cross with a team? Yes, and the horses must be swimming! He heard a scrape of wheels, a scramble of hoofs; a moment later a light buggy drew up at the warehouse. From under its shiny black hood a gauzy, gleaming creature, pink as a blossoming cherry-tree, poised in the doorway. At the sight of that glinting head he drew a long breath.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Clutching hands rose through the stir.—Page 342.

"Mr. Chester"—it was the miller's voice—"the water's off now."

"Oh! All right!" He wheeled and walked back through the now silenced mill.

As soon as the machinery had ceased to hum the hammers began. Hand and eye and resolute shoulder set their strength to the strength of the water. Hour after hour, in the slimy box of the empty race the foreman stooped, and showed with his hands the way the thing should be done; and in gusts above the ceaseless, unmodulated voice of the mill stream came the lilt of the violins.

Not until all was done, and well done, and the foreman was climbing out, well pleased with himself, did he notice that he had been standing in water. He stopped, stooped, and felt with his fingers. It was six inches deep, where ten minutes ago it had been two, and it was flowing.

"What's wrong, Mr. Chester?" The miller's voice was speaking above.

"Nothing—dropped my knife. Say, Peters"—he swung out hand over hand—"have you seen Ritter since he came back from the gates?"

"No. Want him?"

"H'm! I'd like to know where he is?"

"Mr. Chester—" this time it was the miller's man. He looked apologetic.

"It's Miss Boyce!"

"Who?"

"Miss Boyce wants to see you, sir."

The foreman walked forward, feeling like a man in a dream.

Neith was standing in the doorway. Beside her was a slick-haired, sallow young man with an odious vermilion tie. She wore a man's coat and cap, from the sheath of which she flowered like a rose.

"Oh, Mr. Chester," she began, "aren't you coming over? We've been expecting you for the longest while." There was a timidity in her gray eyes that was a new expression there; but he saw only the insolent redness of her mouth.

"I'm sorry, Miss Boyce, but I can't leave here to-night."

She bit her lip. "Just such a little way?"

"Even such a little way."

"But the men were all invited, you know. Can't some of them come? Surely you don't need them all?"

"If one goes, all go! We are your outposts, you see, Miss Boyce. We must not be deserters."

Perhaps some look of eye, some twitch of mouth betrayed his uneasiness to her—perhaps it was a thought born in her own mind, that made her hesitate. "Well," she said, half turned—and saw the grin on her escort's face. She wheeled quickly. "You must be having a pleasant evening!" she called back over her shoulder.

He was made suddenly aware of his slime covered clothes and muddy face. He strode over to the warehouse through the mud and water. When she jumped from the buggy at the warehouse door she found him there—waiting to help her out. He barely acknowledged her thanks. He was looking among the dancers. They stared at him where he moved among their gayety, a solitary, grim, dirt-covered figure. His alert eyes fell on Tom Mendez, the only young rancher in the country whom he had taken the trouble to talk to. He liked Tom. Tom had a head. His hand fell on the young man's arm.

"Mendez!"

"Hullo—why, glad you've come."

"I'm only looking for one of my boys, Bob Ritter—can't find him. I think he sneaked over here. Have you seen him?"

"Bob Ritter? Why, came in here an hour or two ago for a drink of whiskey—said he was cold. Struck me he'd had some before. Anythin' wrong?"

"Guess not—that is—see here, Mendez," he pulled him aside, "I'm not sure that everything's straight at the gates. I'm going up. If the water gets any higher in the race, send those people home. Tell 'em the bridge won't last through the night—it may not. Tell 'em anything, only get 'em away!"

Mendez nodded. "Need a horse?"

"No—mine's over there, and—Mendez, if things don't go right—keep an eye on Miss Boyce."

He dropped into darkness.

His horse, Dandy Jim, stood in the lee of one of the smaller warehouses. Swinging into the saddle he rode over to the race, and up the bank, and looked down into the flume. The water ran a foot deep. He turned back to the mill, spoke a moment at the door with the head miller, then wheeled and galloped valleyward.

Dandy Jim's hoofs rang hollowly over the race culvert, sounded a barely audible squash, squash, down the quaggy hollow,



Drawn by ***F.*** *E. Schoonover.*

All the world was water except the strong arm around her.—Page 342.

and stretched out on the trembling bridge in prolonged thunder. Flurries of foam flashed to the lantern's spark. The spray dashed over him. The menacing voice of the river dinned in his ears long after he had left the bridge. Wet branches whipped his face. Unexpected runnels deluged him with water. The terrible uncertainty of the trouble at the end of the ride, whether a leak—that might be fatal, or an open gate—that meant murder, made the three miles endless. He knew the swing of the upper bridge beneath him with a grim relief, wheeled left, past the dark mass of the woollen mills, and felt the river wind full in his face.

The clamor of the water assailed his ears furiously. The ground beneath him throbbed with the strong pulse of it. He thought he was immediately above the river—on the brink of it. He pulled up short, lifting the lantern high. Then he saw the water, still a score of feet away. Beyond the willow stems that danced like withes, it rushed a huge body, black under a thinly clouded sky. Where that morning dark banks had sharply rimmed the swinging tide, was only a strong ripple to the roots of the fringing willows. The channel ran flood full.

Chester rode forward, straining his eyes for a sight of the race-head, and listening with ears well attuned to all the various voices of water for the thumping of the river on the face of the emergency gate. To the left he heard the "chug" of a section of bank as it slid off and was swallowed up by the river; to the right he saw a white swirl in the bottom of the race-box. He turned the last willow clump—and suddenly a black square sprang into sight, and blotted out river and shore. The emergency gate was open.

Under it the river spun with a churning rush. It rode so high that it beat up against the open gate. But through the Merced's full-throated roar there was an under-sound that sent the foreman out of the saddle and stumbling down the bank.

The ground that he stood on shook with the volleying of the river. But there was a sucking swash of an intermittent flow, a spasmodic, irregular gasp, a choking gurgle, like a death-rattle in the throat of the race. The inner gate chattered like a maniac. A leak never made such an infernal sound—not with all the power of the Merced, trying to crowd through a three-inch crack.

As he ran on, another sound reached him between the shrieking of the gate and the knocking of the river, a sound that was neither the halloa of a man, nor the yell of an animal. Again it came, blurred in the tumult. He made a trumpet of his hands and shouted:

"Who are you?"

The wind snatched the words from his lips before they were well spoken. He was fairly upon the main gate before he saw it. It struck him, even in that perilous moment, that there was something unwonted in its aspect. As he looked, it stirred to the assailing tide. Again there was the horrid gasping pulse. The water drove under it with a throb, as though the river were a great hydraulic pump behind it.

Then he saw that the left gate post seemed swelled to thrice its right proportion. It moved. Something beside the river was tampering with the gate. A blind rage was upon him. At the moment his hand struck the windlass, a voice, clamorous, unintelligible, was in his ears. He seized a living shoulder. He saw eyes like black slits in a blanched face. Hook-like fingers were on his wrist. In a flash he remembered the Chinese camp down the river, and the unintelligible voice was explained.

"What are you doing? Get off that gate!"

His hand was on the Chinaman's collar. The creature clung like a limpet.

"No can—no can," he clamored. "Water he allee time push up!"

Chester, one hand on the upright, hung over the gate. It lifted unevenly to the jets of water, rising on the side where the Chinaman clung.

"That side shut?" he shouted, pointing across the gate.

The man nodded rapidly twice—then with frantic gesticulations downward: "No can shut here—you sabbee lock? No can reach! You shut!" Chester slid his hand down the gate-post. The bolts hung open.

"Move over!" he shouted, and as the Chinaman edged cautiously, he swung his own bulk—clear two hundred—astride the gate. It sunk slowly with a sucking sound. He strained the bolts for the hasp, but before he could slip the catch, the water

lifted them again. He set his teeth, as the gate settled a second time. The catch snapped. The foreman sat up. The sobbing gasp was stilled, but his unsteady seat swayed in with every beat of the river. It could not singly hold out these heaping waters much longer. He looked behind him at the open emergency gate, twice the thickness of the other, and a foot higher. That must come down, he thought.

The Chinaman was scrambling to the bank in the foreman's wake. There was something familiar to Chester in the movement of that thin, impish figure.

"Where you come from?" he demanded.

"Over there." The little man pointed up the river. His slant eyes were a foot below the foreman's own. The foreman seized him by the shoulders.

"Wong!"

The slant eyes glittered.

"Gate plenty shut, I think, so I go," he said. The foreman's hand was still on his arm.

"Wong, you see that gate?" He pointed out, the Chinaman's arm instinctively followed his own.

"I think we shut that, too. Keep water out."

Wong jerked his head. "All li'," he said.

Chester laid hold of the windlass. It came round in his hands with a sickening ease, and the gate still stood stark against the sky. Plainly there was something out of gear. Chester looked quickly about. The idea of two men shutting that gate in the face of the river with nothing but their hands, was absurd.

Wong had stooped.

"I think you take him," he said.

Chester closed his hand over a crowbar with an exclamation. Upon the steep pitches of life and death is no room for questions or thanks. He spoke, his lips close to the Chinaman's ear:

"Wong, we get up on that gate—sabe?—allee same this one."

Wong made no sign, but scaled the emergency gate with the dexterity of a monkey. As the foreman dragged his long limbs up, the gate moved under them, sagged a foot—hesitated, rose with a sickening heave, settled another foot. With one end of the crowbar under a projecting beam in the sluice, and their united strength upon the other, they pried amain. The gate settled a few inches, rose again on the heaving floor of water. The inner gate groaned. The foreman spoke between gasps.

"Wong! I go other side. You stay here. Sabe? Hold him bar! *Don't let go!*"

He crawled across the gate on hands and knees, flung himself face down in the mud of the bank, and felt down the side of the race-box for the rusty bolt-hole disused with the new locks. Thank God, it was wide enough! He slid the end of the crowbar down from the crevice where it thrust. It took all the strength of his mighty wrists, but he dared not tell Wong to loosen his grip for a moment. After an interminable instant he heard it grind into the lock-hole.

He sprang to his feet and ran back to the side of the emergency gate, where Wong still clung to the creaking bar, sprung high in the air by the lowered point. What should be done? Both strengths were necessary, but that was impossible on the gate, and the gate was too high, the race too wide, for the bar to be reached from where he stood. There was a way—a breathless risk—but the only way.

"Wong," he shouted in the teeth of the river's defiance, "when the gate shuts, you lock. Sabe?"

Wong, his body laid flat along the bar, fixed his eyes on the foreman's movements without a word.

Climbing half way up the gate-upright, Chester reached and took in one hand the end of the bar that projected inward over the boiling flow that whirled against the inner gate. Then his other hand closed over it. He kicked his feet free, and swung out.

The gate groaned. The lever sprang under the Chinaman, and flung him back. He saved himself with his long nails in the wood. For an instant he peered at the foreman's body, hanging dead weight at the end of the bar—black on whirling white. The gate quivered, in an awful pause between life and death—sank lower—trembled, lifted, ground into the sluice bottom.

Wong was on the bank. His cunning fingers found and fitted the locks in an instant. As swiftly he was up again, wiggling over the gate like a snake, and down on the other side.

As the first hasp snapped he heard a

sharp splash. The bar sprang into the air, shooting like a lance. Wong carefully fitted the second bolt and waited to hear it snap. Then he peered over the foam that beat up in the pot between the shut gates.

Clutching hands rose through the stir, then a dark swash of hair. This Wong reached, raised and clung to, until the clutching hands could hold.

The seething broth of waters was subsiding, when the foreman laboriously drew himself, one long limb after another, from the sluice-box, and fell upon his face in the mud. The knocking of the river roused him. He pulled himself up on hands and knees, listening.

"God!" he said, and it was not a curse. He heard the river thumping the face of the emergency gate. Then he remembered Wong. He strained his eyes in the half dark, where nothing moved. He shouted. There was no answer.

"Wong, you come back with me!" Only the voice of the water. What had happened? What had become of the Chinaman? Had he by some horrid chance fallen into the river? Chester swung his lantern along the face of the furious water. Only eddying foam. The race-box was empty. He shouted. This time Dandy Jim squealed, not a rod away. The Chinaman had saved more lives than his own that night—but time pressed Chester horridly. The water licked high, and the banks were uncertain; he could hear the lazy "chug" as some section of undermined earth slid into the river

His hand fell on Dandy's bridle. He found his stirrup and rode like a madman. He did not know he was wet to the skin; he did not know that the blood ran down his face from a cut over his eye. He only wondered whether the Merced had left anything to cross on. The first span of the big bridge rose before him like a triumphal arch. The long floor swayed and swung under him like a bridge of rope. For one wild instant the flood seemed without end, and the bridge floating. Then he struck earth on the other side.

A moment more, and his lantern danced between the warehouses and the mill. The space was a smooth expanse of purling water. The run had spread out, pond-like, under the warehouses. The miller ran out to the door. He stood to his knees in the water, and fear chalked his face whiter than ever had flour.

"How is it?" he stammered.

"Gate's shut," answered the foreman, curtly. "River's rising. Everyone gone?" He looked to the warehouse door. A lantern still burned sickly faint before it. Its reflection dappled the water.

"She wouldn't go," the miller said, simply, "so wife stayed to keep 'em company."

"Send over for your wife," said the foreman, and rode to the warehouse door.

A woman leaned against the warehouse door and sobbed. A girl with a white face and blank eyes sat on the floor, and stared out at the crawling water. Her pink gown was crushed, and clung to her.

"Come on," Chester said, holding out an arm. She started, and nearly fell between the high step and Dandy's hoofs. She stood up, wavering, on her feet. "I thought you weren't coming back," she said.

"Peters will send for his wife. I came for you. Get on."

She put her foot on his in the stirrup, and would have slid up behind him, but he took her into his arms.

"Current's too strong," he said.

The horse snorted and fretted, but his master's hand held his head steadily toward the sweeping stream. They launched into it with the rush of a launching ship. The water rose to the pommel. At the sight of the black, dancing stream, whipped to white by their struggle, the girl shuddered and hid her face in Chester's neck. She felt herself afloat—going down-stream. All the world was water except the strong arm around her. There was a sound like the sea in her ears—then a mighty heave of the horse's body under her, a sharp, quick splashing. They stood still, and she knew that her dress was wet to the waist, that she was shivering.

She opened her eyes, and saw the foreman's face, with a sky full of stars behind it. Then they began moving. She shut them, because the stars danced so. She smelt the damp, ravishing sweet of pear and apple blossoms, and knew they were passing the orchards—felt the keener wind, felt the horse climbing, and knew they were rising the hill. She opened her eyes again because someone kissed her. She saw her aunt's face, and lights of many candles. The foreman had disappeared.

She lay before the dining-room fire, and they gave her whiskey, hot, and many, many hot bricks and blankets. And still she would not go to bed. "Auntie," she said, "did you kiss me when I came home?"

"Why, dearie, to tell the truth, I was too frightened."

"H'm," said Neith, and fell into reflection that ended in a wan smile. "Auntie, what time is it?"

"Three o'clock, dearie."

"Auntie, who is that on the piazza?"

"Mr. Chester, dearie."

Then Neith allowed herself to be taken to bed.

At nine o'clock the next morning, the foreman, who had not gone to bed at all, was on the front piazza watching the river through a glass. The mill had held on through the night, though the water of the run now lay in a lake that lapped its window-sills. The big bridge still withstood the ram of the river. The high water stood at the flood. The fret, the flurry, the eddy of the rising tides were stilled. It moved with a full, tranquil murmur.

On the whole, the foreman felt the night's work was good. The only thing that marred his contentment was the total disappearance of Wong. He was haunted by a fear that the Chinaman had fallen into the river. If that should be proved, Neith must never know. A light, stealthy step in the hall did not escape his quick ear. The door was open. He turned. Neith tried to flutter past the door—to evade him, as she had done successfully in the days before. He stopped her.

"Where are you going?"

"To get breakfast for auntie—I have to hurry." Her eyes rose no further than the tops of his huge boots.

"Let me help you——"

"Nonsense." The word expressed anying but decision. "You can't *cook*."

"You don't know what I could do—you never gave me half a chance."

"You never waited for it; you don't know how," she murmured, then suddenly looked at him, and bereft them both of reason. She backed hastily away, swerved from him as easily as a willow shakes the wind, and ran.

"Well, you teach me," he said, and tagged her along the piazza. She looked over her shoulder, and her heart danced to see him follow. At the door of the dining-room the appetizing odor of boiling coffee reached their nostrils. On the threshold of the kitchen they both stopped short.

Over the big stove hovered the figure of Wong, manipulating a pan of frying bacon. He looked up at the foreman's exclamation of surprise and grinned.

"Wong, where the devil did you go last night?"

"Gate he heap shut, I go home," the Chinaman announced tranquilly, turning the bacon with a fork.

"Wong," Neith gasped, "what are you doing here?"

His little, twinkling eyes rested on them an instant, then withdrew to the inspection of the bacon.

"Mr. Chester one damn fool—Wong one damn fool! I come back!"

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

By John Finley

'Twixt North and South, a constant prayer
It rises white against the sky,
A heaven-aspiring magic stair
Up which our angels, hearing, bear
A people's Godward cry.

'Tis no new empire-vaunting tower,
As threat'ning rose on Shinar's plain,
Braggart of our expanding power,
Defying Heaven in our rich dower,
Who speak one tongue again.

Nor stands it there in righteous pride
As some strait Pharisee to pray,
Boasting our gifts to some denied,
Speaking self-laud, while we make wide
The borders of our sway.

Earth-broad its deep foundations are,
Laid in a nation's timeless love;
It lifts its eyes to sun and star,
Empty of pride—the avatar
Of what we seek above.

Greed hides it sometimes from our sight,
Or hate or dark adversity,
Yet evermore we know pure white
It suppliant stands through murk and night—
Our ceaseless litany.

Thou art our thanks for victories won,
Mute memory of our patriot sire,
Our vow that duty will be done,
Our prayer for strength with each new sun,
Our pillared cloud and fire!



TODDYKINS

By · Marguerite · Merington ·



WE had meant it to be a carol, with a pudding, Christmas tree, and reconciliation for Mr. Pasmere, but it turned out a mere April fantasy on the theme of Toddykins.

First you must know how Kate Armagh and myself, two humble handmaids of the arts and crafts, came to be cliff-dwellers in that palatial house. Meeting aboard the Celtic on the home-stretch, Kate and I had agreed to enter into a working alliance for the winter, with a view to writing an opera, of which the book should be her composition, the music mine—the work to begin when we had secured for the winter a localized centre among the millions who like myself open every working year by walking the streets wondering not *how*, but *where*, they are going to live.

It really all began with the night I fell in with Toddykins. I had been dining at the rectory, and my cousin Wilfrid had seen me back to my quarters somewhere about midnight. The top-floor back, a civil young mechanic, entering in advance, had held the door open for me, so that not till I stood without my own apartments did I realize that the keys were missing from the bag that held my small belongings, with which Wilfrid, who had carried it, had gesticulated lavishly while expounding his reasons for advocating a division of the diocese in preference to the appointment of a bishop coadjutor.

Downstairs I ran and tugged frantically at the bell, but no one heeded the summons. Re-entering I reviewed the situation. On all sides the closed portals of sleeping strangers. Even the basement served as a dormitory for the landlady to the third and fourth generations. I might have sat on the stairs, but the halls were frowsy and microbous. I might have stopped a passing burglar to pick my lock, but misdoubted the felonious precedent. Clearly my refuge lay without, but where? To return to the rectory would not have availed, for its incumbents were pigeonholed like Trappist monks without a plank to spare. Besides, tired souls by night as by day they were tireless, why for anything short of a death-bed repentance should I disturb them! Oh, yes, the city teemed with friendly cabins, but none whose bobbin I cared to tirl at unaccustomed hours. My word was for a bench in some park beneath the stars, but fearing unless boxed and labelled to be technically branded vagrant, I refrained. Two shelters beckoned where a woman without luggage and unattended could present herself late unchallenged, the Salvation Army and a railway hotel. With officers of the former I held cordial relations, but knowing that the dear sisters would rouse me to sound loud timbrel at unholy hours, decided in favor of the hostelry.

It is past one. I am waiting at a corner for a south-bound car. Two others also

are waiting, and from our shivering isolation in the deserted city we might be the survivors of three rival arctic expeditions, meeting casually at the pole. One asks if I happen to know how long we must wait and shiver. I do not happen to know, this being my first visit to the pole. The other, a wooden-legged man, instructs us that the interval between cars is nineteen minutes and a half, with appropriate profanity. The first speaker compares New York means of transportation unfavorably with Asiatic railways, as to which he seems an authority, and beguiles our waiting by conducting us, me willingly, the wooden-legged man reluctantly, over several thousand interesting miles. When our car comes by, one passenger cools his heels, natural and wooden, profanely on the platform, while the Asiatic traveller enters and seats himself by me. He is oldish, he is small, he is shabby, markedly so, though in a well-groomed way. With all the externals of poverty he has the accent of a highly cultivated gentleman. After completing the Asiatic circuit and retunnelling the Alps he strikes the personal note, though, from a native delicacy no less than the polar isolation that binds us, without the least offence.



"But I allow him none of these graceful courtesies."—Page 347.

"And what may your interests be?" he seeks to know.

I have many interests, but that does not satisfy him; obviously he wants to know why I am out alone at this hour of the night. "Why may I not be an heiress," I suggest, "eccentric, but an heiress.?"

"Oh, no!" he is positive of that, so I readily acknowledged being a toiler in the vineyard.

"But not a business woman," he hastily interjects.

"Alas, no! How about the law?"

He shakes his head. "You do not even know your own case!" With equal conviction he rejects for me the stage, dressmaking, and the telephone. "I think," he ventures, "something in the arts and crafts."

"Thank you," I say; "yes, I write songs; the music, sometimes for other people's words, sometimes for my own!"

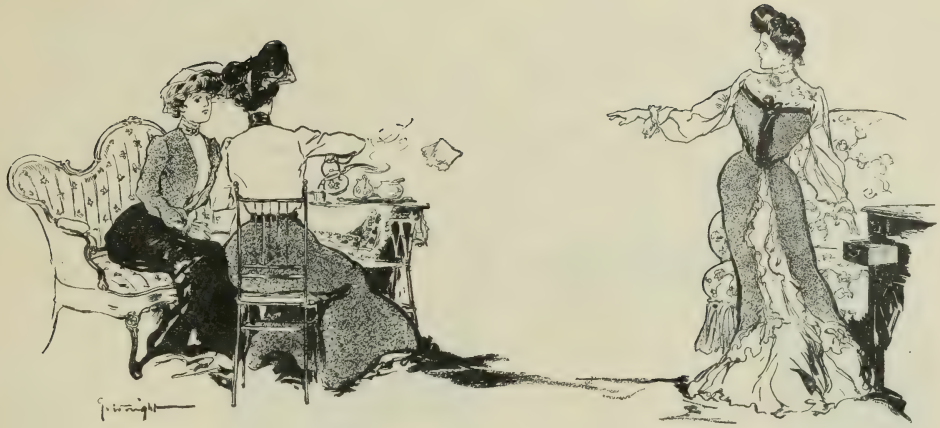
This seems to give him pleasure; he takes out a little note-book: "I should so much like to think I knew you by name!"

"I would rather think you knew my songs by name," I answer, and, for he is about to tender me his card, "Names only grow rusty unless in constant use!"

"I am sure we must have many acquaintances in common," he persists, and at the first intention mentions a well-known woman who takes the glaze off pottery by lecturing upon it. But I give him no opportunity to follow up the clew, and as the car is rounding the Grand Central Station, I rise, bidding him good-night. He will see me to my destination, however, manifesting a polite surprise when I stop at the ladies' door of the vast unhomelike barracks.

"I take it that you live here?"

"On the contrary, I have never been inside the place!"



Tossing me a doily.

"You will allow me to place you in the hands of your friends who are waiting for you—to see that the rooms you have telegraphed for are reserved—at least to call and enquire if you have rested well, in the morning?"

But I allow him none of these graceful courtesies. "No one is looking for me; I am unexpected; and in the morning I shall have flown——"

"Whither—whither?" he urges.

"Oh, to the top of an old elm in Trinity churchyard, or up the Hudson to the branches of a tulip tree—good-night!"

But in the morning, instead of elm or tulip bough, I sought Kate Armagh. A brave spirit ordinarily, to-day she was abed crying nervously because she also must move from her sunny nook of a studio, and when I turned her pillow I grazed my finger on a rusty Indian dagger hidden there. Arm in arm, a little later, we sallied forth anew to join the procession of the homeless. We called first on Virgie Chatterton. Good friend, good heart, she joyfully would have housed us while we composed uncounted trilogies, but not only was independence the first law of our being, but even from a certain *esprit de corps* we rarely discussed with her our trials, Virgie never quite being able to get it out of her fair head that the arts and crafts are mechanical toys, the craftist's carpet pets to be put through tricks for the amusement of the leisured. Once at her country house she had thrown open the door of the library where Kate, who was staying with her, was correcting proof; and ushering in a bevy of young people with a showman air, had cried, "There! Look at that! Genius burning like a house afire!" And Kate had been rude and upset the ink.

So if it had not been for the hand-organs we never should have heard of Mr. Pasmere. The finger of Providence undoubtedly was in it, though at the time it sounded like Bedlam.

"Why, don't you know what that is?" asked Virgie, tossing me a doily.

"I do," I replied, fishing the tribute from my tea, "it is a three-cornered fight between 'Hear Me, Norma,' 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' and 'Sweet Marie'!"

"It is Mr. Pasmere's daily concert," elucidated Mrs. Chatterton. "You've never heard of Mr. Pasmere?" Mr. Pasmere, she told us, was old, quite; rich, very. Unmarried. Conservative to a degree. Of a family so distinguished that as its last representative he was kept busy laying wreaths on public monuments—and that, served by a small staff of faithful retainers he lived—just think of it!—all alone, on one floor only, of that enormous house! Look, that's he now, behind those lovely Cluny curtains in a flowered dressing-gown, throwing quarters wrapped in silver paper to the hand-organs!

The picture Virgie pointed out swam before me like a dissolving view. Of her description one sentence remained graven



We were boarding with his cook.

on my mind. "*He lives—just think of it—all alone, on one floor only, of that enormous house!*"

I looked at Kate's wan face. I thought of our opera alternately dying of inanition or burning out. Next day our household gods joined four million other poor gods languishing in warehouses. A few hurried notes gave my dressmaker as our *poste restante*, explaining that we were going to hibernate in an inaccessible locality—and so Kate and I vanished utterly from our little world.

The arrangement worked like a charm. That superb attic—we never wearied of telling off its advantages upon our fingers—afforded an ideal of cleanliness, quiet, privacy, and sunshine. The food, too, was excellent, though it rather ran to chocolate and dishes of which the raw material comes in silver paper.

"It helps me out," explained the cook. "You see Mr. Pasmere gets the wrappings for them dagos' money off of me!"

By which you will rightly guess we were boarding with his cook, and, unknown to him, lodging with Mr. Pasmere.

It was not lucre tempted that admirable woman so much as the joy of indulging a born gift for intrigue. She it was who devised the code of bells that summoned us to meals in the housekeeper's room, which was her domain. She scheduled our landlord's habits, that we might not encroach on them; the times of his naps and outings, of his memorial visits, his hours at the club. Her watchful hand guarded our seclusion, our comings and goings so as to ensure them secrecy from Virgie's eyes across the way.

The other women were heavily under the domination of the cook, but why Mr. Pasmere's man did not betray us was a mystery till to me was revealed the secret—it was of too fleshy a nature to be classed as skeleton—in Henry's own closet.

"Would you mind stepping this way," one day the cook enjoined me, "As a party with tony notions about art, I want your advice!"

And burrowing in a wardrobe, from among coat tails and suspended trouser legs, she brought forth a canvas far gone in paint.

"There," she cried, giving this the light, "what d' you make of that?"

The crimson splodges I accurately conjectured to be roses, a fountain the blue effervescence, but the centrepiece, a form that would have done credit to a jelly-mould, passed me; however, something

being due to the artist, I randomly hazarded, "Sea-lion with a mandolin!"

Cook pursed her lips and shook her head, "I don't care nothin' about the mandarin, but that's a female nude!" And she asked if I didn't think Henry must be a very bad young man.

I replied that while undoubtedly a very bad draughtsman, since his were the concepts of a wholly uninformed fancy Henry might still be considered a very good young man. Which Delphic utterance caused the cook a beaming smile.



She brought forth a canvas far gone in paint.—Page 348.

It was to me cook addressed herself in all our dealings; unable to comprehend soundless music, she took the black marks I spent my days in jotting down for stenography, and respected me for it. While Kate, as a fabricator of lies, as she denominated fiction, earned her pitying contempt. With a significant tap of the forehead she would say of her, "Ah, the pore soul! She writes!" And when on our wall I hung an illustrated rhyme of Kate's which, framed, a magazine had used to announce the issue in which it appeared, cook stood looking at it long and pensively, at last saying to me with melancholy sympathy, "At any rate, pore soul, she got a premium!"

Our landlord himself, naturally, we never beheld, but, though we tabooed gossip, we could not help hearing enough for us to piece out a Cuvier-like structure of his personality. He had all the great virtues, set in curious little extravagances and stinginesses. His shirts must always be brought home from the laundry in a coupé, but all string that came into the house must be taken to him to be unravelled, all paper bags to have their torn edges trimmed for future use. On our attic shelf we came upon a cracked glass such as one buys filled with jelly for a dime, labelled in a delicate old hand, "This Tumbler Leaks."

Occasionally he paid visits out of town, and these seasons we knew by the token that then the cook chewed gum. "It's company for me," she told us, "I get awful lonesome when the dear old man ain't here to cook for!" Also it kept her mind from

worrying about his safety, lest he should be bitten by snakes at Lakewood, or at Palm Beach, "feel top-heavy in a boat and get drowned!" This phrase led Kate and me erroneously to infer that he was of full habit with tippling propensities.

It was about this time I fell in again with Toddykins.

The opera progressed, but meanwhile, small work being in abeyance, funds were sinking, and I called upon my publishers. Blond, mild Mr. Braubach assured me my songs were selling well, but when I mentioned royalties he assumed a non-committal air, and sent for the treasurer. Portly, personable Mr. Sawyer, who looks as United States Senators should look, when he heard my errand seemed ready to cry with pity for me. "Surely the songs were selling; going like hot cakes, and gaining steadily in favor. But why? Because of the masterly way, if he might say so, masterly, in which they were pushed, advertised. If I would only take the trouble to examine their books, I should be convinced that it was I who was in their debt. People talked of the grasping publisher, but really the firm would have to go into bankruptcy if they continued to handle my songs!"

Heavy at heart I turned to go, but was arrested by the delighted greeting of a customer looking up from the pile of songs he was overhauling. It was the little shabby gentleman.

"I have found you out," he cried, waving a music sheet at me triumphantly.

"Well, then, and who am I?" I challenged him. "Chaminade, or Clara Kathleen Rogers's Browning cycle, or—"

"No," he cut me short, "you are Rose of Sharon and The Greatest Light by Gabrielle Wynne!"

Such an indecent thrill of pleasure ran through me at this recognition, that I masked it with asperity. "From the way you are drumming with your fingers, plainly you don't know one note from another; therefore it must be the words that please you, and for those you must thank Miss Armagh!" I indicated Kate, who was just entering the shop, where she had engaged to meet me.

The little man was in quite a glow at this double honor, as he politely termed it, and begged Kate to read him her lines, which she did in the wooden way she has when shy.

"Ah, that's very nice," he commented, repeating a couplet or so with what a stage manager of my acquaintance terms "dry unctuousness," "very nice indeed!" When to ransom his purchase he pulled forth a shabby wallet, I put out a protesting hand. "Please, no! These happen to be gift copies!" To the clerk I whispered, "Charge them to my account!" And as a parting fling to Sawyer, "Since you are going into bankruptcy, we might as well give them away for the advertisement!"

Our new friend was by this time well-nigh overcome with gratitude. He was for seeing us on our way home; but learning that our road lay by the Fifth Avenue, seemed much abashed by our grandeur, and trotted off hastily down a shabby street.

After that he must have watched out for us, from the gratified expectancy with which he greeted us when at last we met. He looked such a fragile bit of driftwood in the crowded thoroughfare that with one accord Kate and I feigned sudden famine, and leading to a restaurant, begged him to bear us company. We pressed the bill of fare unreservedly upon him, but though he thanked us elaborately, he would only accept a sandwich and a cup of tea. Of these he partook with keen relish. "I fear I have been living over-luxuriously of late," he whimsically observed; "over-eating is my favorite form of suicide!" We smiled at the touching euphemism, but with the smile that downs tears.

It was in the tea I christened him. Kate, wishing to address a remark to him, turned to me. "I do not know our friend's name!"

"Nor do I," I confessed.

Our friend's light gray eyes twinkled. "Since you refused my card once, you yourself shall name me!" At which I promptly took him up with Toddykins—a name of sportive affection given to a friend of our childhood, but now wandering unclaimed about the world. So I gave it to the little shabby gentleman. He showed an interrogative interest in the way small people like ourselves lived by the arts and crafts, and inquired tentatively how in their service one with no gifts beyond



"I have found you out," he cried, waving a music sheet at me triumphantly."—Page 350.

order, taste, and a certain mechanical facility might earn bread, one such, for instance, as himself."

"Oh," cried Kate, impulsively, "if only you could take charge of Mr. Pasmere's books!"

"Pasmere's books!" exclaimed Toddykins, surprised. "Do they need overhauling?"

So we had heard. In fact, though we did not tell him so, cook that day had reported that Henry called their condition "a disgrice!"

"Dear, dear," he mused, "I must get at them immediately!"

"You know Mr. Pasmere?" we asked.

He knew people who knew the man, but believed in applying direct to headquarters—a maxim in which we cordially encouraged him.

The following day when Kate and I were working, our attic door was pushed softly open, and Toddykins peered in.

"Well, did you get the job?" we hailed him.

Yes, he had got the job, he explained, advancing to shake hands, with apologies for his general grubbiness, in which, however, he exulted as a badge of bread-winning toil. He was so frankly amazed at our presence in the house that we took him into our confidence and made him our accessory. After that he came in frequently, taking extreme precautions lest the servants should discover his discovery of our retreat. Of Henry he stood in especial awe. "The fellow says my appearance is disgraceful," he told us ruefully, "and he actually wanted to get me into a coat that had just come home from the tailor's!"

"Henry wanted you to wear one of his own coats?" I exclaimed, resentfully.

"No, no," corrected Toddykins, "one of Pasmere's!"

The work did him good, and he was pathetically grateful to us for suggesting it.



After that he came in frequently.—Page 351.

"I am hungry for my meals nowadays," he used to remark, still keeping up the touching euphemism for his poverty. Grateful also was he for the least kindness that it came in our way to show him. Even the tears trickled down his old cheeks when Kate, who threads her needle back to front, and uses the thimble on the wrong finger, mended a rent in his sleeve. For my own part, when examining that rent to decide between a darn and patching, I was sceptical, thinking it a bid for sympathy, for it looked as if it had been started with a penknife!

Soon he knew as much of our fellow craftists as did we, eager like a child for stories of the struggles by which they won success. His favorite was the Blue-china boy, as we called a rising young illustrator, who, no matter what time of day he called on one, had just dined, oh, so heartily, yet who, when pressed on the score of sociability to share a crust, ate, oh, so ravenously, explaining that such was the curious effect blue-china had on him.

Had either of us ever been forced to go hungry? Toddykins bluntly inquired.

Bless him, yes, though more from stupid management than necessity. Kate, while waiting for a delayed $600 cheque, had subsisted for three days on one shredded-wheat biscuit.

"At such times you should call upon your friends," he admonished us.

"Oh, no, one never makes a convenience or necessity of friends!"

"They should provide for you unasked. Someone should leave you a legacy!"

"Oh!" we dropped our pencils simultaneously. "How wicked of you to kill off those we love!"

"I mean a living legacy," amended Toddykins. "Pasmere, for instance; he is disgustingly rich!"

We reminded him that the arts and crafts were trades, not charitable institutions. As for benefits proffered, though only to be refused, each of us recalled an eloquent array. I cited the instance of some one, a stranger to me, whom the papers called a Sugar-king, who, liking my songs, out of sheer good-heartedness, had wanted through a woman-friend, anonymously, to send me a grand piano, also a bundle of sugar-paper which discreetly manipulated as collateral, he said, would secure me an income for life.

"But one must dree one's own weird," we told him; "privation is only a tragedy when others are depending on you. For one's self what's the odds when one is expecting some day to live on laurels!" Toddykins was not satisfied on our behalf and was for marrying us out of hand to millionaires. "There are such nice fellows at the Club." He had access to the club library, grace of Mr. Pasmere. "Not over young, perhaps, and perhaps a trifle



Reported him sleeping like a babe.—Page 354.

crabbed or gouty, but the finest fellows, really, and only needing bringing out." Our frivolous laughter checked him, though after that he rarely gazed at us without a bank-president in each eye.

Indeed, Kate's unwed and my widowed state puzzled and troubled him. His first question about any fellow craftist was sure to be, "Married, or single?"

"In my day," he commented, "there would have been sentiment—sentiment!"

"Sentiment was part of people's education, like deportment," I retorted, "a hundred years ago!"

He turned on me reproachfully and tried to fix me with his years at sixty, or seventy, or it might be eighty something, but, as I told him his decade made no difference, and that had he been born yesterday, Old Gentleman, by Copley, would have been printed on his infant brow. But as he returned so persistently to the matrimonial disposition of our problem, we owned to being as pressingly in demand as he fondly imagined us, though chiefly by lunatics looking for support, and whenever our flattered unlikenesses appeared in the papers.

"No, no," he pinned us down, "you are only mocking, while I'm trying to get at the real thing! Come, now, let me hear the real thing!" And he crossed his legs and leaned back expecting a plummy evening of romance. But I was sleepy, and dismissed him with a Delphic utterance "Wise men don't tell their religion, nor wise women their love affairs!"

So, ultimately, he was forced to accept us as we were, deprecating the conditions that produced us, but loving us despite them!

Now I must tell you how grievously we were disappointed in our Toddykins!

One night, long after the household was in its fastnesses, Kate went across the street to post a letter while I stood guard upon the steps. Stealing back, we noticed a light in Mr. Pasmere's sitting-room, and through the partly opened door beheld an intruder, in shabby old coat and slippers, rummaging in Mr. Pasmere's desk, aye, and counting the silver kept there for his charitable grinders. Imagine our horror when, by the pale taper he carried, we recognized our Toddykins! With a cry we sprang upon him, dashing down and extinguishing his light; then Kate roped him about the neck with the liberty scarf she wore, while I raised an alarm. Cook and Henry came hurrying down, though when to Henry was explained, still in darkness, the situation, he merely remarked, "Since you've got 'im where you want 'im you'd better keep 'im where you 'ave 'im!" and went back to bed. But cook showed herself a thoroughbred.

"Is the burgling party a gentleman?" she asked.

"Oh, no," replied Kate mournfully, while giving the scarf another vindictive twist, "he is just a common traitor!"

"He!" repeated cook; "that's what I'm getting at!" And she laid a restraining grasp on the hand with which I was about to turn up the electrics. "Here! Just you hold on till I undo my crimps!"

That moment of hesitation lost us our prey. Illumination revealed Kate's scarf twisted around the knob of a chair back, while of the thief there was no trace. Cook, creeping into her employer's room, reported him sleeping like a babe. In fine she discredited the incident, accusing us of throwing candle-grease about the floor, "just to tantalize her."

Kate and I made a thorough, though vain search, and as the front-door chain was as we had left it, secure, we concluded that Toddykins had escaped by the roof. Greatly shocked as we were by his treachery, still it had its comic twist. "How like him," we said, "to have come in slippers with a candle instead of crêpe and a dark lantern!" Still partiality did not blind us to our duty, and we decided when next we saw him to turn him over to the police.

But he gave us no opportunity to bring him to judgment. That was the last we ever saw of our little shabby gentleman!

The winter had sped on wings, and on wings our opera was advancing to completion. Then a miracle happened. A manager promised to give it a scratch production in Easter week, to be followed in the event of its success, by a long run in the fall.

Cook was much excited by our news, which she learned from her weekly perusal of stage-news, and announced her intention of being present and leading a demonstration in our favor. To grace the occasion she went so far as to purchase a new bonnet, a plateau overgrown with grapes, from which one tall, lone, ostrich plume arose. "Ain't it a creation?" she demanded of us. "I got it, tail-piece and all, off of a party in Sixth Avenoo!"

About our own costumes she offered much well-meant advice. "What you want," she decreed, "is to look prepared but not conspicuous, so that when me an' Henry clap you out before the curtain, people will exclaim, 'My! What genteel, simple frocks!'"

Meanwhile our relations with the unconscious-of-our-existence Pasmere were truly delightful. True, more than once, when trying to reconcile twenty-nine conflicting instruments in my head I was on the point of sending down to bid him go elsewhere with his hand-organs, but except that little failing of his he was an ideal landlord, and we regretted the thought of parting from him. Our plan was to give up our attic after Easter, and spend a quiet summer in the country. Then, in the fall, as royalties accumulated, we trusted that our increased means would enable us to find rooms with a common studio, that should combine quiet, privacy, cleanliness and sunshine with a home for our household gods, and a place to receive our friends. Foremost of those we placed Mr. Pasmere. Silence to the grave would have been possible, but from this our pride recoiled. With Virgie as go-between, we planned to woo him with opera-boxes, then to lure him to our lair, where with tears of mingled penitence and gratitude, we would confess our past occupancy of his attic, while pointing out that through this had come about all our success and happiness. For this we selected Christmas as the proper season, garlanding the situation with holly, and mayhap a sprig of mistletoe.

Now and again it crossed my mind that Pasmere might be obdurate and at such moments I own a base thought took me, on the verge of sleep.

"Have you a cold in your head?" Kate enquired, as civilly as a person can, when roused from well-earned slumber.

"Kate," I sobbed, "I am a murderess!"

"Murderer, don't you mean?" she suggested. "You know you never allow me to say authoress!"

"Er or ess," I moaned, "I am it. I have been sticking pins in the waxen image of our benefactor's heart! . . . Kate, it is only April. A far cry to Christmas! Think between now and then how many fatal accidents may happen to Mr. Pasmere!"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Kate, sitting bold upright, "how shocking!"

"Isn't it?" I agreed. "And still I am wrestling with the idea that the deep damnation of his taking off would spare us the humiliation of confessing!"





He gave vent to a wild yell and fled.

Kate bade me go to sleep, and said I was silly, and didn't really mean it; and I didn't really mean it, and was silly, and went to sleep, but I could not forgive myself for having even momentarily harbored the obsession when next day, through the startled household ran the news of Mr. Pasmere's death.

That he had gone on a journey we knew by the token that the cook was chewing gum. Then hoarse shouts of "extras," proclaimed a ferry-boat collision, including among the lost his name.

We were sincerely overcome by grief. Had misgivings of his loyalty ever crossed our thought of him, they now were swept away. We gave him the benefit of all doubts, enshrining him in a loving and forgiving memory. Also the realization that our relation to him must now forever remain *unbekannte Weise* filled us with a sense of human frustration that is the sad concomitant of death. We keenly felt the impropriety of taking advantage of his mortal helplessness by spending another night beneath his roof. Before decamping, however, we went out and spent our almost all upon a sheaf of flowers. Returned, while standing in the hall trying to decide where to bestow these, we became aware that someone had followed us in, and turning, saw Toddykins, or such a tailor-made transcendency of him as almost to surpass recognition. Through my mind it flashed that he too had spent his almost all in recreating himself externally as a symbol of respect for the departed. Forgiving the nefarious transaction which had been our last vision of him, or forgetting it, we ran sobbing to him for sympathy. His manner was heartless in the extreme.

"Oh, pshaw," he exclaimed, "let's have some tea!" And leading into the drawing-room, he rang as if he were heir-at-law. Henry answered his bell on the spot, for we found him lolling on the sofa with a magnificent dolor on his brow, but, doubtless overcome by the temerity of Toddykins, he gave vent to a wild yell and fled. While Kate and I were still puzzling out the situation, the cook, who had been hunting for us, appeared. Red-eyed and moist with grief, her ruling passion still was strong in Pasmere's death, for in one hand she held the bonnet, now draped with weeds, and in the other the uprooted feather.

"Look," she bade us proudly, "I got them weepers off a lady friend. With Mr. Pasmere called to Heaven, I can't go into feathers!"

"If Pasmere's called to Heaven, he's the one to go into feathers, isn't he?" suggested Toddykins.

We were about to rebuke him sharply for the ribald jest, when cook shrieked and would have fled even as Henry had done, but that he placed himself between her and the door.

"Well, it's out," declared cook, truculently, at bay in the centre of the room. "Now you know about them two." She jerked her head at Kate and me. "But I want you to understand it's been separate maintenance, and that I ain't got nothing off of you, no, not so much as a lick of dripping or a pinch of salt for their keep! And discharge me, if you have the heart to." Here she burst into tears. "You know there ain't a living chef what can fix you up a rich and tasty gravy same as you get off of me, Mr. Pasmere!"

Mr. Pasmere!

We gazed upon the figure before us, and saw Toddykins recede, while our landlord developed like a negative forever to take his place.

Kate broke the guilty silence. "You know. You've always known," she faltered, "and now we know you know!"

"No apology is adequate," Kate went on with a brave show of dignity. "There is nothing to be said, nothing!" She broke off and made to go, but I lingered, feeling that there must be some suitable valediction, though for the life of me unable to formulate it.

And there was, and it came from Mr. Pasmere. "Oh, but we mustn't part like this! The association has been too precious, at least, to me! I know I am quite unworthy, that, however much I may prowl around in shabby clothes, I am only an amateur. I never quite grasp the real thing; but this little intimacy with the arts and crafts in their spontaneous workings has meant so much to me. I should never presume, never offer legacies, collateral, or any other undesired arrangement."

Beautiful Toddykins, to take the burden of mortification from our backs, where it belonged, upon his own! Kate went red and I gooseskin at such a magnanimity, but he, mistaking our silence, when he had blown his nose, continued, "Besides you owe me your friendship, for you have saved my life. I was just going aboard that ferry-boat, when I saw the date of your first-night announced, and came back. I felt I must be on hand to applaud, or in the event of its being, being above the popular level, to stand by."

"You dear," cried we with one breath, while Kate's long arms doubled themselves round his neck and my short ones tried to circle his waist.

He pressed us symmetrically to his God-fearing, old-gentleman, white waistcoat in a fatherly embrace. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of the cook. She had torn the crêpe from the creation, and was replacing the tail-piece, sticking it up straight, defiantly!



"You dear," cried we.

SOME FAMOUS JUDGES

By George F. Hoar

UNQUESTIONABLY the most important character in the legal history of Massachusetts is Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw. He was a great lawyer before he came to the bench. He had written one or two very able articles for the *North American Review*, one of them a vigorous statement of the opinion of Massachusetts upon slavery. He was the author of a petition signed by many of the leading men of Massachusetts in opposition to the high tariff of 1828. No more powerful statement of the argument against high protection can be found. I have been surprised that the modern free-traders have not long ago discovered it, and brought it to light. He was one of the managers of the impeachment of Judge Prescott, securing a conviction against a powerful array of counsel for the defendant, which included Daniel Webster. He was consulted in difficult and important matters by eminent counsel in other counties than Suffolk.

But all these titles to distinction have been forgotten in his great service as Chief Justice of Massachusetts for thirty years. No other judicial fame in this country can rival his, with the single exception of Marshall. He was induced to undertake the office of Chief Justice very reluctantly, by the strong personal urgency of Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster used to give a humorous account of the difficulty he had in overcoming the morbid scruples of the great simple-hearted intellectual giant. He found Mr. Shaw in his office in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. Mr. Webster did not himself smoke, and was at some disadvantage during the interview for that reason.

Mr. Shaw was rather short in stature and, in the latter part of his life, somewhat corpulent. He had a massive head, a low forehead, and strong and rather coarse features. He reminded you of the statues of Gog and Magog in the Guildhall in London. His hair came down over his forehead, and when he had been away from home for a week or two, so that his head got no combing but his own, it was in a sadly tangled mass. His eye was dull, except when it kindled in discussion, or when he was stirred to some utterance of grave displeasure.

There is an anecdote of Mr. Choate which occasionally goes the rounds of the papers, and which is often repeated quite inaccurately. The true version is this. I heard it within a few hours after it happened, and have heard it at first hand more than once since.

Mr. Choate was sitting next to Judge Hoar in the bar when the Chief Justice was presiding, and the Suffolk docket was being called. The Chief Justice said something which led Mr. Choate to make a half-humorous and half-displeased remark about Shaw's roughness of look and manner, to which Judge Hoar replied: "After all, I feel a reverence for the old Chief Justice."

"A reverence for him, my dear fellow?" said Choate. "So do I. I bow down to him as the wild Indian does before his wooden idol. I know he's ugly; but I bow to a superior intelligence."

Judge Shaw's mind moved very slowly. When a case was argued, it took him a good while to get the statement of facts into his mind. It was hard for him to deal readily with unimportant matters, or with things which, to other people, were matters of course. If the simplest motion were made, he had to unlimber the heavy artillery of his mind, go down to the roots of the question, consider the matter in all possible relations, and deal with it as if he were besieging a fortress. When he was intent upon a subject, he was exceedingly impatient of anything that interrupted the current of his thought. So he was a hard person for young advocates, or for any other unless he were strong, self-possessed, and had the respect of the judge. My old friend and partner, Judge Washburn, once told me that he dreaded the law term of the court as it approached, and sometimes felt that he

would rather lay his head down on the rail, and let a train of cars pass over it, than argue a case before Shaw. The old man was probably unconscious of this failing. He had the kindest heart in the world, was extremely fond of little children and beautiful young women, and especially desirous to care for the rights of persons who were feeble and defenceless.

I was myself counsel before him in a case where the question was whether a heifer calf, worth six or seven dollars, the offspring of the one cow which our law reserves to a poor debtor against attachment, was also exempt. My opponent undertook to make some merriment about the question, and there was some laughter at the Bar. The old Chief Justice interposed with great emotion: "Gentlemen, remember that this is a matter of great interest to a great many poor families." There was no laughter after that, and that heifer calf did duty in many a trial afterward, when the young advocates at the Worcester Bar had some poor client to defend.

The Chief Justice had not the slightest sense of humor. When old Judge Wilde, the great real property judge, died after an illustrious judicial service of thirty-five years, somebody showed Chief Justice Shaw a register published in Boston which recorded his death, "Died in Boston, the Honorable Samuel S. Wilde, aged eighty, many years Justice of the Peace." It was passed up to the bench. The old Chief Justice looked at it, read it over again, and said, "What publication is this?"

In the old days, when the lawyers and judges spent the evenings of court week at the taverns on the circuit, the Chief Justice liked to get a company of lawyers about him and discourse to them. He was very well informed, indeed, on a great variety of matters, and his talk was very interesting and full of instruction. But there was no fun in it. One evening he was discoursing in his ponderous way about the vitality of seed. He said: "I understand that they found some seed of wheat in one of the pyramids of Egypt, wrapped up in a mummy-case, where it had been probably some four thousand years at least, carried it over to England last year and planted it, and it came up and they had a very good crop."

"Of mummies, sir?" inquired old Josiah Adams, a waggish member of the bar.

"No, Mr. Adams," replied the Chief Justice, with a tone of reproof, and with great seriousness. "No, Mr. Adams, not mummies—wheat."

Adams retired from the circle in great discomfiture. He inquired of one of the other lawyers, afterward, if he supposed that the Chief Justice really believed that he thought the seed had produced mummies, and was told by his friend that he did not think there was the slightest doubt of it.

Chief Justice Shaw, though very rough in his manner, was exceedingly considerate of the rights of poor and friendless persons. Sometimes persons unacquainted with the ways of the world would desire to make their own arguments, or would in some way interrupt the business of the court. The Chief Justice commonly treated them with great consideration. One amusing incident happened quite late in his life. A rather dissipated lawyer who had a case approaching on the docket, one day told his office-boy to "Go over to the Supreme Court and see what in hell they are doing." The Court were hearing a very important case in which Mr. Choate was on one side and Mr. Curtis on the other. The bar and the court-room were crowded with listeners. As Mr. Curtis was in the midst of his argument, the eye of the Chief Justice caught sight of a young urchin, ten or eleven years old, with yellow trousers stuffed into his boots, and with his cap on one side of his head, gazing intently up at him. He said, "Stop a moment, Mr. Curtis." Mr. Curtis stopped, and there was a profound silence as the audience saw the audacious little fellow standing entirely unconcerned. "What do you want, my boy?" said the Chief Justice. "Mr. P. told me to come over here and see what in hell you was up to," was the reply. There was a dive at the unhappy youth by three or four of the deputies in attendance, and a roar of laughter from the audience. The boy was ejected. But the gravity of the old Chief Justice was not disturbed.

He had a curiously awkward motion, especially in moving about a parlor in

social gatherings, or walking in the street. I once pointed out to a friend a ludicrous resemblance between his countenance and expression and that of one of the tortoises in the illustrations of one of Agassiz's works on natural history. To which my friend replied: "It is the tortoise on which the elephant stands that bears up the foundations of the world," alluding to the Hindoo mythology.

Chief Justice Shaw's opinions, as we have them in the reports, are exceedingly diffuse. That practice would not answer for a generation which has to consult the reports of forty-five States and of the Supreme Court and nine judicial circuits of the United States, besides the reports of the decisions of some of the district judges and in most cases the English decisions. But it would be a great public loss if any of Chief Justice Shaw's utterances were omitted. His impulse, when a question was argued before him, was to write a treatise on the subject. So his decisions in cases where the questions raised are narrow and unimportant are often most valuable contributions to jurisprudence. He seldom passed over any point or suggestion without remark. He went to the bottom of the case with great patience and incredible industry. The counsel who lost his case felt not only that he had had the opinion of a great and just magistrate, but that every consideration he could urge for his client was respectfully treated and either yielded to or answered. Some of his ablest and most far-reaching decisions were written after he was eighty years old.

He possessed, beyond any other American judge save Marshall, what may be termed the statesmanship of jurisprudence. He never undertook to make law upon the bench, but he perceived with a far-sighted vision what rule of law was likely to operate beneficially or hurtfully to the Republic. He was watchful to lay down no doctrine which would not stand this test. His great judgments stand among our great securities of life, liberty, and property, like the provisions of the Bill of Rights.

The Chief Justice was a tower of strength to the Massachusetts judiciary. But for him it is not unlikely that the State would have adopted an elective judiciary or a tenure limited to a term of years. But the whole people felt that his great integrity and wisdom gave an added security to every man's life, liberty, and property. So the proposition to limit the judicial tenure, although espoused by the two parties who together made up a large majority of the people of the State, was defeated when it was submitted to a popular vote. It is, however, a little remarkable that in the neighboring State of Vermont, for many years the judges of the Supreme Court were annually elected by the Legislature, a system which, I believe, has worked on the whole to their satisfaction. They have had an able judiciary. It is said that old Chief Justice Shaw was one evening discoursing at a meeting of the Boston Law Club to an eminent Vermont judge, who was a guest. He said, "With your brief judicial tenure, sir"— The Vermonter interrupted him and said, "Why, our tenure of office is longer than yours." "What do you mean?" said the Chief Justice. "I do not understand you." "Why," was the reply, "our judges are elected for a year, and you are appointed as long as you behave yourselves."

Chief Justice Shaw is said to have been a very dull child. The earliest indication of his gift of the masterly and unerring judgment which discerned the truth and reason of things was, however, noticed when he was a very small boy. His mother one day had a company at tea. Some hot buttered toast was on the table. When it was passed to little Lemuel he pulled out the bottom slice, which was kept hot by the hot plate beneath and the pile of toast above. His mother reproached him quite sharply. "You must not do that, Lemuel. Suppose everybody were to do that?" "Then everybody would get a bottom slice," answered the wise urchin.

Judge Shaw had the sturdy spirit and temper of the old seafaring people of Cape Cod, among whom he was born and bred. He was fond of stories of the sea and of ships. He liked to hear of bold and adventurous voyages. Judge Gray used to tell the story of the old Chief's standing with his back to the fire, with his coat-tails under his arm, in the Judges' room at the Suffolk Court-house, one

cold winter morning, when the news of the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition or the story of some other Arctic tragedy had just reached Boston and was in the morning papers.

"I hope, sir," said Judge Bigelow, "that there will be no more of these voyages to discover the North Pole."

"I want 'em to find that open polar sea, sir," said Shaw.

"But don't you think," said Judge Bigelow, "that it is too bad to risk so many human lives, and to compel the sailors to encounter the terrible suffering and danger of these Arctic voyages?"

"I think they'll find it yet, sir," was all the reply Bigelow could get.

Judge Shaw, in his latter days, was reverenced by the people of Massachusetts as if he were a demi-god. But in his native county of Barnstable he was reverenced as a god. One winter, when the Supreme Court held a special session at Barnstable for the trial of a capital case, Judge Merrick, who was one of the judges, came out of the court-house just at nightfall, when the whole surface of the earth was covered with ice and slush, slipped and fell heavily, breaking three of his ribs. He was taken up and carried to his room at the hotel, and lay on the sofa waiting for the doctor to come. While the judge lay, groaning and in agony, the old janitor of the court-house, who had helped pick him up, wiped off the wet from his clothes and said to him, "Judge Merrick, how thankful you must be it was not the Chief Justice!" Poor Merrick could not help laughing, though his broken ribs were lacerating his flesh.

Next to Chief Justice Shaw in public esteem, when I came to the bar in December, 1849, was Mr. Justice Wilde. He was nearly eighty years old, and began to show some signs of failing powers. But those signs do not appear in his recorded opinions. He was a type of the old common-lawyer in appearance and manner and character. He would have been a fit associate for Lord Coke, and would never have given way to him. I suppose he was never excelled as a real-property lawyer in this country. He had the antiquated pronunciation of the last century, a venerable gray head and wrinkled countenance, with heavy gray eyebrows. He seemed to the general public to be nothing but a walking abridgment. Still, he was a very well-informed man, and had represented a district of what is now the State of Maine in Congress with great distinction. A friend of mine went rather late to church at King's Chapel one Sunday when the congregation had got some way in the service, and was shown into the pew immediately in front of old Judge Wilde. The judge was just uttering in a distinct, clear tone, "Lord, teach me Thy statoots." It was the only petition he needed to have granted to make him a complete judge. Of the Lord's common law he was a thorough master.

He was no respecter of persons. He delivered his judgments with an unmoved air, as if he had footed up a column of figures and were announcing the result. When I was in the law school, Mr. Webster was retained to argue an important real-estate case before Judge Wilde in Suffolk County. Mr. Webster was making what would have been a powerful argument on a question of land-title but for a statute passed since the days of his constant practice, which had not come to his knowledge. There was a great audience, and when Mr. Webster had got his point fairly stated, he was interrupted by Wilde. "Pooh, pooh, Mr. Webster." The judge pointed out that Webster had overlooked one link in the chain of his antagonist's title.

"But," said Mr. Webster in reply, "the descent tolls the entry."

"That rule is abolished by the statoot, sir."

"Why didn't you tell me that?" said Webster angrily to his junior.

Another of our great old judges was Judge Fletcher. He had had a great practice as an advocate in Boston, especially as a commercial lawyer. He had a great power of clear statement. He brought out his utterances in a queer, jerking fashion, protruding his lips a little as he hesitated at the beginning of his sentences. But he knew how to convey his meaning to the apprehension of courts and juries. He left the bench less than two years after I came to the bar. I never had but one important case before him. He was a bachelor. He was very interesting in conversation, liked the company of young

men, who never left him without carrying away some delightful anecdote or shrewd and pithy observation.

A lawyer from the country told me one day that he had just been in Fletcher's office to get his opinion. While he was in the office, old Ebenezer Francis, a man said to be worth $8,000,000, then the richest man in New England, came to consult him about a small claim against some neighbor. Fletcher interrupted his consultation with my friend and listened to Mr. Francis's story. In those days, parties could not be witnesses in their own cases. Fletcher advised his client that although he had an excellent case, the evidence at his command was not sufficient to prove it, and advised against bringing an action. Francis, who was quite avaricious, left the office with a heavy heart. When he had gone, Fletcher turned to my friend and said: "Isn't it pitiful, sir, to see an old critter, wandering about our streets, destitute of proof?"

But the most interesting and racy character among our old judges was Theron Metcalf. He used to say of himself—a saying that did him great injustice—that he was taken to fill a gap in the court as people take an old hat to stop a broken window. He undervalued his own capacity. He was not a good judge to preside at jury trials. He had queer and eccentric notions of what the case was all about, and while he would state a principle of law with extraordinary precision and accuracy he had not the gift of making practical application of the law to existing facts. So a great many of his rulings were set aside, and it did not seem, when he had held a long term of court, that a great deal had been accomplished. But he was a very learned common-lawyer. His memory was a complete digest of the decisions down to his time. He comprehended with marvellous clearness the precise extent to which any adjudged case went, and would state its doctrine with mathematical precision.

He hated statutes. He was specially indignant at the abolition of special pleading. He sent word to me, when I was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the Massachusetts Senate, asking to have a provision enacted for simplifying the process of bringing before the full bench for revision the proceedings in habeas corpus, or mandamus, or certiorari, or some other special writ, I forget now what. I called upon him at once, and pointed out to him that exactly what he wanted was accomplished by the Practice Act of 1852. This was the statute under which all our legal proceedings in cases affecting personal property were had. Metcalf said, with great disgust: "I have said, sir, that if they did not repeal that thing I would read it."

He used to enliven his judgments with remarks showing a good deal of shrewd wisdom. In one case a man was indicted for advertising a show without a license. The defendant insisted that the indictment was insufficient because it set out merely what the show purported to be, and not what it really was. On which the Judge remarked: "The indictment sets out all that is necessary, and, indeed, all that is safe. The show often falls short of the promise in the show-bill."

There was once a case before him for a field-driver who had impounded cattle under the old Massachusetts law. The case took a good many days to try, and innumerable subtle questions were raised. The Judge began his charge to the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, a man who takes up a cow straying in a highway is a fool."

Another time there was a contest as to the value of some personal property which had been sold at auction. One side claimed that the auction-sale was a fair test of the value. The other claimed that property that was sold at auction was generally sold at a sacrifice. Metcalf said to the jury: "According to my observation, things generally bring at auction all they are worth, except carpets."

I once tried a case before him against the Norwich Railroad for setting fire to the house of a farmer by a spark from a locomotive. It was a warm summer afternoon when the house was burnt up. There was no fire in the house except a few coals among the ashes in a cooking-stove where the dinner had been cooked some hours before. The railroad was very near the house. There was a steep upgrade, so that the engineers were tempted to open the bonnet of their smokestacks for a better draught. We called as a wit-

ness a sturdy, round-faced, fat old woman, who testified that she was sitting at her window, knitting, in a house some little distance away, when the train went by. She put in a mark to see, as she expressed it, "how many times round" she could knit before supper. A few minutes after she heard a cry of fire, and looked out and saw a blaze on the roof of her neighbor's house, just kindling, close to the eaves on the side where the engine had passed. She threw down the stocking and went to help. The stocking was found after the fire with the mark just as she left it. So we claimed that we could tell pretty well how long the time had been between the passing of the train and the breaking out of the fire. Judge Metcalf, who was always fussy and interfering, said: "How can we tell anything by that unless we know how large the stocking was?" The old lady, with a most bland smile, turned to the Judge as if she were soothing an infant, lifted up the hem of her petticoats, and exhibited a very sturdy ankle and calf, and said, "Just the size I wear, your Honor." There was a roar of laughter in the court-house. The incident was published in the morning paper the next day, much to the Judge's indignation. He addressed the audience when he came into court in the morning, and said: "I see the Worcester *Spy* has been trying to put a fool's cap on my head."

Judge Metcalf told me this story about Chief Justice Parsons. The Chief Justice's manner to the Bar, as is well known, was exceedingly rough. He was no respecter of persons, and treated the old and eminent lawyers quite as harshly as the youngsters. The bar used to call him Ursa Major. The Chief Justice used to look over the pleadings carefully before the trials began. It was in the time when special pleading often brought the issue to be decided into a narrow compass. Soon after the case was begun, the Judge would take the case out of the hands of the counsel and examine the witnesses himself, and give an opinion which was likely to be implicitly followed by the jury. Jabez Upham, of Brookfield, in Worcester County, Mr. Justice Gray's grandfather, once sent his office-boy to court with a green bag containing his papers, thinking there was no use in going himself. At last the leading members of the Bar in Boston got very angry, and four or five of them agreed together to teach the old chief a lesson. So they sat down to a trial in the Supreme Court where Parsons was presiding. Pretty soon he interfered with the lawyer who was putting in the case for the plaintiff, in his rough way. The lawyer rose and said: "I cannot take care of my client's rights where my own are not respected," or something to that effect. "I will ask Brother Sullivan to take my place." Sullivan, who was possessed of the case, took the place. The trial went on a little while, when something happened which offended Sullivan. He rose and said he could not go on with the case after his Honor's remark, and would ask Brother So-and-So, perhaps Otis, to take his place. This happened three or four times in succession. The Chief Justice saw the point and adjourned the court very early for the noon recess, and went to the house of his colleague, Judge Sewall, who lived out somewhere on the Neck, called him out and said: "You must go down and hold that court. There is a con*spire*acy sir." Parsons never held a *nisi-prius* term in Suffolk again.

Chief Justice Shaw used to tell with great indignation the story of his first appearance before Parsons, when a young man. There was a very interesting question of the law of real property, and Samuel Dexter, then the head of the bar, was on the other side. Parsons was interested in the question as soon as it was stated, and entered into a discussion with Dexter in which they both got earnestly engaged. The Chief Justice intimated his opinion very strongly and was just deciding it in Dexter's favor, when the existence of the young man on the other side occurred to him. He looked over the bar at Shaw and said: "Well, young man, do you think you can aid the Court any in this matter?" "I think I can, sir," said Shaw with spirit. Parsons listened to him, but, I believe, remained of his first opinion.

Judge Metcalf in the time when he was upon the bench had the credit, I do not know how well deserved it was, of not being much given to hospitality. He was never covetous, and he was very fond of society and conversation. But I fancy he

had some fashions of his own in housekeeping which he thought were not quite up to the ways of modern life. At any rate, he was, so far as I know, never known to invite any of his brethren upon the Bench or of the Bar to visit him at his house, with one exception. One of the judges told me that after a hard day's work in court the judges sat in consultation till between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, and he walked away from the court-house with Judge Metcalf. The judge went along with him past the Tremont House, where my informant was staying. As they walked up School Street, he said: "Why, Judge Metcalf, I didn't know you went this way. I thought you lived out on the Neck somewhere." "No, sir," said Judge Metcalf, "I live at number so-and-so Charles Street, and I will say to you what I heard a man say the first night I moved into my present house. I heard a great noise in the street after midnight, and got up and put my head out the window. There was a man lying on the sidewalk struggling, and another man, who seemed to be a policeman, was on top of him holding him down. The fellow with his back to the ground said: 'Let me get up, —— d—— you.' The policeman answered: 'I sha'n't let you get up till you tell me what your name is and where you live.' The fellow answered, 'My name is Jerry Mahoney, —— d—— you, and I live at No. 54 Cambridge Street, —— d—— you, where I'd be happy to see you, —— d—— you, if you dare to call.'" That was the only instance known to his judicial brethren of Judge Metcalf's inviting a friend to visit him.

Judge Metcalf's legal opinions will read, I think, in the future, as well as those of any judge of his time. They are brief, compact, written in excellent English, and precisely fit the case before him without any extraneous or superfluous matter. He would have been a very great judge, indeed, if his capacity for the conduct of jury trials and dealing with *nisi-prius* business in general had equalled his ability to write opinions on abstract questions.

John Davis was never a judge. But a few words about him may well find a place here. He had long since withdrawn from the practice of law when I came to Worcester. He remained in the Senate of the United States until March 4, 1853. But the traditions of his great power with juries remained. I was once or twice a guest at his house, and once or twice heard him make political speeches.

My father, who had encountered all the great advocates of his time in New England—Webster, Choate, Jeremiah Mason, Dexter—used to say that John Davis was the toughest antagonist he ever encountered. Mr. Davis had no graces of oratory or of person. He was not without a certain awkward dignity. His head was covered with thick and rather coarse white hair. He reminded you a little, in look and movement, of a great white bear. But he had a gift of driving his point home to the apprehension of juries and of the people which was rarely equalled. He was a man of few words and infrequent speech, without wit or imagination. He thoroughly mastered the subjects with which he dealt. When he had inserted his wedge, he drove it home with a few sledge-hammer blows. It was commonly impossible for anybody to extract it. It was only the great weight of his authority, and the importance of the matters with which he dealt, which kept him from seeming exceedingly tedious. I remember thinking when I heard him make a speech in behalf of General Scott in the City Hall, in the autumn of 1852, that if any man but John Davis were talking the audience could not be kept awake. He spoke very slowly, with the tone and manner of an ordinary conversation. "The Whigs, fellow-citizens, have presented for your suffrages this year for the office of President of the United States, the name of Major-General Winfield Scott. I know General Scott. I have had good opportunity to acquaint myself with his character and public service. I think you may give him your confidence, gentlemen." That was pretty much the whole speech. At any rate, there was nothing more exciting in it. But it was John Davis that said it, and it had great effect upon his audience.

Mr. Davis supported General Taylor for President in 1848, thereby, on the one hand, offending Mr. Webster, with whom his relations had for some time been exceedingly strained, and the anti-slavery

men in Massachusetts on the other. It was understood also that he had displeased Governor Lincoln at the time of his election to the Senate, Governor Lincoln thinking that Mr. Davis had taken an undue advantage of his official influence as Governor to promote his own selection. But the two united in the support of General Taylor, which led Charles Allen to quote a verse which has been more than once applied in the same way since. "And in that day Pilate and Herod were made friends together."

Mr. Davis was a careful and prudent manager of money matters, and left what was, for his time, a considerable estate, considering the fact that so much of his life had been passed in the public service. His success in public life was, doubtless, in large measure, increased by his accomplished and admirable wife, the sister of George Bancroft. She was a lady of simple dignity, great intelligence, great benevolence and kindness of heart. Her conversation was always most delightful, especially in her old age, when her mind was full of the treasures of her long experience and companionship with famous persons. Mr. Davis left five sons, all of them men of ability. The eldest has been Minister to Berlin, Assistant Secretary of State, Secretary of Legation in London, Judge of the Court of Claims, and Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Another son, Horace, has been a member of Congress, eminent in the public life of California, and, I believe, president of the University of California.

John Davis won great distinction by a very powerful speech on the tariff question in reply to James Buchanan. Buchanan was one of the most powerful Democratic leaders in the Senate, but Davis was thought by the Whigs to have got much the better of him in the debate. It was generally expected that he would be the Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1840. But another arrangement was made, for reasons which may be as well told here. The Whig Convention to nominate a president was held at Harrisburg, Pa., in December 4, 1839, nearly a year before the election. The delegates from the different States were asked to consult together and agree upon their first choice. Then they were asked to say who they thought next to the person they selected would be the strongest candidate. When the result was ascertained, it was discovered that William Henry Harrison was thought by a very large majority of the convention to be the strongest candidate they could find. He was accordingly selected as the Whig standard-bearer. A committee of one person from each State was then chosen to propose to the convention a candidate for Vice-President. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Virginia, was a strong supporter of Henry Clay, a man of great personal worth, highly esteemed throughout the country. The convention adjourned, and came in after adjournment to hear the report of the committee. Mr. Leigh accosted the chairman of the committee and stood with him in a conspicuous place as the delegates filed in. He inquired of the chairman what conclusion they had come to as to a candidate for Vice-President. To which the chairman replied: "You will be informed in due time." When the convention was called to order, one of the delegates from Massachusetts made a speech in which he set forth the high qualities that were desired in a candidate for this important office, and, after giving a sketch of exalted character and great capacity for the public service, he ended by declaring that such a man was Mr. Leigh, of Virginia, and proposing his name as the unanimous recommendation of the committee. Mr. Leigh was taken aback. He had been a zealous supporter of Mr. Clay. He addressed the chair, saying he was much gratified by what had been said by his friend from Massachusetts, and he hoped he might live in some humble measure to deserve the tribute which had been paid to him. But he thought that having been a zealous supporter of Mr. Clay, and having had, in some sense, the charge of his candidacy, he could not himself accept a nomination in connection with another person without exposing himself to the suspicion that he had in some way benefited by the defeat of his own candidate and leader. It was said that his embarrassment was increased by the fact that he had been seen conversing with the chairman of the committee by the members of the convention. How that is I do not know. The result was

the nomination of Mr. Tyler, his election, his succession to the Presidency after the death of Harrison, which resulted in such disastrous consequences to the Whigs.

John Davis was a Federalist and a Whig. His sons were Whigs and Republicans always on the conservative side of public questions. His nephew, Colonel Isaac Davis, was in that respect a contrast to his uncle.

It has been charged that John Davis, by taking up the time at the close of the session of Congress by an indiscreet speech, was the means of defeating the Wilmot Proviso, which had come from the House inserted in a bill for the incorporation of Oregon as a Territory. This statement has received general circulation. It is made in Pierce's "Life of Sumner," and in Von Holst's "Constitutional History." There is no truth in it. I investigated the matter very carefully, and have left on record a conclusive refutation of the whole story in a paper published by the American Antiquarian Society.

Mr. Davis's popularity, however, enabled him to render an important service to his party at home. The Democrats in 1839 had elected their governor, Marcus Morton, by a majority of one vote by reason of the unpopularity of the law to prevent liquor-selling, known as the Fifteen-Gallon Law, which had been passed in January, 1838. They were anxious to redeem the State, and summoned John Davis, their strongest and most popular man, to lead their forces. He accordingly resigned his seat in the Senate, was chosen Governor by a large majority, and was re-elected to the Senate again the next year.

Sketches like these, made by a man who was young when the men he is talking about were old, are apt to give prominence to trifles, to little foibles and eccentricities. Let nobody think that there was anything trifling or ludicrous about John Davis. He was a great, strong, wise man a, champion and tower of strength. He not only respected, but embodied the great traditions and opinions of Massachusetts in the great days, after the generation of the Revolution had left the stage when she earned for herself the name of the "Model Commonwealth," and her people were building the structure of the Commonwealth on the sure foundations which the master-workmen of the Colonial and Revolutionary days had laid. The majestic presence of Webster, the classic eloquence of Everett, the lofty zeal of Sumner have made them more conspicuous figures in the public eye, and it is likely will preserve their memory longer in the public heart. But the figure of John Davis deserves to stand by the side of these great men in imperishable memory as one of the foremost men of the State he loved so well and served so faithfully and wisely.

The Bar of Worcester County in 1850 and the years following was a very able one, indeed. It had many men of high reputation in the Commonwealth and some of wide national fame. The principal citizen of Worcester and the most distinguished member of the Bar was Governor Levi Lincoln. Although he had long since left practice, he used always to come into the court once at each term of the Supreme Court, bow respectfully to the Bench, and invite the judges to dinner at his house, and withdraw. He filled a very large place in the history of Massachusetts from the time of his graduation at Harvard in 1802 until the close of the War in 1865. There is, so far as I know, no memoir of him in existence, except one or two brief sketches which appear in the proceedings of some local societies of which he was a member.

His father, Levi Lincoln the elder, was an intimate friend and correspondent of Mr. Jefferson, and Attorney-General in his Cabinet. He was nominated Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States by Mr. Madison and confirmed by the Senate and actually appointed, but was unable to take the office because of failing sight. He did more, probably, than any other man to organize and bring to success the political revolution in New England which followed Jefferson's accession to the Presidency in 1801. Many letters to him are found in Jefferson's published works, and there are many letters from him to Mr. Jefferson in the Jefferson papers in the archives at Washington. Some of the correspondence on both sides is enough to make the hair of the civil-service reformer stand on end. The son adopted his father's political opinions and was an enthusiastic supporter of Jefferson

in his youth. Jefferson wrote a letter, which I think is now in existence, praising very highly some of young Mr. Lincoln's early performances. He delivered an address in Worcester, March 4, 1803, a few months after he left college, in which he proposed that the Fourth of March, the day of Mr. Jefferson's accession to the Presidency, should be celebrated thereafter instead of the Fourth of July. He says: "Republicans no longer can hail the day as exclusively theirs. Federalism has profaned it. She has formed to herself an idol in the union of Church and State, and this is the time chosen to offer its sacrifice." He sets forth "the long train of monstrous aggressions of the Federalists" under Washington and Adams; declares that they "propose a hereditary executive and a Senatorial nobility for life," and says that the "hand would tremble in recording and the tongue falter in reciting the long tale of monstrous aggression. But on the Fourth of March was announced from the Capitol the triumph of principle. Swifter than Jove on his imperial eagle did the glad tidings of its victory pervade the Union. As vanish the mists of the morning before the rays of a sunbeam, so error withdrew from the presence of truth, and the deceptions of artifice from the inquiries of the understanding. The reign of terror had passed," etc., etc. But there never was a better example of Emerson's maxim that "a Conservative is a Democrat grown old and gone to seed." As the young man grew in reputation and influence he became more moderate in his opinions. He was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court; then was elected Governor by a union of all parties in what was called "the era of good feeling"; held the office nine years; then represented the Worcester district in Congress, and withdrew to a dignified and honorable retirement from which he emerged to hold the office of Mayor of Worcester the first year of the life of the city. He was, as I remember him, the very embodiment of dignity and aristocracy. He had a diffuse and rather inflated style, both in public speaking and in private conversation. His dignity had a bare suspicion of pomposity in it. He looked with great disdain upon the simplicity of behavior of some of his successors, and their familiarity with all classes of the people. He came into my office one morning full of an intense disgust with something Governor Briggs had been doing. He said: "In my time, sir, the office of Governor of the Commonwealth was an office of dignity. The arrival of the Chief Magistrate in any town was an event of some importance. He travelled in his carriage, with suitable attendants. He appeared in public only on great occasions. But now you see hand-bills about the street giving notice that there is to be a temperance tea-party to-morrow afternoon, in some vestry or small hall. Music by the Peak family. His Excellency George N. Briggs will address the meeting. Admission, ten cents."

He accepted his position at the head of the social life of Worcester as matter of course. I remember one night, when a party was breaking up, I said to the person next to me, in some jesting fashion: "I am sorry to see the decay of the old aristocracy." The Governor, who was getting his coat at the other end of the room, overheard the remark, and called out: "Who is lamenting our decay?"

The Governor looked with great disgust upon the formation of the Free Soil Party and the anti-slavery movement. But when the war came he remained thoroughly loyal. He encouraged enlistment in every way, and measures for the support of the Government had all the weight of his influence. He was a Presidential elector, and voted for Abraham Lincoln at the time of his second election.

When Webster was first chosen Senator he refused to be a candidate for the office until it was ascertained whether Governor Lincoln would accept it. The Governor then declined, for the reason I have stated in another place. He was also offered an appointment to the Senate by Governor Washburn when Mr. Everett resigned in 1853. But it is said that he was quite desirous of being elected Senator when Mr. Davis was first chosen.

The Governor was, as just said, an example of Emerson's famous saying that a conservative is a Democrat grown old and gone to seed. He was looked upon as the embodiment of reverend dignity. His household was at the head of the social life of Worcester during his later years.

Every family in the county was proud who could trace a connection with his. There were a few traditions in the old Federalist families like the Thomases and the Allens of a time when the Lincolns were accounted too democratic to be respectable. But they gained little credence with people in general. One day, however, I had to try a real-estate case which arose in the adjoining town and involved an ancient land-title. An old man named Bradyill Livermore was summoned as a witness for my client. He was, I think, in his ninety-fifth year. He lived in a sparsely settled district and had not been into Worcester for twenty or twenty-five years. I sat down with him in the consultation-room. After he had told me what he knew about the case, I had a chat with him about old times and the changes in Worcester since his youth, and he asked me about some of the members of the Bar then on the stage. Governor Lincoln, who had long retired, happened to be mentioned. The old fellow brought the point of his staff down with great emphasis upon the floor, and then held it loosely with the fingers of his trembling and shaking hand, and said, very earnestly, but with a shrill and strident voice like that of one of Homer's ghosts: "They say, sir, that that Mr. Lincoln has got to be a very respectable man. But I can remember, sir, when he was a terrible Jacobite."

I have given elsewhere a portraiture of Charles Allen, and a sketch of his great career. He was a man of slender physical frame and feeble voice. But he was a leader of leaders. When in 1848 he left the Whig Convention in Philadelphia, an assembly flushed with the anticipation of national triumph, declaring, amid the jeers and hisses of its members, that the Whig party was dead—a prediction verified within four years—down to the election of Lincoln, in 1860, he was in Massachusetts a powerful influence. He was a great advocate, a great judge, a great counsellor. He was in my judgment a greater intellectual force than any other man in his time, Daniel Webster not excepted. It was a force before which Webster himself more than once recoiled. I knew him intimately and was, I believe, admitted to no inconsiderable share of his confidence. But there is no space here to do justice to my reverence for his noble character.

On the whole, the most successful of the Worcester Bar, in my time, in the practice of his profession, was Emory Washburn. He was a man of less intellectual power undoubtedly than either of his great contemporaries and antagonists, Allen, Merrick, or Thomas. Yet he probably won more cases, year in and year out, than either of them. He was a man of immense industry. He went to his office early in the morning, took a very short time, indeed, for his meals, and often kept at work until one or two o'clock in the morning of the next day. He suffered severely at one time from dyspepsia brought on by constant work and neglect of exercise; but generally he kept his vigorous health until his death at the age of eighty. He was indefatigable in his service to his clients. His mind was like a steel spring pressing on every part of the other side's case. It was ludicrous to see his sympathy and devotion to his clients, and his belief in the cause of any man whom he undertook to champion. It seemed as if a client no sooner put his hand on the handle of Washburn's office-door than his heart warmed to him like that of a mother toward her first-born. No strength of evidence to the contrary, no current of decisions settling the law would prevent Washburn from believing that his man was the victim of prejudice or persecution or injustice. But his sincerity, his courtesy of manner and kindness of heart made him very influential with juries, and it was rare that a jury sat in Worcester County that had not half a dozen of Washburn's clients among their number.

I was once in a very complicated real-estate case as Washburn's associate. Charles Allen and Mr. Bacon were on the other side. Mr. Bacon and I, who were juniors, chatted about the case just before the trial. Mr. Bacon said: "Why, Hoar, Emory Washburn doesn't understand that case the least in the world." I said: "No, Mr. Bacon, he doesn't understand the case the least in the world. But you may depend upon it he will make that jury misunderstand it just as he does." And he did.

Charles Allen, who never spared any

antagonist, used to be merciless in dealing with Washburn. He once had a case with him which attracted a great deal of public attention. There had been a good many trials and the cost had mounted up to a large sum. It was a suit by a farmer who had lost a flock of sheep by dogs, and who tried to hold another farmer responsible as the owner of the dog which had killed them. One of the witnesses had been out walking at night and heard the bark of the dog in the field where the sheep were. He was asked to testify if he could tell what dog it was from the manner of his bark. The evidence was objected to, and Allen undertook to support his right to put the question. He said we were able to distinguish men from each other by describing their manner and behavior, when the person describing might not know the man by name. "For instance, may it please your Honor, suppose a stranger who came into this court-house during this trial were called to testify to what took place, and he should say that he did not know anybody in the room by sight, but there was a lawyer there who was constantly interrupting the other side, talking a great deal of the time, but after all didn't seem to have much to say. Who would doubt that he meant my Brother Washburn?"

This gibe is only worth recording as showing the court-house manners of those times. It is no true picture of the honest, faithful and beloved Emory Washburn. He was public-spirited, wise, kind-hearted, always ready to give his service without hope of reward or return to any good cause, a pillar of the town, a pillar of the church. He had sometimes a certain confusion of statement and of thought, but it was only apparent in his oral discourse. He wrote two admirable law-books, one on easements, and one on real property. Little & Brown said his book on easements had the largest sale of any law-book ever published in this country up to its time. He was a popular and useful professor in the Harvard Law-School. He gave a great deal of study to the history of Massachusetts, and was the author of some valuable essays on historical questions, and some excellent discourses on historical occasions. He left no duty undone. Edward Hale used to say: "If you want anything done well, go to the busiest man in Worcester to do it—Emory Washburn, for example." He was grievously disappointed that he was not appointed judge of the Supreme Court when Judge Thomas became a member of the bench. A little while afterward there was another vacancy, and Governor Clifford took Merrick, another of Washburn's contemporaries and rivals at the Bar, although Merrick was a Democrat, and the Governor, like Washburn himself, was a Whig. This was almost too much for him to bear. It took place early in the year 1853. Mr. Washburn sailed for Europe a few weeks after, and felt almost like shaking off the dust of his feet against Massachusetts and the Whig party. But he was very agreeably compensated for his disappointment. During his absence he was nominated by the Whigs for the office of Governor, to which office he was elected in the following January, there being then, under our law, which required a clear majority of all the votes, no choice by the people. He made an admirable and popular governor. But the Nebraska Bill was introduced in that year. This created strong excitement among the people of Massachusetts, and the Know-Nothing movement came that fall, inspired more by the desire of the people to get rid of the old parties, and form a new anti-slavery party, than by any real opposition to foreigners, which was its avowed principle. This party swept Massachusetts, electing all the State officers and every member of the State Legislature except two from the town of Northampton. They had rather a sorry Legislature. It was the duty of the outgoing Governor to administer the oath to the Representatives-and Senators-elect. Governor Washburn performed that duty, and added: "Now, gentlemen, so far as the oath of office is concerned, you are qualified to enter upon your duties."

Governor Washburn was a thorough gentleman, through and through, courteous, well-bred, and with an entirely sufficient sense of his own dignity. But he had little respect for any false notions of gentility, and had a habit of going straight at any difficulty himself. To this habit he owed much of his success in life. A very amusing story was told by Mrs. Washburn

long after her husband's death. She was one of the brightest and sprightliest and wittiest of women. Her husband owed to her much of his success in life, as well as much of his comfort and domestic enjoyment. She used to give sometimes half a dozen entertainments in the same week. She was never disconcerted by any want of preparation or suddenness of demand upon her hospitality. One day some quite distinguished guests arrived in Worcester unexpectedly, whom it was proper that she should keep to dinner. The simple arrangements which had been made for herself and her husband would not do. She accordingly went at once to the principal hotel of the town, in the neighborhood, and bargained with the landlord to send over the necessary courses for her table, which were just hot and cooked and ready for his own. She got off very comfortably without being detected.

Her story was that one time when Judge Washburn was Governor the members of his staff came to Worcester on some public occasion and were all invited to his house to spend the night. When he got up in the morning he found, to his consternation, that the man who was in the habit of doing such services at his house was sick, or for some other reason had failed to put in an appearance, and none of the boots of the young gentlemen were blacked. The Governor was master of the situation. He descended to his cellar, took off his coat, blacked all the boots of the youngsters himself, and met them at breakfast with his usual pleasant courtesy, as if nothing had happened.

I do not undertake to give a full sketch of Benjamin F. Thomas. He was one of the very greatest of American lawyers. But such desultory recollections as these are apt to dwell only on the eccentricities or peculiarities or foibles of men. They are not the place for elaborate and noble portraiture.

Judge Thomas was the principal figure in the Worcester court-house after Judge Allen's election to Congress in 1848. Judge Thomas did not get large professional business very rapidly. He was supposed, in his youth, to be a person of rather eccentric manners, studious, fond of poetry and general literature and of historical and antiquarian research. He was impulsive, somewhat passionate, but still with an affectionate, sunny, generous nature, and a large heart, to which malice, hatred, or uncharitableness were impossible. It is said that in his younger days he used to walk the streets, wrapped in his own thoughts, unconscious of the passers-by, and muttering poetry to himself. But when I came into his office as a student, in August, 1849, all this trait had disappeared. He was a consummate advocate, a favorite alike with judges and jurors, winning his causes wherever success was possible, and largely employed. He had a clear voice, of great compass, pitched on rather a high key, but sweet and musical like the sound of a bugle. The young men used to fill the court-house to hear his arguments to juries. He became a very profound lawyer, always mastering the learning of the case, but never leaning too much upon authorities. Charles Emerson's beautiful phrase in his epitaph on Professor Ashmun, "Books were his helpers, never his masters," was most aptly applied to Thomas. If he had any foible which affected at all his usefulness or success in life it was an impatience of authority, whether it were the authority of a great reputation, or of party, or of public sentiment, or of the established and settled opinions of mankind. He went on the Supreme Bench in 1853. Dissenting opinions were rare in the Massachusetts Supreme Court in those days. In this I think the early judges were extremely wise. Nothing shakes the authority of a court more than the frequent habit of individual dissent. But Judge Thomas dissented from the judgments of his court on several very important occasions. His dissenting opinions were exceedingly able. I think it would have been better if they had not been delivered. I think he would have been much more likely to have come to the other conclusion if the somewhat imperious intellect of Shaw had not been put into the prevailing scale. When all Massachusetts bowed down to Webster, Judge Thomas, though he respected and honored the great public idol, supported Taylor as a candidate for the Presidency. At the dinner given to the Electoral College after the election, where Mr. Webster was present, Judge Thomas shocked the meeting by saying: "Some

persons have spoken of our candidate as their second choice. I am proud to say that General Taylor was not only my last, but my first choice." So, when Judge Thomas was in Congress, while he was as thoroughly loyal, patriotic, and brave a man as ever lived, he opposed the policies of the Republican Party for carrying on the war and putting down the Rebellion. He was thought to be inspired by a great dislike of submitting to party authority or even to that of President Lincoln. He was very fond of young men. When he was judge they always found they had all the consideration that they deserved, and had no fear of being put at a disadvantage by any antagonist, however able or experienced. The Judge seemed always to be stirred by the suggestion of an intellectual difficulty. When I was seeking some remedy at his hands, especially in equity, I used to say that I thought I had a just case, but I was afraid his Honor might think the legal difficulties were insuperable and I did not know whether I could get his Honor's approbation of what I asked. He would instantly rouse himself and seem to take the suggestion as a challenge, and if it were possible for human ingenuity to find a way to accomplish what I wanted he would do it. He preserved the sweetness and joyous spirit of boyhood to the day of his death. It was delightful to catch him when he was at leisure, to report to him any pleasant story that was going about, and to hear his merry laugh and pleasant voice. He was a model of the judicial character. It was a delight to practise before him at *nisi prius*. I have known a great many admirable lawyers and a good many very great judges. I have known some who had more learning, and some, I suppose, though very few, who had greater vigor of intellect. But no better judge ever sat in a Massachusetts court-house. Dwight Foster felicitously applied to him the sentence which was first uttered of Charles James Fox, that "his intellect was all feeling, and his feeling all intellect."

Dwight Foster came to the Bar just a week after I did. But I ought not to omit him in any account of the Massachusetts lawyers or judges of my time. He rose rapidly to a place in the first rank of Massachusett's lawyers, which he held until his untimely death. He was graduated the first scholar in his class at Yale in 1848. Before he was graduated he became engaged to a very admirable and accomplished lady, daughter of Roger S. Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut and United States Senator, then head of the Connecticut bar. This lady had some tendency to a disorder of the lungs and throat which had proved fatal to two of her brothers. Dwight Foster was very anxious to get her away from New Haven, where he thought the climate and her habit of mingling in gay society very unfavorable to her health. So he set himself to work to get admitted to the Bar and get established in business that he might have a place for her in Worcester. He was examined by Mr. Justice Metcalf, after studying a little more than a year, and found possessed of uncommon attainments even for persons who had studied the full three years and had been a good while at the Bar. Judge Metcalf admitted him, and on some other judge criticising what he had done, the judge said, with great indignation, "If he thinks Foster is not qualified, let him examine him himself."

Mr. Foster's first employment had very awkward consequences. The people in Worcester had the old Puritanic dislike to theatrical entertainments, and had always refused to license such exhibitions. But a company of actors desired to obtain a theatre for the season and give performances in Worcester. There was great opposition, and the city government ordered a public hearing of the petition in the old City Hall. Foster was employed by the petitioners. The hall was crowded with citizens interested in the matter, and the Mayor and Aldermen sat in state on the platform. When the hearing was opened, the audience were struck with astonishment by the coming forward of Dwight Foster's father, the Hon. Alfred D. Foster, a highly honored citizen of great influence and ability. He had been in the State Senate and had held some few political offices, but had disliked such service and had never practised law, having a considerable property which he had inherited from his father, the former United States Senator. He made a most eloquent and powerful appeal to the aldermen to refuse the petition, in the name of moral-

ity and good order. He stated the deplorable effect of attending such exhibitions on the character of the youth of the city of both sexes, cited the opinion and practice of our ancestors in such matters, and made a profound impression. He then warned his hearers against the young man who was to follow him, whom, he said, he loved as his life, but he was there employed as a lawyer with his fee in his hand, without the responsibility which rested upon them of protecting the morals and good order of the city. It was very seldom that so powerful a speech was heard in that hall, although it was the cradle of the anti-slavery movement, and had been the scene of some of the most famous efforts of famous orators. Everybody supposed that the youth was crushed and would not venture to perform his duty in the face of such an attack. But he was fully equal to the occasion. He met his father with a clear, simple, modest, but extremely able statement of the other side; pointed out the harmlessness of such exhibitions when well conducted, and that the strictness which confounded innocence and purity with guilt and vice was itself the parent and cause of vice. He did not allude to his father by name or by description, but in replying to his arguments said: "It is said in some quarters," or "An opposition comes from some quarters" founded on such-and-such reasons. He got the sympathy of his audience and carried his point. And from that time nobody hesitated to trust Dwight Foster with any cause, however important, from any doubt of his capacity to take care of his clients.

He had been brought up as a Whig. But when the Nebraska Bill was passed, he became a zealous and earnest Republican. He was candidate for Mayor, but defeated on a very close vote by George W. Richardson. He held the office of Judge of Probate for a short time, by appointment of Governor Banks; was elected Attorney-General in 1860 when Governor Andrew was chosen Governor, and soon after was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, an office which he filled with great distinction, then left the Bench to resume his practice, and died of a disease of the heart which he inherited from his ancestors. He was Governor Andrew's Attorney-General during the War, who said of him that "he was full of the fire and hard-working zeal of Massachusetts." He was the organ of the patriotism and energy of Worcester at the seat of government during the war, looking out for the interests of her soldiers, and always urging the brave and vigorous counsel. I lost a stanch friend by his death. I can sum up his quality in no better way than by the word "manliness." He never uttered an ignoble word, thought an ignoble thought, or did an ignoble act. His method of speech was clear, simple, spirited, without much pathos or emotion, but still calculated to stir and move his hearers.

I had more intimate relations with Judge Thomas L. Nelson than with any other member of the Worcester Bar except those with whom I formed a partnership. We were never in partnership. But after I went to Congress in 1869, he moved into my office until his appointment to the bench. So when I was at home we were in the same room. He had been accustomed for a long time before to employ me to assist him in important trials before the jury and in arguments before the Supreme Court. I suppose I am responsible for his appointment to the District Court, although the original suggestion was not mine. After the death of Judge Shepley, there was a general expectation that Judge John Lowell, of the District Court, would be made circuit judge. One morning one of the Boston papers suggested several names for the succession, among them that of Mr. Knowlton, of Springfield, and Mr. Nelson. I said nothing to him. But he observed: "I see in a paper that I am spoken of as District Judge." I replied: "Yes, I saw the article." Neither of us said anything further on the subject. When I got to Washington I met Mr. Devens, then Attorney-General, who said, "We shall have to appoint a district judge, I suppose. I think your friend Nelson is the best man for it. But I suppose he would not accept it." I said: "No, I don't believe he would accept it. But, if you think he is the best man for it, the question whether he will accept it ought to be determined by him, and not by his friends for him." I had no thought that Mr. Nelson would leave his practice for the Bench. But I thought it would be a very agreeable thing to him to have

the offer. I wrote to him a day or two afterward that I thought it likely he would be offered the place. He answered by asking me, if it were to be offered to him, how much time would be given to him to consider the matter. Soon after I was informed by Attorney-General Devens that the President had offered him the place on the Circuit Bench, and that he very much desired to accept it. But he thought that, although the President had put the place at his disposal, he was very unwilling to have any change in the Cabinet, and doubted whether he ought to accept the offer unless he were very sure the President was willing to spare him. One day soon after, President Hayes sent for me to come to see him. I called at the Attorney-General's office, told him the President had sent for me, and that he probably wished to speak about the Circuit Judgeship, and I wanted to know what he would like to have me say. Devens said that he should prefer that way of spending the rest of his life to any other. But the President had done him a great honor in inviting him to his Cabinet, and he did not wish to leave him unless he were sure that the President was willing. I went to the White House. When President Hayes opened the subject, I told him what was the Attorney-General's opinion. The President said that if he could be sure that were true, it would relieve his mind of a great burden. I told him he could depend upon it. The President said he did not know anybody else whom he should be as willing to have in his Cabinet as Devens, unless I myself would consent to accept the place. He gave a little friendly urging in that direction. I told him that I had lately been elected to the Senate after a considerable controversy, and that I did not think I could in justice to the people of the State make a vacancy in the office which would occasion a new strife. I called on Devens on my way back, and reported to him what the President had said. He immediately went to the White House, and they had a full understanding, which resulted in Devens keeping his place in the Cabinet through the Administration.

It was then suggested that while Judge Lowell was a most admirable District Judge, and in every way an admirable lawyer, yet that it would be better if it were possible to get one of the leaders of the Bar, who would supply what Judge Lowell lacked—the capacity for charging juries on facts, and presiding at jury trials, and to leave him in the District Court, where his services were so valuable. The office of Circuit Judge was accordingly offered to Mr. William G. Russell. I wrote to Nelson, asking him to consider my first letter on the subject as not having been written. Mr. Russell replied, declining the place, and saying, with great emphasis, that he was sorry the President should hesitate a moment about offering the place to Judge Lowell, whom he praised very highly. But the President and the Attorney-General thought that it should be offered to Mr. George O. Shattuck, a very eminent lawyer and advocate. On inquiry, however, it turned out that Mr. Shattuck, who was in poor health, was absent on a journey, and it was so unlikely that he would accept the offer that it was thought best not to diminish the value and honor to Judge Lowell of the place by offering it further to another person. Accordingly the place was offered to Judge Lowell and accepted by him.

General Devens then said to me: "I have been thinking over the matter of the District Judge, and I think if a man entirely suitable can be found in the Suffolk Bar, that the appointment rather belongs to that Bar, and I should like, if you have no objection, to propose to the President to offer it to Mr. Charles Allen." Mr. Allen was later Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. I assented, but said: "If Mr. Allen refuses it, I hope it will then be offered to Mr. Nelson, in accordance with your original opinion." The Attorney-General agreed. The offer was made to Mr. Allen, and by him declined. When the letter of refusal came, the Attorney-General and I went together to the White House and showed the President the letter. In the meantime a very strong recommendation of Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., now of the Supreme Court, had been received by the President. He felt a good deal of interest in Holmes. I think they had both been wounded in the same battle. But, at any rate, they were comrades. The President then said: "I rather think Holmes is the man." I

then gave him my opinion of Mr. Nelson, and the President said to Devens: "Do you agree, Mr. Attorney-General?" Devens said: "I do." And the President said: "Then Nelson be it." Mr. Nelson, to my surprise, accepted the appointment.

Judge Nelson was a master of equity and bankruptcy. No doctrine was too subtile or abstruse for him. The matter of marshalling assets, or the tacking of mortgages, and such things which require a good deal of the genius of the mathematician, were clear to his apprehension. He was one of the two or three men in the State who ever understood the complications of the old loan-fund associations. He was especially a master of legal remedies. He held on like a bull-dog to a case in the justice of which he believed. When you had got a verdict and judgment in the Supreme Court against one of Nelson's clients, he was just ready to begin work. Then look out for him. He had with this trait also a great modesty and diffidence. If anybody put to him confidently a proposition against his belief, Nelson was apt to be silent, but, as Mr. Emerson said of Samuel Hoar, "with an unaltered belief." He would come out with his reply days after. When he came to state the strong point in arguing his case, he would sink his voice so it could hardly be heard, and look away like a bashful maiden giving her consent. Judge Bigelow told me, very early in Nelson's career, that he wished I would ask my friend to make his arguments a little longer, and to raise his voice so the court could hear him better. They always found his arguments full of instruction, and disliked to lose anything so good a lawyer had to say. His value as a judge was largely in consultation and in his sound opinions. I suppose that, like his predecessor, Judge Lowell, he was not the very best of judges to preside at jury trials, or to guide juries in their deliberations. Indeed, Nelson had many of the intellectual traits—the same merits and the same defects that Lowell had. Lowell was a man of great wit, and a favorite with the Boston bar when he was appointed. So they made the best of him. They were not inclined to receive Nelson's appointment very graciously. It was some years before he established a high place in their confidence and esteem. But it was established before his death. Gray and Putnam and Webb, all in their way lawyers of the first class, found Nelson a most valuable and acceptable associate, and have all spoken of him in most enthusiastic terms. He was a good naturalist. He knew the song-birds, their habits, and dwelling-places. He knew all the stars. He liked to discuss difficult and profound questions of public policy, constitutional law, philosophy, and metaphysics. Sometimes, when I came home from Washington after a period of hard work, if I happened to find Nelson in the cars when I went to Boston, it was almost painful to spend the hour with him, although his conversation was very profound and interesting. But it was like attempting to take up and solve a difficult problem in geometry. I was tired, and wanted to be humming a negro melody to myself. He was a man of absolute integrity, not caring whether he pleased or displeased anybody. He had a good deal of literary knowledge, was specially fond of Emerson, and knew him very thoroughly, both prose and verse. He had a good deal of wit, one of the brightest examples of which I will not undertake to quote here. He was a civil engineer in his youth, and was always valuable in complicated questions of boundary, or cases like our sewer and water cases, which require the application of practical mathematics. He was a friendly and placable person so far as he was concerned himself, but resented, with great indignation, any unkindness toward any of his friends or household. His friend and associate, Judge Webb, after his death spoke with great beauty and pathos of Nelson's love of nature and of his old country home:

"When, in later years, he revisited the scenes of his childhood, he made no effort to conceal his affection for them; as he wandered among the mountains and along the valleys, so dearly remembered, his eye would grow bright, his face beam with pleasure, and his voice sound with the tone of deep sensibility. He grew eloquent as he described the beauty spread out before him, and lovingly dwelt on the majesty and grandeur of the mountain at the foot of which his infancy was cradled. It was high companionship to be with him

at such times. His ear was open to catch the note of every bird, which came to him like voices of well-beloved friends; he knew the brooks from their sources to their mouths, and the rivers murmured to him the songs they sang in the Auld Lang Syne. But deep as was the joy of these visits, they did not allure him from the more rugged paths of labor and duty."

The wisdom of Nelson's selection, if it need vindication, is abundantly established by the memorial of him reported by a committee, of which Lewis S. Dabney was chairman, and adopted by the Suffolk Bar. The Bar, speaking of the doubt expressed in the beginning by those who feared an inland lawyer on the Admiralty bench, goes on to say:

"Those who knew him well, however, knew that he had been a successful master and referee in many complicated cases of great importance; that his mathematical and scientific knowledge acquired in his early profession as an engineer was large and accurate, and would be useful in his new position; that he who had successfully drawn important public acts would be a successful interpreter of such acts; that always a student approaching every subject, not as an advocate but as a judicial observer, he would give that attention to whatever was new among the problems of his judicial office that would make him their best master and interpreter, and that what in others might be considered weakness or indolence was but evidence of a painful shrinking from displaying in public a naturally firm, strong, earnest and persistent character, a character which would break out through the limitations of nature whenever the occasion required it.

"Those who, as his associates upon the bench, or as practitioners before him at the Bar, have had occasion to watch his long and honorable career, now feel that the judgment of his friends was the best and that his appointment has been justified; and those who have known him as an associate justice of the Circuit Court of Appeals have felt this even more strongly."

Another striking figure of my time was Horace Gray. He was in the class before me at Harvard, though considerably younger. I knew him by sight only in those days. He was very tall, with an exceedingly youthful countenance, and a head that looked then rather small for so large-limbed a youth—rather awkward in his gait and bearing. But after he reached manhood he grew into one of the finest-looking men of his time. I believe he was the tallest man in Boston. He expanded in every way to a figure which corresponded with his stately height. He was the grandson of the famous William Gray, the great merchant and ship-owner of New England, who was an important figure in the days just preceding and just following the War of 1812. Many anecdotes are still current of his wise and racy sayings. His sons inherited large fortunes and were all of them men of mark and influence in Boston. Francis C. Gray, his uncle, was a man of letters, an historical investigator. He discovered the priceless Body of Liberties of 1641, which had remained unprinted from that time, although the source from which our Bill of Rights and constitutional provisions had been so largely drawn.

Judge Gray's father was largely employed in manufacturing and owned some large iron works. The son had been brought up, I suppose, to expect that his life would be one of comfort and ease, free from all anxieties about money, and the extent of the labor of life would be, perhaps, to visit the counting-room a few hours in the day to look over the books and see generally that his affairs were properly conducted by his agents and subordinates. He had visited Europe more than once, and was abroad shortly after his graduation when the news reached him that the companies in which his father's fortune was invested had failed. He at once hurried home and set himself resolutely to work to take care of himself. He was an accomplished naturalist for his age and time, and had a considerable library of works on natural history. He exchanged them for law-books and entered the law-school. I was splitting wood to make my own fire one autumn morning when my door, which was ajar, was pushed open, and I saw a face somewhere up in the neighborhood of the transom. It was Gray, who had come

to inquire what it was all about. He had little knowledge of the rules or fashions of the Law School. I told him about the scheme of instruction and the hours of lectures, and so forth. We became fast friends, a friendship maintained to his death. He at once manifested a very vigorous intellect and a memory, not only for legal principles, but for the names of cases, which I suppose had been cultivated by his studies in natural history and learning the scientific names of birds and plants. At any rate, he became one of the best pupils in the law-school. He afterward studied law with Edward D. Sohier, and immediately after his admission became known as one of the most promising young men at the Bar. Luther S. Cushing was then Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court. He was in poor health and employed Gray to represent him as Reporter on the circuit. Gray always had a marvellous gift of remembering just where a decision of a principle of law could be found, and his thumb and forefinger would travel instantly to the right book on the obscurest shelf in a law library. So nothing seemed to escape his thorough and indefatigable research. When he was on the circuit, learned counsel would often be arguing some question of law for which they had most industriously prepared, when the young reporter would hand them a law-book with a case in it which had escaped their research. So the best lawyers all over the State got acquainted at an early day with his learning and industry, and when Cushing soon after was obliged to resign the office of reporter Gray was appointed by the general consent of the best men of the profession, although he had as a competitor Judge Perkins, a very well known lawyer and judge, who had edited some important law-books and was a man of mature age. This was in 1854, only three years after his admission to the Bar. The office of reporter was then one of the great offices of the State, almost equal in dignity to that of the Judge of the Supreme Court itself. Four of our Massachusetts reporters have been raised to that Bench. He was quite largely retained and employed during that period, especially in important questions of commercial law. He resigned his office of Reporter about the time of the breaking out of the war. Governor Andrew depended upon his advice and guidance in some very important and novel questions of military law, and in 1864 he was appointed Associate Justice of the court. In 1873 he became its Chief Justice, and in 1882 was made Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The extent of his learning and the rapidity and thoroughness of his research were marvellous. But it is not upon this alone, or chiefly, that his fame as one of the great judges of the world will rest. He was a man of a native, original intellectual power, unsurpassed by any man who has been on the Bench in his time, either in this country or in England. His decisions have been as sound and as acceptable to the profession upon questions where no authority could be found upon which to rest, and upon questions outside of the beaten paths of jurisprudence as upon those where he found aid in his great legal learning. He was a remarkably acceptable *nisi-prius* judge when holding court in the rural counties, and, though bred in a city, where human nature is not generally learned so well, he was specially fortunate and successful in dealing with questions of fact which grow out of the transactions of ordinary and humble life in the country. He manifested on one or two occasions the gift of historical research and discussion for which his uncle Francis was so distinguished.

Charles Devens was my partner for a few years before he went to the war, and for a short time after he came back. He was afterward Judge of the Superior Court, Attorney-General of the United States, and twice Judge of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth. He is famous as one of the great orators of Massachusetts, as one of the very best and bravest of her soldiers, and as one of the best beloved of her citizens.

General Devens had a modest estimate of his own best powers. While he was an admirable judge, bringing to the court the weight of his great experience, his admirable sense, his stainless integrity, his perfect impartiality, his great discernment, his abundant learning, it has always seemed to the writer that he erred after the war in not preferring political life to his place upon the Bench. He could easily have been Governor or Senator, in which places the affection of the people of Massachusetts would have kept him for a

period limited only by his own desire, and might well have been expected to pass from the Cabinet to an even higher place in the service of his country. But he disliked political strife, and preferred those places of service which did not compel him to encounter bitter antagonisms.

He was invited by President Hayes to a seat in his Cabinet. He filled the place of Attorney-General with a dignity and an ability which have been rarely if ever surpassed by any of the illustrious men who have filled that great office. The judges of the Supreme Court, long after he had left Washington, were accustomed to speak of the admirable manner in which he discharged his duties. The writer heard Mr. Justice Bradley, not long before his death, who was without a superor, if not withont a peer, among modern jurists on either side of the Atlantic, speak enthusiastically of his recollection of General Devens in the office of Attorney-General. Judge Bradley kindly acceded to a request to put in writing what he had said. His letter is here inserted:

WASHINGTON, January 20, 1891.

HON. GEO. F. HOAR:

My Dear Sir—You ask for my estimate of the services and character of General Devens as Attorney-General of the United States. In general terms I unhesitatingly answer that he left upon my mind the impression of a sterling, noble, generous character, loyal to duty, strong, able, and courteous in the fulfilment of it, with such accumulation of legal acquirement and general culture as to render his counsels highly valuable in the Cabinet, and his public efforts exceedingly graceful and effective. His professional exhibitions in the Supreme Court during the four years that he represented the Government were characterized by sound learning, chastely and accurately expressed, great breadth of view, the seizing of strong points and disregard of minute ones, marked deference for the Court, and courtesy to his opponents. He was a model to the younger members of the Bar of a courtly and polished advocate. He appeared in the court only in cases of special importance; but of these there was quite a large number during his term. As examples, I may refer to the cases of Young *v.* United States, 97 U. S., 39, which involved the rights of neutrals in our civil war, and particularly the alleged right of a British subject, who had been engaged in running the blockade, to demand compensation for a large quantity of cotton purchased in the Confederacy and seized by the military forces of the United States; Reynolds *v.* United States, 98 U. S., 145, which declared the futility of the plea, in cases of bigamy among the Mormons, of religious belief, claimed under the First Amendment of the Constitution, and established the principle that pretended religious belief cannot be accepted as a justification of overt acts made criminal by the law of the land; the Sinking Fund Cases, 99 U. S., 700, which involved the validity of the act of Congress known as the Thurman Act, requiring the Pacific Railroad companies to make annual payments for a sinking fund to meet the bonds loaned to them by the Government; Tennessee *v.* Davis, 100 U. S., 257, as to the right of a United States officer to be tried in the federal courts for killing a person in self-defence whilst in the discharge of his official duties; the civil-rights case of Strander *v.* West Virginia and Others, 100 U. S., 303–422, in which were settled the rights of all classes of citizens, irrespective of color, to suffrage and to representation in the jury-box, and the right of the Government of the United States to interpose its power for their protection; Neal *v.* Delaware, 103 U. S., 370, by which it was decided that the right of suffrage and (in that case) the consequent right of jury service of the people of African descent, were secured by the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution, notwithstanding unrepealed State laws or constitutions to the contrary.

In all these cases and many others the arguments of the Attorney-General were presented with distinguished ability and dignity, and with his habitual courtesy and amenity of manner, whilst his broad and comprehensive views greatly aided the Court in arriving at just conclusions. In all of them he was successful, and it may be said that he rarely assumed a position on behalf of the Government, in any important case, in which he was not sustained by the judgment of the Court. His advocacy was conscientious and judicial rather than experimental—as is eminently fitting in the official representative of the Government. It best subserves the ends of justice, the suppression of useless litigation, and the prompt administration of the law.

I can only add that the members of the Supreme Court parted with Attorney-General Devens with regret. Of him, as of so many other eminent lawyers, the reflection is just, that the highest efforts of advocacy have no adequate memorial. Written compositions remain, but the noblest displays of human genius at the Bar—often, perhaps, the successful assaults of Freedom against the fortresses of Despotism, are lost to history and memory for want of needful recordation. *Vixere fortes ante-Agamemnona*, or, as Tacitus says of the eloquent Haterius: "Whilst the plodding industry of scribblers goes down to posterity, the sweet voice and fluent eloquence of Haterius died with himself."

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH P. BRADLEY.

General Devens was a great orator. He had a rich and powerful voice of great compass and sweetness, a handsome, graceful figure; a pleasing countenance which lighted up when he was stirred by some emotion. His address to the shattered remnant of the Fifteenth Regiment, after a terrible disaster and slaughter at Ball's Bluff, and his eulogy of Grant, delivered at Worcester, in which he com-

pared Grant to Napoleon, and contrasted the greeting that Grant would receive from his comrades who had preceded him to the other world, with that which awaited Napoleon from the victims of his wicked and selfish ambitions, deserve and will take, I am sure, a high rank in the literature of classic eloquence.

He was admirable also as an historic investigator and narrator. He carefully studied the facts. He told the story of the heroic days of the Revolution, and of the heroic days of the war for the Union with a graphic power which will give his addresses on such subjects a permanent place in our best historic literature.

Two of these speeches deserve special memory. One was delivered at New Haven at a meeting of the survivors of the Army of the Potomac, in the presence of General Grant. Devens was the orator of the day. His subject was the military career of General Meade, who had just died. Devens gave a careful and discriminating history of the events of Meade's life and of the battle of Gettysburg and the operations which preceded it. At the banquet in the evening the duty of responding to the toast, "The Common Soldier," had been assigned to another person who, a few minutes before he was to speak, had been called away suddenly, I think, by some domestic calamity. The president of the evening sent word to Devens that he must supply the vacant place. Without a moment to prepare he arose and delivered a speech of great eloquence and beauty. President Grant himself, who was no mean judge, and who had of course heard a great deal of oratory on that subject, told me it was the best speech he ever heard in his life.

The other occasion was at Bunker Hill on the centennial of the battle, in 1875. Devens was the orator of the day. He had carefully prepared an historical address. But there had been a good deal of bungling in the arrangements for the procession which formed in Boston, and the audience did not get over to the ground till quite late in the afternoon—too late for listening to a long historic narrative. Devens laid aside his prepared speech and delivered an *ex tempore* address of perhaps an hour in length, which is said, by those who heard it, to have been one of the most masterly and impressive speeches ever made on such an occasion. I believe the speech originally prepared has been printed. But I do not know whether the *ex tempore* one is preserved anywhere.

But it is as a soldier that his countrymen will remember him, and it is as a soldier that he would wish to be remembered. Whatever may be said by the philosopher, the moralist, or the preacher, the instincts of the greater portion of mankind will lead them to award the highest meed of admiration to the military character. Even when the most selfish of human passions, the love of power or the love of fame, is the stimulant of the soldier's career, he must at least be ready for the supreme sacrifice —the willingness to give his life, if need be, for the object he is pursuing. But when his end is purely unselfish, when the love of country or the desire to save her life by giving his own has entire mastery of the soul, all mankind are agreed to award to the good soldier a glory which it bestows nowhere else.

There was nothing lacking in General Devens to the complete soldierly character. He had a passionate love of his country; he was absolutely fearless; he never flinched before danger, sickness, suffering, or death. He was prompt, resolute, and cool in the face of danger. He had a warm and affectionate heart. He loved his comrades, especially the youth who were under his command. He had that gentle and placable nature which so often accompanies great courage. He was incapable of a permanent anger. He was still less capable of revenge or of willingness to inflict injury or pain.

As Clarendon says of Falkland, "He had a full appetite of fame by just and generous actions, so he had an equal contempt for it by base and servile expedients." He never for an instant tolerated that most pernicious and pestilent heresy, that so long as each side believed itself to be in the right there was no difference between the just and the unjust cause. He knew that he was contending for the life of his country, for the fate of human liberty on this continent. No other cause would have led him to draw his sword, and he cared for no other earthly reward for his service.

> O just and faithful knight of God,
> Ride on, the prize is near.

THREE SONGS

By Josephine Daskam

I

THE PRINCE

My heart it was a cup of gold
That at his lip did long to lie,
But he hath drunk the red wine down,
And tossed the goblet by.

My heart it was a floating bird
That through the world did wander free,
But he hath locked it in a cage,
And lost the silver key.

My heart it was a white, white rose
That bloomed upon a broken bough,
He did but wear it for an hour,
And it is withered now.

II

THE SAILOR

You hold me for a day, my dear,
  I lose you for a life,
And that's the sailor's way, my dear,
  A love, but not a wife.
'Tis never I will blame you,
  'Tis not my eyes are wet,
But 'tis I that must remember—
  'Tis you that will forget.

You kiss me for a night, my dear,
  I kiss you for the years,
And that's the sailor's right, my dear,
  And life's too short for tears.
'Tis never I will stay you
  When once the moon has set,
But 'tis I that must remember—
  'Tis you that will forget.

III

THE HUNTER

One came chasing the fallow deer
When all the wood was green,
But through my heart an arrow went
That ne'er by him was seen—
Ah, me!
That ne'er by him was seen.

One came hunting the eagle-king
When all the wood was brown,
But over me a lure was cast
That dragged my proud heart down—
Ah, me!
That dragged my proud heart down.

One came tracking the mighty boar
When all the wood was white,
But from my wound the red drops fell
That guided him that night—
Ah, me!
That guided him that night.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE child was screaming lustily on the elevated train. Unreasonably it insisted on getting off and going home between stations. The passengers wore that look of patient endurance which so frequently overspreads murderous desires. Vainly the mother appealed to the child's regard for the suffering public, to its duty to itself in such phrases as "Folks don't like to hear a little boy cry," "Be a good child and listen to mamma." But each appeal seemed to be a stimulus to renewed vigor. At length the mother announced that doubtless there were bears at the next station that ate up little boys who cried. The youngster ceased instantly, apparently as much through interest in outwitting the bears, as through fear. He became cheerfully curious, and pressed his tear-stained face to the pane. To the afflicted passengers never was there a more pleasing prevarication. Those who had frowned, now smilingly shared the little one's interest in this alleged fact in natural history. A happy, contented air pervaded the car. The ethics of the situation distressed no one.

The Lower Motive.

But need we fear to discuss it? Here was one young child pitted against a car full of people, some doubtless bank presidents, perhaps a judge or two, estimable women going to read papers. It was a contest too ridiculous to be tolerated. Plainly the important thing was to still that one strong young throat, even if it became necessary to disturb its tender young ethical standards—for the time must come when it would learn the truth about those bears, and perhaps pause a moment or two at other of its mother's statements. But in any case the greater immediate good to a number of innocent people certainly over-

balanced the lesser, remoter evil to one young unreasonable boy.

In instances of far greater moment the inadequacy of appeal to the nobler impulses, to the higher powers of the mind, and the efficacy of the lower motive everyone must have witnessed. If we do not willingly admit that the loftier ethical heights are for most days too wearisome to climb, and that we breathe with difficulty in that rarefied air, we discover a willingness in most people to meet on some lower plane where we can reason together. It seems to me that teachers and those persons who have charge of the conduct of others should recognize this and bring their teaching down to the average physical and mental level. What we are after is results. Life is so sweet a boon—such a fortunate arena—that whatever can make it what it was designed to be is above all the thing we want. If the higher motive fails and the lower motive succeeds, then it is the lower motive that is best. In the Philippines the children have classes in what is called "Urbanida"—that is to say, Manners on the Road, public conduct taught like arithmetic or dancing, not from the standard of morals. Politeness, which does so much to make our paths pleasant, it seems might be more cultivated if presented from a more selfish point of view. Politeness is indeed not so much what we owe to others as what we owe to ourselves. *Noblesse oblige.* Courtesy as an attribute is as becoming as might be a necktie or the color of a gown. Let me execrate the woman, but offer her a seat and take off my coat to wrap her shoulders if she is cold. Sympathy is a grace like a beautiful voice. Anger is ugly rather than wicked. Observe the distorted face, the features awry. Bravery is fine to see like a handsome carriage. Respect for the aged we all admit is a duty. But no human being can enforce respect as a duty any more than love as a duty. Love, Duty—amiable terms, but yoked they fight like a couple of street-cats. But respect for the aged as a personal quality is an attraction to be named with a good complexion and perfect teeth.

It is of course well that all these should be the outer expression of inward grace. If not, then let them be donned as a garment and worn with an eye to the mirror or the passing plate-glass window. Confucius is never weary of iterating the virtues as personal qualities which render the individual attractive. He even goes so far as to say "In killing people observe the rules of Propriety." Again, "From the Emperor down to the masses of the people all must consider this cultivation of the person as the root of everything else." We, however, who urge the lower motive, concern ourselves less with the individual than with individuals. The welfare of the greatest number is the highest good. Accordingly we demand that the individual conduct himself to this end, if necessary by appeals to his vanity, his self-esteem, or in emergencies by a call upon the bears at the station.

Economy of effort is an argument of the second place. Wastefulness in words, unhappily, does not make woful want. But the expenditure of time and force necessary to bring the working power of the higher motive to a state of efficiency, when the lower motive can not only be more speedily brought into action, but accomplish the desired result as skilfully and with less wear and tear, ought to be as conclusive in ethics as in physics.

THE FIELD OF ART

A POSSIBLE ART-LIBRARY

HAS anyone founded, or has any great library undertaken, a collection of illustrated books? There are curious abortive attempts in that direction confused in a vague way with art-libraries of a more usual sort. That which we know commonly by the awkward compound term which has been used here twice is a collection of books about the fine arts. In the getting together of such books as those, there must needs be many volumes with pictures, and a confusion of mind seems to exist, as a result of which a Shakespeare with anybody's etchings, or anybody's book with George Cruikshank's etchings, is admitted to the collection. The original old two-volume catalogue of the imagined library for South Kensington was made up in just that way. Treatises on painting and handbooks of engravers and their works alternate with novels, poetry, and history, published with "illustrations" in the usual and more accurate sense. Moreover, these are catalogued, or rather *listed*, under the names of the artists; but certainly that was not undertaken as in the first place a library of illustrated books.

II

WHAT the future collector and ardent lover of book-illustration will think of the recent work made for photographic reproduction, and of the reproductions themselves, is so doubtful that we had better not consider it too curiously at present. Let the distinction be made clear, however, between those modern drawings in which all the parts are explained and expressed by means of the firm line—and those which are made in full light and shade for reproduction by the half-tone process. To allude to illustrations in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, alone, the difference here sought to be established is that between Mr. Shepperson's illustrations to "The Diary of a Goose Girl" and, for instance, the drawings, which one may heartily admire, by Mr. Ashe in "A Procession of Umbrellas," last April. The difference is quite radical for this reason—the line work is in effect exactly that which might have resulted from the artist's drawings on the block, thirty years ago, while the other style of work is new. It is really new, not having at all the same aspect as mezzotint or aquatint or lithography—the only processes in which the line was wholly avoided and soft gradations alone put to use. And as for this new style of work, this multiplication by the photographic process-print of fully rendered drawings in chiaroscuro, drawn in India ink, or sepia, or bistre, or painted in monochrome of oil on canvas—as to all this, the difficulty is in its disagreeable, even repellant, appearance, when seen in quantity. I believe that it would be impossible to fill a shelf with the books of the new dispensation and then to find the volumes pleasant to handle, interesting to study (as little picture galleries), edifying to the student in any way.

Now it is clear that this sort of general condemnation is not going to suffice. There is too much good talent put into these "drawings for half-tone" to allow them to be useless to the present or even to future generations. In a way, we, the students, the lovers of art in black and white, shall accommodate ourselves to the new conditions; in a way, the new medium will grow familiar, and, therefore, in a way, pleasing. On the other hand, the facility of retouching and engraving by hand the half-tone "blocks" will become greater, and that which now in this extravagant community costs such an unreasonable sum of money will be feasible; so that the mechanical half-tone will gradually pass into a reproductive process, nearly as manual, nearly as independent, nearly as human, as that wonderful line-engraving of Amand Durand whose reproductions from Rembrandt and Durer took our breath away in 1870, or shortly thereafter.

III

An apology should be made for not allud-

ing to the earlier paintings in manuscript volumes: but really the line must be drawn at some point, and it is assumed here that "book-illustration" begins with the printed book. A very early printed book with pictures is the Valturius; De Re Militari Lib. XII, printed at Verona in 1472 and reprinted with different illustrations at the same city of artistic delight, in 1483. This book and all these books have pictures very unlike those of the earlier manuscripts with miniatures: they are not decorative, they run very easily into the mere diagram. They are rather of the nature of what should give information, and on warlike matters, too, than sweet and gentle works of art of the early Risorgimento. The drawings of a catapult and a trebuchet and a row of calthrops, and a long series of schemes and devices for temporary and movable towers used by besiegers, are anything rather than artistic, clever as they are in the rendering of the idea to be conveyed; and although the occasional groups

"Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along"

are cleverly drawn, and one picture of three fully armed fifteenth-century warriors in a wagon drawn by oxen (not a *caroccio*, a mere convenience of transportation) is touching in its nearness to life; still this is not exactly a picture-book. A great step toward a renewal of artistic feeling in the book-page is taken when we reach the Dante volumes, a series of them, editions of the Divine Comedy, too numerous to be reckoned with, of which let us cite only that printed in Venice in 1481, with a running comment by Landino, in the middle of whose pages of solid prose the verse of the great poet trickles like a slender rivulet. The stream is broken by square wood-cuts of extreme interest, decorative in their treatment rather than expressional or descriptive, and this is all the more noticeable as the subject draws on from the horrors of the first division of the poem toward the Purgatory and the Paradise. Illustrations of this class, square, solidly framed little pictures, drawn in strong outline with very great feeling for the limitation of the design itself to the frame, and engraved so that there shall be no mistake about the shape of anything so far as its outer contour was concerned, were destined to last for a long time and to take many forms, but they are never more effective than in the Epistles of St. Jerome, of 1497, printed at Ferrara. Here the lines of the drawing and the subsequent wood-cut have been thin and fine, and many of the drawings are descriptive in a way. St. Jerome sits at his desk and points with a very decided finger at the tablet which bears the subject of his discourse, "Nisi Dominus edificaverit domum"; or, in an open landscape he points uphill, addressing the prettily dressed young gentleman of the time and bidding him turn his back on the City of Destruction, very clearly characterized by women's heads prying from turret windows and horned devils seen behind the battlements. No one seems to have counted up these little pictures in the St. Jerome; there is an almost infinite number of them, as it seems, and besides these pictures which serve as real "illustrations" to the text, there are five very splendid title-pages, each one seeming more striking than all the rest. In celebrity and in actual splendor, all these books pale before the great Poliphilo of 1499, and its second edition, almost indistinguishable from the first, but dated 1545. These are designs of much importance; they are stately, they are elaborate; they pretend to much, and no one yet has been found to object to their pretensions. Forty years ago, when students of art, even of architecture in its technical sense, were sent to the libraries to study the Renaissance, this book was named as one with which they must needs become familiar. It was gravely presented alongside of the treatises of Serlio and Alberti, as containing a series of studies for designs in the classical taste, as then understood by Italians. Almost comparable to the large plates of the Poliphilo are those of the *Trionfi* of Petrarch; or at least that allegory of the Triumph of Chastity, as seen in the edition of 1488.

More like a manuscript than any of these is the Processional of the Dominicans, a little quarto, printed in red and black, in 1494, with square music notes on a scale of four lines and three spaces. The pictures come at the heads of sections and chapters, being very often framed by the ornamental initial letters, and the two full-page wood-cuts are brought in to face those forms of the divine service to which they belong, exactly as in a missal of a century earlier. As a complete contrast, we have the tracts wth a frontispiece, or a headpiece to each; forms of publication which could not be but from the printing press. Brother Girolamo of Ferrara was the author of many of these thin *plaquettes*, as

the bookbinders call them. It is he whom we call Savonarola; and his *Tractati*, his *Sermoni*, his demonstrations of doctrine are introduced with the most admirable wood-cuts. One likes the Transfiguration, with the three sleeping disciples relieved in white on the black hillside (a most logical and sensible design for wood-engraving), the strong city of Isaiah's prophecy, with its walls which are salvation, and best of all, because most ambitious in design and most realistic, the view within the Florentine church with the great reformer in his pulpit and the men and the women in two separate standing-places below, crowded together, young and old, but all carefully dressed and all attentive.

North of the Alps there was early book-illustration, less perfect in design, less beautifully composed than in Italy, but perhaps more immediately interesting. The Italian work is very often perfunctory; except indeed for its stately abstract design. The modern student is left wondering whether the illustrations, in any given case, were really drawn for the place which they occupy—so little does the text seem to lead up to them and so frequently do they reappear in other books or in other parts of the same book. The delightful Book of Agriculture by "piero crescientio cittadino di bolognia" (no capitals, if you please!) was printed in 1519; and a quite vigorous scene of threshing is given, three times—a very elegant garden with lady and gentleman occurs as often. So in that Processional named above, the spirited little cuts of a funeral and of a mass occur more than once, although, of course, where their subject is appropriate. But this is not true of the Dante illustrations. Still less is it true in such a book as the astonishing German translation of Virgil, published in Strasbourg in 1515, with what seems an infinite number of illustrations, each filling the whole or nearly the whole of the small folio page. They are often ludicrous, these singular illustrations—at least to our modern sense, based upon a more accurate knowledge of what the Latin text signifies. Thus the famous combat between Entellus and Dares, the same which Tom Moore paraphrased into a modern combat between bruisers, told in the language of the prize ring, is represented here by a most singular tournament between young heroes armed with stuffed clubs—a piece of pantomime reminding middle-aged people of the days of their youth and of the Ravel family. The German of the translation is responsible for the idea of those singular weapons; the Latin *cestus* has been rendered by "Kolben"; and it is a valuable item for the student of that curious piece of history, the mediæval interpretation of Greco-Roman story. But the book with its pictures is interesting quite beyond the rule for such things, and the appearance of the fury, Alecto, before King Latinus and his ladies is really a marvellous conception, with a spirit of Gothic art in it still. The *Horæ*, or Books of Hours, devotional books with which the sixteenth century busied itself in its early days, are rather adorned than illustrated by their little wood-cuts—they are hardly picture-books.

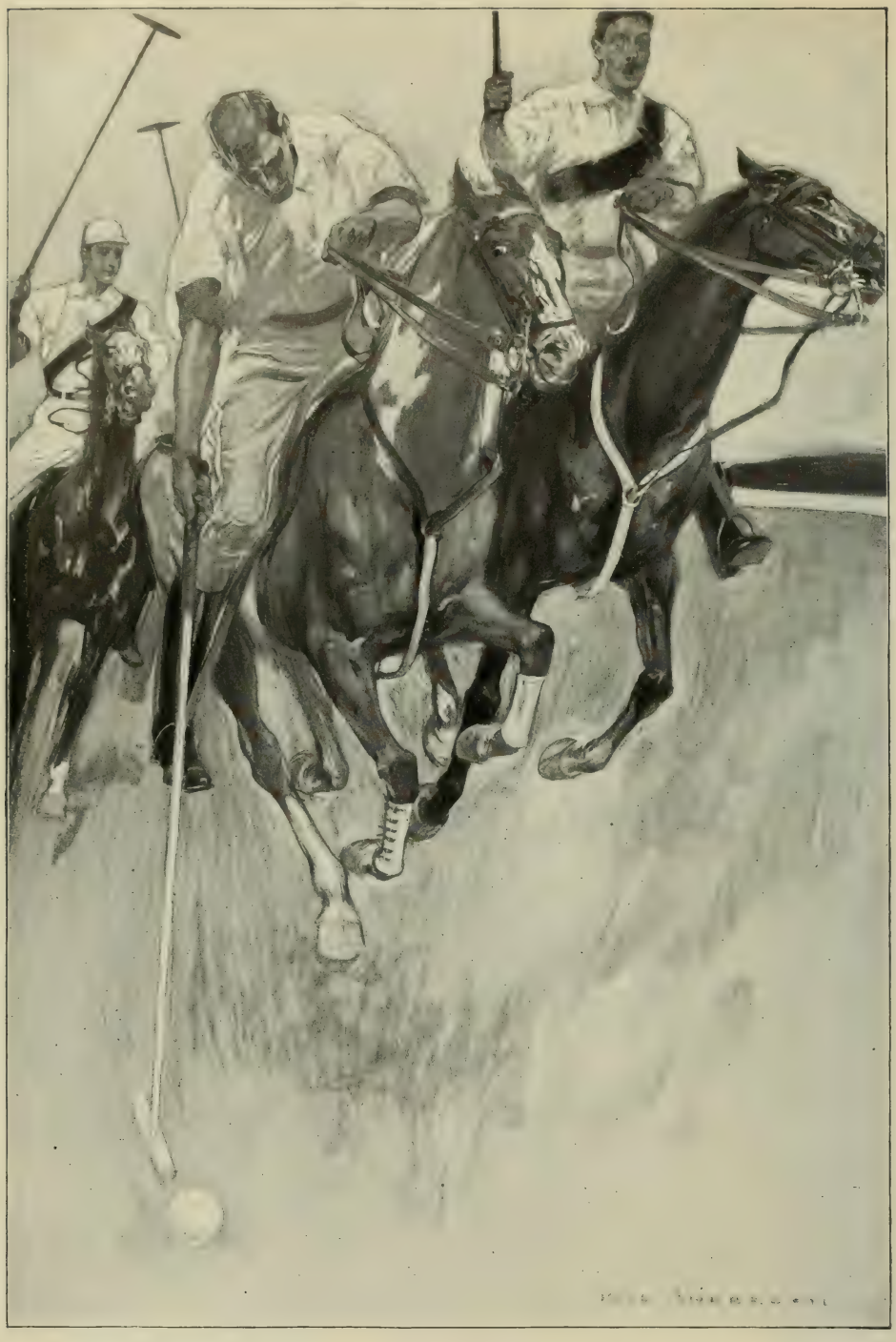
The later years of the sixteenth century bring with them a world of picture-making in wood-cut and this more especially in northern Europe. The energy of the Virgilian illustrations cited above is not to be found in the pious or in the historical books of a later time, but such a New Testament as that published in 1526 at Strasbourg, with many large wood-cuts, one of which tells in a brilliant fashion the story of St. Paul's shipwreck, is an illustrated book indeed! It does not appear that the Bible story has ever been given in a long series of cuts with more energy and realism. The history of the Order of the Golden Fleece by Guillaume (Fillastre), who announces himself as formerly Bishop of Tournai, is a famous good book of annals, with bold wood-cuts, some of which have been based upon drawings of great care and significance, the costume being very faithfully and minutely treated. There are nobler books than that, such as the contemporary record of the ruin of Charles the Rash of Burgundy, with splendid drawings of struggling warriors in the armor of the fifteenth century; and the record of later wars by Maximilian the First, never published until after three hundred years' lying by, and then in the remote island of the Englishmen. There is a translation of Livy into German, with a famous lot of pictures in would-be classical style. A history of that League of the Cantons, which afterwards became Switzerland, printed in Zurich in 1606, begins as it should with the creation of the world and comes down through Roman times with an immeasurable number of medals which in their turn are succeeded

by the coats of arms of the nobles treated of in later history. But indeed the books illustrated by Roman medals are rather too numerous; it is easy to become tired of the wood-cuts by Goltzius and others, in which Roman medallions with portraits are ill drawn, caricatured, or even "faked," for there is many a sham antique among them. The prettiest of those books is that of Mazochius, dedicated to Pope Leo X, Illustrium Imagines, printed at Rome in 1517. The great Chronicles—the Nuremberg Chronicle, the Cologne Chronicle, are interesting enough, though not valuable in proportion to their general repute. The books of the period allow of a good deal of study of that curious contest which is always going on, the contest between realism and supposed dignity of design. The Vasari of 1568 with the portraits of painters and sculptors, each portrait set in a frame of modern-classic design, deserves its reputation. One should read his Vasari in that edition, checking it off by Mr. Blashfield's critical remarks. Jost Amman's study of the costumes of the clergy, with curious Latin verses, makes up a charming little octavo, printed for the most part on one side of the page only, though the earliest pages of the book proper are printed on two sides, and the accompanying paper by Franciscus Modius is also printed in the usual manner. There are also the immeasurable number of books with a single illustration, perhaps a showy title-page, perhaps a frontispiece with a more modern look, like the work of Velmatius on the Bible History, which indeed is a translation thereof into Latin verse, and has a most attractive frontispiece showing the author dressed as an humble monk, but crowned with laurel, presenting his volume to an imposing cardinal surrounded by mitred bishops.

This whole subject of the outline wood-cuts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries must include the consideration of the coloring by hand which was always kept in view by the designer of the illustrations in question. When one visits the show-rooms of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the most attractive room will be, to many persons, that in which are shown the splendid colored frontispieces and title-pages of big books, dating from the reigns of Louis XI and Charles VIII, and the like. Occasionally one finds in the market a single wood-cut by Wohlgemuth or Kranach or Dürer himself, elaborately colored by hand, evidently by a contemporary artist, and perhaps touched with gold, so as to resemble in all respects, except in the character of the design, a Limoges enamel. Just such coloring, simpler or more rich, is to be found in many and many an old book which, because of that supposed injury done to the virgin purity of the designs, can be bought rather cheaply. Naturally, the collector prefers the untouched pages, partly because modern taste ignores such rough and slight, and even childish, addition as the coloring of the time often was, but partly also because the sense of priority, of early and original issue, is strong in the mind of the buyer of old books, and he prefers to imagine that no one has ever handled the volume which he purchases. Still the knowledge of the subject cannot be thought complete until many of these colored illustrations have been compared and the unquestioned purpose of the artists thoroughly grasped. The outline prints were made to be painted; there's many a fine old wood-cut of which all the copies existing are painted; in the books, the painting of the "figures" was only a part of the work and the spaces left for the putting in by hand of floriated initial letters allowed of a completion of the polychromatic decoration.

IV

The self-acting curtain which falls at the end of the fourth page, each month, cuts off the farther display of curious old art in book-illustration. The seventeenth century books of topography, the eighteenth century "vignette" books and the nineteenth century wood-cuts, etchings, Punch "Studies of Life and Character," Gavarni caricatures, and the rest must wait! But the question is worth repeating—Has anyone tried to establish a library of book-illustrations—a library arranged and catalogued on the basis of the artists furnishing the illustrations and not the authors of the literary matter? Is it impracticable to have a catalogue in which books illustrated by "Dickie Doyle" shall be put under "D" without reference to who wrote the books? And those illustrated by their authors shall be entered under "Thackeray" or "Du Maurier," not because the romances are the work of those writers, but because their more or less feeble illustrations adorn their pages. RUSSELL STURGIS.



Drawn by Karl Anderson.

BEATING OUT, IN A RUN FOR THE BALL, A HALF-BLOOD ARAB MARE.

—"Keno: A Cayuse Known to Fame," page 477.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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THE WASTES OF A GREAT CITY

By John McGaw Woodbury
Commissioner of Street Cleaning, New York City

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

KEEPING the streets of a great city clean, so far as they appear to the eye of the dweller in the city, is a very small part of the problem which confronts the Department of Street Cleaning. It is not so much how to clean the streets as to dispose of the great amount of material collected which is the test of the efficiency of the Department. Moreover, the streets themselves furnish a relatively small part of the material handled by the Department. It is the thousands of tons of refuse matter ejected from the houses of four millions of people which furnish the greatest problem. To get rid of the refuse of a great city every twenty-four hours, to completely eliminate it from sight and smell, along fifteen hundred and thirty miles of streets, is a huge undertaking in itself. The easy, obvious way of doing this, for a city situated like New York, was to cart the material to the piers, load it on barges, tow it outside the harbor, and dump it into the Atlantic Ocean. From the time a barrel of refuse was shoved out of the area door until it was thrown into the sea, it demanded a constant expenditure of time and labor, and therefore of money, to get rid of it, and there was not one cent of income in return.

But when Colonel Waring took hold of the Department in New York City, in 1895, the question of the disposal of the refuse of the city was taken up in a scientific manner, and it has been the aim of the present Commissioner to push forward the scientific handling of all this material in such a way that it will cease to be an increasing expense to the city, but will become—and in fact it *has* become—a positive source of income.

In order to dispose of the wastes of a great city to the best advantage, they must be separated into four distinct classes. All that is thrown away by four millions of people as useless can be classified and disposed of under these four groups: garbage, ashes, street sweepings, and rubbish. I shall endeavor to show how the most advanced scientific methods in this and other countries dispose of each of these groups so that they become sources of revenue instead of a constant expense. I shall illustrate these methods by the city with which I am most familiar. It is the largest city in this country and one of the largest in the world, and therefore the problems presented are the most difficult confronting any city anywhere. We are, moreover, attempting things in New York that have never been attempted in other cities, and many of them have passed beyond the stage of experiments, and the results are definitely known and can now for the first time be put before the public collectively. This I shall endeavor to do briefly, and without any use of technical or scientific terms. I shall first explain the method of primary separation, and then take up each of the four groups in turn, explaining the methods

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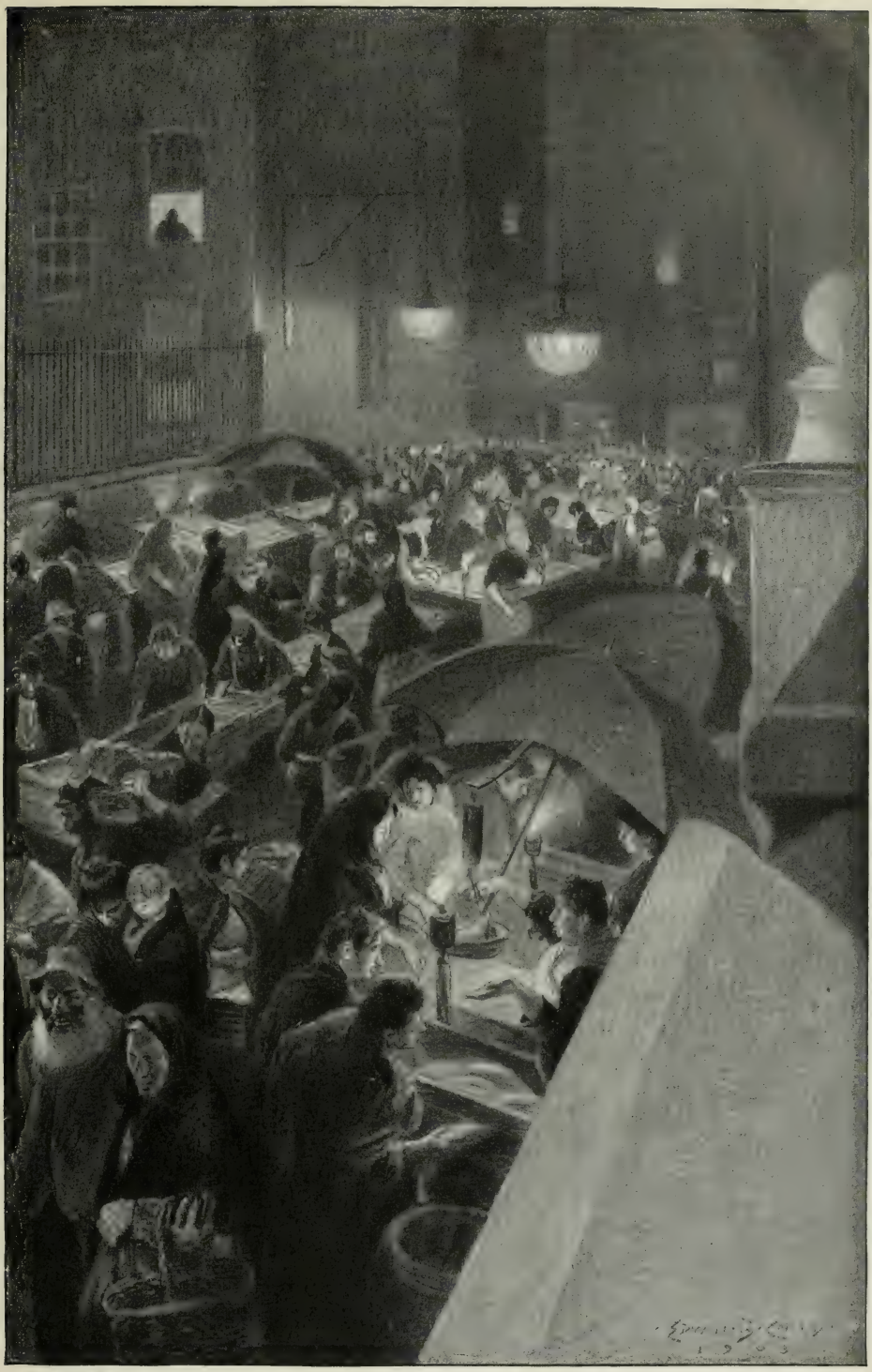


The Italian pushcart region.
(Corner of Mulberry and Hester Streets.)

which I have thought to be most efficient in the disposal of the various groups of material.

Primary separation is the keeping separated by the householder of the various waste products in separate receptacles, the garbage in one tin, the ash in another tin, and the household wastes or rubbish in a bag or bundle by itself. This primary separation was introduced by Colonel Waring in 1896, and is the basis of any possible attempt at the utilization of the wastes of a city. Unless these materials be separated, the whole fermenting mass of garbage, ashes, and rubbish must either be incinerated or else thrown into the sea.

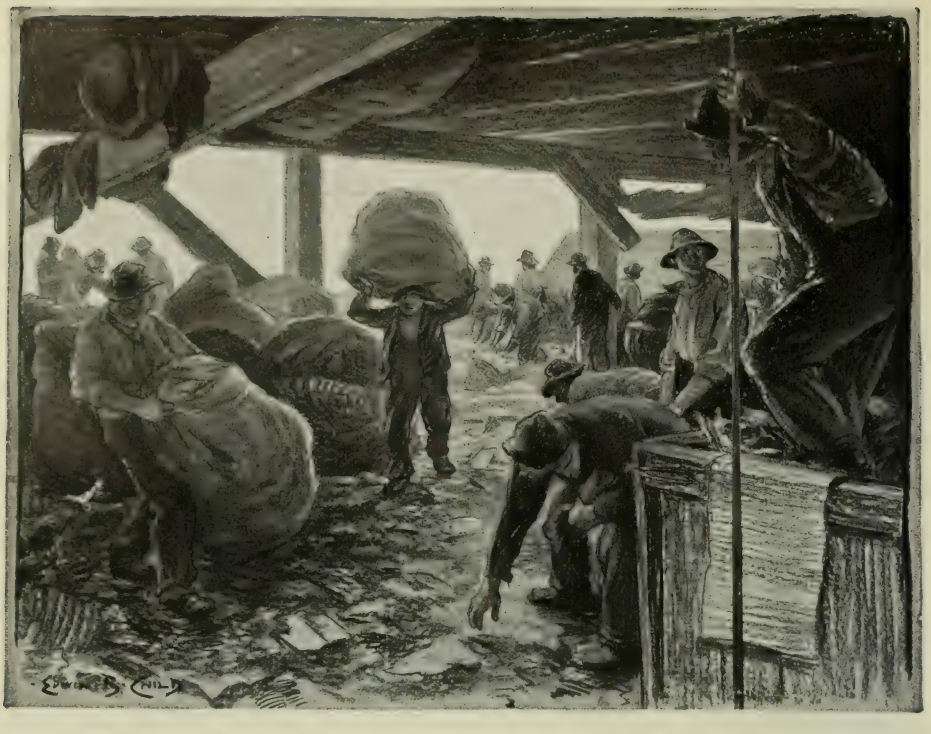
In 1896, when this separation was first instituted, there were forty policemen assigned from the Police Department for duty in the Street Cleaning Department. These policemen were detailed, a certain number to each district, to act under the immediate orders of the District Superintendent. It was the duty of these policemen to visit every household or place of business where garbage or other refuse material was collected, explain personally to those responsible just how this separation would have to be made, and wherever it was found that there were not sufficient receptacles for the purpose, the owners or tenants were required to supply them at their own expense. Failing to do this, they were brought before the city magistrates, so that when this separation was first commenced, arrests were made and fines imposed. The numbers of residences or places of business that were found to be obdurate were reported to the Board of



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

The new fish market at the approach of the East River Bridge, Delancey Street.

Since March 30, 1903, all the pushcart fish dealers have been removed from the streets and carry on their business in this market.



The old way of sorting refuse without mechanical aid.
Slow and with about 50 per cent. efficiency.

Health. They accordingly put one of their sanitary officers in the section mentioned, and also had the responsible people arrested in the same manner as is now done. There was a great deal of opposition to all this, because it was a law that had never been enforced. The people were to a large extent ignorant of it, although they had received due notice for a month or six weeks beforehand as to what would be required on the 1st of August, 1896. Cards were put into the hands of District Superintendents and section foremen and left at every house, and the requirement was explained personally by them to the householders whenever they could be reached, and to the janitor or the servants when the householder could not be reached. This had to be constantly repeated.

In January, 1902, the work accomplished by Colonel Waring in this direction had been practically undone by careless methods, by the withdrawal of the police detailed to the Department early in 1898, and by the ease with which the mixed material could be towed to sea, and there disposed of. The entire method of primary separation was immediately taken up by the present administration, and has been carried on so efficiently that in 1902 there were delivered to the Sanitary Utilization Company 30,000 tons more of garbage than was ever delivered to them before in one year.

There are two classes of people equally criminal, who make for the Department of Street Cleaning serious trouble in arriving at the primary separation. There are the ignorant and uneducated poor; but the criminally careless rich and their thoughtless servants make equal if not greater trouble for the Department. The worst mixed material thrown into the street may come from the teeming East Side, but the most scandalously mixed material that is hauled to the dumps comes from the Fifth Avenue, and is handled by the private ash-cart man.

"Garbage" is a term used to describe

table waste and the refuse from preparing foods. These matters are entirely animal and vegetable in character, subject to rapid chemical changes due to acetic acid fermentation. These rapid chemical changes, and the consequent formation of gases, render it impossible to handle this material in air-tight, sealed donikins. This method has been tried, and the result—disastrous explosion.

The material thus known as garbage in this city varies greatly from the material known as garbage and handled as such in Great Britain and on the Continent. The garbage of the City of New York contains about 25 per cent. more water than the English or Scotch material, and about 50 per cent. more water than the German. Practically, France has no garbage.

In Paris there is no house-to-house collection of the household waste known as garbage in this city, because there is no such household waste. The frugal housekeeper carefully separates and uses all the waste materials. Such as may not be again re-cooked or put into the soup-stock pot, such as coffee grounds and egg shells, are burned. The hotel and restaurant wastes are carefully saved, separated and re-sold to other restaurants of a lower type, so that Véfour and the Café de Paris feed again the Batignolles and Montmartre. Even the wastes of the vineyards, the results of the wine pressing, are not thrown away, but distilled for the purpose of making methyl alcohol.

The collections of garbage in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx are made daily from house to house and hauled to the river front in steel-bodied, water-tight carts, covered with a flexible canvas cover. This collection work is done by the Department itself in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx, but in the Borough of Brooklyn it was until recently handled by contract much less efficiently.

When the material was delivered on board



The new way of sorting refuse with mechanical aid.

By belt conveyor to the destruction furnace, giving 100 per cent. efficiency.

the scows of the Sanitary Utilization Company, further responsibility on the part of the Department of Street Cleaning ceased, except supervision of the contractor in the carrying out of his method of reduction. Upon June 1st, 1903, and since that date, the collection of the garbage in the Borough of Brooklyn has been done by the Department itself, the contract being abandoned by the contractor.

In the Borough of Manhattan the garbage collection averages 612 tons daily, the collection on the heaviest day being 1100 tons, and on the lightest day 220 tons.

To dispose of this garbage at a better advantage for the city, we have been making experiments in various methods of reduction to utilize the material and make it a larger source of income.

Incineration means the total destruction of the materials burned, or their chemical change into gases, vapors, and a residual ash or clinker. The possible products of incineration that may be of value can only be heat and power.

In the so-called incineration plants which are being successfully operated in Glasgow, Sheffield, Birmingham and Bradford, rubbish, ashes, and garbage are all mixed together with a certain percentage of fuel. This creates sufficient power to partially light these cities and make a return for the cost of destruction of this material, but it is extremely doubtful that the garbage itself produces many heat units, if any at all. The present residue of combustible coal left in the ash is what probably consumes the garbage and produces what power is furnished. This may be roughly estimated at about 20 per cent. In the plants located at Berlin and at Ham-



In the hydraulic press room at Barren Island.

Here the garbage, which has been treated in a retort for eighteen hours with live steam at eighty pounds pressure, is pressed to separate the residuum from the tankage.



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Barren Island—Clearing the pressing frames and sacking from the residuum after the hydraulic pressure.



Unloading garbage with metal belt conveyor from scows at Barren Island.
Cleaning the deck of a scow after unloading.

burg there has been no return of heat or power, and but a slight sale of the clinker.

Our own experiments in this direction in the boroughs of Queens and Richmond have been found to be very expensive, costing approximately $3.00 a ton for destruction.

Where garbage carries so high a per cent. of water as in New York it becomes difficult to burn it on account of the cost of the evaporation; and other methods of reduction, therefore, are in use.

Reduction means the chemical change by various processes involving the application of steam in retorts at very high temperatures to this material, efficiently separating the fats and oils and leaving residues of phosphates and tankage, which latter is available as fertilizer.

The most widely known process of reduction is the Arnold method. This consists of batteries of large retorts, which are charged by belt conveyor carriers, taking the garbage directly from the scows upon which it is placed by the street-cleaning carts. The material is treated in the retort under a pressure of 30 to 80 pounds of steam at 312° F. temperature for eighteen hours, during which time all the materials are thoroughly digested. The retorts are opened at the end of eighteen hours, and all of the liquid material drawn off into tanks, where the oil rising to the top of the water is skimmed off in skimmers or dippers and transferred to bleaching tables, where it is exposed to the sunlight under glass that has been smeared with a thin coat of white-wash. Here it undergoes a most interesting process of clarification and of settling.

This oil, bleached to about the color of olive oil, finds a ready sale in Holland and in France, and returns to us mainly as the basis of pomatums and perfumery. The solid products are subjected to great pres-

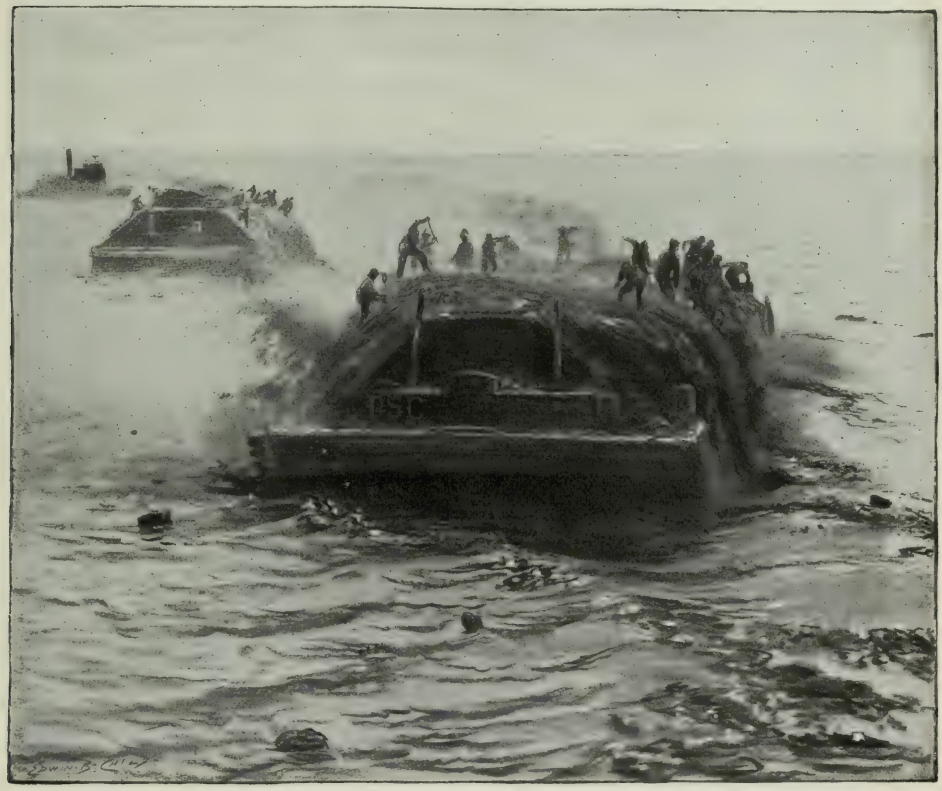
sure by hydraulic screws, and when squeezed thoroughly dry are broken up, sifted, and sold as fertilizer. The water residue or tankage is mixed with brown phosphate rock, and becomes also a matter of commercial value because of the amount of ammonia which it holds in solution.

There are other processes of reduction, such as the treating of the garbage in enclosed lead-lined tanks with a low grade of sulphuric acid before the application of the steam heat. All sorts of foreign materials are found mixed with the garbage collections in this city, from boots and shoes, tin cans and bottles, to silverware, both plated and solid, jewelry, and even cash. One of the curious freaks in the reduction machine at Barren Island was the stoppage of the cylindrical sifter by the blocking of the holes with hair pins. The company's office had a fine collection of hotel and restaurant silverware that had been run through the process; but it finally grew so large that it was sold. They also exhibited a dollar bill which went through the whole process of reduction and remained a recognizable legal tender.

Clean, properly separated ash is a commercial product worth 12 to 19 cents a cubic yard. The amount of output of the City of New York is about 3,069,372 cubic yards per year.

During the year 1902 the first sale of ashes by the Department of Street Cleaning was made to a large construction company for the purpose of making fireproof floors in department stores. This, of course, was but small in quantity. It is gradually increasing.

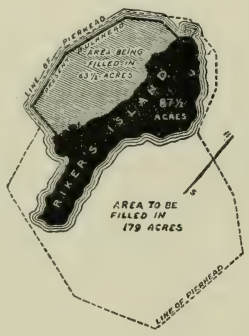
Before 1902 the ashes and rubbish of the City of New York were disposed of upon land-fills, in small amount, while the bulk was cast into the sea. The land-fills were those of private contractors,



Former method of unloading ashes and rubbish from flat scow at sea.
This material was often washed upon the bathing beaches.

who bought marsh lands on speculation and filled them with city material, the benefit accruing going into the pocket of the speculator.

There existed on the 1st of January, 1902, an empty crib on the south and west side of Riker's Island, which is one of the islands belonging to the City of New York located in the East River close to where that body of water joins Long Island Sound. The island itself is eighty-seven acres in area. The crib encloses an area of sixty-three and one-half acres. This crib was built in 1893 by the Dock Department, and an attempt was made to utilize the wastes of the City of New York by making a land-fill at this point. The material, however, was so badly mixed, the garbage, ashes, and rubbish all being dumped here together—there being at that time no primary separation—that this material, fermenting in the heat of summer, created so great a nuisance as to become a public scandal calling for the interference of the courts, and it was discontinued.



Land fill made by Street Cleaning Department at Riker s Island.

The diagram shows land already made of ashes and rubbish, with proposed fill in the blank on eastern side.

By means of proper primary separation and the disposal of the garbage for proper reduction, the problem simplifies itself into the handling of ashes alone. This material is being put behind the crib at Riker's Island at the rate of 100,000 cubic yards per month, and the fill of sixty-three acres is nearly completed.*

Thus, $630,000 worth of real estate has been added to the holdings of the City of New York at an expense in construction equal to or less than the cost of throwing this material into the sea outside of Sandy Hook, or disposition of the ashes under the old method.

A water main has just been carried over from the Westchester shore to the island, rendering it possible at last to barrack the convicts on the island. They have been, to the number of 250, employed in grading and levelling, providing outdoor occupation for large numbers of the men committed for minor offences, and doing service to their city for misbehavior, of from thirty to ninety days. This open-air occupation is much preferred. Persons committed to the workhouse request transfer to Riker's Island in order to get into the open air and for the extra allowance of food.

It will be possible with the proposed 175 acres to be added to the eastern side of this island—the contract for the riprapping embankment being already advertised by the Dock Department—to make an area two and one-half times that of Blackwell's Island, which will hold all our correctional and eleemosynary institutions now located on that island, making Blackwell's Island suitable or possible as a public park.

In the Borough of Brooklyn there has been formed a contract with H. Milton Kennedy for the removal of ashes and rubbish by means of the surface trolley lines. The ashes and rubbish are collected by the Department of Street Cleaning from house to house, and carried to central stations, which are located along the lines of the trolley roads. There they are dumped into hoppers which may act in part as storage bins, from which watertight steel cars of special construction, having steel lids or covers, are loaded, and during the night these cars are hauled away to land-fills on the salt marsh which fringes the southern side of this borough. This makes a great saving in haul to the city, besides the disagreeable feature of a long procession of carts hauling through the streets to the public dumps during the daytime.

Street sweepings are composed mainly of two valuable materials, of which, could they be separated, either would be worth a price, but which taken together are valueless; one is the manure, the other the newspapers which are cast into the streets by our careless citizens. The Department collects about twenty-two tons of newspapers alone daily. Of course in certain

* The lowest amount of money at which this fill can be computed is $10,000 per acre. The South Brother Island, which is close by, was sold a few years ago at a price of about $11,200 per acre. Land at Hunt's Point in the Borough of The Bronx which is quite adjacent, is rated at $22,000 per acre.



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Unloading the scows at Riker's Island at night.

This is the latest development of unloading and transportation at the O'Rourke Plant. Steam "orange-peel" buckets are dumping on the beginning of the belt conveyor.



Automatic dumping of ashes at Riker's Island.

End of belt conveyor dumping ashes in piles. The ash piles are blown to level and the fill is puddled with salt water from a heavy hydraulic mining stream.

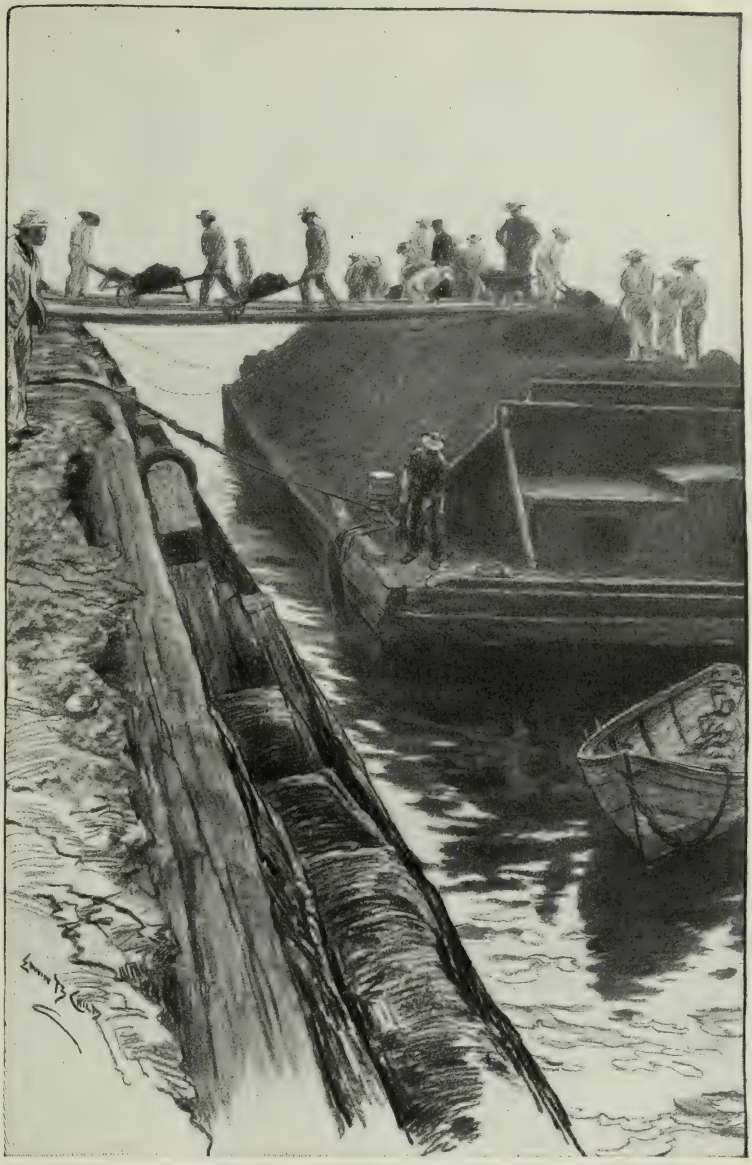
districts of the city there is a very sad admixture of garbage which has to be collected with the street sweepings. From the district bounded on the west by the Bowery, on the south by East Broadway, on the north by East Houston Street, and on the east by the East River, there is picked by hand each day from the surface of the streets, between curb and curb, eighteen tons of garbage that is thrown from the house windows and fire escapes into the street. This is due to the fact that this district is inhabited by lately landed emigrants, drawn mostly from the Jewish pale of Russia. They bring with them their ideas of sanitation and habits of life, which are still those of the eleventh century. The only sewerage or sanitary arrangement in a Russian or Polish village is a cobble gutter occupying the centre of the narrow, straggling street. Into this from any of the household openings all matters of refuse are cast and the dead bodies of animals left. It is never cleaned except when washed out by the rain. The syndic of the village has, however, charge of the removal of the dead animals. Bringing to us a civilization whose sanitary aspect is of this character, it is exceedingly difficult to educate these newly arrived people to our idea of separation of garbage from ashes, and the placing it in proper receptacles. It was found necessary, when we reinstituted this primary separation a year ago, not alone to print our notices in the English language; there was handed to each one also, and tacked upon the door inside of each tenement, a notice in Syriac, Greek, Hebrew, Bohemian, Czech and Italian.

This sadly mixed material, then, is of no value, and can only be destroyed. It is not garbage, and cannot be delivered to the Sanitary Utilization Company. It is not ash, and cannot be used in land-fill. It is noisome if left to ferment, and must not be thrown into the sea.

Street sweepings have been delivered to the Long Island Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the past year in amounts of 1,600 sacks daily. This material has been used in the grassing of their cuts and fills in the improvements upon their railroad line along the south side of the island. This material has been also supplied to the Department of Charities for the fertilization of their farm upon Staten Island.

So universally recognized is its value that constant application is now being made to the Department by farmers in the vicinity of New York, and arrangements are making with the New York Central and Harlem railroads for its shipment and delivery to the farms on the Hudson and in Westchester. This has been effected by the method of sacking, which originated with Colonel Waring and was discontinued by the late Commissioner McCartney.

During the great scarcity of coal last winter owing to the strike, various schemes were proposed for the making of fuel. Among others was the treating of the street sweepings of the City of New York with a chemical compound and compressing them into briquettes to be used as fuel. This, experimentally burned, was quite successful, but its possibilities as a financial venture are still undemonstrated.



Blackwell's Island convicts unloading scows of ashes at Riker's Island.
This is the most primitive method of unloading.

It is impossible for four months of the year to make a separate collection or delivery of any of the street sweepings of the city, due to the fact that during these months the temperature and the continued moisture of the atmosphere make mud of the street sweepings, and they cannot be sacked or transported.

Rubbish includes rags, bottles, sawdust, shop sweepings, old boots and shoes, sofas, bedsteads, mattresses, beds, bedding, furniture, paper, pots, kettles, cans, all scrap

metal, barrels, boxes, crates, cases, broken images and ornaments, picture frames, and in short, all the wear and tear of daily life and the refuse of trades in a great city. These materials would seem at first blush to forbid anything like utilization, but it is here that a great revenue can be and is derived. In the year 1902 the privilege of picking and sorting these materials at the public dumps sold for $107,000 in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx. This is the material which, when heretofore thrown into the sea, floated in upon the beaches and rendered them so unclean in appearance and disagreeable during the bathing season.

There has been devised and built by the Department a rubbish incinerator on the pier at the foot of 47th Street and the North River, where those materials that are not separated and readily sold are burned, and from their burning make power which runs the plant and lights the dumping board, and in addition a portion of the power is sold to a contractor in the immediate neighborhood. The incinerator consists of three retorts which are fed alternately by a travelling belt conveyor. The material carted there is emptied from the paper carts directly onto this travelling belt, which is 104 feet in length. On either side of this travelling table stand the pickers who sort from the belt into hoppers at their sides the varying substances that are desired, viz.: one man picks only manila papers, another only spruce pulp papers, another the shoes, another the cloths and rags, another the bottles and cans and all metal substances. These are turned through the hoppers into large presses, where the papers are baled, the shoes are sorted and sold, many of them doing duty, after repair, on the feet of our poorer citizens. But all old mattresses, beds and bedding, are not delivered on this table. They are immediately burned. This is a sanitary precaution rendered necessary by the diseases which they so frequently carried back to the Italian quarters.

The residue that is not of value is fed by this travelling table directly into the furnace, so that the furnace is self-fuelled. The plant was erected by the Department at a cost of $20,000, and was designed by H. de Berkeley Parsons, Professor of Steam Engineering at the Troy Polytechnic Institute. The privilege of handling the material brought to this point is sold at $240 per week, making $12,480 per annum, which is a rather good rate per cent. on the amount of money invested. The second of these incinerators for the purpose of handling the waste in the portion of the city below Canal Street is already under construction.

The ash which is the result of this incineration is entirely a vegetable ash, very highly charged with potash and ammonia. This is hauled from the incinerator by the Park Department, and is playing a very large part in the renourishing of the trees and shrubs in Central Park. This otherwise would be a source of revenue, as it is readily salable to the soap manufacturers for the purpose of making potash.

These four materials—garbage, ashes, street sweepings and rubbish—being separated, each falls into its place of use, and with a thorough and conscientious keeping of them separated they become a source of revenue rather than of expense. This carried but little further means that the Department of Street Cleaning, instead of being an expense to the taxpayer, should bring a revenue to the city, and the city clean and wash itself from its dustings. If we be but allowed the valuation of $10,000 per acre for the work at Riker's Island the $630,000 resultant must be charged to the credit side of the Department. In addition, the sale of the rubbish rendered possible by the separating belt and incinerator, hands to the City Chamberlain this year $107,000 in cash to be added to the sinking fund.

If there was any fouling of the beaches, upon either the Long Island or New Jersey shores, during the past summer, the Department of Street Cleaning pleads not guilty. We have dumped no material at sea since April last, all being disposed of in land-fill.

I beg merely to suggest another direction in which to exercise economical administration. The Department of Street Cleaning owns but one piece of property. This is the condemned market at Avenue C and 17th Street. It rents ninety-three pieces of property for section stations, stables, etc., at an annual rental of $103,766. This is a most wasteful method of administration.

THE DAY'S SHOOTING

BY

A. B. FROST





"Blow, Sammy, blow. He's a comin', by gum!"



"We ketched him dat time fo' shuah."



Gun shy.



Ordered off and argument useless.



Good luck.



Bad luck.



WHAT THEY ARE THERE FOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

THE most thankless task that can be undertaken by a nation is warfare against savage or semi-civilized peoples. In it there is usually little glory, nor is there any reward save the consciousness of disagreeable duty well performed. The risk to the soldier is greater than in ordinary war—since the savages usually kill the wounded and torture the captured. Success can only be achieved by an arduous, persistent, wearing-down process which affords little opportunity for scientific fighting, yet which demands military talents of the highest order. There is nothing spectacular about the performance, and everybody wonders why it takes so long.

And as injustice and wrong have not been infrequent in the preliminary dealings between the Government and the savages, the soldier, who has only to obey his orders, comes in for much unmerited censure from those who think darkly though they speak bitterly. Especially is he criticised if, when maddened by the suffering, the torture of some comrade, the soldier sinks to the savage level in his treatment of his ruthless foemen.

Long before the Spanish-American War and its Philippine corollary our little army had shown itself capable of the hardest and most desperate campaigning against the Indians of the West; as difficult and dangerous a work as any army ever undertook. There was so much of it and it abounded with so many thrilling incidents that volumes could be written upon it without exhausting its tragedy, its romance. There is scarcely a soldier who served beyond the Mississippi from 1865 to 1890 who did not participate in a score of engagements, whose life was not in peril more than once in many a hard but now forgotten campaign.

One of the bravest of our Indian fighters was Guy V. Henry. Personally he was a typical representative of the knightly American soldier; officially it was his fortune to perform conspicuous services in at least three expeditions subsequent to the Civil War. He was a West Pointer and the son of another, born in the service at Fort Smith in the Indian Territory. Graduating in 1861, a mere boy, he participated in four years of the hardest fighting in the Civil War from Bull Run to Cold Harbor. At the age of twenty-three his merit won him the appointment of Colonel of the Fortieth Massachusetts Volunteers, "a regiment that was never whipped." The tall, brawny Yankees fairly laughed at the beardless stripling who was appointed to command them. He mastered them, and to this day they love his memory.

He was thrice mentioned in despatches and brevetted five times for conspicuous gallantry in action during the war, out of which he came with the rank of Brigadier-General. For heroic and successful fighting at old Cold Harbor he received the highest distinction that can come to a soldier, the medal of honor. Having two horses shot from under him in the attack upon the lines, he seized a third from a trooper, mounted him under a withering fire, and led his soldiers forward in a final assault which captured the intrenchments—this third horse was shot under him just as he leaped the breastworks.

"Thin as a shoestring and as brave as a lion," he was a past master of military tactics and a severe disciplinarian. "I tell you he is a martinet," cried one young officer angrily, smarting under a well-deserved reproof. "You are wrong," replied a wiser officer who knew Henry better, "he is trying to make your own record better than you could ever make it yourself." Sudden as a thunderbolt and swift as a hawk when he struck the red Sioux, in his family and social relations he was a kindly, considerate, Christian gentleman. He could kill Indians, but never cruelly, mercilessly; only in open warfare—and teach a class in Sunday-school. I've seen him do that last, and no man did it better; the boys of his class simply idolized him. And his men in the army did the same. Cool and tactful, a statesman, for all his fiery energy, he was perhaps the best of our colonial governors. When he died the people of Porto Rico mourned him as

a friend, where the little children had loved him as a father.

At the close of the Civil War he was transferred to the Third Cavalry, a regiment with which he was destined to win lasting renown. It must have been hard for men who had exercised high command and who had proved their fitness for it to come down from general officers to subalterns, but Henry accepted the situation cheerfully. He was as proud of his troop of cavalry as he had been of his regiment and brigade of volunteers. His new detail took him to Arizona, where for two years he commanded a battalion engaged in hard scouting among the Apaches. The winter of 1874 found him at Fort Robinson in the Black Hills. While there he was ordered to go into the Bad Lands to remove certain miners who were supposed to be there in defiance of treaty stipulations.

The day after Christmas with his own troop and fifteen men of the Ninth Infantry under Lieutenant Carpenter, with wagons, rations and forage for thirty days, the men set forth. The expedition involved a march of three hundred miles over the worst marching country on the face of the globe and in weather of unimaginable severity, the cold continually ranging from twenty to forty degrees below zero. The miners were not found, and on the return journey the command, which had suffered terrible hardships, was overtaken by a blizzard.

When in an eastern city the thermometer goes down to the zero mark and it blows hard, with a heavy snow for twenty-four hours, people who are not familiar with the real article call such insignificant weather manifestations a blizzard. Imagine a fierce gale sweeping down from the north filled with icy needles which draw blood ere they freeze the naked skin, the thermometer forty degrees below zero, a rolling treeless country without shelter of any sort from the blinding snow and the biting wind, and you have the situation in which that expedition found itself. The storm came up an hour after breaking camp on what was hoped to be the last day on the return journey. To return to the place of the camp was impossible. To keep moving was the only thing to be done. The cold was so intense that it was at first deemed safer to walk than ride. The troops dismounted and struggled on. Many of the men gave out and sank exhausted, but were lifted to their saddles and strapped there, Henry himself doing this with his own hands. Finally the whole party got so weak that it was impossible for them to proceed. In desperation they mounted the exhausted horses and urged them forward. Henry had no knowledge of direction, but trusted to the instincts of his horse. He led the way. Many of the men had to be beaten to keep them awake and alive—to sleep was death.

Finally, when hope and everything else was abandoned, they came to a solitary ranch under the curve of a hill, occupied by a white man and his Indian wife. They were saved; that is, they had escaped with their lives. The horses were put in shelter in the corral, the men crowded into the house, and the painful process of thawing out was begun. The ranch was fifteen miles from Fort Robinson, and when the blizzard abated the next day, wagons and ambulances were sent out and the helpless soldiers were carried back to the post.

Most of them were in a terrible condition and few had escaped. All were broken from the hardships they had undergone, especially from the freezing, which those who have suffered from, declare causes a prostration from which it is difficult to recover. When Henry entered his quarters his wife did not recognize him. His face was black and swollen. His men cut the bridle reins to free his hands and then slit his gloves into strips, each strip bringing a piece of flesh as it was pulled off. All his fingers were frozen to the second joints, the flesh sloughed off, exposing the bones. One finger had to be amputated, and to the day of his death his left hand was so stiff that he was unable to close his fingers again. As he was a thin, spare man with no superfluous flesh, he had suffered more than the rest. Yet he made no complaint, and it was only due to his indomitable persistence that the men were not frozen to death that awful day. Henry's winter march is still remembered by those in the old service as one of the heroic achievements of the period.

The heroism and sufferings of the young soldier were nothing, however, to what he manifested and underwent two years later. Just before the Custer Massacre, General Crook with some eleven hundred men

moved out from Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, on the expedition that culminated in the battle of the Rosebud. Col. W. B. Royall had command of the cavalry of Crook's little army. One morning in June the Sioux and the Cheyennes under Crazy Horse, who as a fighter and general was probably second to no Indian that ever lived, attacked Crook's men. The left wing under Royall was isolated in a ravine and practically surrounded by a foe who outnumbered them five to one. The rest of the army, heavily engaged, could give them no succor. The Indians made charge after charge upon the troops, who had all dismounted except the field officers. Henry had command of the left battalion of Royall's force. Cool as an iceberg he rode up and down the thin line steadying and holding his men. At one time by a daring charge he rescued an imperilled company under a brother officer.

At last, in one of the furious attacks of the Sioux, he was shot in the face. A rifle bullet struck him under the left eye, passed through the upper part of his mouth under the nose, and came out below the right eye. The shock was terrific. His face was instantly covered with blood, his mouth filled with it. He remained in the saddle, however, and strove to urge the troops on. In the very act of spurring his horse forward to lead a charge he lost consciousness and fell to the ground.

At that instant, the war-bonneted Indians, superbly mounted, delivered an overwhelming onslaught on the left flank of the line. The men, deprived of their leader, for a time gave back. The Indians actually galloped over the prostrate figure of the brave soldier. Fortunately he was not struck by the hoofs of any of the horses. A determined stand by Chief Washakie of the friendly Shoshones, our Indian allies in that battle, who with two or three of his braves fought desperately over Henry's body, prevented him from being scalped and killed.

The officers of the Third speedily rallied their men, drove back the Indians, and reoccupied the ground where Henry lay. He was assisted to his horse and taken to the rear where the surgeons were. Such was the nature of his wound that he could not speak above a whisper, he could not see at all, he could scarcely hear, and he had great difficulty in breathing. As the doctor bent over him he heard the wounded man mumble out, "Fix me up so that I can go back!"

There was no going back for him that day. Through the long day he lay on the ground while the battle raged around him. There was little water and no shelter. There wasn't a tent in the army. Although it was bitter cold during the nights in that country at that season, at midday it was fearfully hot. He was consumed with thirst. His orderly managed to give him a little shade by holding his horse so that the shadow of the animal's body fell upon the wounded man. His wound was dressed temporarily as well as possible and then he was practically left to die.

One of the Colonel's comrades came back to him during a lull in the fight. There he lay helpless on the bare ground in the shadow of the restive horse which the orderly had all he could do to manage. No one else could be spared from the battle line to attend to Henry's wants—although as a matter of fact he expressed no wants. The flies had settled thickly upon his bandaged face. The officer bent over him with an expression of commiseration.

"It's all right, Jack," gurgled out from the bleeding lips, "it's what we're here for."

Royall's forces were finally able to effect a junction with the main body by withdrawing fighting, and Henry was carried along any way in the hurried movement. The Indians at last withdrew from the field—the battle must be considered a drawn one—and then there was time to consider what was to be done with the wounded. The facilities for treatment were the slenderest. The column had been stripped of its baggage to increase its mobility to enable it to cope with the Indians. All they had they carried on their persons, and that included little but the barest necessities.

Nobody expected Henry to survive the night. He didn't expect to live himself, as he lay there through the long hours listening to the men digging graves for those who had fallen and wondering whether he was to be one of the occupants thereof or not. The next day they sent him to the rear. He was transported in what is called a travois. Two saplings were cut from the river bank, two army mules, one at each end, were placed between the saplings, which

were slung over the backs of the animals. An army blanket or piece of canvas was then lashed to the poles, and on it the sufferer was placed. There were a number of wounded, none of them, however, so seriously as Henry. It was some two hundred miles to Fort Fetterman, and they carried him all that distance that way.

The weather at night was bitterly cold. In the daytime it was burning hot. The travois was so short—they had to take what poles they could get, of course—that several times the head of the rear mule hit the wounded officer's head, so that finally they turned him about, putting his head behind the heels of the foremost animal, where he was liable to be kicked to death at any moment.

On one occasion one of the mules stumbled and fell and pitched Henry out upon his head. The officers of the little escort stood aghast as they saw him fall out, but it is a matter of record, solemnly attested, that such was Henry's iron self-control that he made no sound, although the agony was excruciating. In fact, on the whole journey, he made no complaint of any sort. His only food was broth which was made from birds shot by the soldiers as they came upon them, and he got this very infrequently.

Finally the little cortège reached Fort Fetterman. The last mishap awaited them there. The river was crossed by a ferryboat which was pulled from shore to shore by ropes and tackles. The river was very high and the current running swiftly, and as they prepared to take the wounded officer across, the ropes broke and the whole thing went to pieces, leaving him within sight but not within reach of clean beds, comforts, and medical attention he hoped to secure. Some of the escort, rough soldiers though they were, broke into tears as they saw the predicament of their beloved officer. He himself, however, true to his colors, said nothing. Finally they offered to take him across the raging torrent in a small skiff—the only boat available—if he were willing to take the risk. Of course if the skiff were overturned he would have been drowned. He took the risk, and with two men to paddle and an officer to hold him in his arms, the passage was made.

Three hundred miles away, at Fort D. A. Russell, his wife was waiting for him. Long before he reached Fort Fetterman she heard through couriers the news of his wound, which was reported to her as fatal, although he had taken care to cause a reassuring message to be sent her with the first messenger. With the heroism of the army wife, although she was in delicate health at the time, she immediately made preparations to join him. The railroad at that time ran as far as Medicine Bow. Beyond that there was a hundred-mile ride to Fort Fetterman. All the troops were in the field, none could be spared from the nominal garrisons for an escort. Again and again Mrs. Henry made preparations to go forward, several times actually starting, and again and again she was forbidden to do so by the officers in command of the various posts. It was not safe to send a woman across the country with a few soldiers—the Indians were up and out in all directions. There was no safety anywhere outside the forts or larger towns; she had to stay at home and wait. Sometimes the devoted wife got word from her husband, sometimes she did not. The savages were constantly cutting the wires. Her suspense was agonizing.

Finally the arrival of troops at Fort Fetterman enabled a stronger escort to be made up, and Henry was sent down to Fort D. A. Russell. The troops arrived at Medicine Bow on the 3d of July. The train did not leave until the next day. They were forced to go into camp. The cowboys and citizens celebrated the Fourth in the usual manner. That night the pain-racked man narrowly escaped being killed by the reckless shooting of the celebrators. Two bullets passed through the tent in which he lay just above his head. The next morning found him on the train. His heart action had been so weakened by chloral and other medicines they had given him, that at Sherman, the highest point on the journey, he came within an inch of dying.

His thoughts all along had been of his wife. When he got to the station he refused to get in an ambulance in order to spare her the sight of his being brought home in that way. A carriage was procured, and supported in the arms of the physician and his comrades, he was driven back to the fort. With superhuman resolution, in order to convince his wife that he was not seriously

hurt, he determined to walk from the carriage to the door. Mrs. Henry had received instructions from the doctor to control herself, and was waiting quietly in the entrance.

"Well," whispered the shattered man, as she took him tenderly by the hand, alluding to the fact that it was the Fourth of July, "this is a fine way to celebrate, isn't it?"

After the quietest of greetings—think of that woman, what her feelings must have been!—he was taken into the house and laid on the sofa. The doctor had said that he might have one look at his wife. The bandages were lifted carefully from his face so that he might have that single glance, then they were replaced, and the wife, unable to bear it longer, fled from the room. The chaplain's wife was waiting for her outside the door, and when she got into the shelter of that good woman's arms, she gave way and broke down completely.

"You know," said the chaplain's wife, alluding to many conversations they had had, "that you asked of God only that he should bring him back to you, and God has heard that prayer."

Everybody expected Henry to die, but die he did not; perhaps it would be better to say, die he would not. And he had no physique to back his efforts, only an indomitable will. He never completely recovered from that experience. He lost the sight of one eye permanently, and to the day of his death was liable to a hemorrhage at any moment, in which there was grave danger of his bleeding to death.

He took a year's leave of absence and then came back to duty. In 1877 when his troop was ordered to the front in another campaign under Crook against the redoubtable Crazy Horse, he insisted upon accompanying them. He had been out an hour or so when he fell fainting from the saddle. Did they bring him back? Oh, no. He bade them lay him under a tree, leave two or three men with him to look after him, and go ahead. He would rejoin them that night when it became cooler and he could travel with more ease! What he said he would do he did. A trooper rode back to the post on his own account and told of his condition. An order was sent him by the post commander to return. Henry quietly said he would obey the first order and go on. He remained with the troop for six weeks, until finally he was picked up bodily and carried home, vainly protesting, the doctor refusing to answer either for his eyesight or for his life if he stayed in the field any longer.

Thirteen years after that Henry was commanding the Ninth Cavalry with headquarters at Fort McKinny. The Ninth Cavalry was a regiment of negroes. From the overcoats which they wore in Wyoming in the winter they were called the "Buffaloes," and sometimes they were facetiously referred to as "Henry's Brunettes." Whatever they were called they were a regiment of which to be proud.

In 1890 occurred the last outbreak of the Sioux under the inspiration of the Ghost Dancers, which culminated in the battle of Wounded Knee. Troops from all over the United States were hurried to the Pine Ridge Agency as the trouble began. On the 24th of December Henry and the "Brunettes" were ordered out to the former's old stamping-ground in the Black Hills on a scouting expedition. It was bitter cold that Christmas eve, but thank God there was no blizzard. Fifty miles on the back of a trotting horse was the dose before them. They rested at 4 o'clock on the morning of Christmas day. Some of the garments the men wore were frozen stiff. They had broken through the ice of the White River in crossing it. How the men felt inside the frozen clothing may be imagined. Eight miles farther they made their camp. They did not have much of a Christmas celebration, for as soon as possible after establishing their base at Harney Springs they went on the scout. They hunted assiduously for several days, but found no Indians. These had gone south to join their brethren concentrated about the agency. One day they rode forty-two miles in a vain search. They got back to camp about seven o'clock. At nine a courier from the agency fifty miles away informed them of the battle of Wounded Knee and that five thousand Ogalala Sioux were mustering to attack the agency.

"Boots and Saddles" instantly rang out, and the tired troopers mounted their jaded horses again. This time the camp was broken for keeps and tents were struck, wagons packed to abandon it. It was a bitter cold night. There was a fierce gale sweeping through the valley blowing a light snow in the faces of the men wrapped to

the eyes in their buffalo coats and fur caps. They pushed steadily on in spite of it, for it was Henry's intention to reach the agency in the dark in order to avoid attack by the Indians.

It was thought advisable, therefore, to leave the wagon-train under an escort of one company and press forward with the rest. The men arrived at the agency at daybreak, completing a ride of over ninety miles in less than twenty hours. Fires were kindled, horses picketed, and the exhausted men literally threw themselves on the ground for rest. They had been there but a short time when one of the men from the escort came galloping madly in with the news that the wagon-train was heavily attacked and that succor must be sent at once. Without waiting for orders, without even stopping to saddle the horses, Henry and his men galloped back over the road two miles away where the escort was gallantly covering the train. A short, sharp skirmish, in which one man was killed and several wounded, drove back the Indians, and the regiment brought in the train.

It was ten o'clock now, and as the negro troops came in to the agency word was brought that the Drexel Mission, seven miles up the valley, was being attacked, and help must be sent immediately. There were two regiments of cavalry available, the Seventh and the Ninth. For some unexplained reason the Ninth was ordered out. In behalf of his men Henry made protest. They must have a little rest, and so the Seventh was despatched and was soon hotly engaged. Two hours later a messenger reported that the Seventh in the valley where the Mission was situated was heavily attacked by the Indians, who had secured commanding positions on the surrounding ridges. Unless they could be relieved they would probably be overwhelmed. Again the trumpet call rang out and the tired black troopers once more climbed into their saddles and struck spur into their more tired horses, galloping away to the rescue of their hard-pushed white companions. The ridges were carried in most gallant style, and after some sharp fighting the Indians were driven back. The Seventh was extricated and the day was saved.

In thirty-four hours of elapsed time the Ninth Cavalry had ridden one hundred and eight miles, the actual time in the saddle being twenty-two hours. They had fought two engagements and had rested only two hours. Marvellous to relate, there wasn't a sore-backed horse in the whole regiment! One horse died under the pressure, and aside from that and their fatigue, horses and men were in excellent condition.

That was probably the most famous ride ever performed by troops in the United States. For it Henry was commended for a further brevet as Major-General—the sixth he had received!

The Spanish-American War was too short to afford Henry an opportunity to distinguish himself in the field, but in Porto Rico he showed that his talents were not merely of the military order. In the short period his health permitted him to remain there he accomplished wonders and did it all in such a way as to gain the respect, nay, the affection of the people over whom with single-hearted devotion and signal capacity he ruled. He stayed there until he broke down. I, sick with typhoid fever on a transport at Ponce, saw him just before he collapsed. We were old friends, and he came off to the ship to visit me. I was not too ill then to realize that his own time was coming. He would not ask to be relieved.

"Here I was sent," he said, "here I will stay until my duty is done."

He was the knightliest soldier I ever met and I have met many. He was one of the humblest Christians I ever knew, and I have known not a few. It was his experience at Porto Rico which finally brought about his death, for it is literally true that he died as a soldier should, in his harness. In those trying times at Ponce, when life and health were at a low ebb, he wrote, in the sacred confidence of his last letter home to his faithful wife, words which it was not his custom to speak, but which those of us who knew felt expressed his constant thought:

"I am here alone. One by one my staff officers have fallen ill and gone home. Home!—let us not speak of it. Jesus is here with me and makes even this desolation home until a brighter one is possible."

So, his memory enshrined in the hearts that loved him, his heroic deeds the inspiration of his fellow soldiers, passed to his brighter home, Guy V. Henry, a Captain of the Strong!

THE DISMISSAL OF LYDIA DAY

By Annie Nettleton Bourne

Illustrations by Stanley M. Arthurs

I

THE lowest grade of the Hedgville public school was a district school transplanted. When the old academy had given place to a graded school, there was nothing for Miss Lydia Day to do but lead her little roomful from the old building that had become like her shell to her, to the room assigned to the primary department. But it was not the shell that had formed the pupils, and the new shell could not shape them. The school was Miss Lydia herself, who was making the same imprint on the children that she had made on their fathers and mothers. There was not one among them whose parents had not got their first taste of learning at Miss Lydia's knee, and their first taste of pumpkin pie at Miss Harriet's. What wonder that all the villagers loved and honored the Day girls! They were the embodiment of two sterling products of New England—education and pie.

It was literally at Miss Lydia's knee that the youngest pupils were taught. They came one by one to stand in front of her. The book lay on her lap. It had become second nature to her to open it upside down. But the eyes of the little learner sought far less often the word at which his grimy finger pointed than the tell-tale lips of Miss Lydia. At her knee the natural child became a machine. The words shot from his throat as from a popgun. At each expulsion the little head was thrust forward and jerked back like a hen's. The end of a sentence, when it chanced to be sighted from afar, was indicated by so sudden a drop in the voice that the reader seemed to have run down. If the last word had been delivered inadvertently in the usual high monotone it was repeated in a deep guttural. "You are a good child," was Miss Lydia's highest praise; "I want you should do better to-morrow," her most severe reproof. Punishment she administered rarely. When Jennie Dean, for the edification of her schoolmates, directed a significant grimace toward the desk, if she had turned her eyes that way too, instead of watching her admirers, she would have seen that the chair was empty; Miss Lydia, making the rounds to inspect the slates full of sums, chanced to be just behind her. It was a sight never to be forgotten when she led the delinquent by the ear to a seat on a high stool. With no one knew what import she placed a sheet of nice notepaper, a book, and a newly sharpened pencil on Jennie's lap. "I want you should write a letter to your father, Jennie Dean, and tell him that you made a face at your teacher," she said. Jennie's heart stood still. The letter advanced but slowly. It might not have been finished at all had not Miss Lydia spelled more than one word in a whisper. When it was done, she folded it and put it in her desk, but she never sent it.

If Miss Lydia had any favorites, she never singled them out. Even Annie Griggs she treated like all the others. But Annie gained companionship with her teacher by a lucky chance; their pathways to school joined midway. She was the envy of all the children when they arrived hand-in-hand and the object of unaffected contempt when she appeared alone. To shout from afar, "Miss Lydia has came," seems like a mild revenge, but it was a dear privilege to those who detected the look of disappointment that lay behind such faces as Annie saw fit to employ for its concealment.

II

THERE was another road to the village and Annie might have gone that way with even heart-beats. But the old road did not join the new until just at the schoolhouse door, and it was by the new that Miss Lydia was at that moment coming. The

short cut between the two was lonely. The little girl could not have described its only dwelling, for she never had looked at it squarely. Whenever she went that way she did what she did this morning at the sight of the little darkies and their dog playing before the door. They were totally unaware of the small person in checked gingham who watched them from afar with big eyes, closing one hand very tight on her International Reader and the other very tight on the handle of her lunch-basket. Their eyes would have opened wider than hers if they had seen her slip behind a bush and drop on her knees. Their astonishment would have known no bounds could they have heard her silent prayer, "Please God, don't let them roll their eyes at me!" Then she drew in her breath and walked past the shanty, on the opposite side of the road, with shaking knees. She must not run, for then they would know that she was afraid.

Once safely past, there was no trace in the little girl that hurried to the meeting of the roads of the little girl that knelt behind the bush. With sparkling eyes and parted lips and bubbling happiness in every motion, she stood looking eagerly up and down. She was early; Miss Lydia was not late. Not once in thirty-five years, so far as anyone knew, had Miss Lydia failed to pass that point at precisely twenty minutes past eight. Sometimes a rent to be darned in Annie's dress or the last few stitches of yesterday's seam to finish, made her late in starting. Then there was nothing to gain by braving the pickaninnies, and the child would take to her disappointed little heart that one compensation and walk all alone to school by the old road.

It seemed a long time to Annie before Miss Lydia came in sight over the crest of the hill. Behind her at a respectful distance was Bert, kicking up the dust with bare toes. Bert was a generic name. "We love a boy," Miss Harriet was wont to say, "and we don't love to be without one." The first boy that they had adopted was named Bert and every one of his successors was called Bert, though Miss Lydia never failed to supply strangers with his true name.

"You are a good girl, Anner Griggs," said Miss Lydia, putting two fingers under Annie's chin as she stooped to kiss her. When Annie was a woman grown, as tall as Miss Lydia, it was just so that her old teacher lifted her face to kiss it. Annie shifted her reader to slip her hand into the large firm one. They did not speak as they walked the last of the two miles that lay betwen the home of the Day girls and the school-house. Now and then Annie exchanged looks with Bert in the rear.

That afternoon after school, riding beside Judge Griggs in the high buggy, Annie looked longingly after Miss Lydia going up the new road alone. The rear guard of the morning was lacking, for it was Bert's task to wait for the mail. Miss Lydia belonged as much to the landscape as the single gray boulder that stood by the roadside, or the pine black and straight against the sky. She was tall and erect. When she walked, every muscle seemed to take part in the harmonious motion. There was in her figure the simplicity, the loneliness, the austerity of a New England landscape. Her straight cloak, reaching to the bottom of the walking skirt that anticipated the present fashion in length, had once been black, but now it was the color of the boulder, grayed by the weather. Her hat was not of the fashion of the day nor of any day; it seemed a part of her, like the cloak and the little lunch-basket that she carried. She never carried it home empty; to-day it was filled with blue gentians.

III

"We shall have supper early this evening, Annie," said Mrs. Griggs.

"Don't expect me, mother," said Annie. "I am going to see the Day girls. Unless they have changed in twelve years, they will keep me to supper."

"If there is any change," thought Annie, as she approached the low white house with its green blinds and the familiar beds of scarlet geraniums, "it is inside the house."

The rapping of the knocker was answered by a heavy step and fumbling at the latch. Then the door opened, not very wide at first, but it fairly flew back as Miss Harriet exclaimed, "Why, I do b'lieve it's Anner! Lyddy! Lyddy! Do you come here this minute! It's Anner Griggs."

She thrust Annie into the sitting-room, her hands all a-tremble with pleasure and her eyes full of tears. Then Miss Lydia

came in. She held Annie at arm's length a moment, drew her close, and pushed her away almost roughly.

"How's your father?" asked Miss Harriet, when they were seated. She had seen him the day before and had not seen Annie for twelve years.

"We allus thought a-consid'able of him," she said, looking at Annie as if she could eat her up, "he went to school to Lyddy."

"Do you walk to school every morning now, Miss Lydia?" Annie had innocently touched a tender spot. A wagon had been provided to convey the children from the outlying districts to school, and Miss Lydia had reluctantly conceded that it looked foolish for her to walk when the children rode. She still looked well able to walk, though the old Bible would have proved her past seventy. Her cheeks had the same solidity and ruddiness that Annie had always known, more characteristic of a Gloucester fisherman than of a New England schoolma'am. Her gray eyes were still clear, her black, glossy hair was as abundant as ever. Parted and drawn down above each ear in a tight roll, it was gathered up in the back and coiled around and around. Miss Lydia did not look upon hair as an ornament. She did hers up firmly to get it out of the way. Miss Harriet freely confessed that she herself did not always do hers every day, now that it came out so. No two sisters could have been more different. Miss Lydia in her straight chair, with white shapely hands folded in her lap, was like a guest. She was more at home on the long road or in the schoolroom. It was Miss Harriet who bustled about to get Annie an easier chair and a glass of butter-milk. Miss Lydia always made one think of the wind and the hills. Miss Harriet savored of the stove and doughnuts.

The sitting-room was as unchanged as the sisters. It had a bright rag carpet, the kind that looks even on gray days as if sunbeams were lying across it. There were two wooden rockers painted black, the brown first coat, showing through on the worn arms. Above the high mantel, with the same loud-ticking clock at one end of it, hung a spatter-work picture of a fern, a Christmas gift to her teacher that had cost Annie many an hour of childish painstaking. The only other picture in the room was a landscape conspicuous for two trees, one a weeping willow, the other more like a green woolen duster set up on end than like anything that ever grew. Close inspection under Miss Harriet's delighted guidance revealed the purpose of the artist who had so assisted nature as to make the outlines of the trees represent the mounted figures of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton encountering each other. On a table covered with a red cloth, lay the weekly paper of the county, a lamp sunk in a tall growth of green worsted mat, and Miss Harriet's work-basket. It was a frequent thing to take these objects off and extend the table in response to a sudden impulse of hospitality. Every form of reluctance that the caller felt it a duty to show, was promptly nipped by Miss Harriet's gruff "Be still!" or gently removed by Miss Lydia's habitual formula, "We should be pleased to have you stay." No one could resist either and no one wanted to.

It was Miss Harriet who went into the kitchen to get supper while Miss Lydia took Annie into the best room. The best room was furnished in accordance with the taste of the western brother who was known to be "wuth propt'y." Miss Lydia opened the closet to show her grandmother's cups: hollow hemispheres of ivory white without handles, bordered with pink rosebuds. Cut-glass candlesticks, a century old, were kept there too, and a quaint wooden jewel-box. With these delights foregathered a motley collection of objects in celluloid, plated silver and china, for which the distant brother was responsible, and toward which the sisters entertained the tenderest feelings. While Miss Lydia was displaying them proudly, Miss Harriet laid the crossbar cloth and cut thick slices of bread and thin ones of ham of which she said: "You needn't be a mite afraid of it; it's some we cured ourselves." Seed cookies and cheese with well-steeped tea completed the meal. Miss Harriet brought a jar of preserved cherries from the cellar to show to Annie, but it was not opened. The western brother had sent it and the idea of utility never connected itself with a gift of his.

"I want Anner should see our boy, Harriet," said Miss Lydia. She referred everything but school matters to the elder sister.

"Bert!" called Miss Harriet, and Annie was half startled not to see the Bert of her memory. The present bearer of the name was a departure in the experience of the Day girls. Miss Harriet had always secretly loved a "babby," and at last one had come her way. "Ain't he beautiful?" she demanded, as the small image appeared in the kitchen doorway. His brown gingham was cut from the same pattern as Miss Harriet's waist, a pattern quite as well suited for one purpose as for the other. Concession to youth had been made by buttoning up the little garment in the back, which made it look as if it were on hind-side before. Beside the Bert of Annie's memory, this Bert seemed very small; he could hardly lighten the Day girls' chores. But that he answered another need was clear when, at a motion from Miss Harriet, he ran to her side, and, hiding behind her skirts, clung to the hand that she gave him. Only once did he emerge, when Miss Lydia said, "You may say your piece, if you wish, Andrew Johnson." Then he darted out and jerking his little head back and forth with the old hen-like motion, recited:

> Little drops of water,
> Little grains of sand,
> Make the mighty ocean
> And the happy land.

Each word fell on the ear like a leaden bullet. "You are a good boy, Andrew Johnson," said Miss Lydia.

When Annie walked out between the beds of scarlet geraniums, it was the magic moment when twilight suddenly gives place to night like a curtain dropped. The hylas were making their music, so mournful to the stranger, so dear to one who associates it with home. As she drew near her father's house, she heard singing and knew that her place was waiting for her on the porch.

"They asked for you, father," she said, as she sat down and leaned her head against Judge Griggs's knee.

"I used to go to school to Miss Lydia," said the Judge, "and you went to school to her. But your children won't. Too bad! Too bad!" and he shook his head.

IV

The Judge's outburst about Miss Lydia Annie took as a futile protest against the advance of old age and the end common to us all. But it had a more specific bearing.

Frank Bolton, the new principal of the high school, was thoroughly up to date. He brought to Hedgville from the West several things besides his pronunciation of the letter R. Miss Lydia recognized the vertical handwriting on the letter that Bert handed her one June afternoon as his. She did not read the letter and show it to Harriet. She put it in her pocket unopened. That night Miss Harriet, lying awake in her big bed on one side of the room, heard Miss Lydia, asleep in her big bed on the other side, say, "I bid you good-day, Mr. Bolton."

"Why, Lyddy hain't talked in her sleep sence she was small," she thought. She ain't feelin' well. I'll make her some boneset tea to-morrow,—Mr. Bolton," she ruminated; "she didn't tell me he'd been to see her school."

But Mr. Bolton had visited Miss Lydia's room and had delayed after the children had filed out, pausing to make their stiff bows at the door. Miss Lydia knew perfectly well what was in the letter, but she did not tell her sister. Nothing significant had ever happened to her before except their parents' death. Now, when she really needed Harriet's sympathy, her lips were sealed.

Frank Bolton wrote the letter as soon as he had dismissed the meeting of the school committee. It had been a long session. He had been surprised to note the influence of sentiment on those hard-headed farmers. It was not only "What was good enough for us is good enough for our boys," but "We think a sight of Miss Lyddy, allus hev." But Frank Bolton had a hard head, too. Patient tact stood by him more steadily than kind-heartedness stood by them. "Miss Lydia is a very estimable old lady," he said magnanimously, "but she has had her day. Your sons and daughters have great possibilities. It is your duty to give them every educational advantage, and their instructors must be modern." "It would be a pleasant charity to retain Miss Lydia, but boards can't afford to be charitable," he added, with a wink at Deacon Stedman. "When we get old we shall all be ready to step aside," he pursued cheerily, "we shall enjoy retiring. It is pleasing to think of Miss Lydia as

spending the evening of life in well-earned repose. Is it a vote?"

Some hands did not go up, but Mr. Bolton ostentatiously counted those that did and said, "It is a vote."

No further business was transacted and the farmers shuffled into the hall and took down their hats from the pegs. They lingered in a group to talk, but Judge Griggs went away quickly. The minister held back to press Mr. Bolton's hand. "You will be invaluable to our community, sir," he said. "You will stir us up and do us good. Such a matter as we have just considered is painful. Miss Lydia is very worthy. But you are right; duty comes before sentiment. I have long felt that Miss Lydia should properly be advised to resign her charge of the infant department of the Sabbath school; but the children are attached to her and I have avoided the issue. Good-evening, Mr. Bolton."

As the minister walked away something came to mind that he had not thought of in years. It was a box that the Day girls had sent him one winter at the Divinity School. He distinctly smelled the gingerbread and sage cheese. In the box, beside other goodies, was a letter from Miss Lydia containing—he blushed to the roots of his hair. He was angry at himself for thinking of it now. "That has nothing to do with the question," he told himself. "When a person has arrived at an advanced age, active service is no longer feasible. Kindness of heart has nothing whatever to do with it."

V

Annie could not fix upon her favorite month in Hedgville; whether June, when the bobolinks swayed on tall stalks near by, as she picked daisies in the south meadow, and their rollicking song came tumbling down from the sky all round; or December, when there was not a whole face to recognize a neighbor by (familiar Scotch shawls, knitted mufflers and buffalo robes told who was going past); or April, when the willows were reddening and the air grew soft. This year she made her annual visit in September.

"I'm going into Miss Lydia's room today," she said, the morning after she arrived.

The Judge and his wife exchanged looks, but neither spoke. After breakfast Mrs. Griggs said to Annie, "I ought to have told you, but I couldn't bear to. Miss Lydia is not teaching any more."

"Mother! Is she dead?" Any weaker motive for giving up her life work Annie could not attach to Miss Lydia.

"Oh, no! dear, but the new principal, Mr. Bolton, felt that she was too old to teach little children. He has all the new ideas, of course, and he——"

"Nonsense!" cried Annie, "all the new ideas put together couldn't equal Miss Lydia."

"Try to be reasonable, Annie," urged her mother.

"And father allowed it?"

"Your father was opposed, dear, and still is, but the majority were against him. He has given largely toward the purse that was raised for her. They raised five hundred dollars."

"Oh! Did Miss Lydia like it?"

"Why, not so much as they expected. She thanked them, of course. She wrote a letter to each contributor."

"Five hundred dollars would cover her salary for two years," Annie said. "She might not live longer than that," she added enigmatically.

Her mother was inclined to continue the subject, but Annie showed no further interest.

As she climbed the hill to the Day girls' home she did not see any of the familiar objects.

Miss Harriet came to the door, one hand behind her. She forgot that it was all dough as she threw both arms around Annie.

"Let me come right out to the kitchen," and Annie followed her before she could protest. "Where is Miss Lydia?"

"She's tending her flowers. I'll call her."

"No, don't call her, please. She'll come in by and by. Let me watch you. Those biscuits are beautiful, Miss Harriet."

"Lyddy likes 'em for her lunch, leastways did. I forgit. Why, one morning I did it all up same's I used to. Her appetite ain't so good as 't was, I try to favor her. 'Twa'n't never her way to set in the house, an' it's took all the spunk out of her, as you might say. Acts kinder peetered out,

an' coughs some. Them ladies that raised the money—real kind, wa'n't it? Lyddy'll show it to you—said she'd enjoy her rest, but she don't seem to a mite. Every morning 'long 'bout time to start for school, she acts real restless. But you can't git her out doors 'cept to tend her flowers. If she could cook some, or sweep, it would take up her mind, but she ain't never been no hand round the house. That was allus my part." Miss Harriet looked troubled. "I want she should go to see Brother Jonathan," she resumed, "but she wa'n't never on the cars and 'course it is ter'ble resky. I ain't used to havin' her under foot so all day."

"They give her a beautiful purse," continued Miss Harriet after an absence in the pantry to get doughnuts and cheese, which she took into the sitting-room for Annie. "I was settin' right where I be now,"—letting herself down heavily into one of the wooden rockers,—"an' Lyddy set there,"—pointing to its twin. "I see a carriage comin'. They's consid'ble passin' an' I don't allus see quick 'nuff to tell who they be 'fore they're gone by," she interpolated apologetically. "Thinks I, that's Mis' Wolfe's carriage an' Silas Temple's little girl's gittin' out with her. Now, what do you s'pose Mis' Wolfe's comin' here fur?' sez I to Lyddy. 'She wa'n't never here in her life. An' the Temple girl's got a basket o' flowers. Mebbe she wants I should take her to work for her board, but I won't hev to hev no help next winter, 'cause you can help.' I said that to kinder chirk Lyddy up. 'Looks as poor es a crow. Mebbe they want us to board her a spell,' sez I. I went to the door. It was 'long 'bout four o'clock an' I'd changed my dress. I took 'em right into the best room. It was a ter'ble hot day, but it was jest as cool as the woods in there; the windows was all closed, an' the shutters too, an' there wa'n't a fly, ef I do say it. I opened one shutter jest so 'st we could see each other. 'Take some seats,' sez I, an' Mis' Wolfe did, but Sally kep' a-standin'. 'Don't you want to set in that little cheer?' sez I. 'No, ma'am,' sez she. 'We would like to see Miss Lydia,' sez Mis' Wolfe. I was all of a-tremble. Lyddy 'd acted so kinder low-sperited sence she got that letter from Mr. Bolton that I didn't want her to have no more surprises. But she went right in an' sez,'I am pleased to see you,' sez she. Little Sally, she stuck the basket of flowers right out straight an' Lyddy was real pleased. 'For me?' sez she. You know how she dooz love flowers. Sally looked dretful scart an' never took her eyes off Mis' Wolfe. I wondered what on airth ailed the child. Then she opened her mouth an' shut it an' then opened it again an' said suthin' 'bout tribute of 'fection, an' I see she was goin' to speak a piece. It was a poem—Alice Brown wrote it—an' it was beautiful an' lengthy. Lyddy'll show it to you. An' she'll show you the purse, and the list of the folks. You see, they was a purse layin' right in among the flowers. Your name wa'n't on the list, Anner?" Miss Harriet's face assumed an inquiring look.

"No, it wasn't," said Annie. "I didn't know anything about it."

"I want to know ef you didn't!" said Miss Harriet.

"I thought I'd drop," Miss Harriet resumed, "I couldn't speak nor scarcely see, I was cryin' so. But Lyddy wa'n't flustered a mite. She kissed Sally an' then she made a real nice answer to Mis' Wolfe jest like a speech. A-body'd 'a' thought she'd had a purse give her every little while."

"There she comes!" Miss Lydia came in the kitchen door, her face shaded by a calico sunbonnet. In one hand she carried a milk pan filled with gay flowers, in the other a large pair of shears. She did not come to greet the guest until she had taken off the bonnet and smoothed her hair. The pan of flowers she brought with her. Her face lighted at the sight of Annie, but when the three were dividing the blossoms into bouquets Annie missed the life that had gone out of it. The austere lines had deepened and the corners of the mouth were strained, as though they were being held down intentionally. The cheeks once so ruddy were only dimly flushed. And where contentment had rested, was a dulled look. But Miss Lydia's manner was unchanged. She never had shown her joy at seeing Annie by talkativeness. It was Miss Harriet who chatted on and who led the way into the best room. Once there Miss Lydia took the lead and reached to the top shelf of the closet for the little basket. She sat down with it in her lap,



Drawn by S. M. Arthurs.

Their pathways to school joined midway.—Page 415.



It was literally at Miss Lydia's knee that the youngest pupils were taught.—Page 415.

pulling out the dried flowers, Without change of manner she extracted a large, sleek-looking purse of black leather.

"You may open it, if you wish, Anner Griggs."

"Oh, you show it to me, Miss Lydia!" and Annie put the purse into the firm white hand.

Miss Lydia opened it and dumped out a pile of yellow coins that went clinking into her lap. There was no more interest in her face than if she were emptying the button bag. Miss Harriet's expression afforded a sharp contrast.

"Ten-dollar gold pieces, every one on 'em!" she announced, "an' they's twenty-eight, countin' out the two you give to Betsey Taylor." Then she drew near, anxiously. "Seems though they wa'n't quite so many. Did you think so, Lyddy?"

"No, I did not," said Miss Lydia, decisively, and she scooped the coins up hastily with the open purse. All but one. "Could you make any use of that, Anner Griggs?"

Annie took the coin, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry. Miss Lydia had used her mother's phrase when they looked over old things in the garret; the generosity of bestowal was always tempered by the relief of getting rid of the article. She thought she saw rather more of the old contentment in Miss Lydia's face as she replaced the basket on the shelf.

"Why, you didn't show her the bills, Lyddy!" exclaimed Miss Harriet.

"So I didn't," said Miss Lydia, absently. She took the basket down and finally spread out a fifty dollar bank note.

"Let her see 'em all! They's four on 'em, Anner."

"They are all the same pattern, Harriet. Pretty, isn't it?" remarked Miss



Drawn by S. M. Arthurs.

It had been a long session.—Page 418.

Lydia as she laid the bill back. She spoke as if it were a sample of dress material.

"They must 'a' thought a-consid'able of Lyddy to raise all that," said Miss Harriet.

"They wanted I should have means to enjoy my rest," said Miss Lydia.

Annie never had known her teacher to indulge in humor, much less sarcasm, but there was something suspicious about the pursed-up mouth as she spoke.

When Miss Lydia had gone to tie up a bunch of asters for Annie, Miss Harriet whispered, "I know es well's I hev to, she's give 'way some more o' them gold pieces. She didn't want I should notice it. She won't be sat'sfied till they ain't one left."

VI

Had Miss Harriet Day been a woman of wealth she would have given away ten-dollar gold pieces as readily as Miss Lydia, though she would not have treated them like buttons. But she was far from rich. The combined portions of Deacon Day's property that fell to the sisters would barely have kept them from want but for Lydia's salary. Her regret at her sister's dismissal had not been purely sentimental. How were they to live? Brother Jonathan would wish to know it if they were in need, but she shrank from the thought. A gift from Jonathan always was acceptable, but it had been her pride, when he came on his annual visit, to have him find the old home as comfortable and pleasant as ever. The magic basket of flowers had seemed to her a miracle. From time to time she had advised putting the money into the savings bank. But she did not press the matter; it was Lydia's money. Besides, she did not wish her to know how necessary it was for them to be careful.

The night after Annie's visit, as Miss Harriet sat near the sitting-room lamp, narrowing off the thumb of a red mitten (Lydia had taken to going to bed early of late), anxious thoughts filled her mind. She felt sure that the money was going in gifts. "Lyddy wouldn't do wrong a-purpose," she thought, "but she acts kinder dazed. I don't b'lieve but what I'd ought to know jest how things stand." Before her conscience could rebuke her, she had carried the lamp into the best room and was standing on a stool to reach for the basket. A guilty feeling stopped her as she was opening the purse, but she thought "It'll be wuss for her in the end ef I mind my own business now." As she counted the coins her spirits rose. Omitting the gift to Annie, she should find twenty-seven. They were all there. She was mistaken then. But somehow she did not feel satisfied. She would count the bills just to make sure that all four were there. She unstrapped the lapel that held them, ashamed of her fears. Suddenly she grew dizzy, but she stared until she could see clearly. She had been right, after all. There was only one bill. She did not exclaim, but set about with trembling fingers to replace all as she had found it. Then she stepped down from the stool, breathing hard, as if she had climbed the stairs. It was several minutes before she could take up the lamp and go back into the sitting-room. There she dropped down on the edge of the sofa and did what she had not done in years; burying her face in her hands, she cried and sobbed.

In after-life tears do not bring relief. Miss Harriet could not sleep that night. Sometimes she heard her sister move in her bed, cautiously, not to disturb her. The next night was no more restful to either, but they did not speak of it to each other. The more Harriet's anxiety increased the more closely she kept it from Lydia. If Lydia's mind was preoccupied it was not by practical matters. One day she laid a parcel in Harriet's lap. It was fine damask for a table cloth that she had sent for to the neighboring city. "It's that sprig pattern like mother's; I thought you would be pleased to have it, Harriet." And Harriet was, in spite of the tears that fell upon it when she laid it away in the linen chest. After that she watched Lydia closely. Her sister was living in another atmosphere. She ate little, sat much of the time brooding with hands folded idly, hardly looking out of the window at the "passing." Only one thing could rouse her to interest, her flowers. They were going fast now; frost might come any night. Every evening at sundown she pinned white cloths over the less hardy plants.

One chilly Saturday morning in October, Harriet came down earlier than usual to start the kitchen fire. She left Lydia asleep. When she opened the door at the



Drawn by S. M. Arthurs.

"She's tending her flowers."—Page 419.



As she counted the coins her spirits rose.—Page 424.

foot of the stairs an hour later to call her to breakfast, a hollow sound fell upon her ears. She started as if she had been struck. "Mother!" she exclaimed aloud. It was twenty years since her mother had died, but the sound of the cough carried her back as if it had been yesterday. She saw the tall, gaunt figure, the sunken eyes and dry lips; she felt the atmosphere of death in which they all lived so long. The vision of her mother faded away and in her place stood Lydia. "Oh, Lyddy! Lyddy!" she cried in her heart, "Is the Lord a-goin' to let you suffer so?"

The vigorous body of Miss Lydia was a strange place for a wasting disease to lodge in. But the change in her manner of life had been like taking an oak from the forest and planting it in a door-yard. If her mind had been what it once was, the decay might have been slow and painful, but Miss Lydia had taken the advice of Mr. Bolton. She was resting. Her mind showed no sign of being impaired. It had simply stopped. The cough had not a hard task. Miss Lydia showed no distress when it took possession of her; she seemed not to know that it was bringing her to her end. At last she was too weak to leave her bed, but she said nothing as her sister raised her pillows and tried to make her comfortable.

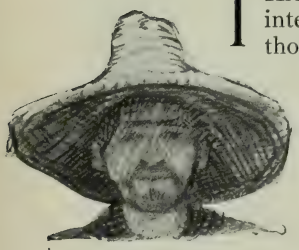
One afternoon, late in November, Miss Harriet picked the last purple aster in the garden and a bright nasturtium that had hid under its broad leaves from the frost. Miss Lydia took them eagerly. That night she died.

The neighbors buried her. The old men that lifted the coffin into John Porter's wagon had learned to read at her knee. They laid it on boughs of pine and hemlock and covered it with flowers. Two of them walked at the horses' heads and the others at the sides of the wagon. The school children followed in a group and then the other neighbors. Judge Griggs wrote to Annie: "Miss Lydia, lying in her coffin, looked just as she did the first day I went to school to her. . . . The children were to sing at the grave, but they couldn't. So we just straggled away and I don't know as there was a dry eye, young or old."

THE SOUTHWEST FROM A LOCOMOTIVE

By Benjamin Brooks

Illustrations by E. L. Blumenschein



I HAD come West a truly interminable distance, I thought, in my impatience —through the first of the level, snow-clad country which real Easterners call West, where one first meets the perpetual soft-coal smudges, and is waked at night rattling over grade-crossings; over the lonely stretches beyond, where the porter announces "last call for supper," instead of saying that dinner is served; where Chicago is Mecca and people call themselves "Easterners" in desperate attempt to distinguish them from what lies further out; and farther still till Kansas City and the ragged-edge-of-nowhere lay behind; and yet the sun went down ahead of us for the third time, and the real Great West which I remembered and loved had not come yet. I began to fear it no longer existed. But, that night, came aboard the man from Oklahoma. He was a soldier-man in leggings, with a clear, far-carrying prairie voice and an enviable stride, and I knew him for a good omen.

Sure enough, when I awoke the third morning, we were spinning through a wide region that had opened out in long level curves like the swell after a storm, "lean and lank and brown as is the ribbed sea sand," with never a tree, nor a fence, nor a habitation. The man from Oklahoma was admitting to the ladies in gallant generosity of tone that, of course, there might be some good Indians somewhere, but blamed if he'd ever met 'em. "Is it true," inquired I, "that in Oklahoma one measures the popularity of a belle by the number of ponies that are hitched to her front fence after eight o'clock?" "You wouldn't want any better way," said he. "I know some girls in Guthrie who set out to be social leaders by distinguishing themselves as bronco-busters; and they can go out in the corral, rope their pony, tie him down, and saddle him, and stay on him when he gets up, but I don't like to see a woman rough it quite so much myself."

"Dear me!" exclaimed one of the ladies, "the West *is* very different, isn't it? I suppose we are really West now?"

The soldier assured her that this was indeed good prairie country, and one might take a pony and a gun, and a water-flask and chase coyotes from there clear into Southwestern Texas, and find nothing to stop him, provided the pony didn't step in a 'dog hole.'

Yes, this was surely the West. We were passing, almost at the moment, from Kansas into Colorado; and, by looking far ahead, I could see, away on the horizon, a line of dim hills, the buttresses of the mountain forts that guard a yet mysterious land against the "course of empire." So, while we were changing locomotives at La Junta and eating breakfast, I concluded I had been passenger long enough. The call of "'Board!" started me running along the platform, thrusting my arms into a blue jumper as I went, and jamming a machinist's cap on my head, so that when I reached the locomotive, I was a queer mixture. "Would like to ride on your little engine," shouted I to the engineer. "Want to get up here on little Peg-*gee*-sus, do yer? Well, be lively, for we're goin'." And flourishing a bit of paper with a constellation of very persuasive signatures on it, I clambered into the cab. The fireman was still grinning as the engineer perused the signatures, and, in fact, to refer to such a locomotive as I had boarded as "little" was the height of motive-power humor; for the old Santa Fé trail for hundreds and hundreds of miles lies 6,000 feet high from the sea, and this Santa Fé "Pegasus," therefore, resembled his Eastern brethren, who stride swiftly over flat country from city to city, about as a plough-ox resembles

a race-horse. His 130 tons rested on eight great drivers nearly seven feet in diameter, and, having used his steam to good purpose in two cylinders, he re-used it in two more, steamship fashion, gaining tremendous strength thereby. As he moved slowly off with us, and I glanced back along the platform, I found I was sitting perched way up as high as the roofs of the cars, and the noises he was making down under me were various and terrible.

Now, the first discovery one makes in riding a locomotive is that the thing under him is no mere piece of machinery, but a striving, snorting, sweating, hard-breathing beast of burden. All the tremendous work he is doing you feel as you would feel the efforts of a galloping horse under you, or the strength of a rower in a boat. The second discovery is that a railroad is not the monotonous straight way it would seem viewed from a car-window, but a tortuous trail in and out through many obstacles, with abrupt up-hills and hair-raising down-hills, and sudden disappearances in the middle distance which cause one to think of the Fates.



A half-breed.

I made these discoveries, and also a third—that if I did not hang on tight I would be thrown out of the cab-window—in the first few miles over the imperceptibly rising country that slopes away from the foot-hills in mile-long undulations. The hills grew less dim as we strode along; faint blue ridges rose up behind them higher and higher as we rode barque-like over each long prairie swell. After a whole yellow sea had been traversed in this swift fashion, we rose on what seemed the last crest, and across the level intervening space saw the whole mountain chain at once. Now the real excitement began. The engineer pulled a long howl from the whistle as for a challenge, and, with a roar of steel on steel ascending from beneath to mingle with a bull-throated roar from the stack, with windows banging, coal spilling, fires spouting like infernal geysers, long-spouted oil-cans gone crazy drunk and staggering in their racks, we galloped at the mountains. It seemed an absolutely reckless thing to do, but the effect was magic. The hill scenery in front of us began to shift and rearrange itself in a surprising way. Long lines of blue changed to many colors. Solid ranges broke into separate chains running straggling promontories out each side of us by flank movements, showing gates and passes ahead where none had been before, to entice us into ambush. Almost before I realized it, the hills surrounded us, and the yellow prairie sea lay far behind quivering on the horizon. The transformation was as quick, complete, and unexpected as those pretty things that are done before our eyes in the theatres by the aid of a few gauze curtains and a manipulation of lights.

We were going slower now, and I had almost formed the idea that I was getting used to this breathless sort of travelling, when, on rounding a hillock at the top of a long grade, I saw immediately below—that is, immediately as one measures distances from engine-cabs—an entire train puffing toward us full speed, on the same single track. I drew a very long breath, and held it. The engineer "shut her off," and, instead of jumping feet first out of his window, as I had read engineers always did in such sudden emergencies, he—lit his pipe!"

"Is he in?" inquired he of the fireman, who was peering out on his side.

"Just pulling in," answered the fireman. "All in now."

The roar from the stack resumed. In a few seconds I saw that "all in" meant all in on a siding, which did not appear at our first distance, and when we got to where I had calculated the terrible smash-up would occur, we went by the East-bound train like a streak, and on our way in safety.

The mountains all the while closed in more and more threateningly about us. At Trinidad they stood so huge on every side, it seemed impossible to go further; but reinforcements came in the shape of another monster locomotive, which backed in and coupled on ahead of us, and so we began in earnest climbing over the great divide. The way wound in and out like a



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

The fireman reached down and thrust his arm through a barrel-hoop.—Page 432.

serpent, and so steep, our own drive-wheels were as high as the top of the last car. Our iron horse strained and twisted so, it seemed as if he must depart from all mechanical alignment, and could not be the same shape for two consecutive revolutions. Now and again his drivers slipped from under him, and a monstrous grinding, crunching, heaving feeling told us of it on our high seats till he got on his feet again.

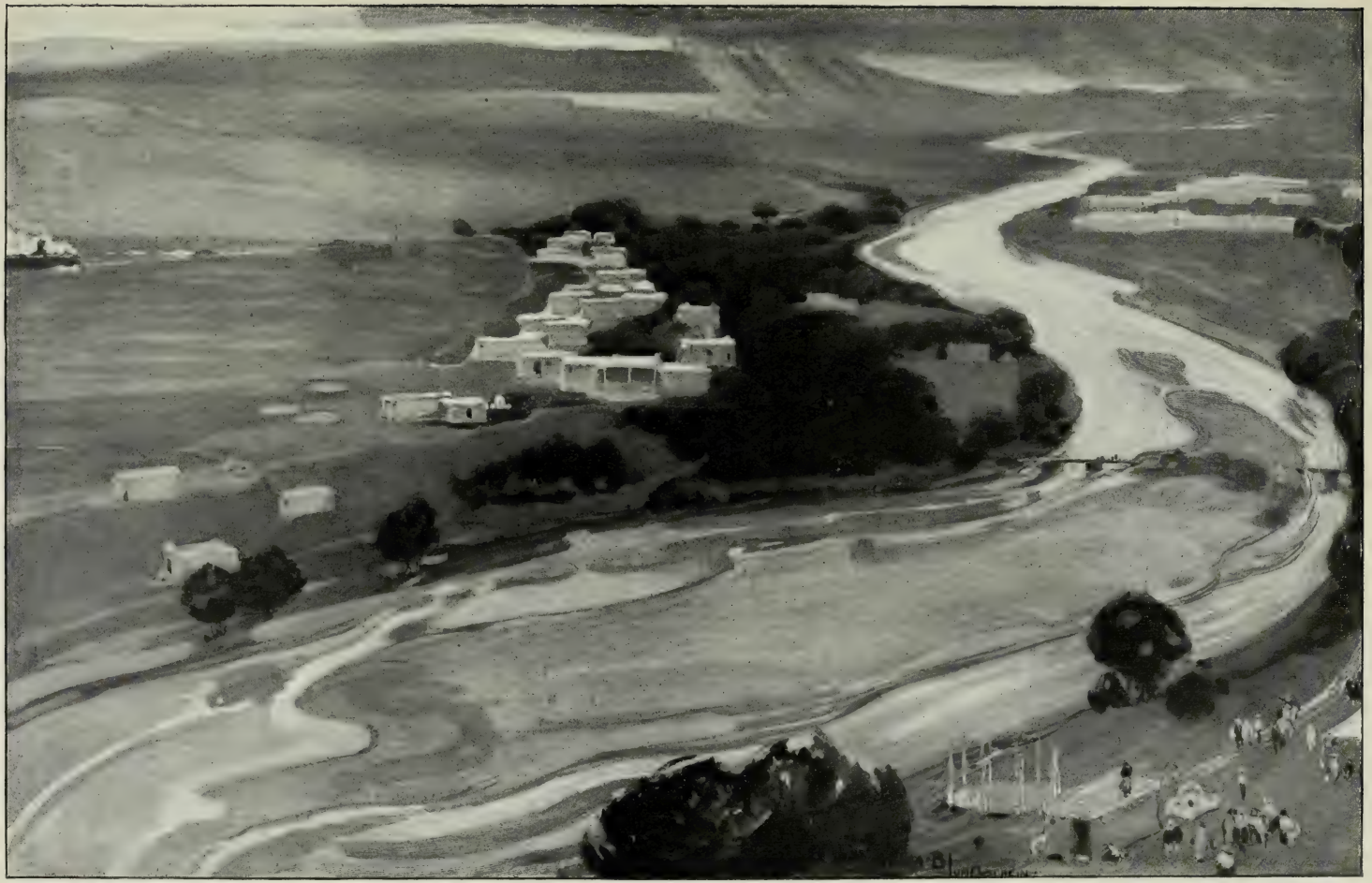
And we went very slowly—we almost stopped in places. The man from Oklahoma was out taking a walk beside his car.

"Are you going through the tunnel with us?" asked the fireman. "And why not?" thought I.

"It's a pretty hot one," he explained, "when we're going double-headed this way (double-headed meant two locomotives), and there's many a time we fellers come out of it unconscious—especially with freight what mostly takes four engines, two ahead and two pushing. Maybe you're used to tunnels?"

No, I could not honestly claim to be used to tunnels, but, having come to see the great Southwest from a locomotive, I wanted to see it all, inside and out. So the fireman began closing all the windows and instructing me how to hold my handkerchief over my face and breathe through it. We entered with a little farewell whistle to the outside world, and the change from light to pitch dark was no more sudden than the change from an atmosphere of the usual sort to one seemingly of flame. I felt as though I had opened the door of a fierce furnace and looked in, but there was no blazing light. It was a paradoxical red-hot, stinging darkness. I began to hope I should not "come out unconscious" and to do mental arithmetic about times and distances to the far end of the tunnel. I kept very still, and breathed very slowly according to instructions, for since our huge engines filled the entire tunnel, a very large percentage of the air we breathed had previously been drawn through the furnaces of both of them and discharged up their stacks. There was, however—thanks be to designers of mountain locomotives—a cold-water pipe not far from my head, and by keeping my nose close to this, and well covered in the handkerchief, I managed not to suffocate. After a period which was plenty long enough for me to learn as much as I cared to know about tunnels, we came to the end. The cars appeared one by one behind us reeking with wet and steam, and we, and everything about us and on us, were as wet as could be upon the surface. I never appreciated fresh air more than at the end of that tunnel. "And now there came both mist and snow, and it grew wondrous cold;" for we were up in a cloud-land, a mile and a half from the sea-level.

After luncheon came another Pegasus fresh for another run, and I made the acquaintance of a new engineer and fireman. We wound down through the mountains a short way, and then began the most glorious coast across the most wonderful land I had ever seen. I had heard that one was not aware of his true altitude on these New Mexico plateaus, but to me it was not merely a different State (one end of the tunnel was in Colorado and the other in New Mexico), but a different land, almost a different world, and the every-day world we had left behind seemed so far away and below by contrast, that it was as if I had found another creation above the clouds. I had never seen so far in my life. The landscape was 200 miles broad all round. It was so big there were three separate storms going on in it all at once without interfering—one behind us, through which we had passed on leaving the tunnel; one far away to the south, a bunch of white clouds trailing purple streaks of rain as they flew along, and a third thundering away among the mountain-peaks that rose high and snow-capped on our right. It is difficult to get a thorough Easterner interested in dry grass, for the only kind he knows is that dead, matted, forlorn variety which appears from under the snow during winter thaws; but here was a whole world of brown grass that was beautiful. The lonely mesas rose out of the plain with exactly the same bold dignity of rocky heads as appears in the "done-in-the-open" kind of sketches, but immeasurably bigger than any sketch could ever make one understand them, and their flanks curved away from them in infinitely long lines that dipped and rose again to other mesas five days' march away. Never before, not on high mountains, nor on the sea, had I seen how wide a world I had been living in. Nor was it interesting merely for its size, for unfamiliar



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

Never before had I seen how wide a world I had been living in.—Page 430.

objects flew by each moment. We passed bands of cattle looking no bigger than sheep, and whole towns made of mud, with dark-skinned women in the doorways adding a touch of color here and there, with their bright blue or scarlet dresses, and men in great leather boots, and—yes, there was Remington's cow-boy, broad-hatted and long-spurred, leaning nonchalantly down from Remington's lean, unkempt horse to close a gate, while the animal stood furiously, first on one end, then on the other, then scampered through the mud-town in a cloud of dust at a rate that would have brought an entire New England village open-mouthed to their front gates, but attracted not the least notice here. As we rushed along, gangs of Mexicans—track-menders—in tall, pointed straw hats, which appear in the East only on the covers of cigar boxes, stepped aside to let us pass. Strange brown little birds scattered like chaff, but fell behind in their race with us. Lonesome white skulls, with splintered horns, looked up from the plain, and every little while some fool calf essayed to cross the line immediately in front of us, and I got all ready to duck more than once, feeling sure the air would that instant be filled with hind-quarters of veal. Occasionally, we slowed up at a station, and the fireman reached down, thrust his arm through a barrel-hoop, held up to him by someone on the platform, found a bit of folded paper held in a split, threw it overboard again, and read the paper to the engineer. (Both men in the cab must always know the orders.) Once we pulled into a siding, and a tiny black speck, with a tiny white whisp of steam blowing from it, came on and on at us, and swept by with a roar and a glint of polished brass. That was the East-bound "limited." But, barring these slight delays, there seemed to be no end to our going, and no limit to the vastness we were going through.



A Pueblo.

"You say you're a Californian?" asked the affable engineer, coming over to my side and letting Pegasus take care of himself for a few moments.

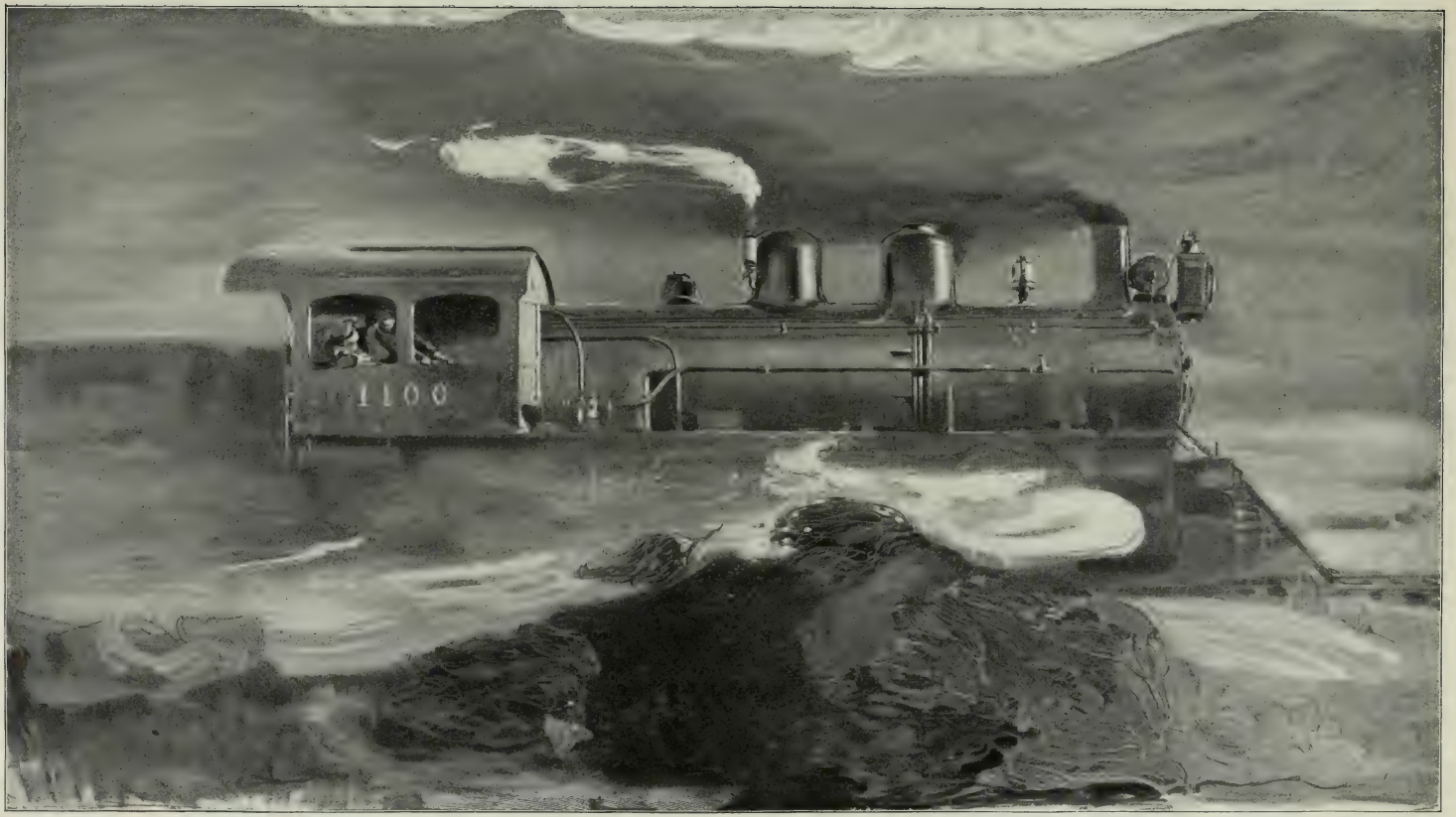
Yes; I was a Californian.

"I have a son in the Stanford University there," said he. "Between me and the University we may make a foreman or a superintendent of him some day. How are you enjoying your ride? 'Tisn't every Easterner can take this New Mexico country in; but if you're a Californian——"

"It is the greatest ride I ever had in my life," said I; and it was true.

"Well, that's the way I look at it," replied he; "I came out here from a Pennsylvania town to get rid of a stiff knee. Never went back; guess I never will."

Possibly if I had not been a Californian he might not have allowed the note of pride to ring in his big voice, nor the twinkle to appear in his eyes as he spoke of never going back. This same two hundred miles he had run each day—or every other day—and yet the joy of having a whole creation to gallop through, and a thundering great locomotive all his own to carry him had never worn away in years. I felt, myself, as though I would never tire of it, either. A careening ship upon the sea or a long-legged swaying camel on Sahara is an admirable means of transportation, but to see the great Southwest that lies above the cloud-line—if clouds ever came that way—a four-cylinder-compound, hundred-ton Pegasus is the proper thing. He rolls and plunges under you, mile after mile, till you are as limp from hanging on as you are after your first storm at sea, and he deafens you with noises till you cannot hear his own



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

Your locomotive becomes truly a winged steed.—Page 434.

bell ring, and smudges you up well, but once you are used to that, the slender steel rails that go looping up over the long hills like the telegraph wires over the poles are all forgotten and unperceived. You are no longer travelling over the earth, but flying through the air. Your locomotive becomes truly a winged steed, and you lean out from his back and look and look and hold your breath till it seems as if you would burst with the excitement of it.

So we rushed on over sea after sea of yellow grass till everything began to shine in a red-gold glow, and the West flared as if lit by a whole city burning. We entered a region of small rocky hills and shimmering pools then, and all in a moment it seemed to be dark.



A Mexican.

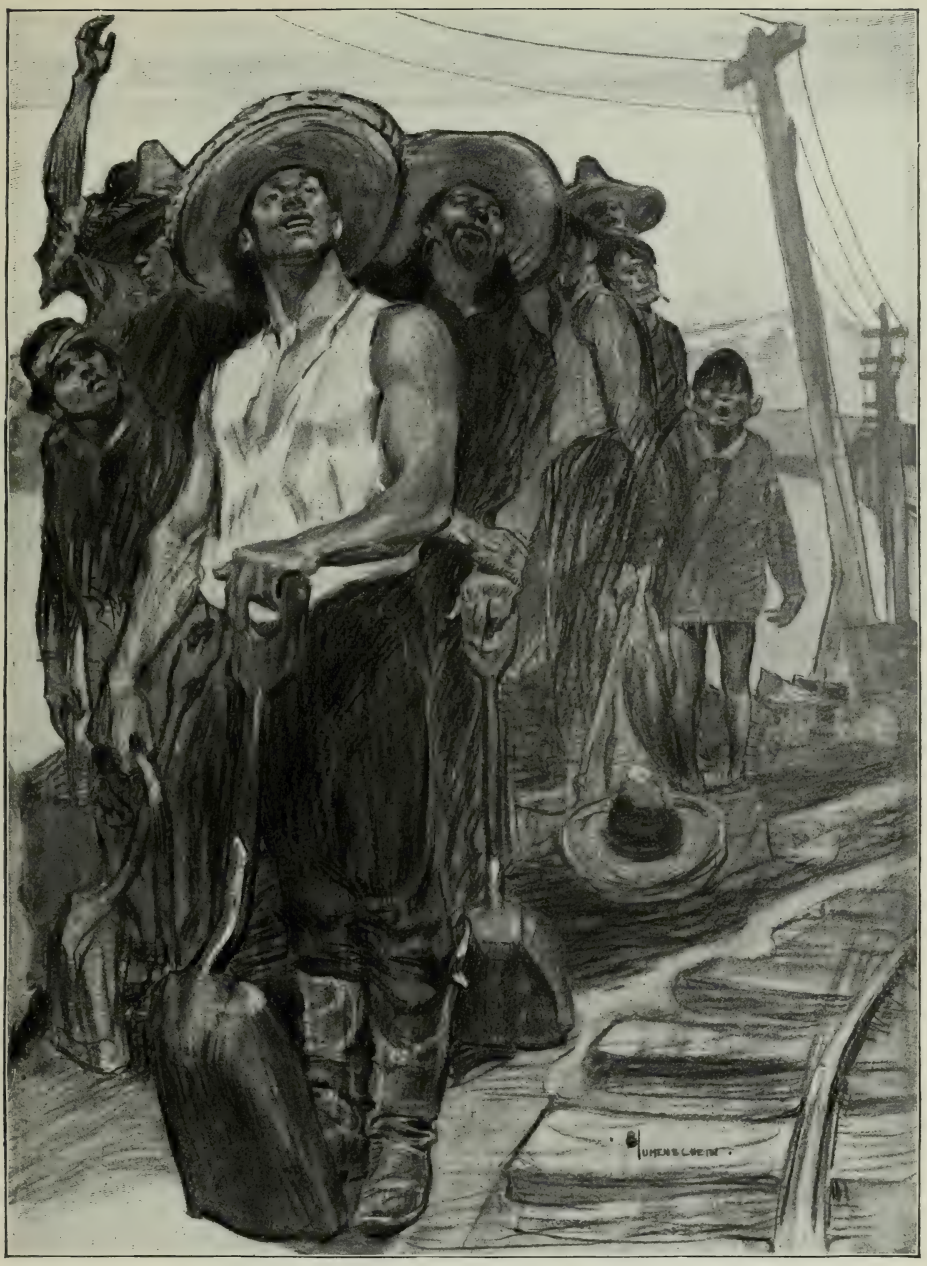
A man on the station platform pounding a huge gong (which I could not hear) reminded me that I was very hungry. My floating ribs had by this time cast themselves adrift and become derelicts; my spinal column felt like a high silk hat that's been sat on, and my nervous system was reduced to a thing of shreds. So I decided to end my first day of engine-riding here and change back to a passenger.

On the morning of the fourth day I looked out of my window hours before sunrise and caught my first glimpse of Arizona. It was such a radiant dawn and began at such an unusual hour, I thought the sun and breakfast never would arrive.

Perched once more on my high seat in the cab, I began to regret I had come so far by night, for Arizona was as wonderful in its way as New Mexico had been the day before. There I had learned that all those things the artists drew—the cow-boys, the Indians, the long-horned cattle, the savage little horses—really did exist. Here I saw, with still more astonishment, that the impossible colors they had drawn them in were also true. One bunch of yellow "cow-grass," one green-gray sage-bush, one bit of red earth (for all Eastern Arizona is red)—how would they look, I wonder, transplanted together in some every-day Eastern place? Like nothing at all, I presume; yet here each homely thing seemed radiant with a something of its own. The fabled rose-colored spectacles could not accomplish greater transformations; for where the yellow grass stretched away it was yellower than any color in the most impressionable impressionist's color-box, and where the bare red earth was visible, it was red as blood. And what business has a distant mesa to glow pink—rare rose pink—and wear purple shadows at ten o'clock in the morning? The more one looked, the more one saw, and the less able he was to say whence came the all-enveloping flood of colored light, or how its miracles were wrought. I should never have tired of it, but about noon we approached a tall snow-covered peak around which presently rose a defence of lesser timbered mountains, and these soon shut us in again, and the wide desert with its rose-pink mesas disappeared.

We stopped at a—the inhabitants called it a city, which is Flagstaff on the map, but "Flag" colloquially for short. I gave my bag to a dark desperado porter, who threw it on the fragments of what was once an express wagon, and then, as Pegasus and his long retinue clattered off around the curve, I discovered that to be set down on one's own feet in such a vast region was almost lonely.

By the evening of the fifth day I had seen two famous cities of Arizona. The first is so new that the poorest man may still have sun on all sides of his house and plenty of ground; so new it has never yet occurred to the streets to go and get paved. Along the main thoroughfare the "gents' furnishings" shops carry a full line of red handkerchiefs and knee-boots. At the "department



Gangs of Mexicans stepped aside to let us pass.—Page 432.

store" you could spend $1,000 for beautiful Navajoe Indian blankets, but you couldn't buy a silk hat. And everywhere you look the signs speak eloquently about things to drink, but say not a word as to getting a shine. And there is a great telescope on the hill in a barn of an observatory and some fine stone school-houses standing among old pine trees.

The other city is so old nobody knows



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

how old it is, nor what its name was, nor who lived there, for it is uninhabited now.

In a dry cañon, where once a swift river swept across the plain and cut deep into the sides of its narrow channel till the softer strata of rock were eaten away into caves and hollows, there you will come upon it—a sad little cluster of ruins half-way up the precipice. You may climb up and creep in through the funny little doors and peer down through the peep-holes the inhabitants used to watch their enemies hunting for them, and see how they built up their tiny walls with crude mortar. Sometimes you may have the luck to find a fragment of pottery they used; but who they were, and when and why and how they lived away up in these dreary little hollows in the cliff—there is never a word nor a hieroglyphic to tell.

A half-day's run west of Flagstaff, down through well-timbered mountains and great white valleys clothed in snow, and I stopped again at a so-called town which is not a town, but a row of Chinese restaurants. Sixty miles north from here ran a branch line and at the end of it lay the Grand Cañon I had been hearing about all along the way.

Branch lines in the West are often very quaint affairs. It was a funny, waddling little engine that came to carry us northward, and the engineer was a queer farmer-sort of a chap, who requested me, in a New England tone of voice, to ring the bell as we started away. I felt very much honored. He was a character, this engineer, and a man of experience. He had once dropped into San Francisco Bay, engine and all, at the western terminus of the road; once had an end-on collision with a load of hay, from under which he professed to have "et his way out, while she was a-burnin'." Now he had retired, with a wooden leg, to the seclusion of a branch line.

"Ever been out to the Cañon before?" asked he.

No, I never had. I had seen Switzerland, and the Canadian Rockies, which are better, and the Yosemite, which is better yet, but never the Grand Cañon.

"Well, sir, when you get out there this afternoon, you'll see the—the damnedest sight you ever saw in your life!"

This was not lucid, but I tried to prepare my mind. He kept up a shouting conversation about it all the way across a gray monotonous desert, which might otherwise have gone by slowly; showed me the cliffs of the Cañon's north wall, while we were yet fifty miles away from them, and seemed as proud as if he owned the whole Cañon himself. It was certainly his own private "exhibit" in a measure, for, though there are many ways to it by trail, and horseback, he was the only man that ever took passengers there by rail; and his little waddling locomotive, of all locomotives in the world, was the only one that ever looked into it.

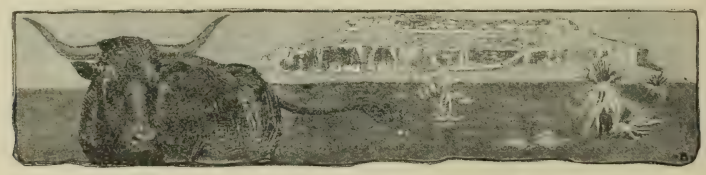
Finally, when the sun had gone low in the West, we puffed up out of a dry old river-course, sent a long whistle echoing away through the pines, and as we slowed up at the terminus, I caught one swift, vivid glimpse, through the green foliage, of an enormous pile of terraced cliff, as red as the red ball of the setting sun itself, and I understood in that instant how no man with eyes to see ever came upon it half expecting what he should behold.

On the seventh day Pegasus was flying westward with me once more, rocking and rolling, and roaring down through the dry hills, till I thought each curve would be the last of us; but I was not looking at the dry hills, nor thinking of them. I had seen the Grand Cañon, and was seeing it still in my mind's eye, and mayhap always will in the future. I had seen it red as blood, and yellow as saffron in the afternoon light, with purple haze clinging to its gaunt flanks and deepening in its ravines. I had seen it under the full glare of the Arizona day, with its infinity of palisades, pinnacles, long terraces, great plateaus buttressed round with ancient ruins of the cliffs, frowning walls all drawn clear and plain before me, but intangible, unlearnable, and immeasurable still. And it had faded slowly away from me into the gray moonlight and become a mile-high vacant wall; then put itself together piece by piece again, as the red dawn crept into it. Then I had dropped down into it by a zig-zag trail 3,000 feet, which is only half way, and sat with my heels dangling over fearful bottomless places where the sun never comes, and looked back at the yellow heights, golden in the first morning sun above the shadows; and listened to the rocks falling, falling, with hollow echoes, as the night frost melted away. Hours and hours went in

merely sitting very still and looking into it, trying to make the opposite brink look ten miles away, as it is; trying to imagine how the whole city of New York would look scattered along on its terraces, after one had succeeded in picking out its buildings with a telescope; trying to learn it, to be familiar with just one little span of it; thinking of the eons and eons the river took to fashion it, of the brave dare-devil who, with canoes and other dare-devils, first went through it to explore, knowing not how many Niagaras lay in his path, nor if, as the Indian legend said, the river ran sometimes under ground, nor anything about it, save the one fact that, once started, he could never turn back. And after all, though I have seen it and felt it (and no man could ever learn it) and will remember, still to tell it or describe it to another who has not seen is as impossible as though Pegasus and I had never reached it by a thousand miles. After all, my wooden-legged engineer had been as lucid as I or any other man could be when he'd characterized it in his one sentence.

The red flare was all gone out of the west finally, giving place to such bright stars as never shone over thickly populated countries. The way ahead of us seemed perilously dark, but Pegasus rumbled on recklessly as ever down the interminable grade, and I still clung to my swaying perch on his left shoulder. It must have been well into the night—for a tardy moon had come up and turned the desert silver gray—when at last we slowed down and crept cautiously out over a long, narrow trestlework which, in the uncertain light, seemed like a ghostly spider web hung in mid air. Below us, straggling wearily among sand bars, crept the great Colorado after its foaming passage of the Cañon. At the far end of our steel phantom bridge lay the State of California.

So, to-morrow, when the light came again, we should see a different land, green instead of gray. The mountain slopes would be dotted yellow with ripe oranges; there would be palm trees waving over broad verandas; and long-legged ostriches galloping to the far corners of their enclosures as we came whistling into Los Angeles. But men lived *there*, and towns grew, and the mystery was dispelled. As for that infinite region of opalescent colors, vast silences, and old enchantments that lies so far above and away from the every-day world—there was to be no more of that. Here, at the bridge, terminated my glorious ride, and here, bounded by its own most famous river, ended the great Southwest.



THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

By Josephine Preston Peabody

The little Road says Go:
The little House says Stay.
And oh, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek, and turn, and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show.

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay
When the little Road says, Go.

SANCTUARY

BY EDITH WHARTON

Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark

PART II—(Continued)

IV

THE funeral took place the next morning, and on the return from the cemetery Dick told his mother that he must go and look over things at Darrow's office. He had heard the day before from his friend's aunt, a helpless person to whom telegraphy was difficult and travel inconceivable, and who, in eight pages of unpunctuated eloquence, made over to Dick what she called the melancholy privilege of winding up her nephew's affairs.

Mrs. Peyton looked anxiously at her son. "Is there no one who can do this for you? He must have had a clerk or some one who knows about his work."

Dick shook his head. "Not lately. He hasn't had much to do this winter, and these last months he had chucked everything to work alone over his plans."

The word brought a faint colour to Mrs. Peyton's cheek. It was the first allusion that either of them had made to Darrow's bequest.

"Oh, of course you must do all you can," she murmured, turning alone into the house.

The emotions of the morning had stirred her deeply, and she sat at home during the day, letting her mind dwell, in a kind of retrospective piety, on the thought of poor Darrow's devotion. She had given him too little time while he lived, had acquiesced too easily in his growing habits of seclusion; and she felt it as a proof of insensibility that she had not been more closely drawn to the one person who had loved Dick as she loved him. The evidence of that love, as shown in Darrow's letter, filled her with a vain compunction. The very extravagance of his offer lent it a deeper pathos. It was wonderful that, even in the urgency of affection, a man of his almost morbid rectitude should have overlooked the restrictions of professional honour, should have implied the possibility of his friend's overlooking them. It seemed to make his sacrifice the more complete that it had, unconsciously, taken the form of a subtle temptation.

The last word arrested Mrs. Peyton's thoughts. A temptation? To whom? Not, surely, to one capable, as her son was capable, of rising to the height of his friend's devotion. The offer, to Dick, would mean simply, as it meant to her, the last touching expression of an inarticulate fidelity: the utterance of a love which at last had found its formula. Mrs. Peyton dismissed as morbid any other view of the case. She was annoyed with herself for supposing that Dick could be ever so remotely affected by the possibility at which poor Darrow's renunciation hinted. The nature of the offer removed it from practical issues to the idealizing region of sentiment

Mrs. Peyton had been sitting alone with these thoughts for the greater part of the afternoon, and dusk was falling when Dick entered the drawing-room. In the dim light, with his pallour heightened by the sombre effect of his mourning, he came upon her almost startlingly, with a revival of some long-effaced impression which, for a moment, gave her the sense of struggling among shadows. She did not, at first, know what had produced the effect; then she saw that it was his extraordinary likeness to his father.

"Well—is it over?" she asked, as he threw himself into a chair without speaking.

"Yes: I've looked through everything." He leaned back, crossing his hands behind his head, and gazing past her with a look of utter lassitude.

She paused a moment, and then said tentatively: "To-morrow you will be able to go back to your work."

"Oh—my work," he exclaimed, as if to brush aside an ill-timed pleasantry.

"Are you too tired?"

"No." He rose and began to wander up and down the room. "I'm not tired.—Give me some tea, will you?" He paused before her while she poured the cup, and then, without taking it, turned away to light a cigarette.

"Surely there is still time?" she suggested, with her eyes on him.

"Time? To finish my plans? Oh, yes—there's time. But they're not worth it."

"Not worth it?" She started up, and then dropped back into her seat, ashamed of having betrayed her anxiety. "They are worth as much as they were last week," she said with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Not to me," he returned. "I hadn't seen Darrow's then."

There was a long silence. Mrs. Peyton sat with her eyes fixed on her clasped hands, and her son paced the room restlessly.

"Are they so wonderful?" she asked at length.

"Yes."

She paused again, and then said, lifting a tremulous glance to his face: "That makes his offer all the more beautiful."

Dick was lighting another cigarette and his face was turned from her. "Yes—I suppose so," he said in a low tone.

"They were quite finished, he told me," she continued, unconsciously dropping her voice to the pitch of his.

"Yes."

"Then they will be entered, I suppose?"

"Of course—why not?" he answered almost sharply.

"Shall you have time to attend to all that and to finish yours too?"

"Oh, I suppose so. I've told you it isn't a question of time. I see now that mine are not worth bothering with."

She rose and approached him, laying her hands on his shoulders. "You are tired and unstrung; how can you judge? Why not let me look at both designs tomorrow?"

Under her gaze he flushed abruptly and drew back with a half-impatient gesture.

"Oh, I'm afraid that wouldn't help me; you'd be sure to think mine best," he said with a laugh.

"But if I could give you good reasons?" she pressed him.

He took her hand, as if ashamed of his impatience. "Dear mother, if you had any reasons their mere existence would prove that they were bad."

His mother did not return his smile. "You won't let me see the two designs then?" she said, with a faint tinge of insistence.

"Oh, of course—if you want to—if you only won't talk about it now! Can't you see that I'm pretty nearly dead-beat?" he burst out uncontrollably; and as she stood silent, he added, with a weary fall in his voice, "I think I'll go upstairs and see if I can't get a nap before dinner."

Though they had separated upon the assurance that she should see the two designs if she wished it, Mrs. Peyton knew they would not be shown to her. Dick, indeed, would not again deny her request; but had he not reckoned on the improbability of her renewing it? All night she lay confronted by that question. The situation shaped itself before her with that hallucinating distinctness which belongs to the midnight vision. She knew now why Dick had suddenly reminded her of his father: had she not once before seen the same thought moving behind the same eyes? She was sure it had occurred to Dick to use Darrow's drawings. As she lay awake in the darkness she could hear him, long after midnight, pacing the floor overhead: she held her breath, listening to the recurring beat of his foot, which seemed that of an imprisoned spirit revolving wearily in the cage of the same thought. She felt in every fibre that a crisis in her son's life had been reached, that the act now before him would have a determining effect on his whole future. The circumstances of her past had raised to clairvoyance her natural insight into human motive, had made of her a moral barometer responding to the faintest fluctuations of atmosphere, and years of anxious meditation had familiarized her with the form which her son's temptations were likely to take. The peculiar misery of her situation was that she could not, except indirectly, put this intuition, this foresight, at his service. It was a part of her discernment to be aware that life is the only real counsellor, that wisdom unfiltered through personal experience does not become a part of the moral tissues. Love such as hers had a great office, the office of preparation

and direction; but it must know how to hold its hand and keep its counsel, how to attend upon its object as an invisible influence rather than as an active interference.

All this Kate Peyton had told herself again and again, during those hours of anxious calculation in which she had tried to cast Dick's horoscope; but not in her moments of most fantastic foreboding had she figured so cruel a test of her courage. If her prayers for him had taken precise shape, she might have asked that he should be spared the spectacular, the dramatic appeal to his will-power: that his temptations should slip by him in a dull disguise. She had secured him against all ordinary forms of baseness; the vulnerable point lay higher, in that region of idealizing egotism which is the seat of life in such natures. Years of solitary foresight gave her mind a singular alertness in dealing with such possibilities. She saw at once that the peril of the situation lay in the minimum of risk it involved. Darrow had employed no assistant in working out his plans for the competition, and his secluded life made it almost certain that he had not shown them to any one, and that she and Dick alone knew them to have been completed. Moreover, it was a part of Dick's duty to examine the contents of his friend's office, and in doing this nothing would be easier than to possess himself of the drawings and make use of any part of them that might serve his purpose. He had Darrow's authority for doing so; and though the act involved a slight breach of professional probity, might not his friend's wishes be invoked as a secret justification? Mrs. Peyton found herself almost hating poor Darrow for having been the unconscious instrument of her son's temptation. But what right had she, after all, to suspect Dick of considering, even for a moment, the act of which she was so ready to accuse him? His unwillingness to let her see the drawings might have been the accidental result of lassitude and discouragement. He was tired and troubled, and she had chosen the wrong moment to make the request. His want of readiness might even be due to the wish to conceal from her how far his friend had surpassed him. She knew his sensitiveness on this point, and reproached herself for not having foreseen it. But her own arguments failed to convince her. Deep beneath her love for her boy and her faith in him there lurked a nameless doubt. She could hardly now, in looking back, define the impulse upon which she had married Denis Peyton: she knew only that the deeps of her nature had been loosened, and that she had been borne forward on their current to the very fate from which her heart recoiled. But if in one sense her marriage remained a problem, there was another in which her motherhood seemed to solve it. She had never lost the sense of having snatched her child from some dim peril which still lurked and hovered; and he became more closely hers with every effort of her vigilant love. For the act of rescue had not been accomplished once and for all in the moment of immolation: it had not been by a sudden stroke of heroism, but by ever-renewed and indefatigable effort, that she had built up for him the miraculous shelter of her love. And now that it stood there, a hallowed refuge against failure, she could not even set a light in the pane, but must let him grope his way to it unaided.

V

MRS. PEYTON'S midnight musings summed themselves up in the conclusion that the next few hours would end her uncertainty. She felt the day to be decisive. If Dick offered to show her the drawings, her fears would be proved groundless; if he avoided the subject, they were justified. She dressed early in order not to miss him at breakfast; but as she entered the dining-room the parlour-maid told her that Mr. Peyton had overslept himself, and had rung to have his breakfast sent upstairs. Was it a pretext to avoid her? She was vexed at her own readiness to see a portent in the simplest incident; but while she blushed at her doubts she let them govern her. She left the dining-room door open, determined not to miss him if he came downstairs while she was at breakfast; then she went back to the drawing-room and sat down at her writing-table, trying to busy herself with some accounts while she listened for his step. Here too she had left the door open; but presently even this slight departure from her daily usage

seemed a deviation from the passive attitude she had adopted, and she rose and shut the door. She knew that she could still hear his step on the stairs—he had his father's quick swinging gait—but as she sat listening, and vainly trying to write, the closed door seemed to symbolize a refusal to share in his trial, a hardening of herself against his need of her. What if he should come down intending to speak, and should be turned from his purpose? Slighter obstacles have deflected the course of events in those indeterminate moments when the soul floats between two tides. She sprang up quickly, and as her hand touched the latch she heard his step on the stairs.

When he entered the drawing-room she had regained the writing-table and could lift a composed face to his. He came in hurriedly, yet with a kind of reluctance beneath his haste: again it was his father's step. She smiled, but looked away from him as he approached her; she seemed to be re-living her own past as one re-lives things in the distortion of fever.

"Are you off already?" she asked, glancing at the hat in his hand.

"Yes; I'm late as it is. I overslept myself." He paused and looked vaguely about the room. "Don't expect me till late—don't wait dinner for me."

She stirred impulsively. "Dick, you're over-working—you'll make yourself ill."

"Nonsense. I'm as fit as ever this morning. Don't be imagining things."

He dropped his habitual kiss on her forehead, and turned to go. On the threshold he paused, and she felt that something in him sought her and then drew back. "Goodbye," he called to her as the door closed on him.

She sat down and tried to survey the situation divested of her midnight fears. He had not referred to her wish to see the drawings: but what did the omission signify? Might he not have forgotten her request? Was she not forcing the most trivial details to fit in with her apprehensions? Unfortunately for her own reassurance, she knew that her familiarity with Dick's processes was based on such minute observation, and that, to such intimacy as theirs, no indications were trivial. She was as certain as if he had spoken, that when he had left the house that morning he was weighing the possibility of using Darrow's drawings, of supplementing his own incomplete design from the fulness of his friend's invention. And with a bitter pang she divined that he was sorry he had shown her Darrow's letter.

It was impossible to remain face to face with such conjectures, and though she had given up all her engagements during the few days since Darrow's death, she now took refuge in the thought of a concert which was to take place at a friend's house that morning. The music-room, when she entered, was thronged with acquaintances, and she found transient relief in that dispersal of attention which makes society an anæsthetic for some forms of wretchedness. Contact with the pressure of busy indifferent life often gives remoteness to questions which have clung as close as the flesh to the bone; and if Mrs. Peyton did not find such complete release, she at least interposed between herself and her anxiety the obligation to dissemble it. But the relief was only momentary, and when the first bars of the overture turned from her the smiles of recognition among which she had tried to lose herself, she felt a deeper sense of isolation. The music, which at another time would have swept her away on some rich current of emotion, now seemed to island her in her own thoughts, to create an artificial solitude in which she found herself more immitigably face to face with her fears. The silence, the *recueillement*, about her gave resonance to the inner voices, lucidity to the inner vision, till she seemed enclosed in a luminous empty horizon against which every possibility took the sharp edge of accomplished fact. With relentless precision the course of events was unrolled before her: she saw Dick yielding to his opportunity, snatching victory from dishonour, winning love, happiness and success in the act by which he lost himself. It was all so simple, so easy, so inevitable, that she felt the futility of struggling or hoping against it. He would win the competition, would marry Miss Verney, would press on to achievement through the opening which the first success had made for him.

As Mrs. Peyton reached this point in her forecast, she found her outward gaze arrested by the face of the young lady who so dominated her inner vision. Miss Verney, a few rows distant, sat intent upon the

music, in that attitude of poised motion which was her nearest approach to repose. Her slender brown profile with its breezy hair, her quick eye, and the lips which seemed to listen as well as speak, all betokened to Mrs. Peyton a nature through which the obvious energies blew free, a bare open stretch of consciousness without shelter for tenderer growths. She shivered to think of Dick's frail scruples exposed to those rustling airs. And then, suddenly, a new thought struck her. What if she might turn this force to her own use, make it serve, unconsciously to Dick, as the means of his deliverance? Hitherto she had assumed that her son's worst danger lay in the chance of his confiding his difficulty to Clemence Verney; and she had, in her own past, a precedent which made her think such a confidence not unlikely. If he did carry his scruples to the girl, she argued, the latter's imperviousness, her frank inability to understand them, would have the effect of dispelling them like mist; and he was acute enough to know this and profit by it. So she had hitherto reasoned; but now the girl's presence seemed to clarify her perceptions, and she told herself that something in Dick's nature, something which she herself had put there, would resist this short cut to safety, would make him take the more tortuous way to his goal rather than gain it through the privacies of the heart he loved. For she had lifted him thus far above his father, that it would be a disenchantment to him to find that Clemence Verney did not share his scruples. On this much, his mother now exultingly felt, she could count in her passive struggle for supremacy. No, he would never, never tell Clemence Verney—and his one hope, his sure salvation, therefore lay in some one else's telling her.

The excitement of this discovery had nearly, in mid-concert, swept Mrs. Peyton from her seat to the girl's side. Fearing to miss the latter in the throng at the entrance, she slipped out during the last number, and lingering in the farther drawing-room, let the dispersing audience drift her in Miss Verney's direction. The girl shone sympathetically upon her approach, and in a moment they had detached themselves from the crowd and taken refuge in the perfumed emptiness of the conservatory.

The girl, whose sensations were always easily set in motion, had at first a good deal to say of the music, for which she claimed, on her hearer's part, an active show of approval or dissent; but this dismissed, she turned a melting face on Mrs. Peyton and said with one of her rapid modulations of tone: "I was so sorry about poor Mr. Darrow."

Mrs. Peyton uttered an assenting sigh. "It was a great grief to us—a great loss to my son."

"Yes—I know. I can imagine what you must have felt. And then it was so unlucky that it should have happened just now."

Mrs. Peyton shot a reconnoitring glance at her profile. "His dying, you mean, on the eve of success?"

Miss Verney turned a frank smile upon her. "One ought to feel that, of course—but I'm afraid I am very selfish where my friends are concerned, and I was thinking of Mr. Peyton's having to give up his work at such a critical moment." She spoke without a note of deprecation: there was a pagan freshness in her opportunism. Mrs. Peyton was silent, and the girl continued after a pause: "I suppose now it will be almost impossible for him to finish his drawings in time. It's a pity he hadn't worked out the whole scheme a little sooner. Then the details would have come of themselves."

Mrs. Peyton felt a contempt strangely mingled with exultation. If only the girl would talk in that way to Dick!

"He has hardly had time to think of himself lately," she said, trying to keep the coldness out of her voice.

"No, of course not," Miss Verney assented; "but isn't that all the more reason for his friends to think of him? It was very dear of him to give up everything to nurse Mr. Darrow—but, after all, if a man is going to get on in his career there are times when he must think first of himself."

Mrs. Peyton paused, trying to choose her words with deliberation. It was quite clear now that Dick had not spoken, and she felt the responsibility that devolved upon her.

"Getting on in a career—is that always the first thing to be considered?" she asked, letting her eyes rest musingly on the girl's.

The glance did not disconcert Miss Ver-

ney, who returned it with one of equal comprehensiveness. "Yes," she said, quickly, and with a slight blush. "With a temperament like Mr. Peyton's I believe it is. Some people can pick themselves up after any number of bad falls: I am not sure that he could. I think discouragement would weaken instead of strengthening him."

Both women had forgotten external conditions in the quick reach for each other's meanings. Mrs. Peyton flushed, her maternal pride in revolt; but the answer was checked on her lips by the sense of the girl's unexpected insight. Here was some one who knew Dick as well as she did—should she say a partisan or an accomplice? A dim jealousy stirred beneath Mrs. Peyton's other emotions: she was undergoing the agony which the mother feels at the first intrusion on her privilege of judging her child; and her voice had a flutter of resentment.

"You must have a poor opinion of his character," she said.

Miss Verney did not remove her eyes, but her blush deepened beautifully. "I have, at any rate," she said, "a high one of his talent. I don't suppose many men have an equal amount of moral and intellectual energy."

"And you would cultivate the one at the expense of the other?"

"In certain cases—and up to a certain point." She shook out the long fur of her muff, one of those silvery flexible furs which clothe a woman with a delicate sumptuousness. Everything about her, at the moment, seemed rich and cold—everything, as Mrs. Peyton quickly noted, but the blush lingering under her dark skin; and so complete was the girl's self-command that the blush seemed to be there only because it had been forgotten.

"I dare say you think me strange," she continued. "Most people do, because I speak the truth. It's the easiest way of concealing one's feelings. I can, for instance, talk quite openly about Mr. Peyton under shelter of your inference that I shouldn't do so if I were what is called 'interested' in him. And as I *am* interested in him, my method has its advantages!" She ended with one of the fluttering laughs which seemed to flit from point to point of her expressive person.

Mrs. Peyton leaned toward her. "I believe you are interested," she said quietly; "and since I suppose you allow others the privilege you claim for yourself, I am going to confess that I followed you here in the hope of finding out the nature of your interest."

Miss Verney shot a glance at her, and drew away in a soft subsidence of undulating furs.

"Is this an embassy?" she asked, smiling.

"No: not in any sense."

The girl leaned back with an air of relief. "I'm glad; I should have disliked——" She looked again at Mrs. Peyton. "You want to know what I mean to do?"

"Yes."

"Then I can only answer that I mean to wait and see what he does."

"You mean that everything is contingent on his success?"

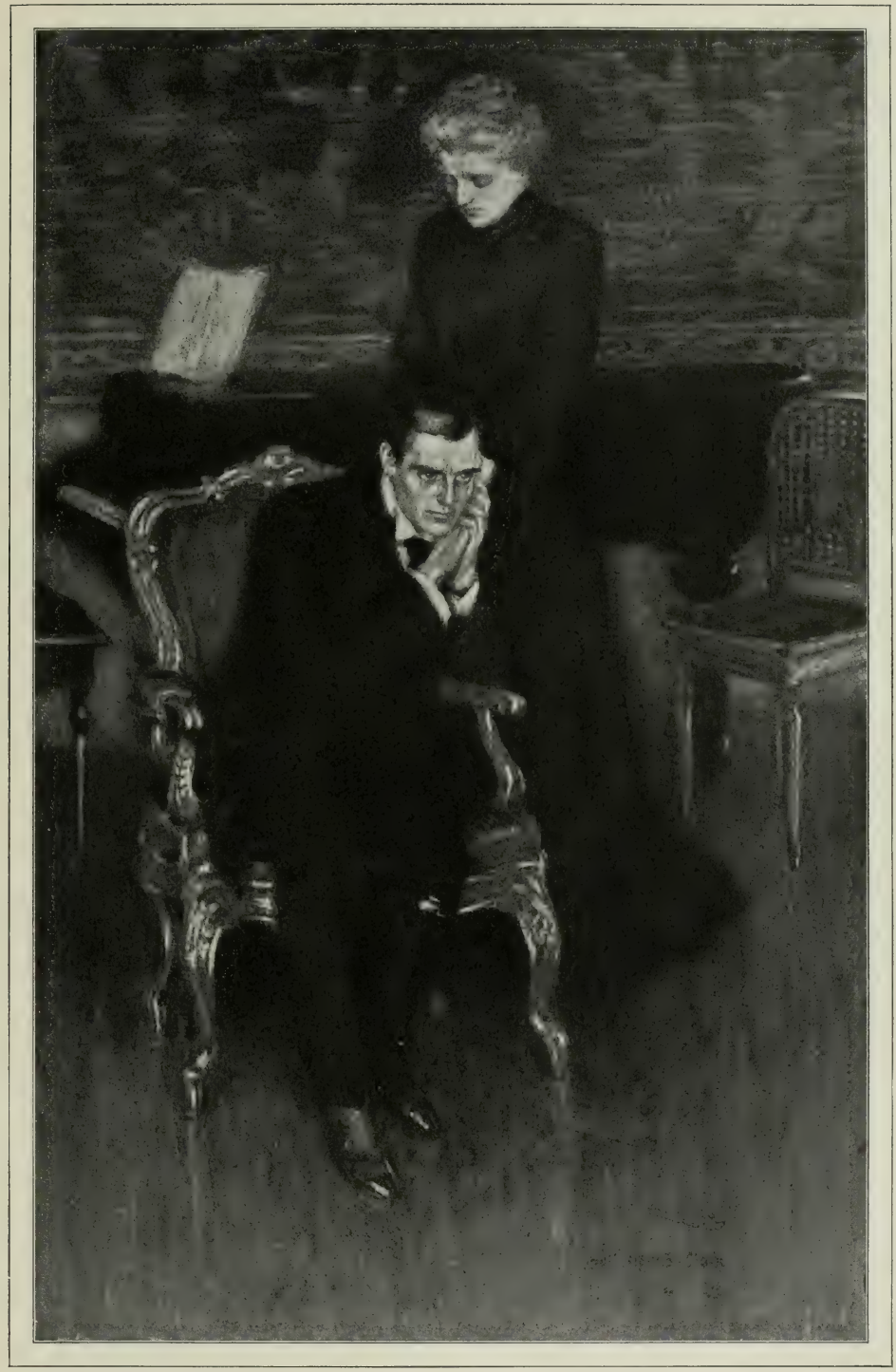
"*I* am—if I'm everything," she admitted gaily.

The mother's heart was beating in her throat, and her words seemed to force themselves out through the throbs.

"I—I don't quite see why you attach such importance to this special success."

"Because he does," the girl returned instantly. "Because to him it is the final answer to his self-questioning—the questioning whether he is ever to amount to anything or not. He says if he has anything in him it ought to come out now. All the conditions are favourable—it is the chance he has always prayed for. You see," she continued, almost confidentially, but without the least loss of composure, "you see he has told me a great deal about himself and his various experiments—his phases of indecision and disgust. There are lots of tentative talents in the world, and the sooner they are crushed out by circumstances the better. But it seems as though he really had it in him to do something distinguished—as though the uncertainty lay in his character and not in his talent. That is what interests, what attracts me. One can't teach a man to have genius, but if he has it one may show him how to use it. That is what I should be good for, you see—to keep him up to his opportunities."

Mrs. Peyton had listened with an intensity of attention that left her reply unprepared. There was something startling and yet half attractive in the girl's avowal of principles which are oftener lived by than professed.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He took her hand as if ashamed of his impatience.—Page 440.

"And you think," she began at length, "that in this case he has fallen below his opportunity?"

"No one can tell, of course; but his discouragement, his *abattement*, is a bad sign. I don't think he has any hope of succeeding."

The mother again wavered a moment. "Since you are so frank," she then said, "will you let me be equally so, and ask how lately you have seen him?"

The girl smiled at the circumlocution. "Yesterday afternoon," she said simply.

"And you thought him ——?"

"Horribly down on his luck. He said himself that his brain was empty."

Again Mrs. Peyton felt the throb in her throat, and a slow blush rose to her cheek. "Was that all he said?"

"About himself—was there anything else?" said the girl quickly.

"He didn't tell you of—of an opportunity to make up for the time he has lost?"

"An opportunity? I don't understand."

"He didn't speak to you, then, of Mr. Darrow's letter?"

"He said nothing of any letter."

"There *was* one, which was found after poor Darrow's death. In it he gave Dick leave to use his design for the competition. Dick says the design is wonderful—it would give him just what he needs."

Miss Verney sat listening raptly, with a rush of colour that suffused her like light.

"But when was this? Where was the letter found? He never said a word of it!" she exclaimed.

"The letter was found on the day of Darrow's death."

"But I don't understand! Why has he never told me? Why should he seem so hopeless?" She turned an ignorant appealing face on Mrs. Peyton. It was prodigious, but it was true—she felt nothing, saw nothing, but the crude fact of the opportunity.

Mrs. Peyton's voice trembled with the completeness of her triumph. "I suppose his reason for not speaking is that he has scruples."

"Scruples?"

"He feels that to use the design would be dishonest."

Miss Verney's eyes fixed themselves on her in a commiserating stare. "Dishonest? When the poor man wished it himself? When it was his last request? When the letter is there to prove it? Why, the design belongs to your son! No one else has any right to it."

"But Dick's right does not extend to passing it off as his own—at least that is his feeling, I believe. If he won the competition he would be winning it on false pretenses."

"Why should you call them false pretenses? His design might have been better than Darrow's if he had had time to carry it out. It seems to me that Mr. Darrow must have felt this—must have felt that he owed his friend some compensation for the time he took from him. I can imagine nothing more natural than his wishing to make this return for your son's sacrifice."

She positively glowed with the force of her conviction, and Mrs. Peyton, for a strange instant, felt her own resistance wavering. She herself had never considered the question in that light—the light of Darrow's viewing his gift as a justifiable compensation. But the glimpse she caught of it drove her shuddering behind her retrenchments.

"That argument," she said coldly, "would naturally be more convincing to Darrow than to my son."

Miss Verney glanced up, struck by the change in Mrs. Peyton's voice.

"Ah, then you agree with him? You think it *would* be dishonest?"

Mrs. Peyton saw that she had slipped into self-betrayal. "My son and I have not spoken of the matter," she said evasively. She caught the flash of relief in Miss Verney's face.

"You haven't spoken? Then how do you know how he feels about it?"

"I only judge from—well, perhaps from his not speaking."

The girl drew a deep breath. "I see," she murmured. "That is the very reason that prevents his speaking."

"The reason?"

"Your knowing what he thinks—and his knowing that you know."

Mrs. Peyton was startled at her subtlety. "I assure you," she said rising, "that I have done nothing to influence him."

The girl gazed at her musingly. "No," she said with a faint smile, "nothing except to read his thoughts."

(To be concluded.)



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Everything about her at the moment seemed rich and cold.—Page 444.



MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

From a Miniature in the possession of Mrs. Henry Parker Quincy, Boston.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO PARIS IN FEBRUARY, 1815

With an Introduction by Her Grandson,

Brooks Adams

LOUISA CATHERINE JOHNSON was born in London on February 12, 1775. Her father, Joshua Johnson, of Maryland, was then in business in England, but as the Johnson family took the patriotic side in the Revolution, Joshua settled at Nantes in France, where Louisa learned to speak French without accent.

At the peace Joshua returned to London, where he served as consul until 1797, and it was there, in 1794, that Miss Johnson, at nineteen years of age, met John Quincy Adams, who fell in love with her. They became engaged and were married at All Hallows Church on July 26, 1797.

At the time of his wedding Mr. Adams was on his way to Lisbon as minister to Portugal, but the government afterward commissioned him to Berlin, and there the young couple lived for four years, and formed many strong social ties.

In 1801 Mr. Adams returned to America, was elected to the Senate, resigned, and was appointed minister to Russia by President Madison in 1809. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Adams enjoyed St. Petersburg, but they lived there until April, 1814, when Mr. Adams was named one of the commissioners to treat for peace with Great Britain.

A decision had to be made forthwith. Europe was in confusion, the result of the negotiations doubtful, the journey long and fatiguing, and under the circumstances it was thought best that Mrs. Adams should stay behind. Mr. Adams sailed at once for Stockholm.

To her the next months proved excessively trying. She disliked St. Petersburg, she was alone with her son Charles Francis Adams, then only six, she shrank from responsibility, and she could form no plans for the future. Her health was delicate. Unexpectedly to Mr. Adams the treaty was signed on December 24, 1814, and on January 20, 1815, Mrs. Adams received a letter from her husband which contained this passage:

"I therefore now invite you to break up altogether our establishment at St. Petersburg, to dispose of all the furniture which you do not incline to keep, to have all the rest packed up carefully, and left in the charge of Mr. Harris to be sent next summer either to London or to Boston, and to come with Charles to me at Paris, where I shall be impatiently waiting for you. . . . I suppose you will not be able to make all the necessary arrangements to leave St. Petersburg sooner than the middle of February."

She replied: "Conceive the astonishment your letter caused me if you can. . . . I know not what to do about the selling of the goods and I fear I shall be much imposed upon. This is a heavy trial, but I must get through it at all risks, and if you receive me with the conviction that I have done my best I shall be amply rewarded. I am in so much confusion that it is hardly possible for me to write you, and my letter will be very disjointed. . . . I missed two posts . . . by . . . the idea of your being here before you could get my letters."

She afterward wrote for her family the following narrative of her journey.

Brooks Adams

ON the 12th day of February of the ever memorable year 1815, at five o'clock in the evening of Sunday, I bade adieu to the splendid city of St. Petersburg, where I had resided upward of five years, in company with my son Charles Francis,* then little more than seven years old, a French nurse, who entered my service on that day, and two men servants, one of whom had lived a short time with Mr. Smith, the other a released prisoner from Napoleon's army. The weather was intensely cold. My carriage was on runners, and the two servants followed me in a kibitka. Everything had been done by the government that the kindest politeness and interest could suggest, in the way of passports; and the Minister of the Interior had even offered to me the services of a yager to accompany me through the Imperial dominions to make the journey easy, for which I felt truly grateful. To this attention I owed all the facilities which rendered the early part of my journey so easy and successful. Night and day we proceeded, until we arrived at Narva, where I stopped to rest at the best inn in the place. We had been there but a few minutes when a gentleman was announced who informed me that apartments had been prepared for me at the Governor's, and that the Governor proposed to wait on me in person to escort me to his House, as soon as convenient to me to receive him. Intending to proceed quite early in the morning, I declined the invitation, but received the visit of the Governor, and one from the Count de Bray, the Bavarian Minister at St. Petersburg, who was at that time on a visit with his wife at her father's. The Count also brought me a kind invitation from the family to pass a few days with them, which I also declined; being without my husband, I wished to be as short a time on the road as possible.

Very early in the morning we renewed our route to Riga, at which place I found tolerable lodgings. There we were overtaken by a thaw, and I was under the necessity of staying there four or five days to get my carriage fixed and to dispose of my kibitka; our provisions were all hard frozen long before we reached the city, and even the Madeira wine had become solid ice. There for the first time I had reason to doubt the honesty of my servant. A silver cup presented by the Baron de Bush Hunsfeldt, the Westphalian Minister, as a parting keepsake to my little boy, was stolen from the carriage; and there was but little doubt that he had made free with it. I was, however, under the necessity of overlooking the fact in consequence of the terms of his agreement, and I could not prove the robbery. We were barely settled in our lodgings, when the Governor of Riga called to invite me to his house, having been informed of my travel from St. Petersburg, and wishing me and my family to stay with him and his lady as long as I remained in Riga, and to offer me the use of his carriage while there. I declined the invitation to take up my abode with them; but accepted an invitation to dine and pass as much time as I could during the necessary sojourn in that city. This gentleman was an Italian, a great favorite of the Emperor Alexander, and one of the most friendly and agreeable old men I ever met with. The Marquis had married a German lady who spoke very little French, but who appeared to possess all the amiable and domestic qualities so full of *bonhomie* of persons of that nation. During my stay with them I was treated with almost parental kindness, and everything was done to promote my comfort and amusement by them both. All the most distinguished persons in the city were invited to meet me at dinner, and I was forced to call up all the German I could collect and could muster to answer to the kindness expressed for me by the guests.

After a detention of four or five days, we proceeded on our journey, and once or twice the carriage sank so deep into the snow in Courland that we had to ring up the inhabitants, who came out in numbers with pickaxe and shovel to dig us out. For this purpose the bells appeared to be commonly used, and our postilions appealed to them without hesitation, and the signal was immediately understood. Without accident or impediment of any other kind we arrived in safety at Mitau, the capital of Courland. There I stopped to rest for some hours, with a determination to proceed one stage

* Born August 18, 1807.

more to sleep. The House was excellent, the best I had found. The people very civil, and everything very comfortable.

In about an hour after my arrival Countess Mengs, a lady of distinction with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance in St. Petersburg, called on me and gave me a most kind and urgent invitation to her house; entreating me to remain with her some days, she desiring to introduce me to a party of friends then at her house. Much flattered by this kind attention, I concluded, as my letters were urgent, that I should hasten on my journey with all diligence. I thought it my duty to decline an invitation which would have yielded me much pleasure, the Countess being a woman of polished manners, fine sense, and charming conversation. Immediately after my dinner was removed the master of the house entered, carefully shutting the door after him, and watchfully noting that no listeners were near, said he wished much to speak to me in private upon a matter which he considered of vital importance to me. He was a friend of the Countess Mengs, who had expressed herself much interested for me, he should feel very happy to render me a service. I expressed my thanks, and told him that I intended, if possible, to visit the Countess if I had time; begged him to be seated, and wondered to what all this great preparation was about to lead. He again examined the doors with an appearance of anxiety, and then sat down close to me, who felt not a little uncomfortable at all this apparently terrible mystery. I, however, assumed an air of great calmness. He began by informing me that the previous night a dreadful murder had been committed on the very road over which I was to pass, and to urge me to wait until the next morning before I determined to proceed. I answered very coolly and decidedly that the plan of my journey was fixed, and that, as I only intended to go four German miles farther that night, and was to start so early with two well-armed servants, I conceived that I had nothing to apprehend, as the postilion must know the road he was in the habit of travelling constantly, a very public one, and that I should certainly reach the post-house by nine or ten o'clock at the latest and without risk of danger. He shook his head very gravely, and said that he had mentioned this subject incidentally, and that he did not wish to alarm me. That he was an old man and had daughters of his own, and that he thought my situation such as to entitle him to advise me and to open my eyes to the danger of my position. He then informed me that the French servant who I had with me was well known at Mitau; that he had remained in that city two years, having been left a prisoner from Napoleon's army; that he was known to be a desperate villain of the very worst character, and that he did not think my life safe if I suffered him to continue in my service. At the same time he begged most vehemently that I would not discard him at Mitau, for fear he, the servant, should suspect his information, and that his house might be burned over his head. I told him that the man had behaved very well so far; that I had already mistrusted him and did not like him, but that it had been stipulated in his engagement and by a bond that he was to be taken to his own country, and that I was not to part with him unless he behaved improperly. That I had no pretence to part with him or to make any charge against him, as he had been particularly active in the management of my arrangements; and that the other man, though good and honest, was slow and timid. He remarked that the case was a very difficult one, and suggested to me that I had better appear to place unlimited confidence in him, to seem to rely on him in any emergency, and to accept his advice if any difficulty occurred, and then act as opportunity offered when I was among my friends. He apologized for the liberty he had taken, begged me not to believe that his desire to detain me was a mere innkeeper's wish to keep his company, but that his knowledge of the manservant had been the real motive of his conduct, and entreated that not a word of this conversation should be whispered, as it would equally endanger us both. I promised a perfect silence, and said that I would willingly postpone my departure, but as the hour had arrived and the carriage would be announced immediately, I was fearful that a sudden change of purpose would excite suspicion, that I

should adopt his kind advice, which I considered excellent. He rose to leave me, and I was immediately called to receive the Countess, who had left a gay party at her house about a mile from the town, and again urged me to change my mind, and to drive directly there, instead of pursuing my journey. All this I declined, I fear, from a proud and foolhardy spirit, and the conviction that, however retarded, the difficulties of my path must be conquered, and it was as well to face them at once. Finding me determined, she took a very kind leave of me, and I got into the carriage and began my ride under the most uneasy impressions. After riding about four miles the postilion suddenly stopped and informed us that he had missed the road ; that the man who was accustomed to drive was sick; that he had never been that road before; and that he could not tell where he was. Until eleven o'clock at night we were jolted over hills, through swamps and holes, and into valleys into which no carriage had surely ever passed before ; and my whole heart was filled with unspeakable terrors for the safety of my child. During this time my two servants were assiduous in their service, watchful and careful to prevent, by every possible caution, an overturn or an accident to the carriage. I consulted Baptiste frequently and took his advice as to the best mode of proceeding ; and at twelve o'clock at night, the horses being utterly worn out, and scarce a twinkling star to teach of living light, we determined that Baptiste should ride one of the horses and endeavor to find a road through which we might be extricated from our perilous situation. He was absent about fifteen minutes when we heard the trampling of a horse and voices at a short distance. The palpitation of my heart increased until I thought it would have burst. My child lay sweetly sleeping on his little bed in the front of the carriage, unsusceptible of fear and utterly unconscious of danger. Baptiste rode hastily up to the carriage-door and informed me that he had found a house quite near. That he had awakened the family, and that a Russian officer had come to him, and, after inquiring what he wanted, had offered his services to take us into the road, as it required great skill to keep the carriage out of the gullies by which we were surrounded. He came up to me while Baptiste was speaking, and again I was obliged to tell my story in most execrable German, and, as well as I could, express my thanks for the proposed service. Lights were brought out ; one of my men mounted the officer's horse and we proceeded at a foot-pace, and reached the inn in safety at about half-past one, where I ordered refreshments for the gentlemen, and coffee for ourselves. He accepted a handsome present, made many polite speeches, and took leave, recommending the innkeeper to be attentive, and to see that horses should be ready at any hour that I might want them, and departed. The house was very indifferent in its accommodations ; I therefore expressed my satisfaction to my domestics for the prudence and discretion which they had shown through this singular accident, and bade them be ready at an early hour with the carriage and horses. After thanking most devoutly the Almighty for His protection through this hour of trial, I sought repose with renewed confidence in the persons attached to my service, and determined not to listen to any more bugbears to alarm my nerves and weaken my understanding. I had contrived to conceal the bags of gold and silver, which I carried in such a manner that neither of my men-servants supposed that I possessed any ; and, as I carried letters with me which I displayed, it was believed I took up only as much as I wanted at one town until I reached another. I was likewise furnished with a letter from the government recommending me to the protection of all whom I called on ; and, that any complaint should immediately be attended to, I was authorized to give information to the Minister of the Interior throughout the Russian territory forming that portion of my journey. Nothing but the fanfaronade stories of the murder, etc., which I had heard before the event, and immediately after our relief from this fearful and harassing anxiety, could have given an extraordinary interest to so trifling an incident.

We proceeded on our journey early in the morning and no event of consequence occurred until we crossed the Vistula. It was four o'clock in the evening, and the

ice was in so critical a state I could with difficulty procure men and horses to go over. They informed me that I should have to make a very long and tedious detour, if I could not cross ; that the passage over would be attended with great risk, if not danger. If I had courage to attempt it, as there was no accommodation near, they would take long poles with hooks and attach the horses to the extreme end of the pole of the carriage and get over as well as they could. At five o'clock we started, the men going forward and sounding with their poles first to find the firmest path ; we got over and reached the other side of the river in safety, although the ice had given way on the border, and it required a violent effort in the horses to prevent the coach from upsetting on the bank. I have forgotten the name of the town, but we crossed from a small corner of Poland which lay on my route, and where I saw the most filthy and beggarly village that I ever had beheld in any country. At this town to which we had crossed, I remained a short time and proceeded with the same horses to the next stage ; and no other incident occurred worth notice until we reached the frontier of Prussia. Here I had to wait three hours for horses, and the people were so inclined to be impudent I was obliged to produce my letter, and to inform the master of the house that I should write immediately to the Minister of the Interior and complain of his conduct. The entrance into Prussia was about three or four miles farther on. The man appeared to be much alarmed, made a great many apologies, and said the horses should be ready immediately and very politely obliged me to take a couple more than the usual complement, as he thought the carriage very heavy. This is an exaction to which travellers were constantly exposed, and to pay the tax was an absolute necessity, if you wished to avoid delay. At the Prussian gate I was obliged to go through the formality of showing my passports and answering all the customary questions too tedious to enumerate. We came suddenly upon a view of the sea, and were apparently driving into it, when Charles became dreadfully alarmed, and, turning as white as a sheet, asked me if we were going into that *great water*. The postilions did not seem pleased to cross the Hartz, and said there was a house that I could stop at until morning. I inquired if there was any particular difficulty, but found the principal objection was that it would be dark before we should get across, and that it was a dreadful gloomy road. I asked them at what time they expected to get in. They told me at about five o'clock in the evening, and I immediately decided upon pursuing our route as fast as we could. With much grumbling we again set forward, and as the evening closed in I began to repent my determination, for everything around us looked blank and dreary, and the *terrible*, without knowing why or wherefore, seemed to take its abiding place in our thoughts.

The season of the year at which I travelled, when earth was chained in solid fetters of ice, did not admit of flourishing description, but the ways were rendered deeply interesting by the fearful remnants of men's fury. Houses half burnt, a very thin population, women unprotected, and that dreary look of forlorn desertion which sheds its gloom around on all the objects, announcing devastation and despair. Onward we travelled until we arrived at Königsberg, where we stopped a day. I delivered my letter of credit and made arrangements to proceed ; also some trifling purchases of amber, and should have gone to the theatre if I had not been unprotected by a gentleman. The next morning it rained so much I was detained until three o'clock in the afternoon ; when we renewed our journey toward Berlin. Baptiste, I believe that was his name, began to assume a tone, not by any means agreeable, and I began to be somewhat anxious. I intimated to him that he might leave me as soon as he pleased, as I was in a country where I was very well known, as I had lived four years in Berlin and was acquainted with the King and all the royal family. He said his great desire was to return to his own country and that he did not wish to leave me, that he understood I had agreed to take him the whole way. I told him the performance of this agreement depended on his good behavior, and that if he was diligent and attentive I should have no wish to part with him. This conversa-

tion had a good effect and he resumed his first tone, and was much more respectful; but there was something threatening in his look that did not please me, but I was afraid to notice it. My other servant was evidently much afraid of him and avoided everything that could put him out of humor. We had gone about seven miles when the fore wheel of my carriage fell to pieces and we were more than a mile from any assistance. The postilions said they could not return, neither could they proceed. The evening was setting in, and they advised that one of them should go to a small place that we had passed on the road and get some conveyance for me, as the road was in such a state it was impossible to walk. To this plan I assented, and after waiting a considerable time, the man returned with a miserable common cart, into which we got, and, accompanied by Baptiste, turned our steps toward the place. It was little more than a hovel, consisting of two rooms and a blacksmith's shop. One woman made her appearance, dirty, ugly, and ill-natured; and there were two or three very surly, ill-looking men, whose manners were far from prepossessing or kindly. Baptiste explained our dilemma and inquired if by any contrivance they could convey us back to the city. They answered doggedly that they could do no such thing, but if we chose to stay there they could make a wheel so that we could go on in the morning. I consulted with the servants and they both thought it a pity to return to the city. It would be midnight before I could procure a carriage to take me there. They were armed, and one could keep watch at the door of my chamber, and the other would sleep in the carriage, and this would prevent any accident. According to this plan, I had my little boy's bed brought in, and while he slept soundly my woman and I sat up, neither of us feeling very secure in the agreeable nest into which we had fallen. As I always had provisions in the carriage we made out to eat something before we started, and the next stage we took our coffee. Our wheel was very clumsy and not painted, but it answered all the purpose to carry us through the famous road which had been begun by Bonaparte from Kustrin, a fortress which we reached with much difficulty. On our way we met a travelling carriage laboring through the mud. The servant stopped our driver to ask concerning the desperate state of the road; and the gentleman inside inquired very politely of me how many times I had been upset? informing me that he had seven times been exposed to this accident. I could not help laughing at his doleful account, and told him, as I had not yet been so roughly dealt with, I hoped to escape the pleasure altogether. He informed me he was Count somebody, I do not remember what, and that he was on his way to St. Petersburg. I wished him better luck and we parted. At Kustrin we found a tolerable house, but were not allowed to go within the fort. To my utter astonishment I heard nothing but the praises of the gallantry of Napoleon and his officers, and great regret at the damage done to this beautiful fortress; and learnt that from thence I should travel over the most beautiful road in the world which had been completed by his order, and that it would all have been finished in the same way if the Allies had not driven him away. The desolation of this spot was unutterably dismal; and the guarded tone of the conversation, the suppressed sighs, the significant shrug, were all painful indications of the miseries of war, with all its train of horrors. The Cossacks! the dire Cossacks! were the perpetual theme, and the cheeks of the women blanched at the very name. We left Kustrin to pursue our journey, after the usual process of passports, etc., jogged on without any incident worth notice, excepting that one of the postilions pointed out to us the small house where that most lovely and interesting Queen Louisa of Prussia had stayed with her sick baby on their retreat from Berlin after the French had taken possession of that city. My heart thrilled with emotion for the sufferings of one whom I had so dearly loved, and I could not refrain from tears at the recital of her sufferings. We arrived safely at Berlin and I drove to the Hôtel de Russie and established myself there for a week. The carriage needed repairs and our clumsy wheel to be painted and Berlin was attractive to me. After an absence of fourteen years, I entered

Berlin with the pleasant recollections of the past, and youth seemed again to be decked with rosy smiles and glad anticipation. I wrote a note immediately to one of my old friends, with a request to see her if disengaged, and waited with no little agitation to see one who had first known me as a young and blooming bride and who now perhaps might have lost all traces of the writer. And now I must make a digression and return to St. Petersburg to relate a singular circumstance which occurred the night but one before I started on my journey. I went by invitation to the Countess Colombe's to take tea with her and bid her farewell. We had been very intimate—she was a charming woman and was apparently attached both to my sister and myself. Much to her discomfort, I found a Russian lady there who had, uninvited, come to pass two or three days. Countess Apraxin was a fat, coarse woman, very talkative, full of scandal and full of the everlasting amusement so fashionable in Russian society, the *bonne aventure.* After tea she took the cards, and insisted, as I was going on a journey, that I should choose a Queen and let her read my destiny. I had never seen the woman before, and had never even heard her name until introduced to her that evening. I assented and she began. She rather reproachfully said it seemed that I was rejoiced to quit St. Petersburg; that I should soon meet those from whom I had long been separated, etc., etc.; that when I had achieved about half of my journey I should be much alarmed by a great change in the political world, in consequence of some extraordinary movement of a great character, which would produce utter consternation and set all Europe into violent commotion; that this circumstance which I should hear of on the road would necessitate a change in my plan, cause me great inconvenience, and render my journey very difficult, but that after all I should find my husband well, and that we should have a joyous meeting after so long an absence. I laughed and thanked her, and assured her that, notwithstanding her skill, I had no fear of the possibility of such an occurrence, as I was too insignificant, and the arrangements for my journey too simple to attract notice; and I was quite satisfied that I should accomplish it if I escaped accidents without meeting any obstacles of the kind predicted, more especially as it was a time of peace; and we were all very merry and in admiration of the skill which had inspired her with such a string of absurdities. I took my leave, the Countesses mutually expressing the kindest wishes for my happiness, and the fortune-teller desiring me to remember what she had predicted, to which I responded I could never forget her. I note this because it was an amusing and an undoubted fact, and I was forced by circumstances to remember it every moment during the latter part of my journey.

Countess Pauline de Neale flew to meet me with all the friendly affection which she had formerly shown me. We made arrangements to visit the Princesses Ferdinand and Louise Radziwill, and also some of my old friends. We did not part until late, with a mutual agreement that she would pass as much time as possible with me while I stayed at Berlin. After a night of refreshing sleep I arose and prepared to visit my friends, ordering a carriage to be ready at the proper hour, and gave all the necessary directions for the repairs of my own berline to be despatched as quickly as possible so as not to delay me in that city where my inclination prompted me too much to loiter. Everything in the city looked much as I had left it fourteen years before, excepting the manners and dress of the people. All the nationality of the costume had disappeared, and French was almost universally spoken. It was the same city that I had left in all its bearings. The beautiful Linden Strasse, the fine Brandenburg gates, the bridges, the palaces, all spoke of former times; but yet it was cold and flat and dull, and there was a foreign air about it which damped the pleasure I felt in revisiting the scenes of my youth. The perfect stillness seemed to cast a gloom over all the scenes which had once been so gay and brilliant, while gladdened by the smiles of affability of the young Queen Louisa, who won all hearts by her lovely manners and extraordinary beauty. She was gone, but her image was associated in my mind with every surrounding object, contrasting with vivid sadness the

present and the past. According to appointment, we waited on the Princesses, who received me with all their wonted kindness. The Princess Ferdinand invited me to dine and the Princess Louisa invited me to pass every evening at her palace while I stayed in Berlin when it did not interfere with other engagements. She laughingly said that though she could not entertain me as she used to do, she would give me two dishes for my supper, and a hearty welcome ; no toilet was necessary, and she would show me her daughter, a lovely little creature and an only one ; her husband and sons were at Vienna with the King, and that the great of Berlin had suffered so much from the war that there was no pretension of state among them, and they were glad to see their friends socially. I expressed my thanks for this flattering kindness shown me by her invitation, of which I should avail myself ; and at the same time expressed my regret for the absence of the King and Prince, to whom I should have been happy to have paid my respects, and to have returned my thanks for much kindness received from them during my residence in that city, for which I retained a most grateful sense. I made my *congé* and departed, to meet again in the evening. The Princess was as little altered as possible considering that time had not strewed roses in her path, but though the thorns had left some trace of wounds, they had also left traces of a softer shade of character on her face than that which she possessed in the brilliancy of youth and the appanage of splendid royalty. My friends greeted me with the most unaffected warmth and my reception was that of a separated and beloved sister. Each vied with the other in marks of attachment, making my stay a succession of delights. I saw all that was worthy of visiting, but the object of most interest was the mausoleum of the Queen at Charlottenburg in all its beauty, decorated with greenhouse plants embowering the statue of the Queen, which, though beautiful, did not at all convey the idea of the exquisite original. The lovely shrubs were tastefully arranged and the unfading emblems spoke of the undying love and respect of her subjects. How many interesting anecdotes I heard from the lips of the Princess concerning the war ! more especially of the famed retreat of the too ambitious and suffering French. She rejoiced in their defeat, but she felt as a Christian, and she would permit no harsh and degrading language to be used in her presence ; for the really great had fallen, and their punishment had overtaken them in all the horrors that unmitigated suffering could inflict, in addition to mortification and disgrace beyond the power of language to describe. She told me that one day she received a note on a dirty bit of paper entreating her most earnestly to admit a person in great distress. That if she granted his petition she must see him alone, and with the greatest secrecy, as his life depended on his not being known. At first she hesitated, but, learning from sad experience how much misery lurked abroad, she inquired where the person was and was told that a lady who appeared in much trouble was waiting for admission. In a few minutes the person was introduced, veiled and dressed in a blue satin pelisse, who, immediately after she had dismissed her attendants, fell at her feet, and implored her assistance, as he was almost famished, had no clothes to his back but the dress which he wore, given to him in charity by a lady, I believe, at Vilna, as a disguise in which to save his life. It was the Count de Narbone, with whom she had been most intimate when Minister at Berlin some years before, who was flying from the armies in this utter and abject misery, who had thrown himself upon her mercy to obtain the means of reaching Magdeburg. Prussia had not yet become the avowed enemy of Napoleon, and she gave him money and clothes and food and took leave of him forever. He was one of the Master Diplomatists of the age, famed for his dress and the elegance of his manners. He was killed at Torgau by a fall from his horse. One evening she invited the Princess Wilhelm with a small party. I was introduced. She was very handsome. We sat around the table with our work, chatting, when the Princess Louisa asked me if I did not think the color of her gown was very gay? I acquiesced and admired the richness of the silk. She laughed and observed that she was rather too old to wear a bright couleur de rose ; but she loved the

dress and must wear it, as it was a present from her son, who had purchased it with the first money which he had ever owned and been allowed to spend independently; and he had immediately, on his arrival at Paris, gone to a mercer's and chosen it himself as a first offering to a mother he adored. Of my visit to Berlin I could write a volume. The Bruhls, the De Neales, the Leinertzs, De Bergs, Hardenbergs, Hadzfeldts, Bischoffwerders, Colofkins, and many, many more are names never to be forgotten by me, but always spoken with affection and respect.

Count Caraman gave me a new passport, as I was not satisfied with the one given to me by the Count de Noailles, the Ambassador at St. Petersburg; and I again prepared to sally forth on my journey, having settled my accounts with Mr. Sheikler, and engaged the sympathy of the De Neales in favor of Captain Norman, an American whom I had found dying of a fever in the upper story of the hotel for want of care and attention. Early in the morning I left the city of Berlin for the last time with feelings of gratitude and regret. There I had felt at home; all the softer sympathies of humanity had been reawakened in my heart into life and animation, and the sterile heartlessness of a Russian residence of icy coldness was thawed into joyous satisfaction and melted into affection by the kind testimonials of friends by whom I had believed myself long since forgotten. In St. Petersburg upward of five years I had lived as a stranger to all but the kind regards of the Imperial family; and I quitted its gaudy loneliness without a sigh.

The roads were through deep sands amid pine barren woods. We proceeded quietly on our route, occasionally meeting small straggling parties of disbanded soldiers loitering home, which meetings were by no means relished by any of us. In the evening after dark I used to put on my son's military cap and tall feather, and lay his sword across the window of the carriage; as I had been told that anything that looked military escaped from insult. My two servants rode on the box armed, and I was always careful to put away my insignia before I came to any house. My friends in Berlin had advised me to avoid Leipsic, as I should have to cross the battle-field so celebrated a year before; and we took the route, I think, to Eisenach, a fortified town, once probably strong, but now in ruins, miserably conditioned, but guarded at its dilapidated gates by soldiers. Being much fatigued, I passed the night there, and was exceedingly astonished to learn from the master of the house that a "rumor had just arrived of the return of Napoleon from Elba to France; which he said created many jokes, as he was known to be very securely imprisoned on the island!" "But such a rumor was abroad, and in everybody's mouth!" I started with astonishment. True or false, the coincidence was strange, and the fortune-telling of Countess Apraxin, in spite of reason, recurred for the first time to my mind and startled my imagination. I went to bed quite exhausted, and for the first time left my purse with gold and silver in it on the table. My child's nurse, who had proved perfectly honest, slept in the same chamber with me and my boy. She had lived thirty years with Madame Colombi, and had some property with which she wished to return to her relations in Paris and spend it among them. She had carefully locked the doors on our going to bed, but when I rose in the morning the lamp was gone out of the chamber with the gold, but the purse laid empty where I had left it. I ordered the carriage immediately and again we pursued our route toward Frankfort-on-the-Main, to which place my banker at Berlin had urged me strongly to go, and had given me letters of introduction to two or three families of his friends. Wherever we stopped to change horses we heard of the return of Napoleon, and when we arrived at Hanau we found that it was received with less doubt, and measures were already supposed to be adopted for calling together the disbanded troops. About a mile before we reached the town I had observed several small mounds marked with crosses on the sides of the road, like graves. We entered on a wide extended plain, over which, as far as the eye could reach, were scattered remnants of boots, clothes, and hats or caps, with an immense quantity of bones bleaching in all directions in a field which appeared to have been newly ploughed. My heart throbbed and

I felt a sensation of deadly sickness with a fear that I should faint, guessing where I was, when the postilions pointed to a board indicating that this was the famous battle where the Bavarians had turned upon Napoleon, and 10,000 men were left upon the ensanguined plain. Conceive my horror at the loathing sight of such a butchery! My spirit sank within me and I asked, Lord, what is man that he should thus destroy? as fancy realized the tortures, suffering, and anguish thus forced upon my eyes with all the ghastly relics of the dead exposed with savage barbarity to the view. At Hanau, a strongly fortified town, the news of the return of Napoleon was confirmed, and I was closely questioned, and could with difficulty procure horses, for which I was delayed three or four hours. During this time my hosts were very civil and attentive. They spoke French fluently, and took great pains to point out to me the wonders that had been performed by Napoleon and the remnant of his army—three times they were beaten back while attempting to cross the river, but at last succeeded, I believe, by fording the river, the bridge having been burnt, and obtained possession of the town. They showed me where their house had been struck by three cannon-balls during the action, and although evident sufferers by these dreadful exploits, boasted that the French officers quartered there; a fact of which they seemed very proud. One of the most remarkable things attending this journey: my ears were constantly saluted with the praises of the French, and but little of the allied armies. There is in human nature a moral antipathy to treachery even against our worst enemies; and, however we may be led into the support of it by artificial excitement, in moments of quiet and deliberation we are revolted by its atrocity. Suffering and devastation had followed their steps; but the far renowned horrors and cruelties of the ruffian Cossacks had traced every line with blood, and, in the blackness of their infernal deeds, whitewashed all minor crimes from their minds—friends and foes suffered alike from these ruthless miscreants and they were always mentioned with whispered execrations.

At this place I observed that my servants began to be anxious and restless, and frequently talked about conscripts and a renewal of the war, for which neither of them appeared to have any taste.

Soldiers were mustering in every direction, and there was a life and animation altogether different from the dull monotony of the former part of my journey, which had hitherto rendered my travel uninteresting. Feeling anxious and uneasy, I pushed on with all the celerity that tolerable roads and good horses would permit, six of which were always forced on me by the postmasters, and should have found many agreeable objects to attract my attention if my mind had been more at ease. I arrived safely at Frankfort-on-the-Main and sent my letters to my banker, a new dilemma of a very serious nature having occurred which was likely to terminate my journey for some time. My two servants requested to speak to me, and informed me that circumstances having entirely changed since they entered into their engagement to attend me to Paris, in consequence of Napoleon's return, they must quit my service. They preferred to remain at Frankfort to going any farther, as they should there find it more easy to obtain a service. I could not compel them to stay with me. No bribe could induce them to go on in their panic, and I was under the necessity of asking them to wait before they came to a final conclusion until I had seen my banker, with whom I would talk upon the subject. He came to see me almost immediately after the receipt of my letter, and I informed him of my difficulty. He was very polite, and urged me very strongly to remain at Frankfort for a few days and he would endeavor to make suitable arrangements for me. He said the consternation was universal; that it would be very difficult to find substitutes for the servants who were determined to leave me, and that my position was so peculiarly unpleasant he thought it required great prudence in my arrangements. I insisted that it would be better for me to get to France as soon as possible before the armies could be prepared to move, as I should possibly meet my husband on the frontier, and every moment would add to the difficulty should I delay. At present the panic itself would prove advan-

tageous, as it would require time for the different governments to form plans and ascertain events or take any decisive measures. He agreed with me in my opinion, but said that troops would immediately be assembled and ordered to the frontier directly by way of precaution. As most of them had been disbanded, it would require time to collect them, but that there was always danger from stragglers. He advised on the whole that it would be best to proceed, but thought I should entirely change my route for one more circuitous but safer, and more likely to prove quiet, for which he would give me a plan, and he would seek for some person to accompany me. I was to start in the afternoon of the ensuing day. When he came again he brought a Prussian lad of fourteen, the only creature he could find willing to go, and, after arranging my money matters, he put me into the carriage and directed the postilions as to the route which we were to take, and parted with me with the kindest wishes. All went on very well. The boy proved very smart and active, but I thought it more prudent to take him inside the carriage for fear of indiscretion. He had, though so young, been in the recent Russian campaign as servant to a Russian officer, and told me a great many anecdotes concerning Napoleon during the retreat. Of his sitting on the bare ground among his soldiers to warm himself. Of his partaking of their poor miserable soup when they had any. His inexhaustible kindness to his men, etc., etc., in their misery. At the same time he expressed the greatest hatred of the man, with all the petulance of boyish passion. It was singular and amusing to watch the workings of this young mind, swayed equally by admiration and detestation uttered in the strong language of natural feeling.

At Carlsruhe I stopped at a very good house, intending to visit Princess Amalia of Baden and Miss Bode. I sent to the palace to inquire if I could see them. The servant returned and informed me that the Empress of Russia and her sister had left Carlsruhe the day before for Munich, and the Grand Duchess of Baden was the only person at Court. As I had no one to introduce me, I ordered my dinner, and concluded to prosecute my journey in the afternoon. I was cruelly disappointed, as I hoped to obtain both information and protection which would have been profitable on the road. While I was at table the master of the inn came in and informed us that a courier had brought the news that Napoleon had been taken prisoner and immediately shot. He said the news might be relied on, for it was brought express to the palace. I heard an exclamation of horror, and turning round saw the boy whom I had hired pale and half fainting. He looked piteously at me, crying, "O, that great man! I did not expect that!" Fortunately the innkeeper had left the room, or he might have supposed me some violent Bonapartist, and the report would have been very unfavorable to my proceedings. At four o'clock I was again on my way, and pursued my course through the Duchy of Baden without interruption or accident. Wagons of every description full of soldiers were continually rushing toward the frontier, roaring national songs, and apparently in great glee at the idea of a renewal of hostilities. When I retrace my movements through this long and really arduous journey, I cannot humble myself too much in thankful adoration to the Providence which shielded me from all dangers and inspired me with that unswerving faith which teaches to seek for protection from above. Thus far not a word or look had been unpleasant, and could I have divested myself of that restless anxiety for the future which pervades all mankind, I should have enjoyed the perpetual varieties and changes constantly offered to my view. As it is, I can only give a brief sketch of the road, and I fear very often with a defective geography.

We reached the Fortress of Kiel, opposite to Strasburg on the Rhine, and here I was questioned and troubled, and after some delay permitted to cross, which we accomplished with success, and landed in safety. Here again I was stopped; my passports demanded, my baggage taken off, etc. The officer in command recommended me to an excellent hotel, and politely told me he would wait on me there. The house was excellent; and the master of it came immediately to me

to receive my directions, etc. I requested him to dismiss the horses and drivers and that if he was at leisure I should be glad to consult him. He was a very respectable man of fifty years old or upward, and in manner very gentlemanly. He told me the officer would probably ask for letters and papers; and that as the moment was very critical, I had better cut the seals before they took them, and in that state they would not read them, but suffer me to retain them. Here I found the passports furnished me by Count Caraman of the greatest service, as his name was popular and well known. That of Mons. de Noaille being just the reverse. The officer came and informed me that my baggage would be allowed to pass and that my passports would be indorsed, etc., and returned to me in the proper form. He said the country was in a very unsettled state and that it would require great prudence and caution in the pursuit of my journey to Paris. Strasburg was very quiet, but it was impossible to foresee how long it would continue. The Emperor had certainly returned and was then on his way to the capital. I thanked him for his politeness; informed him it was my intention to remain at Strasburg for a day at least before I prosecuted my journey. The master of the hotel then came to me, and I represented to him the great difficulty I should find to travel without a man-servant, and urged him to seek a respectable and confidential person to go with me as far as Paris. That I would remunerate him handsomely and pay his expenses back, as the moment I met my husband, I should have no occasion for his services; that I must rely entirely upon the discretion of this person in the management and arrangement of my route, and should depend on him for advice and assistance. He said such a person would be very difficult to find, but that he had such a man in view, that he would see him directly and prevail upon him to undertake the charge. After dinner I took a walk with my son. The town is very pretty and I have sometimes thought that Worcester in Massachusetts looks a little like it. In the evening the master of the house (I have forgotten his name) introduced a most respectable-looking person, the man he had recommended, and we immediately entered into engagements. I requested him to see that the carriage was in order, and told him that on the next morning but one I intended to depart for Paris, and to go on with as much rapidity as possible. He said he would be ready at the appointed time, and asked if the boy was to proceed with me, and I had him up to know if he would not prefer to be discharged there and to return home. He said no! his object was to find his old master in Paris, and that he would rather go on. As he had rendered me good service I could not refuse this, and a condition was made by Dupin, that he was not to talk at any of the houses where we might stay, and that he was either to be under my eye or his at all times, to which he readily agreed. The woman who attended me was a quiet and respectable person, upward of fifty and very plain in person and manners and very steady. In the former part of my journey she was of great use to me; but as she spoke no German, she could not be troublesome now. The day at Strasburg was very tedious. My health was dreadful and the excessive desire which I felt to terminate this long and arduous journey absolutely made me sick. I had been absent a year from my husband and five long, long years and a half from my two eldest-born sons, whom I had left in America with their grandparents. War had intervened and free communication, in addition to the accustomed impediments from the climate, had conduced to add to my anxieties. Every letter had brought me accounts of the loss of near and dear relatives whom I never more should see, had made me timid; and nothing but the buoyant hope of soon embracing those long separated and loved, sustained me through the fatigue and excitement to which I was necessarily exposed.

We pursued our course without impediment until one o'clock in the morning, when the postilions insisted on my stopping at a homely house, to which proposition I acceded very unwillingly. My servant made me a sign, and said he thought it would be advisable to wait there until daylight, and I could procure some refreshment for myself and my son. We drove up to a miserable place, evi-

dently unused to good company, and were ushered into a long, narrow, dirty room, with a dirty deal table extending the length of it nearly, at which were sitting on wooden benches several ill-looking surly men. Here I was obliged to sit while they procured us a little milk, the only thing we could get. Charles seemed very much frightened as these men asked him several questions and I was obliged to tell them that the child was too sleepy to talk. Dupin took the opportunity to ask if I could have some chamber where I could put the child to bed, and a door was opened into an adjoining room, if possible more uncomfortable than the one we had left. In this chamber my maid and I passed the night, without going to bed and heard the threatening conversation of our neighbors, and the boasts of what Napoleon was to do now that he had arrived to drive out Louis XVIII. and his beggarly crew. Our postilions were vociferous in their exclamations; and there were many bitter anathemas against the Allied Sovereigns and the horrible Cossacks. I rejoiced when day broke and I found myself once more safely seated in my carriage, and we renewed our journey with fresh spirits. I was much pleased with the conduct of Dupin, who appeared to me to be a very judicious person, possessing all the tact requisite to avoid threatened trouble, with a calm smoothness of manner which enforced respect and defied suspicion. At Nancy we stopped only to change horses. The square was full of troops, who were mustering to make preparations for joining the Emperor. Dupin told me that if we made good speed, we should keep in advance of them all the way, as it would require some hours for their preparation, and that we should reach Paris with ease before they could get half way there. On we drove and at night lodged at Château Thierry. We got good beds and comfortable lodgings; but poor Charles was much annoyed by a gendarme, who told him he must be a very good boy and not speak a word on the road, for that little children of his age often did much mischief. He was very inquisitive, expressed great astonishment at my travelling to Paris in such a state of things, and seemed by no means satisfied with my answers, which were very simple.

The next morning we again set forward; the weather fine, everything quiet, the roads good and all of us in renewed strength and spirits; everything seemed propitious. We thought we would stop to dine at Épernay. There I was very comfortable; we had a capital dinner and the waiter insisted on bringing me a bottle of champagne, as this was the Champagne country, and he was sure I could not get such in Paris. He would take no denial, and at last I consented to taste it, and it certainly was superior to any I have ever tasted, before or since. In less than an hour we were again on our way. He told me that the people of the town did not expect the troops to pass until the next day and that I need not hurry. We had gone about a mile and a half when we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of the Imperial Guards, who were on their way to meet the Emperor. The first notice I had of my danger was hearing the most horrid curses and dreadful language from a number of women, who appeared to be following the troops. Madame Babet was as pale as death and trembled excessively. Presently I heard these wretches cry out: "Tear them out of the carriage, they are Russians, take them out, kill them." At this moment a party of the soldiers seized hold of the horses and turned their guns against the drivers. I sat in agony of apprehension, but had presence of mind enough to take out my passports. A general officer, with his staff, consisting of four or five, immediately rode up to the carriage and addressed me. I presented my passports and he called out that I was an American lady going to meet her husband in Paris, at which the soldiers shouted "vive les Americains"—and desired that I should cry "Vive Napoléon!" which I did, waving my handkerchief; they repeated their first cry, adding "ils sont nos amis." A number of soldiers were ordered to march before the horses, and if we attempted to push on out of a walk, the order was to fire on us directly. The General and his suite rode on each side of the carriage. He told me my situation was a very precarious one; the army was totally undisciplined, that they would not obey a single order;

that I must appear perfectly easy and unconcerned; and whenever they shouted I must repeat the "Vives." That when we arrived at the post house he would use his influence with the lady of the house to admit me to pass the night, and advised that the next morning I should delay my departure until the troops had all passed, and then take a circuitous route to Paris; as the whole army would be in motion to greet the Emperor.

I thanked him sincerely for his kind attention, and assured him I was ready to follow his advice. He complimented me on my manner of speaking French, and said that my perfect knowledge of the language would contribute much to my safety, as no one would believe me to be a foreigner. My poor boy seemed to be absolutely petrified, and sat by my side like a marble statue. God in His great mercy seemed to give me strength in this trying emergency; for excepting a heightened and glowing color in my cheeks there was no evidence of fear or trepidation; yet my heart might have been heard to beat, as its convulsive throbbings heaved against my side. In this way we journeyed; the soldiers presenting their bayonets at my people with loud and brutal threats every half hour. The road lined on each side for miles with intoxicated men, rife for every species of villainy, shouting and vociferating: "À bas Louis dix huit! vive Napoléon!" At twelve o'clock at night we reached the Post-house — General Michell (or, Michaux, I think was his name) spoke to the lady of the house and she refused to take me in. At length he awakened her sympathy, and she consented provided I would agree to remain in a dark room, have my people concealed, and my offending Russian coach hid in some place where it would be unsuspected. To all this I gladly assented, how thankfully may readily be conceived. I was almost exhausted by the exertions of the day to master my feelings, and could not have borne up much longer. I was put into a comfortable room, a good fire was made up, the shutters were closely barred, and a very kind old gentleman came and encouraged me with the hopes that we should get through the night without further molestation. The General had gone on with the troops, whose great object was to reach Toul, where Victor the Duc de Bellune was in command. The cause of my detention was the fear that, if he had information of their march, he would close the gates of the fortress against them, he having refused to sustain the Emperor on his landing. I was very ill all night. Headache and sickness made it impossible to sleep could I have divested myself of fear, which was out of the question, as the soldiers were crowding into the house all night, drinking and swearing, and making the most uproarious noises. The lady of the house came to my chamber followed by a woman with coffee and refreshments; expressed her regret at the necessity of depriving me of lights and at the impossibility of her remaining with me—but the moment was so critical—she had had some casks of wine broached, and brought out to amuse the soldiers, and she must be there to "debiter des plaisanteries," to joke with them, or else she feared they might plunder her house. She was a comely, fresh-looking woman of forty, of an assured and prompt spirit, and full of the sprightly vivacity and readiness of playful wit which gives such a charm to French manners. Charles had fallen asleep, but Madame Babet, the nurse, really appeared to have lost her senses. She clasped her hands continually while the tears rolled down her cheeks, crying out that the Revolution was begun again, and that this was only the beginning of the renewal of its horrors. During my stay in my chamber, these ferocious creatures had attacked the poor boy who was in my service with a bayonet, and forced him to burn his Prussian military cap, and it was with great difficulty his life was saved by the dexterity of the hostess. Until five o'clock in the morning it was utterly impossible to feel a moment of ease or safety. After that time the doors were barred, and although stragglers frequently roared for admission and thundered at the door, no notice was taken, and we at last obtained some repose. At nine o'clock I ordered preparations to be made for our departure. The master of the house recommending me to go to Châtillon-sur-Marne, and when there I could make suitable arrangements for the remainder of the jour-

ney. I endeavored as well as I could to express the deep sense I entertained of the obligation conferred on me, to which he replied very handsomely, declaring that they felt a deep interest for me, and kindly insisting that I should prolong my stay for two or three days. They did not keep a house of entertainment, but would be happy to receive me as a visitor. With the most heartfelt thanks I assured them of my gratitude for their very considerate kindness, and after taking an excellent breakfast, sat out once more on our journey, which, according to the old adage, proved that "the longest way round was the shortest way home." We took our route to Châtillon, where we arrived in the evening. Here some passengers in the diligence informed me that I had better not go on to Paris, as there were 40,000 men before the gates and a battle was expected. This news startled me very much, but on cool reflection I thought it best to persevere. I was travelling at great expense, a thing quite unsuitable to the paltry salary of an American Minister, and I was sure that if there was any danger Mr. Adams would have come to meet me, or by some means conveyed intelligence to guide my route. Still, as I had been under the necessity of changing my road, I could not be sure that he had heard from me at Strasburg. I consulted with Dupin, and he suggested the best plan, which was to push on to the environs of Paris, and if the difficulty occurred I should be within the means of communication. He told me that in consequence of my being the only traveller going to Paris, and my being compelled to use six horses, a whisper was abroad that I was one of Napoleon's sisters, Princess Stephanie, hastening to meet him, and that this idea was so favorable to the promotion of my success, that he was very mysterious, and only shrugged his shoulders and smiled at the suggestion. My six horses contributed somewhat to this notion and proved very advantageous. It rained heavily and the place was gloomy. On we went again the day following to Sens, and from thence to Meaux, where I arrived the 21st of March. Here I dined. The mistress of the house told me the most dismal tales of the atrocities of the Cossacks. The furniture of the house was almost in ruins, and she showed me the graves of six of the most beautiful young girls of the place, who had fallen victims to the murderous horrors of savage and desolating war, with all its detestable concomitants. They were laid side by side.

I was again on my way to Paris when I observed a man on horseback a little behind us, who appeared to be making prodigious haste and violent efforts to overtake us. With a mind already in some measure prepared for some catastrophe, and in the forest of Bondy, so celebrated for banditti, it was natural that I should anticipate some disagreeable adventure. My courage was fast oozing out, when by some accident the postilions slackened their pace, and my imaginary highwayman came up very politely and informed me that "for the last half hour he had been apprehensive that we should be overset, as the hind wheel of my carriage was nearly off." We thanked him for his timely notice and he rode off. Dupin examined into the thing, and the only resource was to fasten it as well as they could and to turn back to get it repaired. The necessary repairs were achieved, and notwithstanding it was late in the evening, we again penetrated through what was once the wild forest of Bondy, and arrived in perfect safety at the gates of Paris, and were soon after eleven o'clock set down at the Hôtel du Nord, Rue de Richelieu. My husband was perfectly astonished at my adventures, as everything was quiet in Paris, and he had never realized the consequences of the general panic in any other place. My poor waiting-woman went to her friends the next morning. The fright she had undergone was too severe, and she was laid up with brain fever, from which two months after, when I left Paris, she had not recovered. I am almost ashamed of the egotism of this detailed narrative, but a traveller cannot avoid speaking in the first person while relating his own history—and this must plead my apology. I was carried through my journey and trials by the mercy of a kind Providence, and by the conviction that weakness, either of body or mind, would only render my difficulties greater and make matters worse.

THE WITNESSES

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustration by B. R. Campbell

THE old clergyman sighed and closed the volume of "Browne on The Thirty-nine Articles," and pushed it from him on the table. He could not tell what the words meant; he could not keep his mind tense enough to follow an argument of three sentences. It must be that he was very tired. He looked into the fire, which was burning badly, and about the bare, little, dusty study, and realized suddenly that he was tired all the way through, body and soul. And swiftly, by way of the leak which that admission made in the sea-wall of his courage, rushed in an ocean of depression. It had been a hard, bad day. Two people had given up their pews in the little church which needed so urgently every ounce of support that held it. And the junior warden, the one rich man of the parish, had come in before service in the afternoon to complain of the music. If that knife-edged soprano did not go, he said, he was afraid he should have to go himself; it was impossible to have his nerves scraped to the raw every Sunday.

The old clergyman knew very little about music, but he remembered that his ear had been uncomfortably jarred by sounds from the choir, and that he had turned once and looked at them, and wondered if someone had made a mistake, and who it was. It must be, then, that dear Miss Barlow, who had sung so faithfully in St. John's for twenty-five years, was perhaps growing old. But how could he tell her so; how could he deal such a blow to her kind heart, her simple pride and interest in her work? He was growing old, too.

His sensitive mouth curved downward as he stared into the smoldering fire, and let himself, for this one time out of many times he had resisted, face the facts. It was not Miss Barlow and the poor music; it was not that the church was badly heated, as one of the ex-pewholders had said, nor that it was badly situated, as another had claimed; it was something of deeper, wider significance, a broken foundation, that made the ugly, widening crack all through the height of the tower. It was his own inefficiency. The church was going steadily down, and he was powerless to lift it. His old enthusiasm, devotion, confidence—what had become of them? They seemed to have slipped by slow degrees, through the unsuccessful years, out of his soul, and in their place was a dull distrust of himself; almost—God forgive him—distrust in God's kindness. He had worked with his might all the years of his life, and what he had to show for it was a poor, lukewarm parish, a diminished congregation, debt—to put it in one dreadful word, failure!

By the pitiless searchlight of hopelessness, he saw himself for the first time as he was—surely devoted and sincere, but narrow, limited, a man lacking outward expression of inward and spiritual grace. He had never had the gift to win hearts. That had not troubled him much, earlier, but lately he had longed for a little appreciation, a little human love, some sign that he had not worked always in vain. He remembered the few times that people had stopped after service to praise his sermons, and to-night he remembered not so much the glow at his heart that the kind words had brought, as the fact that those times had been very few. He did not preach good sermons; he faced that now, unflinchingly. He was not broad minded; new thoughts were unattractive, hard for him to assimilate; he had championed always theories that were going out of fashion, and the half-consciousness of it put him ever on the defensive; when most he wished to be gentle, there was something in his manner which antagonized. As he looked back over his colorless, conscientious past, it seemed to him that his life was a failure. The souls he had reached, the work he had done with

such infinite effort—it might all have been done better and easily by another man. He would not begrudge his strength and his years burned freely in the sacred fire, if he might know that the flame had shone even faintly in dark places, that the heat had warmed but a little the hearts of men. But —he smiled grimly at the logs in front of him, in the small, cheap, black marble fireplace—his influence was much like that, he thought, cold, dull, ugly with uncertain smoke. He, who was not worthy, had dared to consecrate himself to a high service, and it was his reasonable punishment that his life had been useless.

Like a stab came back the thought of the junior warden, of the two more empty pews, and then the thought, in irresistible self-pity, of how hard he had tried, how well he had meant, how much he had given up, and he felt his eyes filling with a man's painful, bitter tears. There had been so little beauty, reward, in his whole past. Once, thirty years before, he had gone abroad for six weeks, and he remembered the trip with a thrill of wonder that anything so lovely could have come into his sombre life—the voyage, the bit of travel, the new countries, the old cities, the expansion, broadening of mind he had felt for a time as its result. More than all, the delight of the people whom he had met, the unused experience of being understood at once, of light touch and easy flexibility, possible, as he had not known before, with good and serious qualities. One man, above all, he had never forgotten. It had been a pleasant memory always to have known him, to have been friends with him even, for he had felt to his own surprise and joy, that something in him attracted this man of men. He had followed the other's career, a career full of success unabused, of power grandly used, of responsibility lifted with a will. He stood over thousands and ruled rightly—a true prince among men. Somewhat too broad, too free in his thinking—the old clergyman deplored that fault —yet a man might not be perfect. It was pleasant to know that this strong and good soul was in the world and was happy; he had seen him once with his son, and the boy's fine, sensitive face, his honest eyes, and pretty deference of manner, his pride, too, in his distinguished father, were surely a guaranty of happiness. The old man felt a sudden generous gladness that if some lives must be wasted, yet some might be, like this man's whom he had once known, full of beauty and service. It would be good if he might add a drop to the cup of happiness which meant happiness to so many—and then he smiled at his foolish thought. That he should think of helping that other—a man of so little importance to help a man of so much! And suddenly again he felt tears that welled up hotly.

He put his gray head, with its scanty, carefully brushed hair, back against the support of the worn arm-chair, and shut his eyes to keep them back. He would try not to be cowardly. Then, with the closing of the soul-windows, mental and physical fatigue brought their own gentle healing, and in the cold, little study, bare, even, of many books, with the fire smoldering cheerlessly before him, he fell asleep.

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A few miles away, in a suburb of the same great city, in a large library peopled with books, luxurious with pictures and soft-toned rugs and carved dark furniture, a man sat staring into the fire. The six-foot logs crackled and roared up the chimney, and the blaze lighted the wide, dignified room. From the high chimney-piece, that had been the feature of a great hall in Florence two centuries before, grotesque heads of black oak looked down with a gaze which seemed weighted with age-old wisdom and cynicism, at the man's sad face. The glow of the lamp, shining like a huge gray-green jewel, lighted unobtrusively the generous sweep of table at his right hand, and on it were books whose presence meant the thought of a scholar and the broad interests of a man of affairs. Each detail of the great room, if there had been an observer of its quiet perfection, had an importance of its own, yet each exquisite belonging fell swiftly into the dimness of the background of a picture when one saw the man who was the master. Among a thousand picked men, his face and figure would have been distinguished. People did not call him old, for the alertness and force of youth radiated from him, and his gray eyes were clear and his color fresh, yet the face was lined heavily, and the thick thatch of hair shone in the firelight

silvery white. Face and figure were full of character and breeding, of life lived to its utmost, of will, responsibility, success. Yet to-night the spring of the mechanism seemed broken, and the noble head lay back against the brown leather of his deep chair as listlessly as a tired girl's. He watched the dry wood of the fire as it blazed and fell apart and blazed up brightly again, yet his eyes did not seem to see it—their absorbed gaze was inward.

The distant door of the room swung open, but the man did not hear, and, his head and face shining clear cut like a cameo against the dark leather, hands stretched nervelessly along the arms of the chair, eyes gazing gloomily into the heart of the flame, he was still. A young man, brilliant with strength, yet with a worn air about him, and deep circles under his eyes, stood inside the room and looked at him a long minute—those two in the silence. The fire crackled cheerfully and the old man sighed.

"Father!" said the young fellow by the door, quickly.

In a second the man's whole pose changed, and he sat intense, staring, while the son came toward him and stood across the rug, against the dark wood of the Florentine fireplace, a picture of young manhood which any father would be proud to own.

"Of course, I don't know if you want me, father," he said, "but I've come to tell you that I'll be a good boy, if you do."

The gentle, half-joking manner was very winning, and the play of his words was trembling with earnest. The older man's face shone as if lamps were lighted behind his eyes.

"If I want you, Ted!" he said, and held out his hand.

With a quick step forward the lad caught it, and then, with pretty impulsiveness, as if his childhood came back to him on the flood of feeling unashamed, bent down and kissed him. As he stood erect again he laughed a little, but the muscles of his face were working, and there were tears in his eyes. With a swift movement he had drawn a chair, and the two sat quiet a moment, looking at each other in deep and silent content to be there so, together.

"Yesterday I thought I'd never see you again this way," said the boy; and his father only smiled at him, satisfied as yet without words. The son went on, his eager, stirred feelings crowding to his lips. "There isn't any question great enough, there isn't any quarrel big enough, to keep us apart, I think, father. I found that out this afternoon. When a chap has a father like you, who has given him a childhood and a youth like mine——" The young voice stopped, trembling. In a moment he had mastered himself. "I'll probably never be able to talk to you like this again, so I want to say it all now. I want to say that I know, beyond doubt, that you would never decide anything, as I would, on impulse, or prejudice, or from any motives but the highest. I know how well-balanced you are, and how firmly your reason holds your feelings. So it's a question between your judgment and mine—and I'm going to trust yours. You may know me better than I know myself, and anyway you're more to me than any career, though I did think—but we won't discuss it again. It would have been a tremendous risk, of course, and it shall be as you say. I found out this afternoon how much of my life you were," he repeated.

The older man kept his eyes fixed on the dark, sensitive glowing young face, as if they were thirsty for the sight. "What do you mean by finding it out this afternoon, Ted? Did anything happen to you?"

The young fellow turned his eyes, that were still a bit wet with the tears, to his father's face, and they shone like brown stars. "It was a queer thing," he said, earnestly. "It was the sort of thing you read in stories—almost like," he hesitated, "like Providence, you know. I'll tell you about it; see if you don't think so. Two days ago, when I—when I left you, father—I caught a train to the city and went straight to the club, from habit, I suppose, and because I was too dazed and wretched to think. Of course, I found a grist of men there, and they wouldn't let me go. I told them I was ill, but they laughed at me. I don't remember just what I did, for I was in a bad dream, but I was about with them, and more men I knew kept turning up—I couldn't seem to escape my friends. Even if I stayed in my room, they hunted me up. So this morning I shifted to the Oriental, and shut myself up in my room there, and tried to think and plan. But I felt pretty rotten, and I couldn't see daylight, so I went down to

lunch, and who should be at the next table but the Dangerfields, the whole outfit, just back from England and bursting with cheerfulness! They made me lunch with them, and it was ghastly to rattle along feeling as I did, but I got away as soon as I decently could—rather sooner, I think—and went for a walk, hoping the air would clear my head. I tramped miles—oh, a long time, but it seemed not to do any good; I felt deadlier and more hopeless than ever—I haven't been very comfortable fighting you." He stopped a minute, and his tired face turned to his father's with a smile of very winning gentleness.

The father tried to speak, but his voice caught harshly. Then, "We'll make it up, Ted," he said, and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

The young fellow, as if that touch had silenced him, gazed into the fire thoughtfully, and the big room was very still for a long minute. Then he looked up brightly.

"I want to tell you the rest. I came back from my tramp by the river drive, and suddenly I saw Griswold on his horse trotting up the bridle-path toward me. I drew the line at seeing any more men, and Griswold is the worst of the lot for wanting to do things, so I turned into a side-street and ran. I had an idea he had seen me, so when I came to a little church with the doors open, in the first half-block, I shot in. Being Lent, you know, there was service going on, and I dropped quietly into a seat at the back, and it came to me in a minute, that I was in fit shape to say my prayers, so—I said 'em. It quieted me a bit, the old words of the service. They're fine English, of course, and I think words get a hold on you when they're associated with every turn of your life. So I felt a little less like a wild beast, by the time the clergyman began his sermon. He was a pathetic old fellow, thin and ascetic and sad, with a narrow forehead and a little white hair, and an underfed look about him. The whole place seemed poor and badly kept. As he walked across the chancel, he stumbled on a hole in the carpet. I stared at him, and suddenly it struck me that he must be about your age, and it was like a knife in me, father, to see him trip. No two men were ever more of a contrast, but through that very fact he seemed to be standing there as a living message from you. So when he opened his mouth to give out his text I fell back as if he had struck me, for the words he said were, 'I will arise and go to my father.' "

The boy's tones, in the press and rush of his little story, were dramatic, swift, and when he brought out its climax, the older man, though his tense muscles were still, drew a sudden startled breath, as if he, too, had felt a blow. But he said nothing, and the eager young voice went on.

"The skies might have opened and the Lord's finger pointed at me, and I couldn't have felt more shocked. The sermon was mostly tommy-rot, you know—platitudes. You could see that the man wasn't clever—had no grasp—old-fashioned ideas—didn't seem to have read at all. There was really nothing in it, and after a few sentences I didn't listen particularly. But there were two things about it I shall never forget, never, if I live to a hundred. First, all through, at every tone of his voice, there was the thought that the broken-hearted look in the eyes of this man, such a contrast to you in every way possible, might be the very look in your eyes after a while, if I left you. I think I'm not vain to know I make a lot of difference to you, father—considering we two are all alone." There was a questioning inflection, but he smiled, as if he knew.

"You make all the difference. You are the foundation of my life. All the rest counts for nothing beside you." The father's voice was slow and very quiet.

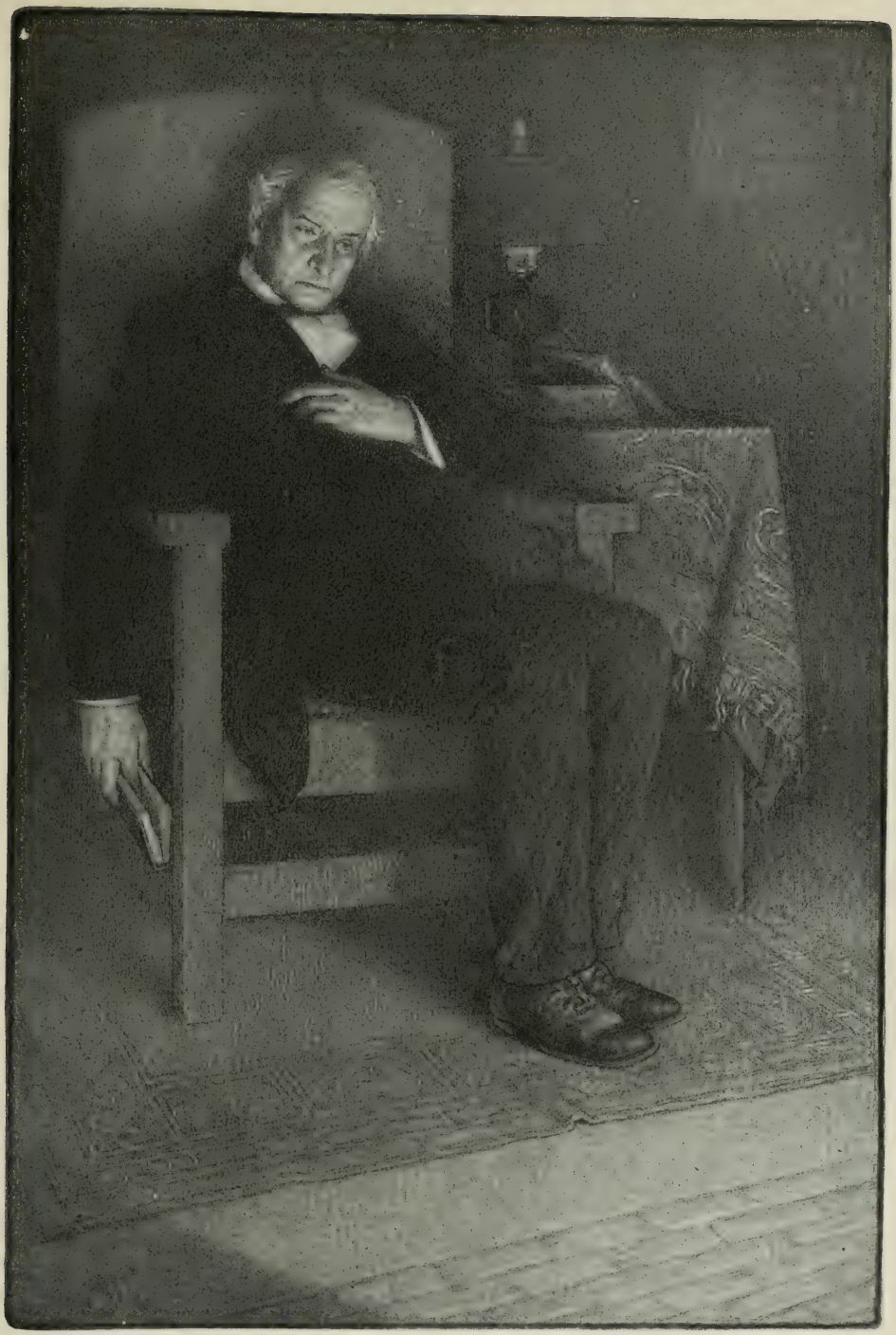
"That thought haunted me," went on the young man, a bit unsteadily, "and the contrast of the old clergyman and you made it seem as if you were there beside me. It sounds unreasonable, but it was so. I looked at him, old, poor, unsuccessful, narrow-minded, with hardly even the dignity of age, and I couldn't help seeing a vision of you, every year of your life a glory to you, with your splendid mind, and your splendid body, and all the power and honor and luxury that seem a natural and fitting background to you. Proud as I am of you, it seemed cruel, and then it came to my mind like a stab that perhaps without me, your only son, all of that would—well, what you said just now. Would count for nothing—that you would be practically, some day, just a lonely and pathetic old man like that other."

The hand on the boy's shoulder stirred a little. "You thought right, Ted."

"That was one impression the clergyman's sermon made, and the other was simply his beautiful goodness. It shone from him at every syllable, uninspired and uninteresting as they were. You couldn't help knowing that his soul was white as an angel's. Such sincerity, devotion, purity as his couldn't be mistaken. As I realized it, it transfigured the whole poor place. It made me feel that if that quality—just goodness—could so glorify all the defects of his look and mind and manner, it must be worth while, and I would like to have it. So I knew what was right in my heart—I think you can always know what's right if you want to know—and I just threw my pride and my stubbornness into the street, and—and I caught the 7:35 train."

The light of renunciation, the exhaustion of wrenching effort, the trembling triumph of hard-won victory, were in the boy's face, and the father thought, as he looked at it, dear and familiar in every shadow, that he had never seen spirit shine through clay more transparently. Never in their lives had the two been as close, never had the son so unveiled his soul before. And, as he had said, in all probability never would it be again. To the depth where they stood words could not reach, and again for minutes, only the friendly undertone of the crackling fire stirred the silence of the great room. The sound brought steadiness to the two who sat there, the old hand on the young shoulder yet. After a time, the older man's low and strong tones, a little uneven, a little hard with the effort to be commonplace, which is the first readjustment from deep feeling, seemed to catch the music of the homely accompaniment of the fire.

"It is a queer thing, Ted," he said, "but once, when I was not much older than you, just such an unexpected chance influence made a crisis in my life. I was crossing to England with the deliberate intention of doing something which I knew was wrong. I thought it meant happiness, but I know now it would have meant misery. On the boat was a young clergyman of about my own age making his first, very likely his only, trip abroad. I was thrown with him—we sat next each other at table, and our cabins faced—and something in the man attracted me, a quality such as you speak of in this other, of pure and uncommon goodness. He was much the same sort as your old man, I fancy, not particularly winning, rather narrow, rather limited in brains and in advantages, with a natural distrust of progress and breadth. We talked together often, and one day, I saw, by accident, into the depths of his soul, and knew what he had sacrificed to become a clergyman—it was what meant to him happiness and advancement in life. It had been a desperate effort, that was plain, but it was plain, too, that from the moment he saw what he thought was the right, there had been no hesitation in his mind. And I, with all my wider mental training, my greater breadth—as I looked at it—was going, with my eyes open, to do a wrong because I wished to do it. You and I must be built something alike, Ted, for a touch in the right spot seems to penetrate to the core of us—the one and the other. This man's simple and intense flame of right living, right doing, all unconsciously to himself, burned into me, and all that I had planned to do seemed scorched in that fire—turned to ashes and bitterness. Of course it was not so simple as it sounds. I went through a great deal. But the steady influence for good was beside me through that long passage—we were two weeks—the stronger because it was unconscious, the stronger, I think, too, that it rested on no intellectual basis, but was wholly and purely spiritual—as the confidence of a child might hold a man to his duty where the arguments of a sophist would have no effect. As I say, I went through a great deal. My mind was a battle-field for the powers of good and evil during those two weeks, but the man who was leading the forces of the right never knew it. The outcome was that as soon as I landed I took my passage back on the next boat, which sailed at once. Within a year, within a month almost, I knew that the decision I made then was a turning-point, that to have done otherwise would have meant ruin in more than one way. I tremble now to think how close I was to shipwreck. All that I am, all that I have, I owe more or less directly to that man's unknown influence. The measure of a life is its service. Much opportunity for that, much power has been in my hands, and I have tried to



Drawn by B. R. Campbell.

He stared into the smoldering fire.—Page 464.

hold it humbly and reverently, remembering that time. I have thought of myself many times as merely the instrument, fitted to its special use, of that consecrated soul."

The voice stopped, and the boy, his wide, shining eyes fixed on his father's face, drew a long breath. In a moment he spoke, and the father knew, as well as if he had said it, how little of his feeling he could put into words.

"It makes you shiver, doesn't it," he said, "to think what effect you may be having on people, and never know it? Both you and I, father—our lives changed, saved—by the influence of two strangers, who hadn't the least idea what they were doing. It frightens you."

"I think it makes you know," said the older man, slowly, "that not your least thought is unimportant; that the radiance of your character shines for good or evil where you go. Our thoughts, our influences, are like birds that fly from us as we walk along the road; one by one, we open our hands and loose them, and they are gone and forgotten, but surely there will be a day when they will come back on white wings or dark like a cloud of witnesses——"

The man stopped, his voice died away softly, and he stared into the blaze with solemn eyes, as if he saw a vision. The boy, suddenly aware again of the strong hand on his shoulder, leaned against it lovingly, and the fire, talking unconcernedly on, was for a long time the only sound in the warmth and stillness and luxury of the great room which held two souls at peace.

. . . . . .

At that hour, with the volume of Browne under his outstretched hand, his thin gray hair resting against the worn cloth of the chair, in the bare little study, the old clergyman slept. And as he slept, a wonderful dream came to him. He thought that he had gone from this familiar, hard world, and stood, in his old clothes, with his old discouraged soul, in the light of the infinitely glorious Presence, where he must surely stand at last. And the question was asked him, wordlessly, solemnly:

"Child of mine, what have you made of the life given you?" And he looked down humbly at his shabby self, and answered:

"Lord, nothing. My life is a failure. I worked all day in God's garden, and my plants were twisted and my roses never bloomed. For all my fighting, the weeds grew thicker. I could not learn to make the good things grow. I tried to work rightly, Lord, my Master, but I must have done it all wrong."

And as he stood sorrowful, with no harvest sheaves to offer as witnesses for his toiling, suddenly back of him he heard a marvellous, many-toned, soft whirring, as of innumerable light wings, and over his head flew a countless crowd of silver-white birds, and floated in the air beyond. And as he gazed, surprised, at their loveliness, without speech again it was said to him:

"My child, these are your witnesses. These are the thoughts and the influences which have gone from your mind to other minds through the years of your life." And they were all pure white.

And it was borne in upon him, as if a bandage had been lifted from his eyes, that character was what mattered in the great end; that success, riches, environment, intellect, even, were but the tools the master gave into his servants' hands, and that the honesty of the work was all they must answer for. And again he lifted his eyes to the hovering white birds, and with a great thrill of joy it came to him that he had his offering, too, he had this lovely multitude for a gift to the Master; and, as if the thought had clothed him with glory, he saw his poor black clothes suddenly transfigured to shining garments, and, with a shock, he felt the rush of a long-forgotten feeling, the feeling of youth and strength, beating in a warm glow through his veins. With a sigh of deep happiness, the old man awoke.

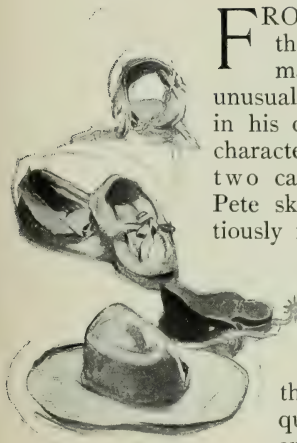
A log had fallen, and turning as it fell, the new surface had caught life from the half-dead ashes, and had blazed up brightly, and the warmth was penetrating gratefully through him. The old clergyman smiled, and held his thin hands to the flame as he gazed into the fire, but the wonder and awe of his dream were in his eyes.

"My beautiful white birds!" he said, aloud, but softly. "Mine! They were out of sight, but they were there all the time. Surely the dream was sent from Heaven—surely the Lord means me to believe that my life has been of service after all." And as he still gazed, with rapt face, into his study fire, he whispered, gently, reverently: "Angels came and ministered unto him."

KENO: A CAYUSE KNOWN TO FAME

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KARL ANDERSON



FROM the very beginning the fates seemed to have marked Keno for the unusual. The first real crisis in his career turned on the character and complexion of two cards which Arkansas Pete skinned quite ostentatiously from the top of the pack and slid across a barrel-head to the expectant fingers of Sokalee Smith.

Had either one of those cards been the queen of clubs this record might have been far different; in fact, might never have seen the light. But neither was. A measly little tray of hearts was one, the other an utterly futile ace of spades. Yet Sokalee Smith, with a grunt of satisfaction intended to deceive, slipped them both into the royal company of the three queens which had come in the deal and bet his hand just as if it contained the coveted quartette. Something told him that Arkansas Pete was backing two pairs. Instinct, you know, is a poor mentor when the game is draw and the cards are running against you. It was in this case. But Sokalee Smith had lost seven dollars silver, he had lost his rifle, he had lost his fringed buckskin shirt, he had lost his embroidered moccasins. Now Arkansas Pete had signified his willingness to bet the whole outfit against Sokalee's sole remaining possession, which was Keno, the pinto-marked hunting pony tied to the horse-rail over in front of the Agency office.

Sokalee looked out through the dingy windows of the Palace Hotel and scowled. Then he looked longingly at his lost property, all piled carelessly on the floor by the gun-hand side of Arkansas Pete. His gaze also included the neat little pile of silver dollars on Pete's side of the barrel-head, and—well, Sokalee put his trust in that incomplete quartette, whereupon Keno, his pinto hunting pony, was to him irretrievably, irrevocably lost.

You may, lacking judgment, credit a Crow Indian with as many fine feelings and tender sentiments as you please. There's no law against it, east of the Big Muddy. But even a Beacon Hill humanitarian should know that a mixed-blood, such as Sokalee Smith, made up of three-quarters laziness to one-quarter vice, has within him no room for other traits. Still, something very like remorse troubled Sokalee Smith during his sober moments for days afterward.

As for Keno, if he did not welcome the change of owners, he was utterly indifferent. True, he owed to Sokalee his training. That was no slight thing, either; for, in a country of horsemen born and bred to the business, there was none better than this same Sokalee Smith. It was the one useful thing he could do well. So, when at the age of two, the scraggly, long-legged, unpromising pinto cayuse came into the possession of Sokalee, there was begun for the colt the most thorough course in horse education that a Crow can give.

Hour after hour, day after day, month after month, Keno was manœuvred over the Reservation until he reached that acme of wisdom at which he understood, merely from the pressure of the rider's knees on his withers, when to break into a gallop, which way to swerve and when to come to a full stop. Mere bridle wisdom he despised. With not even a rawhide throat-strap and no sign of bridle or girth, he would tear through the Reservation village at top speed; on his back, Sokalee, sitting in all sorts of reckless attitudes, wasting good cartridges on the empty air, and between salvos proclaiming in maudlin tones his utter wickedness and unmatched courage.

It is no nice thing to say of him, but Keno liked it all. So far as he could, lacking the savage dare-deviltry and the

alcoholic inspiration, the scraggly cayuse entered into the spirit of these unholy revels. With neck stretched out, ears flattened, nostrils belled, he would of his own accord put every ounce of muscle, lavish all his energy, on one of these spectacular dashes, at which the startled squaws looked askance and with mutterings as they scuttled for safety.

The long hunting trips up among the buttes, after red deer and antelope, Keno liked well, too. He had no fault to find with the hard rides to and from the Agency, when he sometimes carried his hulking master as many as seventy miles in a single day. It was better than being a squaw-horse, dragging a lot of laden poles about.

And for service such as this Keno got no other recompense than the privilege of finding his own fodder. In summer this was not difficult, for the buffalo grass grew rich and juicy in the swales. In winter, of course, one never did get enough. One must paw and nose away the snow to crop the hardy bunch grass underneath. If the snow was deep, one took food and drink



Sokalee put his trust in that incomplete quartette.—Page 471.



He owed to Sokalee his training.—Page 471.

at the same time. For want of anything else, one could always browse cottonwood twigs. Keno had made many a meal on them. It was not a sustaining diet, and it puckered the mouth, but it was far better than nothing.

Of currying and stabling Keno had absolutely no knowledge. He slept in the open, wherever he was picketed. In blizzard weather Indian ponies learn to forget all enmities and make common cause by crowding into a close bunch, head to head, until the Norther has passed. To be sure, you are terribly cold and often most woefully empty before it is safe to stir about. But what else is to be done? One winter of this sort, of course, would finish a stable-bred horse. Keno, while he did not grow fat on it, developed into a well-muscled little beast, sound of wind, with well-sloped shoulders, finely arched ribs, but otherwise as disreputable to look at as one could imagine. For one thing, his pinto markings, small oval splotches of reddish-brown on a white background, did not make a color pleasing to the eye. A white jaw blaze that straggled down one side of his throat was no beauty mark.

But Arkansas Pete was no connoisseur of horse coats. He had heard that Sokalee Smith owned the fastest cayuse on the Reservation, and, in his sinful way, he was glad the pony was now his. No time did he lose in taking possession of his new mount. In less than half an hour after Sokalee had made that fruitless two-card

draw, Keno, a heavy Mexican saddle on his back, and Arkansas Pete's one hundred and eighty pounds on top of that, was loping south at his best gait, his colt days behind him and all his surprising future ahead.

Without dwelling on the details of the ensuing months, it may be mentioned that Keno found them varied and full of diverse activities. Also he knew numerous owners, for the luck of Arkansas Pete did not abide. Keno's next engagement was on the X bar C ranch. There he learned the use of the noosed rope, the ways of cow-punchers and the vagaries of herded long-horns. There, for the first and only period of his life, Keno was a useful member of society.

But his very proficiency as a cow-pony brought a change of condition that landed Keno, with some dozen other short horses, on a big ranch down in the Panhandle country.

Here began a new and curious existence. For many days Keno could not figure it out at all. There were no steers to rope, no work to be done. Yet every morning he was saddled and ridden out on a smooth field with a lot of other ponies. At first they did nothing but canter aimlessly about, sometimes in circling squads, again scattering to different quarters only to be whirled suddenly and rushed together in one confused clump.

Next the riders brought out long-handled mallets and began to knock a small wooden ball about. It seemed very silly to Keno. Why couldn't they get up a race? After three or four days of this nonsense the ponies were one morning lined up in two squads before some tall poles at opposite ends of the field. A bell was rung and someone tossed out a ball. There was a grand rush. Keno found himself in the van. Just as they were about to meet the opposing squad, Keno felt his rider swing in the saddle and strike the ball. After the bounding sphere he was urged, slam through the ruck of pivoting, snorting, shying ponies.

At last Keno knew what it was all about. The ball was, as you might put it, a steer to be cut out. Your business was to follow it so that your rider could whack it with his stick. Good! There was something in that. Keno began to watch the ball. In a few days he understood that the scheme was to drive the ball between those opposite posts and to keep the other riders from driving it back.

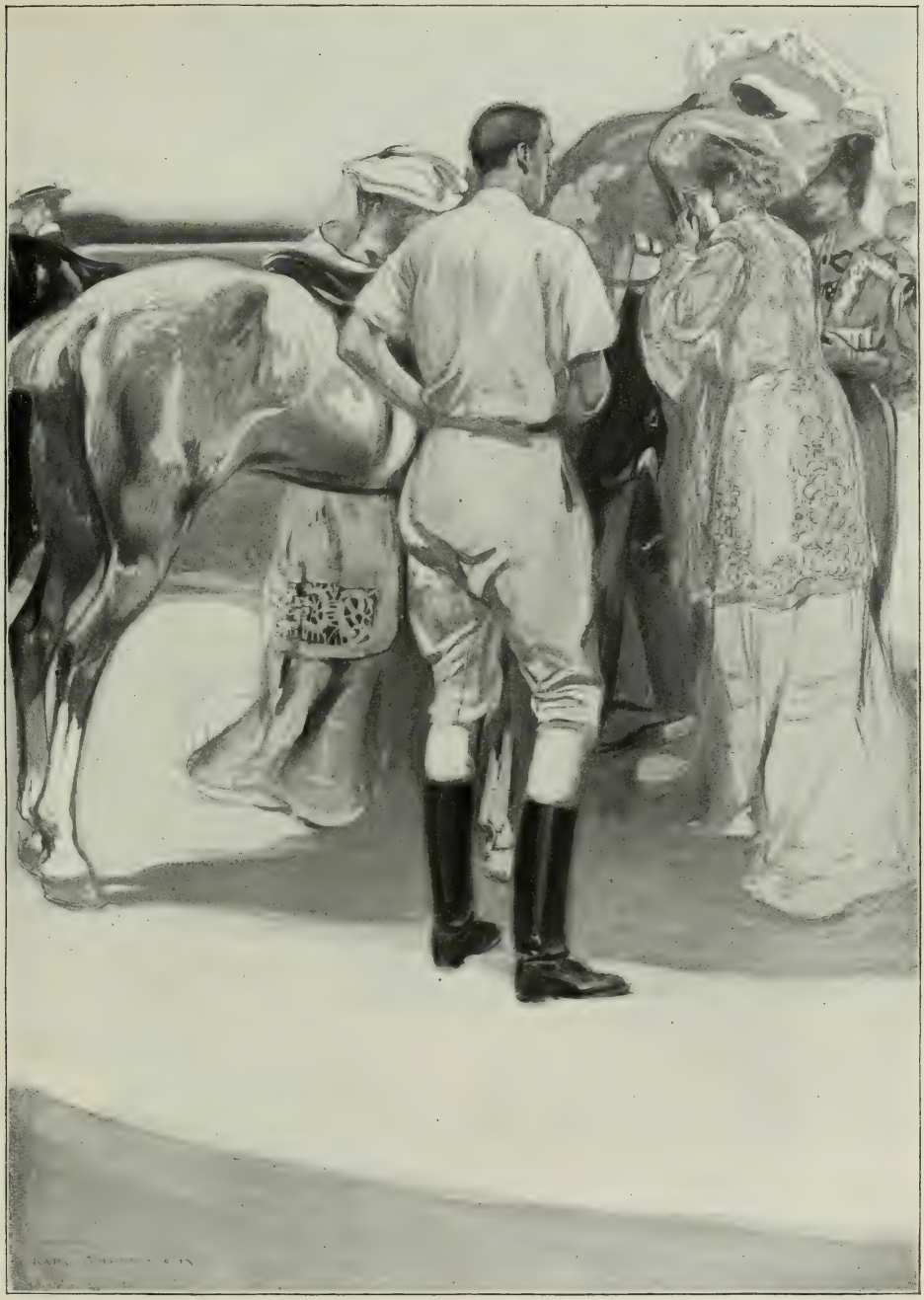
Certainly it was novel work. There was fun in it, too. Of course, the sticks sometimes rapped your shins, but you didn't mind that when once you were interested in the game. Nor did you mind the crowding and jostling after you got used to it. One learned to turn almost in one's tracks at the slightest tug on the bits, to dash off at top speed when you were given free rein, and to swerve to right or left with the swaying of your rider's body.

Very quickly did Keno pick up knowledge of these things, partly because of the early training he had received from Sokalee Smith, partly because of his experience as a cutting-out pony. It was not so with all the horses, however. Some of them stubbornly refused to be forced into a skirmish, some never seemed to understand the importance of following the ball.

Reward for Keno's aptitude came one April day when, with his shaggy coat clipped until you could see every ridged muscle of his lithe legs, his tail banged to a scant fourteen inches, and his mane and forelock hogged to most artistic brevity, he was led into San Antonio and shipped North in a palace stock-car with others of his kind, to fill a rush order from Myopia and Meadowbrook clubmen. For Keno, the shaggy cayuse that Sokalee Smith had put up to back his faith in three queens, was now become one of those sporty equine aristocrats, a polo pony.

When he was taken out for his first big game, no one who had known Keno as an Indian cayuse, or as a cow-pony, would have recognized him, unless by the peculiar throat blaze or the pinto markings. Keno hardly knew himself. On his fore-legs were elastic knee boots, on his back was a lightweight English saddle, and thrown over his shoulders, a gaudy field blanket with monograms in the corners.

With high disdain Keno regarded his new master. That slim-legged, smooth-faced, dandified chap ride? Keno guessed not. It would take about three jumps to send that fellow flying. Keno was used to a full-grown man rider, he was; a man with whiskers on his face, a red bandanna knotted about his throat, and sheepskin chaps



Drawn by Karl Anderson.

"He looks just as though he could talk if he wanted to."—Page 478.

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He would edge toward the centre of the stage.—Page 478.

on his legs. Look at those yellow boots, and those tight trousers, and that French flannel shirt! That fellow play polo? Keno snorted derisively.

Pricking his ears forward at every new sight and sound, Keno stood dazed and bewildered. Suddenly, from the far-end of the field, came a crash of music that set him dancing at such a rate that the groom who held his bridle called for help. It was

Keno's first introduction to a band, and it moved him to action.

When the music stopped, a bugle was blown and two sets of ponies were ridden prancingly into the field. The united efforts of three stable-boys kept Keno from jumping that whitewashed boundary. He saw the goal flags snapping, he saw the sticks, he watched the line-up, and he knew what was coming. He wanted to be in it. They had another seance with him when the gong was rung, and the ball was put in play.

"Hi say, Ennery, 'e knows the gyme, orl right," commented a groom who had watched Keno's antics.

"Too bloomin' well," answered the perspiring stable-boy at Keno's head.

An age it seemed, but at last Keno's turn came. Sliding from a knee-barked, lathered, wind-blown mount, the slim-legged man jerked a thumb toward the pinto pony.

"I'll try the green one next period. Have him ready."

Barely had the new master touched the pigskin before Keno began to jump stiff-legged. The man was still in the saddle after the third jump, so Keno concluded that he could ride. Inside of five minutes Keno had decided that his new master could play polo. And such playing! Keno would not have believed the fellow had it in him. Back-hand strokes on the off or nearside, dribbling on the jump; clean, fair smashes for goal; close, hot work in scrimmage—why, the man played like a fiend. No cow-puncher down on the Texas ranch could handle a mallet like that, no, sir! Nor could one of them hit a ball so far or so true.

Keno found himself straining every nerve to know and do the will of his new master. Never before had he handled his legs so neatly, never had he shown such bursts of speed. There was one long run down the boards, with the whole field tearing behind, that fairly set Keno wild, and when his rider, with a quick forehand drive, sent the ball flying between the posts, Keno knew that he had found a worthy master.

And at the finish of the game, as Keno watched him stride off to the tea-house to be congratulated on winning six straight goals, he was prouder of him than he had been of Sokalee Smith when Sokalee "shot up" the Agency, even prouder than he had been when he helped "Buck" Masters win a steer-roping match down at the Albuquerque fair.

Also, Keno was proud of himself. Did a cow-pony ever fall into such luck before? Why, he was overwhelmed with luxuries and attentions. How good it was to be washed and scraped and rubbed and polished after a hard-fought game. How thoroughly comfortable one felt, covered with warm blankets and standing in a light, roomy box-stall, carpeted with clean straw. Rich clover hay, a whole measure of oats, and a bucket of clear water—it was fare fit for a king of horses! There was even a piece of rock-salt in his feed-box. It all seemed too good to be true. Surely, it could not last.

But last it did; not months merely, but years. And in those years Keno learned the game of polo, learned all its ins and outs, its tricks of skill, its feats of daring; learned it as few ponies, before or since, have done. For was not his master the crack No. 2 man of America's best team, and was not Keno the pick of his master's stables? Was it not Keno who was carefully rounded into form for the big tournaments, and was he not saved for the critical periods? Did he not have a hand in winning nearly a score of cups? And last, was not Keno one of the select few taken clear across the ocean to try for a Hurlingham trophy against the flower of all England? To be sure, they did not get the cup, but they did compel the respect of the Britishers, and Keno had the personal satisfaction of beating out, in a run for the ball, a half-blood Arab mare that had fetched two hundred guineas on the block at Tattersalls?

In the ordinary course of events Keno would have rusted out, gone stale, or broken a leg-bone in stopping a hard-swung mallet. But it was the extraordinary which the Fates seemed to have allotted to Keno. Thus it happened that, at the very climax of his polo career, Keno left the turfed arena for the public boards.

It all came about as the result of an impromptu reception given to Keno at the end of a big game in which he had distinguished himself. Some two dozen elaborately dressed ladies patted various parts

of Keno's shining coat and asked each other unanimously: "Isn't he a dear?" One of the ladies, who wore a striking green and white gown, and who talked in soft, gurgling, musical tones, went still farther. She rubbed her cheek against Keno's blazed nose, smoothed his ears, looked into his big, keen eyes, and declared him to be the most intelligent horse she had ever seen.

"He looks just as though he could talk if he wanted to," she gurgled. "Oh, if only I had such a horse for my new piece; there's to be a horse in it, you know."

"Allow me to present Keno," said the pinto's gallant owner.

"Oh, really, I couldn't think——"

"I shall feel hurt if you don't accept."

Thus it was settled. No more did Keno follow the flying ball. Instead, he was taken off to a city boarding-stable where he remained in fretful idleness until the rehearsals began. Then, in a curious, big, barnlike place, from which one looked out on an immense sweep of cloth-draped seats, Keno was drilled for his part.

It was not much that he had to do. All that was expected of him was to stand around while a lot of folks talked until, at the proper moment, the gurgling-voiced lady made a rush for him, climbed more or less gracefully on his back and exclaimed: "Now to the rescue!" Then Keno would dash some forty feet across the stage, run up a twenty-foot incline, turn sharply around the corner of a canvas mountain peak—and it was all over.

Keno regarded it as the most absurd performance in which he had ever figured. After the opening night, however, Keno was somewhat better satisfied. When he was allowed to walk out on the stage he was surprised to find the great building, which he had always seen dark and empty, ablaze with light and crowded to the doors. There was music, too. Keno heard a hum of surprise and admiration as he showed himself. And when his mistress, with her "Now to the rescue!" flung herself into the saddle and he made his brief run up the incline, there broke loose such a storm of applause that Keno wondered what could have happened.

It was not long before he understood that the noise was all in his honor. He came to look forward to the moment when, by merely appearing from behind the wings, he could rouse that appreciative hum, and the thrill which he felt when he heard the storm of applause rising from the galleries, was something very fine, indeed. As for petting and coddling, Keno never dreamed that a pony could get so much of it. In the boarding-stable he was a privileged character, a personage.

"That's Miss Allstar's pony," the stablemen would say to visitors. "Yes, he's the one she uses in the show. Seen him do his act? Clever little beast he is, and knowing—say, there ain't a thing that little devil don't know."

The stage folks, from the soubrette to the first old lady, rendered to Keno unceasing homage. They brought him apples and peanuts and high-priced confectionery. They even offered him bunches of cut roses to browse. He came to have a nice discrimination in the quality of chocolate bonbons and fruits glacé. His bits were of solid silver. He wore a silken girth strap. Fresh ribbon rosettes dangled under each ear.

Little by little the fame of Keno spread abroad. His name figured in the cast of characters. His photograph was displayed in the lobby. The manager had made for him a three-sheet poster. Perhaps this appealed strongest to Keno. Miss Allstar had one pasted in his box-stall, where he could see, at any time of day, the flattering presentment of himself. She declared that Keno would gaze admiringly at it for hours on end.

"But I know how it is," she confessed. "I did the same with the first lithograph of myself; and a most wretched wood-cut it was, too."

Did the vanity of Keno grow with his fame? They say it did. Miss Allstar is most positive, and she knew him best. He was no longer content to await his cue half hidden in the wings. Gradually he would edge toward the centre of the stage. You could see him prick forward his ears, as if to listen for that murmur of appreciation which he knew was his due. When the house was light and the applause thin, he would sulk for hours afterward; but a holiday audience, with its big crowd of noisy children, put him in angelic humor.

Perhaps the high tide of his glory came when, at a reception given in his honor at Miss Allstar's city home, he was presented

to all the great personages of the stage. It was Keno's first appearance in a drawing-room, but you would never have guessed it. He behaved as if he had attended afternoon teas all his life. Sokalee Smith would have stared his eyes out could he have seen his pinto cayuse in that company. Under a bower of roses and smilax stood Keno, with a Daghestan rug under his hoofs. Occasionally he nibbled at a huge bunch of sweet clover set in a Satsuma vase. Considering that it was mid-winter, the clover represented more or less luxury. Miss Allstar had sent to Florida for it.

But Keno betrayed no ill-bred astonishment at anything, taking it all as a matter of course. With polite condescension he allowed a managerial autocrat to feed him sugar plums, and for a prima donna he drank Russian tea from a Haviland cup. To be sure, he frightened a Swiss maid almost into convulsions by chewing one of her apron strings, and he disturbed the haughty dignity of the English butler by sniffing the white-stockinged calves of that sedate individual. Otherwise, Keno acted very much as matinee idols usually do on such occasions, and trotted back to his stable, after it was all over, with high held head.

Could this pampered, blasé, finicky pony be Keno, the Indian cayuse, that had roamed the Reservation, that had worked with the X bar C outfit, that had taken delight in the wild scrimmages of the polo field? No one would have guessed as much.

But the higher one climbs, you know, the greater one's pride, the more disastrous the fall. With the end of January it was concluded that Miss Allstar's piece had about finished its Broadway run. Rehearsals for a new one were started.

"Oh, dear," pouted Miss Allstar, when she had finished reading her new lines, "you haven't made a part for my darling Keno."

The great playwright shrugged his shoulders and scowled.

"Couldn't you write him in somewhere?" she pleaded.

"No, madam, I could not," snapped the G. P., wrathfully. "I'm not constructing a zoo."

Then Miss Allstar wept. She indulged in tragedy business. She appealed to the manager, threatened to throw up her part to break her contract.

"It *is* a shame; but just think of the gorgeous gowns you are to wear. It's going to cost me a fortune to dress your part," suggested the manager. He was a diplomat, of course. If he hadn't been he would have been in other business.

Miss Allstar did think of the gorgeous gowns. And she forgot the slight to Keno. So, when the old piece was finally taken off and the new one put on, Keno was sent from the expensive city stable to Miss Allstar's country house, where he had for human company an Irish stableman who held in contempt all things theatrical, and a Cockney groom who drank gin.

Why he should be thus banished, Keno could not at all comprehend. Never in all his varied career had he known such isolated monotony. One day was exactly like another, and each was an age long. The only break came in the forenoon, when he was trotted up and down the road by the Cockney groom for a half-hour's exercise. The rest of the day was spent in stall-standing, wearily looking out of a little grated window, waiting, waiting, waiting—for what?

During the first week or two Keno kept hoping that it was merely a temporary rest. To-morrow, perhaps, he would be sent for. Then he would know again the hum of the theatre, sniff the excitement of the play, hear once more the thunders of applause. But week after week dragged on and no such summons came. Keno had left the public boards forever. He had been put on the shelf. Already his name was forgotten.

Keno began to refuse the oats and hay which were put in his crib. His ribs began to show through his once nicely rounded barrel. His quarters lost their plumpness. If you had watched him, as he stood there, alone, in the still, empty stable, you might have seen great salty drops slip from the corners of his big, sad, intelligent eyes. Was it grief, or was it only a touch of influenza?

One night in April, when the end of the show-season was in sight, a telegram was brought to Miss Allstar in her dressing-room. It was signed, "Murphy," and read: "Your pony bad off. Shall I get horse-doctor?"

With the best veterinary surgeon to be found in the city Miss Allstar hurried to the stall where Keno, a sorry shadow of his

former self, lay with drooping head and a look of mournful reproach in his dull eyes. The learned V. S. used all his skill. He hoisted the limp, wasted form in slings, he forced hot mixtures down Keno's throat, he wound bandages and applied poultices.

But he had come too late. All his work was in vain. With that reproachful look still in his big eyes, the vital spark that had once burned so brightly in the noble little pony, flickered feebly for a time, and then went out.

"Mighty curious, too," said the puzzled veterinary. "Wasn't anything particular ailing with him, that I could see; he just didn't seem to have any spirit left."

Miss Allstar was sobbing into the folds of a horse blanket. "It—it's (sniff) a-all (snuffle) m-m-my fault. Po-o-o-or Keno! I b-b-bub-broke your heart, didn't I?"

Whereupon the heartless veterinary surgeon muttered something about "fool women," packed up his bottles and left. Miss Allstar heard, but she said she didn't care. To this day she declares that Keno died from a broken heart and from nothing else, and that the great playwright who was really to blame, is a sinful, soulless wretch!

FAITH

By George Cabot Lodge

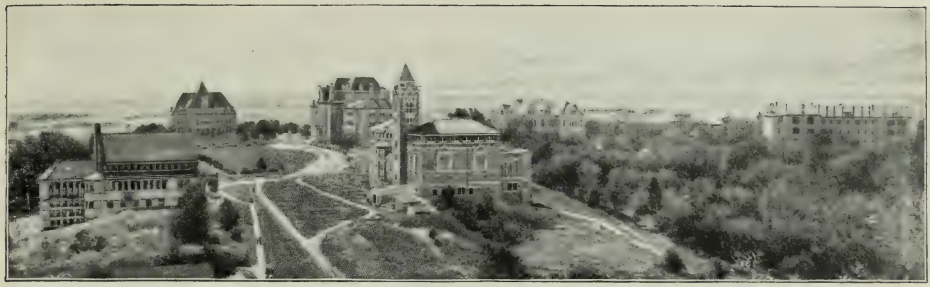
THERE'S a star overseas like a dew-drop new-hung on a bud that uncloses,
There's a fire in the turrets of heaven, there's a flush on the breast of the sea,
And the gates of the sunrise are filled with a flame as of myriad roses
That kindles ineffable vistas, a world recreated for me.

There's a hill in its vestment of dew-fall that kneels like a priest to the altar,
Low bird-cries resound in the silence, frail tendrils reach forth to the light,
The fields, flower-breasted, are fragrant and fresh the faint breezes that falter—
Life's faith in the future is perfect, Life's dream of eternity bright!

If ours were the faith of the petals unfolding, the nest and its treasure,
The faith all revealed and illumined, the faith that alone makes us free,
What divine understanding were ours of the sunlight that flows without measure,
Of the silver of moonlight that rings down the resonant floor of the sea!

What divine understanding for life, for the world what ineffable meaning;
What truths by the roadside; in martyrdom, poverty, pain what delight!
What poems in the midnight, what visions revealed that the darkness was screening,
As like fire-tinged incense the dawn-mists flush deep round the knees of the night!

Wake, O Wake! The small safety we cherish is false! We are blind! We are soothless!
Have we learned why the fields are made fruitful? Do we live for Life's ultimate goal?—
O for faith to accept for our lives not an ecstacy less, not a truth less
Than the world and the senses afford us, than are sphered in the scope of the soul!



Campus, University of Kansas.

STATE UNIVERSITIES

By W. S. Harwood

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND FROM DRAWINGS BY C. M. RELYEA

THE State universities of America are the crown and summit of public educational life. As compared with the millions of students in the public schools, the number in the State universities is relatively very small—though it nevertheless comprises nearly, if not quite, one-half of all college and university students in America; but the influence which extends from these universities is not to be measured by numbers.

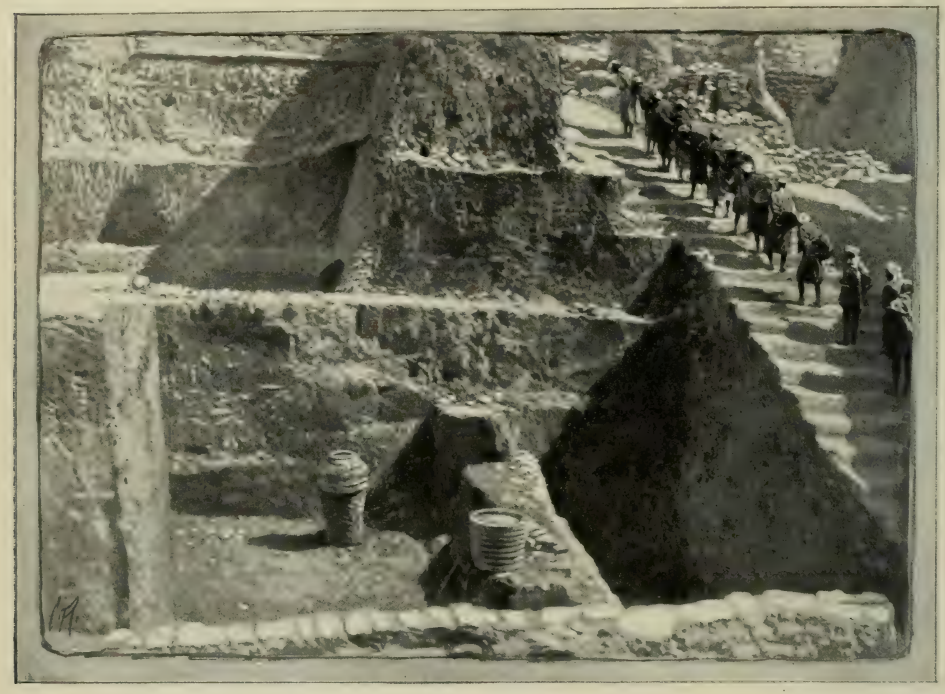
The State universities are a notable triumph of democracy, and also a proof of the stability and poise of the nation, but they may not be considered as a new feature of the educational life of the world. They have their variations from the parent stock, but they are rooted in the past, they are adaptations of the great universities of the old world: they are Leyden, or Berlin, or Oxford, or Paris, refitted to the needs of Michigan, or North Carolina, or Wisconsin, or California.

We may find many enactments by the legislatures of the various States for the benefit of these universities; we may see the influence of Federal aid in the acts of Congress by which grants of land, and, as in the case of the agricultural college departments of the universities, direct appropriations have been made; we may trace the history of the State university back to the Ordinance of 1787, which provided for the reservation by the Ohio Company of two townships for the support of "a literary institution, to be applied to the intended object by the legislators of the State"; we shall, indeed, note some splendid examples of private beneficence; but, after all, in none of these do we find the secret of their power: it lies in the desire of the American people for education. In spite of the influx of the foreign illiterate, in spite of the dense ignorance of the black belt, the national advance has not been checked, and the American of to-day, the thorough-going, every-day American, not only has a keen thirst for education himself, but he has a well-nigh sacred regard for the educational future of his children.

There are forty-one institutions coming under the head of State universities in addition to a number of universities which, from time to time, have been subject to national aid, but which are now practically private institutions. Some of these State universities are of recent origin in newer States, some are more than a century old; some are among the largest and most powerful universities in the United States. Many millions of dollars are represented in the buildings and equipment. They have productive funds amounting to nearly twenty-five millions of dollars. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually appropriated by the State legislatures for main-

tenance, equipment, or new buildings. The annual income reaches the total of eight millions of dollars. It is of interest to note in this relation that the largest sum paid out by any nation in the world save the United States for higher education is, as shown by the report of the Commissioner of Education, a little over eight millions of dollars, while the eight millions of dollars paid out annually for these State universities does not represent one-half of the amount annually expended in the United States for higher education. England and Germany lead Europe in this respect, although each one expends only a trifle more each year than is paid out in the United States for the State universities alone.

In passing, it is also of interest to note that, according to the report referred to, the amount paid out in the United States per capita for higher education, inclusive of the secondary or preparatory schools which are in direct affiliation with the universities and colleges, is thirty-five cents, while for Switzerland it is 21.8 cents; Great Britain, 21.7; Germany, 14.3; Belgium, 11.4; Austria, 11.3; Norway, 8.3; Hungary, 7.1; Italy, 7; Greece, 4.3; while Russia falls to 3.7 cents per capita, and Spain to 2.8 cents. In case the affiliated preparatory schools are excluded, the United States still leads with 22 cents. It should be noted, however, in the case of Germany, that many of the colleges or gymnasia not included under the term higher education are yet so far advanced as to include a part of the work done in the universities of other countries.



Temple of Bêl, Nippur, 4500 B. C. Excavations made by University of Pennsylvania.

In January, 1903, there were 42,500 students at work in these State universities, about 10,000 of whom were young women. During the decennial period—1890–1900—the young women receiving higher education in the United States increased by 148.7 per cent., while the number of young men increased by 60.6 per cent. There are over 4,000 instructors in these universities, among them many who are the very pick and flower of the graduates of the great eastern colleges and universities, as well as many from well-known European universities. The libraries of the



Science Hall, University of Colorado.

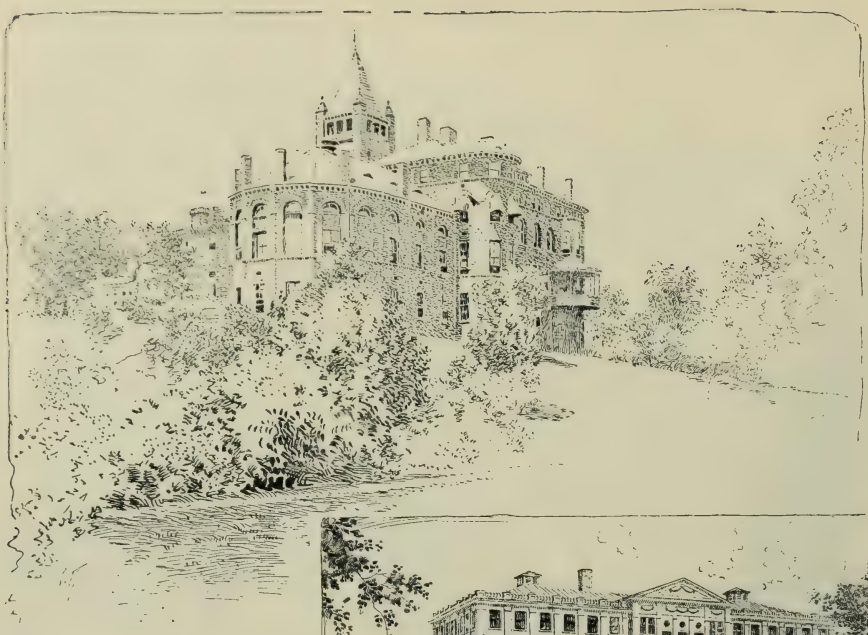
On the campus, State University of North Carolina.

State universities contain about 1,500,000 volumes.

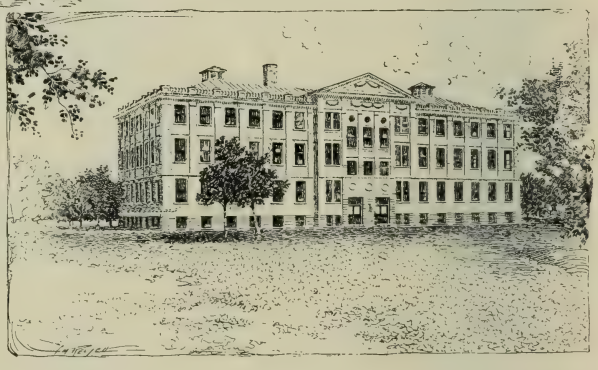
Usually these universities present from five to seven colleges, or even more—colleges of liberal arts, engineering, law, medicine, agriculture, and the like, each leading to a degree. The general administration is vested in a board of regents or trustees, sometimes appointed by the governor of the State, sometimes chosen by direct vote of the people. The immediate control lies with the president or chancellor and with the faculties.

In recent years an effort has been made to bring the universities into immediate coordination with the high schools, making the grade schools, the high schools, and the university articulate into one symmetrical whole. Substantial progress has been made. In order that the requisite standard may be maintained, the high schools are subjected to rigid scrutiny, sometimes by members of the university faculty, sometimes by a regularly appointed university examiner. The object is to allow no high school to come into entrance affiliation which has not reached a certain high standard. Certificates of graduation from high schools which have come up to the standard are received in lieu of entrance examinations.

As regards the standard of efficiency established by the various universities, private and State, some significant facts were developed in a series of letters received by the writer from presidents of the State universities. One acting president of one of the larger universities frankly says that, so far as he knows, there is not a State university in the Middle West in which the standard



Science Hall (rear view), State University of Tennessee.



Science Hall, University of South Dakota.

of entrance is as high as that of Harvard, Princeton, or Yale, while other presidents maintain vigorously that the standard in their institutions is as high, in one or two instances higher. Other presidents state



Biological Hall, University of Ohio.

as plainly that their standard is not as high as that of these eastern institutions, but that the entrance requirements are steadily rising, with a time approaching when they will apply as rigid scholarship tests as any. It is interesting to note the claim of several that, though the entrance requirements are not so high as those of the eastern universities, it is harder to get on with the studies and keep up than in the East. It seems fair to say that there are at least a half-dozen State universities whose standard of entrance requirements is as high as that of any college or university in the United States.

From the foundation of the republic, those who have been leaders in the noblest



University Hall,
State University of Wisconsin.



Looking down upon the State University of California, Bay of San Francisco.

In front, San Francisco, and Golden Gate at horizon.



Library, University of Minnesota.

sense have had a deep concern for the educational future of the State. Washington, in his Farewell Address—"Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge"; Jefferson, in his plan for an elementary school in every district, and a high school in every county, leading to a State university, where "youths of the best genius" should be trained to the highest service—these, and many other statesmen of the earlier times, looked eagerly forward to a day which has indeed now dawned, when primary, secondary, and university education should be administered by the State. The Ordinance of 1787 for the



Stock judging room,

government of the vast Northwest Territory provided means for the higher education of the people in the new States to be carved out of that region. In 1803 Congress granted to the States of the Mississippi Territory one entire township for the support of "a seminary of learning," though in the admission of the States each secured at least two townships. During the century and more since 1787, nearly two millions of acres of land have thus been granted to the several States and Territories exclusively for seminaries or universities. In 1862 Congress passed an act granting to each State 30,000 acres of land for each senator and representative to which the States were respectively entitled by the census of 1860, for the purpose of founding colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts—many of which institutions are now incorporated with the universities as distinct colleges. By means of this act more than ten millions of acres of land have been secured. In 1850, an act of Congress granted to the several States the disposal of certain swamp lands, many portions of which have since become very valuable, and much of the revenue from which the States have applied to university education. In 1890, another act made a grant of funds arising from the sale of public lands, amounting to $20,000 per annum, to each State and Territory, irrespective of population, and $15,000 annually is given by the National Government to each experiment station for special investigations, the State university being, in many cases, directly affiliated with the station.

The individual States have earnestly supplemented the aid of the nation. They support the universities by a direct mill tax levied upon the assessed valuation of the State; by fixed annual appropriations; by special appropriations for maintenance, new buildings, and equipment; by interest on funds derived from the sale of lands; and by fees from students. The abolition of all fees in all departments of all State universities is yet to be accomplished: no university for the people, supported by the public, can reach its full stature with this handicap.

The ring of the heroic is in the acts of those men of the long ago who sacrificed their most precious personal belongings—"a great silver salt," "a silver beer-bowl," "one silver fruit-dish," "a pewter flagon," "corn and meat," "thirty ewe sheep and their lambs"—sacrifices in order that the first struggling institution of American learning might not die. Truly the torch has been passed on, and the same initial devotion which made possible the Harvard of to-day, though manifested in different form, now marks the individual States in their loyal support of their universities. I do not know of any more significant illustration of this devotion than that shown in the case of one of the western universities, that of Minnesota. In the earlier days,



University of Illinois

when the university was a feeble institution, the governor of the State, the late John S. Pillsbury, a man of the scantiest common school education, came to the assistance of the university, gave liberally to it from his private fortune; gave, indeed, what was still more valuable, his immediate personal aid and counsel. For forty years this man, one of the great millers of America, devoted one-third of his entire time day by day and year by year to the university, with no return whatever save the satisfaction of helping to provide for others that which had been denied to himself. The splendid gifts of money from private fortunes which have been made to other State universities are illustrations of this same devotion to higher state education.

The undergraduate life of these universities while, in many instances, lacking the fine charm of the atmosphere surrounding the old colleges and universities, and while, in many cases, the universities are not only very new, but very large, so that the student loses some of the intimate delights of college life in a smaller institution—this undergraduate life is deeply interesting. It throbs with the buoyant energy of American youth, it is rich in subtle comradeship, knit by the steel-wrought bands of the fraternities, brimming over with devotion to athletics, on fire with the inspiration of high scholarship, loyal to the last drop of student blood to every interest of the university itself.

The subject of the joint education of the sexes is open to elaborate discussion. If one is to accept, however, the opinions of the many State university presidents from whom the writer has heard upon this subject, one must come to the conclusion that, in their experience, at least—and they have supervision of some ten thousand young women students now being educated alongside of young men—joint education of the sexes is not only practicable, but desirable, alike aidful to each sex in promoting the largest degree of success.

A description of what has been accomplished in these institutions through the medium of the highest function of the university—original research—could not be compassed in a volume. The remarkably successful investigations carried on at the State experiment stations, mainly under university supervision; the expeditions to Egypt and Peru by the University of California, and the studies by the same institution in the languages, traditions, and customs of the Pacific Coast Indians (the richest aboriginal material on the continent, where, in the one State of California, more Indian tongues are spoken than in all the rest of America), with the notable contributions to astronomical science through the medium of the Lick Observatory; the scientific investigations and discoveries of the University of Wisconsin—notably the discovery of Dr. Babcock in the testing of milk to show the per cent. of cream, by



Botanical work, University of Wyoming.

means of which the dairy methods of the world have been revolutionized; the establishment of a marine botanical station on the Pacific coast by the University of Minnesota; the researches of the University of Pennsylvania in Central Babylonia, exhuming the ancient city of Nippur, and bringing to life the fascinating story of that far day—these suggest something of what has already been accomplished by these universities in the higher realm of research, something of the output of the future when these institutions shall become still more adequately equipped for service.

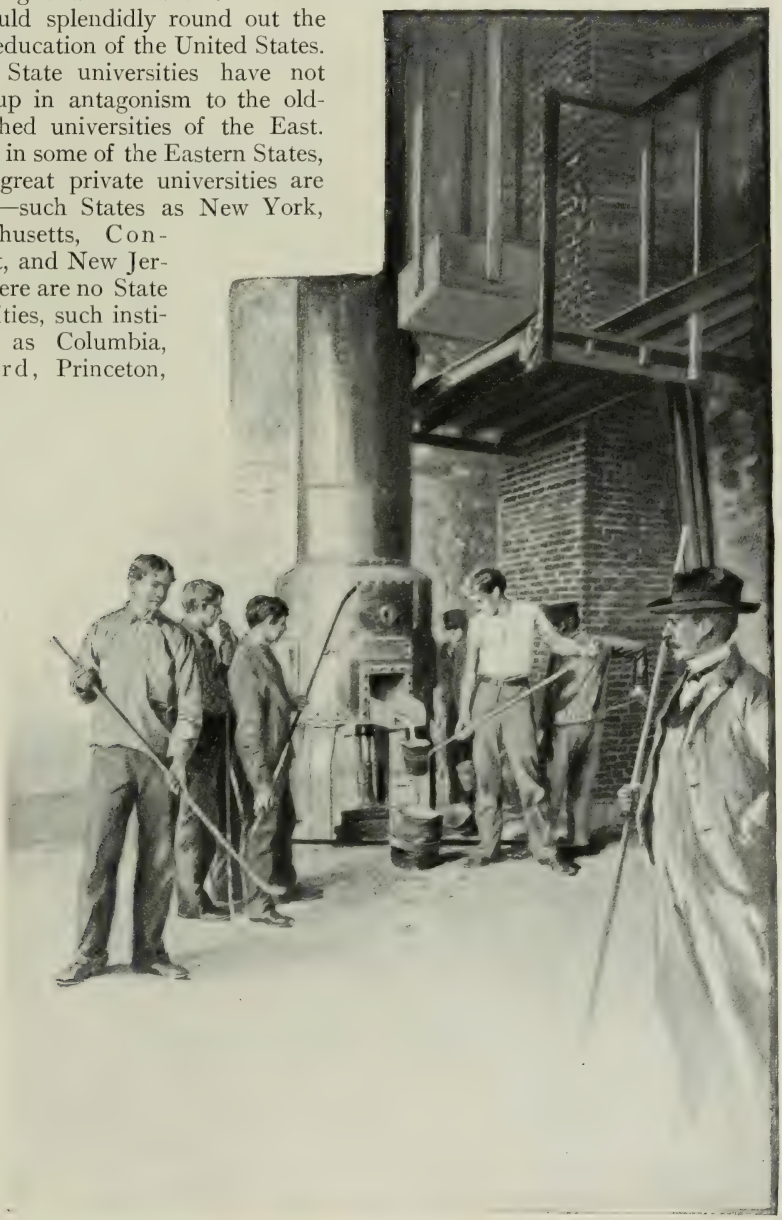
Seven years ago, after a number of conferences between presidents of the universities, a general organization was effected known as the National Association of State Universities, of which President Fulton, of the University of Mississippi, has for several years been the president. The object of this association is to consider, in annual meetings, questions relating to the promotion of higher state education in all its forms, together with "the discussion and prosecution of such questions and plans as may tend to make more efficient in their work the institutions included in the membership of the association." The scope of the work of this organization is seen somewhat in a partial list of topics for discussion at the meeting of the association in the city of Washington in the current year: "How Should Attendance on Religious Exercises in State Universities Be Regulated?" "Should Intercollegiate Athletics Be Under Official University Control?" "How May the Cecil Rhodes Scholarships Be Made Most Useful in the United States?" "Methods of Correcting or Eliminating Idle or Unprofitable University Students."

These topics suggest the wide range of the association. Forty-one institutions are entitled to membership.

A great national university has been the dream of many an advocate of higher education by the State, an institution which should be a university in the broadest possible sense, where men should be trained in even wider fields than those of the present-day university, where the open door of

national departments should lead to the largest possible opportunity. Since President Washington first broached the establishment of such a university, the subject has been brought to the attention of Congress and the public in general very many times. While vast progress has been made by American universities, a national institution, higher and broader than them all, would splendidly round out the public education of the United States.

The State universities have not grown up in antagonism to the old-established universities of the East. Indeed, in some of the Eastern States, where great private universities are located—such States as New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey—there are no State universities, such institutions as Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale rendering State universities quite unnecessary. And, apparently, the State universities in other commonwealths have advanced without regard to the private universities, though the latter seem to have lost nothing in prestige or influence because of the coming in of the State institutions. No doubt the smaller college has suffered,



In the foundry room, Mechanical Department, University of Wyoming.

has been chilled, even hopelessly stunted sometimes, in the shadow of the State university; but even here the charge of unfairness does not lie at the door of the latter: the State university exists not to destroy but to construct; exists because of the demand for it, a demand which no other institution may supply.

But the fact should not be lost sight of that very many of these State universities are in an indirect, but none the less definite, sense, the product of the East. All the State and national aid so lavishly bestowed would have been largely unavailing if it had not been for the culture, the knowledge, indeed, the passion, for education of the professors and the presidents who have been drawn to the West from the graduate body of the colleges and universities of the East. In the blood of the older East was the seed of the newer West.

These universities have changed the entire life of the West. They have clarified its atmosphere, driven the wildness from its veins, shown it its weakness and its strength; they have inwrapped their very life into the fabric of Western progress. They have been a safeguard—almost a safety-valve—to this rapidly increasing people, helping them forward in citizenship and political strength. They have helped to redeem from the curse of cranks. They have steadied the States in commerce and trade. They have been of inestimable value in raising the general standard of intellectual life.



Hall of Liberal Arts, State University of Iowa.

Not many students in the public schools of America, as compared with the whole vast throng, will ever be graduated from the high schools; far smaller the number to take their university degree. Not ninety thousand have been graduated from all the State universities of America in over a century. There are over sixteen million students in this country to-day receiving education at the hands of the State. Of this vast number only a slight fraction, less than one-fourth of 1 per cent., are students of the State universities. Yet the influence of this body is of tremendous significance, in any survey of the forces which have been marshalled upon the field of national endeavor to win the position now held by the larger America.

JIM'S SECOND FORGERY

By Jessie L. Schulten

Illustration by Karl Anderson

THE office of the prison was very quiet. It was never quite like other offices; the hum and bustle of hope and achievement were ever lacking; but to-day the flies droned lazily on the window-pane and there was no other sound save the scratch of a pen on a ledger and the click of a typewriter.

Jim sat by the window. A bundle of outgoing letters from the prisoners, which he had been going over, lay forgotten in his hand, and his thoughts were far away from the grim stone pile which held so many aching hearts, so many cropped heads bending over a work they loathed, giving the State their most unwilling labor. Even the genial warden could not make it home to them, but it was home to Jim.

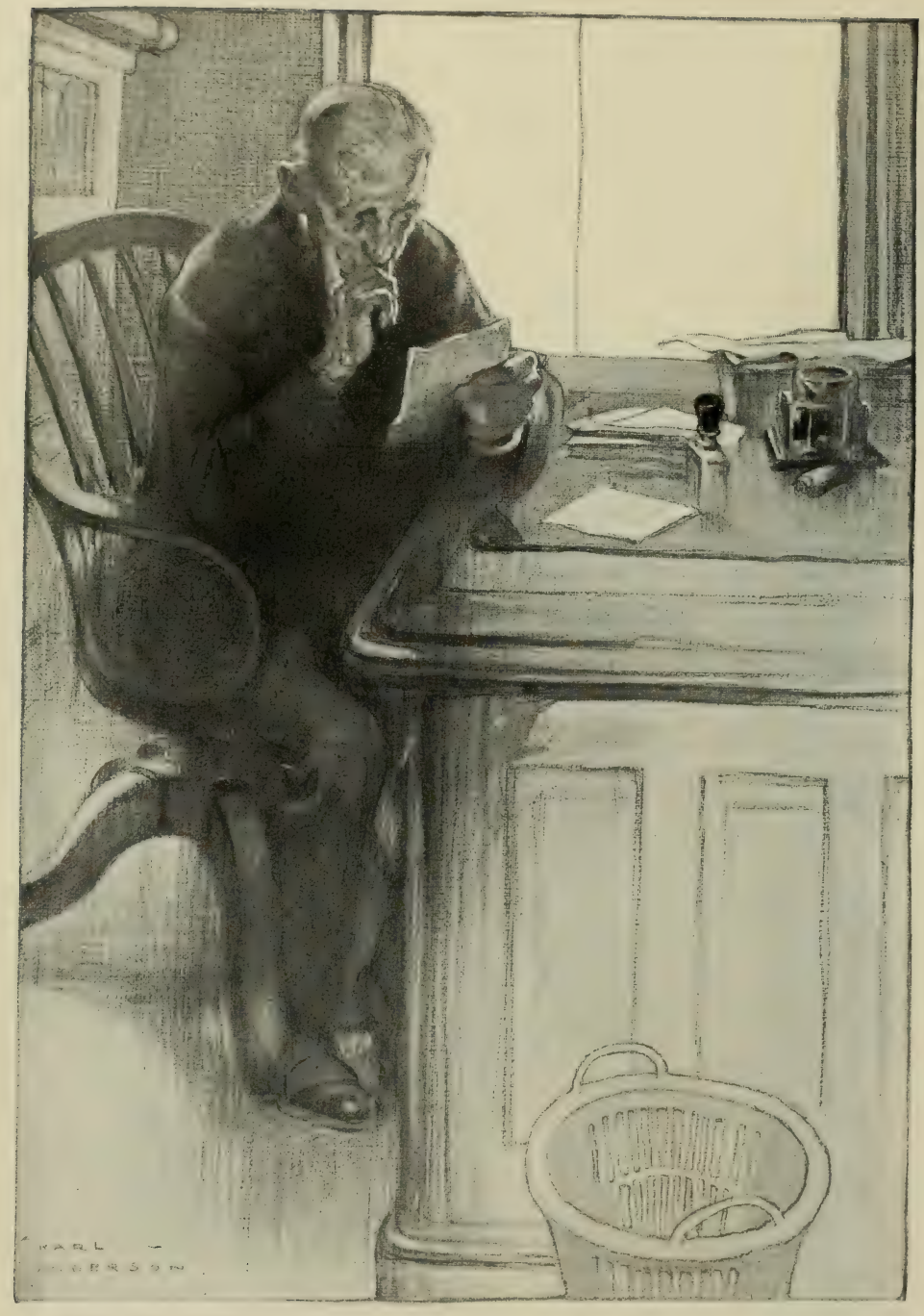
Jim's whole heart had gone out to the warden when he had first been kind to him in the old days when, with shaved head, and plaid suit, Jim had been thrust into the colony of the lock-step. When his friends had turned from him, the warden had let him hope for better things; and when Jim had served his term he had found the world an alien spot and out of tune, and he had come back to the prison as better men would seek a cloister. He had put behind him the world and its temptations, and the warden, who knew men, had looked deep into his appealing dog-like eyes, and had given him light work in the office. He had now been made usher.

He showed curious, tip-toeing visitors over the prison, he proudly conducted dressy women, who held their skirts high from contamination, and men of irreproachable business integrity, through the rooms of dogged workers, once his fellows. When there were no visitors, Jim opened the prisoners' mail. The papers he glanced at to make sure they were not upon the black-list of forbidden publications, and that they contained no writing; the letters he read carefully and dispassionately, and folding them the opposite way to prove that they had been examined, stamped them and threw them into the pile of accepted mail, diligently recording each in a ledger —address, date, place, and superscription.

Some of the officers had laughed when Jim came into this position, and had suggested that he was well fitted to copy the signatures in the writer's own hand. Jim laughed, too, and often copied them so, just for a joke. There are many strange jokes in a state's prison, but a sexton, they say, comes to laugh at tombstones.

The prison colony learns to see things with new eyes. All the horror, the loathing of the place had long since vanished from Jim's mind. He had forgotten the cold drops which once stood out upon his forehead when he awoke in the black night and realized where he was. All that was over, now. To him the forbidding-looking building offered shelter from an over-strained world, he loved the long, clean, silent corridors, the military organization, the regular hours. Outside, right and wrong were in confusion, and Jim had come to look out upon the noisy, struggling, money-getting world with something of the same fear and shuddering with which the world looked in.

Out there men's selfish brutality was uncurbed, here all natures were under restraint. There, if a man stood balanced on the edge of a precipice, a dozen hands went out to thrust him over, and two dozen clutched at the goods he left behind. Men's passions were writ large upon their faces. Perhaps in his weakness, Jim was artistic, and the portrayal of strong feeling offended him in nature as it had the Greeks in art; at all events, he had fled from the hurly-burly of a life of business or of social dissipation, back to this clean life, where he became once more a part of the State's great throbbing, human machine. Here men came and went, and if strong feeling ebbed and surged beneath the stolid faces, no one knew.



Drawn by Karl Anderson.

Jim held the man's answer in his hand.—Page 494.

As the long lines clanked down the corridors, no man could tell who or what his neighbor was, how long he had been there, or how long he was to tarry, save when the new ones behaved strangely and seemed nervous, or when the old ones began to grow beard or mustache, in token of a coming liberation.

Jim examined their mail and probed into their inner lives in the same disinterested way that a biologist vivisects, one for the State, the other for Science. Jim prided himself upon being the watch-dog of the prison. He read everything, but noted only that which concerned him as an officer. At least this had been his attitude, but nine months ago, a little, blue, broken-hearted note had stirred something within him which had slumbered since the time when the iron bars had first shut upon him and his own disgrace. He had stamped it and passed it in, but the memory of a girlish, tear-stained face had lingered, and he found himself singling out G. S., number 765, from the other parts of the great machine, and wondering who he was, and if the note had touched him.

He was thinking of all this to-day, as the flies buzzed on the window and the prisoners' letters lay unopened on his desk. He was fingering one letter thoughtfully. It was from G. S., number 765, to Miss Mamie Gray. From him to her. The last chapter had come, and Jim fumbled the letter nervously, almost afraid to open it, just as a devoted reader hesitates before beginning the closing scene of a much-loved novel, feeling that it must end well—it must, and holding his breath in fear that it will not.

The little blue note had been followed at regular intervals by others in the same hand; letters so full of a deep womanly sympathy, so keen to search out a crumb of comfort and lay it alluringly before the man she sorrowed for and with, that Jim's heart ached for her, and he almost envied the man who had such a hand stretched out to help him, such a memory to look back upon, even though he must look wistfully and through prison bars. As time passed, Jim noticed that the keen edge of the disgrace was less sharp. The wound was healing. She seemed less sensitive, better able to cope with the people and things of an everyday life. She sent him bits of news. Sometimes her letters seemed almost happy, as her buoyant, girlish nature asserted itself; but beneath it all was the undercurrent that told of deep waters, and one could not forget that when the man first went down she had gone with him, and for his sake had sounded the depths of woe, and grovelled in the sands of utter despair and disillusionment. All this Jim realized, and even when her letters seemed to dance on the crest, he knew that the sound of the black waters still rang in her ears, and he wondered if G. S., 765, knew too.

Her letters were never answered. They came as a free gift from a heart that could not forget. On the days upon which G. S., 765, was allowed to write his bi-monthly letter, Jim searched in vain for a word to her, it never came. The man wrote to friends, relatives, lawyers, alert, practical letters, seeking means by which he might be freed. They were letters which pulled wires, made promises, and sometimes threatened revenge. They were cold business letters, and they were never to her. Jim could not understand.

She had written less frequently herself, of late, and her words came less directly from the heart, he fancied; her hopes were no longer living, breathing hopes, they were dead things, as though she wrote with a conscious effort.

Last week a letter, THE letter had come. Jim could never forget the day he read it; never had he been so much a man, so little an officer. He forgot G. S., 765, he forgot the capacity in which it was his duty to examine the letter, he forgot everything but the burning words before him, everything save the woman pleading for life and happiness, and through it all trying by word and phrase to make cruel truths seem kind.

After he had stamped it with the sign manual of approval, and passed it in, Jim had felt utterly unfit for duty. His pulse beat fast with excitement. G. S., 765, could not write for nine days, he would have nine days to think it over, surely his better self would conquer and he would set her free! She had asked what most women would have claimed as a right. She had told him how the first shock had broken her, how the whole universe had seemed to crash and quiver, and how in spirit she had gone willingly with him to a life of bitter humiliation, glad only that

she could comfort him and help, hopeful only that she could make his future less hard. But the gifts she had to give had meant little to him; she had not heard from him, and what she had heard of him had made her doubt, and doubt is a great love-destroyer. Then out of the chaos of his making she had been led by kind hands back to the free air, back to a life of ideals and possibilities; and though at first her lips smiled while her heart ached, she had come to feel some of the old gladness, some of the old joy of living—and she asked him for her freedom.

She offered him friendship, help such as she could give, everything but herself. She did not reproach him for a black past, but she asked him for exemption from a black future. Was it right, she asked, since she could not raise him up, that he should drag her down? Could she in honor smirch her family's name with dishonor and force her friends to cast her off? Should a promise given in all faith in the blind days of long ago stand now between her and a new happiness, which had crept into her life and softly, gently, led her through the deep waters until she had come to see that life was not over, and that youth, and love, and joy, still were?

To-day Jim held the man's answer in his hand. Fearfully he opened it—and read. When he had finished he involuntarily crumpled the cringing, crawling thing in his hand with the instinct which has come down to us strong from Eden to smite the creeping things which Heaven declared accursed.

"The snake!" he muttered.

For the letter had cried out to her for mercy, had pleaded with her not to withdraw his one hope, his one hold on life. Every word leaned on her and sapped her strength. He claimed her with memories of a fond past, he claimed her by right of need, by right of promise, and last, he told her that the deed he had done, the act which wrecked his life, had been done for her sake—for her sake, and that his burden by moral right was partly hers.

"The snake!" Jim hissed again.

The flies buzzed on, the typewriter clicked, and the pen scratched on the ledger.

Jim was thinking hard, and into his mind came persistently the memory of an odd conceit which had come to him in the first dark days of his own trouble, as he sat on his bench and lasted shoes. Of all the raw material that came in to be cut, and slashed, and remodelled, nearly all of it was destined to be sent out in a shape fit for some sphere of usefulness; but now and then some piece of wood or leather was too weak to stand the test, and broken and torn, was cast out as quite useless. At the time Jim had resolved that he would be good leather, and he had been, but to-day, when the figure recurred to him, he knew in his heart that G. S., 765, was destined for the scrap heap, that he would never make a good shoe.

"And if the little girl tries to wear him," he thought, "he'll pinch her, and he'll tear and give way when she ain't expecting it."

Jim's brows were knit, his mouth worked, but his eyes were steady. Deliberately he spread out the letter and carefully studied the writing, then he took a fresh sheet of prison paper and wrote rapidly for a few minutes, adding the scratch of his own pen to the few noises of the sultry afternoon. With a flourish he signed it, the full name of G. S., number 765, then he folded it hastily, enclosed it in the original envelope, and thrust it among the outgoing mail.

He had set her free. But he had not been heroic enough about it to rouse her admiration. He had whined a little, he had been weak and selfish: there was a suggestion that he was doing it for his own good, not hers; there was almost a note of relief in the dismissal. It was a masterpiece.

The flies were still buzzing. Jim tried to bring his mind back to his work. "There is only one hell, anyway," he told himself, "and if forgery leads there, I reckon I'm trekking that trail already." Then he opened another letter. "And the little girl will be so happy," he murmured.

SOME PHASES OF TRADE UNIONISM

By Walter A. Wyckoff

THE meaning of trade unionism has only begun to make itself known. Now, that its history is being written, there is a dawning sense of its significance. But there are few, even among its members, who fully realize its nature and its possible relation to a future development of society. Even its present ends and aims are but feebly understood within its circles. There are those among unionists who do understand, and the mass of the membership is permeated by great ideas, vaguely held as ideas, but believed in and acted upon with tremendous force in relation to certain concrete facts. The very absence of self-consciousness in growth is itself evidence of vitality.

When the local trade clubs, which sprang up in England during the eighteenth century, began to coalesce into national organizations, simultaneously with the growth of the business unit in point of capital and organization, no one dreamt that the course of industrial progress was being outlined. Everyone sees it clearly to-day. Nothing could be more obvious than the fact, in the business world, that the centralization and organization of capital have been paralleled by a centralization and organization of labor. And nothing could be farther from the truth than to suppose that this process of centralization is evidence of hostility on the part of either form of organization for the other. One is essentially an organization for peace and not for war. The centralization of capital has been effected largely for the purpose of doing away with the war-like features of competition, and so increasing the productiveness of industry by putting an end to the waste of war. It would be difficult to prove that labor has ever suffered seriously or permanently from organization on the part of capital, and it would be easy to show that it has already benefited greatly, and is likely to realize increasingly great benefits in the future.

The organization of labor does not imply a necessary hostility to capital; it does imply a readiness to make use of organized power to secure certain ends and to retain them, but its main purpose is to maintain the standard of life among its members; and one has only to analyze this purpose to see that it also results in increased productiveness; for a well-nourished, well-housed body of wage-earners is thoroughly established as a prime factor in industrial efficiency.

By no means is it true that a desire for greater productive power has been the ruling motive impelling to either form of organization. Here is one of the anomalies of long standing in the world. Industrial organization is not begun or continued in the spirit of service, but in that of gain. Incidentally the world is served; for those who fail to make money at business soon lose the chance of serving the world in that particular way.

Both types of organization have been essentially natural and inevitable. Once begun under conditions which admitted of their development, it became impossible to forecast the results; local organization of both capital and labor might spread to national boundaries and even become international in scope.

The naturalness and inevitability have, however, not always been apparent. Both forms of organization have had to make way against enormous obstacles. The difficulties which beset the early trades unions in industrial countries are now nearly incredible. They would be entirely so but for the fact that there are still persons to whom trade unionism has something of the sound of a conspiracy against society, and for whom the right of working people to combine in their own interests is still an open question.

There is much that is legendary and much that is apocryphal in the traditions of the persecutions of the early trade unions, but there remains a sufficient body of truth to make clear that trade unionism

had, in the latter half of the eighteenth century and in the first quarter of the nineteenth, a fierce struggle for existence. This was not a struggle for continued existence on the part of old institutions that, for centuries, had embodied the organization of labor, while feudalism lasted, and long after. The craft guilds had served their purpose; some of them had grown to great wealth and power, and some of them survive as institutions of commanding influence. It is true that there were among the new trade clubs, those that bore a resemblance to the old guilds; but it was a new type that was the significant one, and this new type was so far removed from the old in all the essentials of constitution and aims, that it marks an epoch in the history of labor. There is nothing here of mere newness, a reformation which was inspired by some great leader among the working people of that day; the movement was new because it grew out of conditions that had been revolutionized by changes in the most fundamental relations of the workers to their work. There is here one of those changes which seem to be peculiar to the history of the race and which gives to it something of the catastrophic character that formerly was thought to mark the stages of all development. The industrial revolution of the eighteenth century is a case in point. The methods of production that were in use at the middle of that century, the various processes of farming and manufacturing and mining, and of the transportation of goods, resembled more closely the methods of a thousand years before than they did those of even the early years of the nineteenth century. And when one considers only the most essential of the new mechanical appliances by which the revolution was effected (the employment of steam as a motive power and the use of steam-driven machinery), it is fair to say that the essence of the change was in operation within a period of less than half a century. The vastly greater changes in degree that have followed have been the logical sequence of events. Relatively, it was a little thing to have increased the productive power of labor a few hundred, or even many thousand fold, but, actually, it was a fact of immeasurable consequence that the factory system had taken the place of the household system of production, and that there was rapidly forming, as one result of the change, a wage-earning class, which was separated from all ownership in the instruments with which they worked and the goods which were the products of their labor.

This simple fact lies at the root of the industrial problem of to-day. But precisely what is meant by a divorce between the wage-earners on the one hand and the instruments of their work and the products of their labor on the other? When one considers the vast scale of present-day production with its infinite division and subdivision of labor, it is amazing to recall how short is the step back to a time when there prevailed quite another order of things. There are multitudes of men still living whose lives reach back into that other order, and whose memories can reconstruct it out of materials which belong to their own experiences. Even for those who must imagine much of it, its essential features are not difficult to reconstruct—a village community, self-sufficing for the most part, and without any very active communication with the outside world. We easily imagine the mill and the village store, the blacksmith's shop, and the printer's, the cabinet-maker's, and the shoemaker's, the butcher's, and half a score more. The simplicity of it all, in contrast with the complexity which has replaced it, heightens the marvel that it should have been the typical condition of a time so little removed from the present.

There were certain features common to all its industries. They were on a small scale and were owned and operated by the workers themselves. Little was known of the borrowing of capital for production on an increasing scale, or of the functions of the *entrepreneur*. The miller, for example, owned his mill and worked it himself with the help of apprentices, as did the printer, the cabinet-maker and shoemaker in relation to their respective shops. These were men who owned the raw materials of their craft, and the simple tools with which they worked, and the finished products when the work was done. There was no separation yet between the workers and the materials of their work. And such a worker controlled his time as well. There

was no question of a day of twelve working hours or of ten or eight; the shopman made his hours of work as many or as few as he chose. There were helpers in the shops, hired hands, who occupied quite another condition. They worked in the master's shop and used his tools. They owned nothing of the raw material nor of the finished product. They worked for certain hours and at a definite wage. But they were not a class of wage-earners destined to remain wage-earners all their lives. They worked as apprentices or journeymen until they could open shops of their own; and it was quite the normal thing for such workmen to open eventually their own shops, when they had thoroughly mastered the trade and laid by enough capital for an independent venture. Nor could anything bring out clearer the contrast between their situation and that of the wage-earners of the present. There was relatively a long time in America when eventual independence—independent enterprise—must have been the rule for the workers, they, in turn, becoming the employers of laborers, who were constantly being matriculated as apprentices and graduated as employers. The guild system itself does not furnish a better illustration of this natural progress from industrial dependence to independence when no insuperable barrier of capital blocks the way of the wage-earner. It is true that the normal progress in the craft guilds was from apprentice to journeyman and from journeyman to master-craftsman; and there were times, certainly, in some of the guilds, when this progress was realized by many, perhaps most, of the members. But the guilds were always jealous of increasing their numbers and of recruiting from outside their own circles, and promotion to mastership was not, infrequently, a thing reserved for the master's son. Moreover, it is doubtful whether there was ever a time, under the guild system in England, for example, that there was not, in many trades, a more or less permanent body of wage-earners. In certain trades there were certainly workers destined to remain wage-earners all their lives, for whom, as a body, there existed no possibility of independent enterprise. But this was far from being characteristic of the guild system. As a system (apart from agriculture) it approximated a complete organization of industry—of capital as well as labor, very primitive in its organization of capital, but admitting of a union between capital and labor so complete that the master craftsmen owned their capital and worked, not for wages, but for the profits derived from selling the finished products.

This fact separates the guilds from the modern trade unions so completely that there is no possibility of connecting them historically. Labor was organized in craft guilds during the Middle Ages and down to a time very near the present; now, in large part, it is organized in trade unions, but the modern trade union is far from being the craft guild under another name. It is something fundamentally different, and the difference consists chiefly in the fact that the typical modern workman owns nothing of the raw materials of his craft nor of the tools, the machines, which he uses, nor of the finished product when his work is done. He works for wages. While the typical worker of the guild system was the master-craftsman (for the apprentices and journeymen were but on the way to being master-workmen) and he, as we have seen, was owner of the raw materials and tools and finished products, as well as being master of his time.

There were more or less sporadic organizations among journeymen in the guilds, organizations that rose and fell with the varying fortunes of their members, being strongest when journeymen were most oppressed, and weakest when they prospered most, but never acquiring great strength, for the reason that their strongest members were drawn away from clubs of journeymen as they, themselves, rose to mastership in their crafts. It was these clubs, however, weak and sporadic as they were, that were the real forerunners of modern trade unions.

Guilds and unions, although touching and overlapping in point of time, are really products of widely different sets of conditions. There is a physical cleavage between them wrought by steam-driven machinery and showing itself with clearest significance in the fact that the modern worker owns nothing of the raw materials or of the instruments of his work.

One turns naturally to England for examples of this change, for England is the

typical industrial country of the present. It was there that the industrial revolution first worked itself out, and England's long industrial supremacy was due to her having had so clear a start, in point of time, of other nations. Most of the mechanical inventions which caused the revolution were first made and applied there; and one can study there, to best effect, the operation of the guild system, and perhaps, even the relations of trade unionism to modern industry. And yet there is no better example of the change, no more thorough example, than one finds in America, where craft guilds have practically never existed; but where industrialism is working its way out to definite ends with greater rapidity than in any other country.

In the progress of industrialism toward ends which it is impossible to foresee, it is easy to see that an increasing organization of capital and of labor are its plainest present features and that both forms of organization are the natural and quite inevitable outcome of existing conditions. When the advantages of combining small competing capitals into a single business became apparent, the development of the trust was assured; and in the case of labor, when it was seen that a collective bargain made by all of the local workmen of one trade with their employers was more to their interest than a system of individual higgling for wages, the modern trade union arose. And now it would be quite as reasonable to expect the present organization of industry with its high productivity to revert to the forms of household production with primitive tools, as to expect trade unionism to go back to the organization of the guilds. The thing is impossible, because the conditions which caused the guilds and which made possible the simplicity of the industries of early America, for example, have disappeared, and in their place have come those which make trusts and trade unions inevitable.

The economic advantages of the trust as an instrument of production are clear enough. If a number of concerns are spending heavily in a competitive struggle for control of the same market, it is conceivable that there might be a saving effected in a consolidation which would bring them under one administration. All unnecessary duplication of plants and the reduplication of administrative machinery would be saved, besides the expenses of competing corps of travelling salesmen and the costs of merely competitive advertising. There is a further economic advantage, and a great one, in consolidation, in that, in controlling the market, the combination is able to manufacture with some certainty with reference to the probable demand, and has little or no temptation to go beyond this point, so that the danger of "over-production" tends to disappear. The economies of consolidation have resulted in so considerable a reduction of the costs of production that the prices of finished products have not infrequently ranged lower under trust manufacture than under that of competitive enterprise. No trust is ever formed for the purpose of lowering prices, and none is ever formed with the sole intention of raising them. The chief end of every trust is to make money; but, generally speaking, more money is to be made by lowering prices below the former standard set by competition than by raising them above it. This is a fact to which no trust is long blind. Blindness here is fatal; for an attempt to force prices to an artificial level and keep them there, if it does not defeat its own ends by cutting off the demand, is nearly sure to do so by creating a field for investment, made so alluring by excessive profits as to almost certainly draw into it a great fund of capital seeking investment.

Not only cut-throat competition, but a certain speculative element in business tends to disappear with the development of the trust. Competing enterprises are producing for the same market and struggling with one another for its control. They may each have a tolerably accurate knowledge of the probable demand for their commodity, but none will know exactly how much of the market it will capture, and all will be producing with a view to capturing as much as possible. A curious, anomalous over-production, such as has plagued the world periodically, and especially since the industrial revolution, is sure to follow with attendant evils of depression and loss of confidence, and business failure and utter stagnation for a time. Centralized capital may produce all the evils of business crises in enhanced form by the way of over-capitalization, and is exceedingly likely to

do so unless checked by some practicable system of regulation; but when centralization has gone far enough, capital, so organized, has little temptation to speculation in ways which lead to over-production. So far organized capital does society a certain negative service. A positive service to wage-earners would be proved in this connection by the facts of greater stability of employment at wages at least not lower than those paid under competitive production. That this would be made clear by a comparison between regularity of work and rates of wages in a large number of industries before and after consolidation there can be little doubt. It is highly likely that the facts would show results of organization greatly to the interests of wage-earners.

While one of these might prove to be a greater stability of employment, yet for any initial improvement in wages one must look not to the organization of capital as a cause, but to the organization of labor. There are individual instances in abundance in which the economic advantages of high wages have been recognized by the brains behind organized capital; but, as a matter of history, labor has secured a better wage as the result of long struggle; and the most effective instrument of the struggle has been the trade union. In England it had first to fight against a legal disability and endure much persecution besides, for it was not until the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century that combinations of workingmen were made lawful there. When this disability had been removed and workingmen had gained the legal right to combine, unionism was forced to take up the fight against opposition in a subtler form, which has lasted to our own day, and has been shared by unionism in America. It is not often that abstract doctrines which have been given a practical turn by their authors become deeply impressed on the public mind; and yet this rare thing occurred to defeat the ends of trade unionism. Some of the economists were teaching, and some of them continued to teach, down to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, that combination among working people was powerless to improve their condition, because of the operation of a principle to which they gave the name of the Wage-Fund Theory. They explained its operation by saying that there was at any given time a fixed amount of capital to be distributed as wages, and that the average wage depended upon the number of working people among whom the whole sum must be divided; so that if any section of wage-earners succeeded by means of combination in getting more than their share, they inevitably did so at the expense of some other section of their class. Any improvement in the condition of wage-earners as a whole was impossible; and if it were possible to evade the wage fund principle, there was another "natural law" whose inevitable co-operation with it was certain to produce in the end the same result. What was known as the Principle of Population provided against any permanent improvement in the condition of wage-earners; for, let them secure a higher wage, and the natural increase of their numbers following upon bettered conditions would soon bring wages back again to the level of bare subsistence. So general was the adoption of these ideas that it was an accepted conviction among the educated classes throughout a great part of the nineteenth century that wage-earners were irretrievably hedged in by the wage fund and by the fact of an increase in their numbers in response to any improvement in their conditions. An advance in wages at any point was supposed to measure to a farthing a loss of wages at some other point, and a conceivable general increase of the wage fund from the sources of profits and interest would inevitably be followed by an increasing birth-rate among the workers until the average wage was back again at the level of bare subsistence. Trade unionism was looked upon at the best as a blind and futile struggle against fate; and working people were plainly told that the only possible means within their power of improving their condition lay in a voluntary restriction of their numbers.

The marvellous growth of organized labor beginning in the small democracies of isolated trade clubs, curiously similar in certain respects to the town meetings of early New England, and expanding as the growth of industrial democracy, working out in an unconscious evolution the practical problem of "the combination of administrative efficiency and popular con-

trol,"* had first to fight with flesh and blood in the forms of unrelenting persecution and the tyrannies of irresponsible capital, which place the years of the early development of capitalism among the ghastliest of human history—until the legal right of combination had been secured as well as factory legislation which insured to wage-earners some protection from an anarchical condition which had been sweeping them by thousands out of existence.

Having fought with beasts at Ephesus, trade unionism had then to take up a fight against intellectual blindness in high places. It is difficult to conceive of a more desperate struggle. The whole movement was relatively new, an outcome of industrial conditions which were the results of a comparatively sudden revolution of industry. There was dense ignorance within and much unregulated passion, expressing itself in violent hatreds and suspicions among its own members, while without was an apparently impenetrable and insurmountable barrier of educated public opinion which had crystallized into the conviction that all efforts toward permanent improvement in the common lot of wage-earners were as futile as though they were attempts to prevent the natural sequence of the seasons.

It is only fair to the economists of the middle of the nineteenth century to say that not all of them taught the doctrines of the wage fund and of population in the then commonly accepted forms; and that with those who did so teach them, they were matters quite secondary to the economists' great concern in educating public opinion to the point of freeing industry from artificial trammels which bound it. It is only fair to add also that none were readier than the economists to accept the demonstration of the falseness of their earlier doctrine and to recant publicly, as in the notable instance of John Stuart Mill in his review in 1869 of W. T. Thornton's exposure of the fallacy. The present science of economics, reasoning not deductively, but from the facts of life, teaches emphatically that trades-union action may and does raise wages without resulting in any corresponding loss, either in the present or future, to wages or to the accumulation of capital, and that an improved condition among wage-earners, far from being followed by increasing numbers to recreate a pressure upon the limits of subsistence, has actually been followed in certain instances by a rise in the average age of marriage and a fall in the number of marriages, with an altogether alarming decline in the birth-rate. A further scientific investigation of this subject would probably prove decisively that it is under conditions of greatest poverty that there is to be found the most ill-regulated birth-rate, and that the increasing comfort of modern life among wage-earners, as well as among wealthier classes, has resulted in a condition of the question of population which calls for earnest advocacy of the obligations of the family and of wholesome citizenship, rather than any preaching to healthy and normal citizens of the duty of "prudential restraint."

Modern industrialism, as we have been regarding it, presents as its most characteristic feature a progressive development in a simultaneous organization of capital and of labor. The world awoke a hundred and fifty years ago to a new industrial life, which is without parallel in the history of the race. Its only conceivable parallel is in some prehistoric period, when a habit of utilization was adopted by primitive man in the place of an earlier one of destruction; when, in other words, he began to domesticate certain of the plants and animals about him instead of devouring them at once, and when his captive taken in war became his slave, instead of his dinner.

The new industrial life to which the revolution gave birth, had in it the capacity of a growth of miraculous rapidity. The productive power of labor, working with steam-driven machinery, began to increase by leaps and bounds. Presently a handful of operatives, using the new appliances, could produce in a day what the trained working population of an entire county could not have produced in the same time by means of the old methods. Obviously, it was not that the strength and skill of the individual workers had increased many thousand fold. Most of them had lost the skill of their craft in becoming machine-tenders, and strength was never a con-

* "Industrial Democracy," Vol. I, p. 38. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. . . . The reader interested in a scientific and eminently enlightening investigation of Trade Unionism is referred to this work, and to "The History of Trade Unionism," by the same writers.

spicuous characteristic of the half-starved, overworked mill-hands of the early factory system. It was that brain power which is always the creative factor in industry had placed in the hands of the operatives instruments of production so specialized and so effective, and had so organized the various processes in relation to one another, that the possible productive power of society began to be practically without limit. The industrial problem of the past had been largely the question of how, with hand-work and primitive tools, to produce enough for the relatively simple needs of men. But with the development of steam-driven machinery and of the modern facilities of transportation and communication, and with the application of scientific principles to mining and to agriculture, it begins to be clear that the problem of the production of goods is in a sense solved, for it is difficult to place limits to the possible wealth-creating power of modern industry. The difficulty now shifts itself to the question of how to distribute among the factors of production the goods which they have co-operated in producing, so as to call out their maximum usefulness and conserve the best interests of society as a whole. The industrial problem of the past was the problem of production. That has been so far solved that for civilized nations it no longer stands in the way. Certainly they, at least, have it within their power to produce enough so that none among them, because of actual lack of the simplest necessities, need be without food and clothing and shelter. The industrial problem of the present is the problem of distribution. Here we have a far more complex question, for it involves the whole structure of modern society, bringing within its scope all the subtle personal relations not only of industry but of individual and family and collective life. Who will venture to say that there is any ready-made solution? Thanks to the progress made in the scientific study of social phenomena, the day of panaceas is ended, or is fast ending, and it is beginning to be seen that the first duty is not to reform society, but to understand it; and that the only possible effective reforms will be those which are the outcome, not of class hatreds, but of dispassionate and honest search for the truth in a spirit of sympathy and of service.

It was Robert Owen who first pointed out in a striking manner certain of the economic effects of the industrial revolution. He had under his personal supervision in the small manufacturing village of New Lanark, early in the nineteenth century, a community of twenty-five hundred working people organized in accordance with his ideas of co-operative production. He called attention to the fact that these twenty-five hundred operatives, working under an effective system of the division and coördination of labor, and with the then new labor-saving machinery, were producing of finished goods as much as *six hundred thousand* operatives could have produced with the methods and under the organization of only fifty years before. In the face of this fact he asked significantly what becomes of the difference between the share of the total product which fell to the six hundred thousand under the old system and that which goes as wages to the twenty-five hundred under the new. There was here no shallow implication to the effect that all wealth is created by manual labor, and, therefore, belongs to manual laborers. As a captain of industry and a highly successful business organizer, none knew better than Owen that brain power is the creative factor both in the coördination of production and in the improvement of the productive processes. But all about him were glaring evidences of the fact that, with the miraculously increasing power of society to produce goods, the vast majority of the actual workers, so far from having any share in the added abundance, were compelled, under an irresponsible and unregulated factory system and in the absence of any effective organization among themselves, to compete with one another for the wages of bare subsistence. They had been craftsmen, and the factories had turned them into machine-tenders; they had been masters and men living and working together under human relations, and the factories had turned them into wage-slaves, struggling with one another for the work that yielded the bare necessaries of life. Not only they, but their women and children were seized upon and worked to exhaustion or to death and cast aside for new victims by an anarchical industry which was making fortunes by the thousands per cent. out of the bodies and souls of the workers.

The critical reader who fancies that it may be possible to exaggerate the facts of tyranny and degradation during this period unregulated by trade unionism and factory legislation is referred to the reports of the Parliamentary Commissions as they appear in the Blue Books. They form the basis of the factory acts in England, which have become in turn the guide to much factory legislation in America.

The guild system, with all that it implied, had disappeared before the expansive power of modern industry. It was a feature of a feudal order of society which had no place under industrialism. The characteristic workers of the new order were those who brought neither raw materials nor tools to the processes of production; merely their capacities for work, which, under the pressure of immediate need, they were obliged to sell without a "reserve price." For such men, in their newly ordered labor, the human relations of the craft guilds were gone. As workers they were known to their capitalist masters as "hands," and were bound to them only by "the nexus of cash payment." To the overwhelming mass of them who would have risen naturally in the guilds and in many of the domestic industries to mastership in the crafts, the prospect of independent enterprise by a way blocked now by costly machinery was the merest chimera. As certainly as that the rank and file of an army necessarily remain the rank and file, must these men be wage-earners all their days.

Looking impartially at the position of wage-earners under the new conditions created by the industrial revolution, we find the vast majority in the condition of a "landless" and "lordless" proletariat. Their legal rights in the land and their legal claims upon the landlords had disappeared with the decay of feudalism; the craft guilds had crumbled under them, and they were defenceless against the relentless play of supply and demand in an unregulated labor market. It is true that they had been freed from the galling restrictions of feudalism, but to most of them their freedom meant at best a choice between starvation and inhuman work under inhuman conditions. It was out of such necessities as these that trade unionism arose, and in its rise and progress it has been the most logical and necessary and effective form of "self-help" at the command of modern wage-earners. By a law of its nature as an institution it began to work instinctively for an improvement among them of the standard of life. This was its *raison d' être*, and it must achieve this result or fail completely. As contributing to the result, there were certain definite objects to be gained: an increase in wages, a reduction in the then unregulated hours of labor, and a bettering of the conditions under which work was to be performed. Slowly there evolved within the local trade clubs, which grew gradually to trade unions of national organization, practicable methods of gaining the needed ends. A system of collective bargaining, with the establishment of a minimum rate of wages, began to be substituted for the individual higgling which exposed every worker to a competitive struggle for the scantiest living. Pressure was brought to bear to secure legislation which would regulate the hours of labor and the employment of women and children, and some of the general physical conditions under which work was to be done.

A movement more inevitable than trade unionism has never arisen. In its form and aims it is an exact expression of the instinct of self-preservation and of self-help among wage-earners under the conditions of industrialism. As an institution, however, it is to be judged in its total effect upon society as a whole, precisely as its analogous and parallel development, the organization of capital, must be judged. The production of goods is significant only in the creation of wealth, and wealth means, not goods, but well-being: the use of goods and services which yields the greatest returns in healthy and moral living.

Narrowing our view to the specific aims of trade unionism, we see that they have a common end in the maintenance of the highest possible standard of life among wage-earners. We owe the expression to the Ricardian school of economists. It taught that, among working people, there is a varying standard of life, very low among the unskilled laborers, but rising in the ranks of skilled workers until it reaches its highest level among craftsmen of greatest skill.

This changing standard was supposed to indicate among the orders of working

people a varying level of bare subsistence, and wages were supposed to obey a law which made possible to each order the maintaining of its normal standard. A fall in wages at any level would result in a decrease of numbers which would stimulate demand and bring wages up again. In like manner a rise in wages would have the effect of increasing numbers until increased supply had forced wages back to the level of bare subsistence.

Trade unionism practically accepted this teaching of the economists and began to build upon it. If wages must inevitably approximate to the level of subsistence, there yet was hope in the fact that there were various levels indicated by various standards of life among wage-earners. To raise the standard to the highest possible point and to maintain it became naturally the ruling motive of trade unionism. It was here that educated public opinion raised the theoretical objections embodied in the Wage Fund and Population doctrines, but trade unionists ignored them and redoubled their efforts with the satisfactory results of increased wages and improved conditions, greater productive efficiency, and a vast growth in capital seeking investment, even with a lowering rate of interest.

It is impossible to approve of all the methods employed by organized labor in gaining its ends; some of them are open to unqualified condemnation, but before passing too swift a judgment, it is well to remember that not even the most sympathetic advocate of the advantages to society of the organization of capital would venture to say that combinations of corporations have always worked by methods which have been above reproach. The sins of the one do not excuse those of the other, but a knowledge of human nature and of actual conditions helps to a fairer understanding of the facts of human organization. When the defenceless position of the individual wage-earner in the new industrial world of free competition is thoroughly understood, there begins to be clear the hard necessities out of which trade unionism arose; and, together with a knowledge of these necessities, there is sure to come a more charitable understanding of certain acts which appear to the strict individualist as evidences of a spirit of anarchy. In a free country, where law is an expression of the will of the people, nothing justifies a violence which interferes with the legal freedom of the individual. Trade unionism accepts this principle in theory, but it has put itself hopelessly in the wrong, and weakened its hold upon the sympathies of true citizens whenever it has failed to express the conviction in the forms of specific denunciation and discipline of its guilty members.

So far, however, from being a spirit of anarchy, which, under certain conditions, incites trade unionists to inexcusable acts of violence, it is in reality a spirit quite the opposite. That industrial anarchy really results from unregulated industry is a fact so completely demonstrated by the history of the development of capitalism that it is become a commonplace. If one wishes contemporaneous evidence of its truth, any examination of the "sweated" industries will provide it in overwhelming volume.

The average trade unionist may have no very clear ideas of the economic principles upon which his organization rests, but he knows that his standard of life has been secured at the cost of almost infinite labor and struggle, and that, apart from his organized effort to maintain it, and the co-operation of labor laws and of educated public opinion, there is no reason why his condition should not sink to that of his predecessors in the days of anarchical industry or to that of his fellows who are condemned to work under the "sweating system." It is not altogether strange that, with this conviction bred in him, as a result of generations of experience and suffering, he looks upon the worker who offers his labor at a lower rate and for longer hours than those which constitute the accepted standard as being a traitor to his class. Nor is it strange, in view of these facts, that his attitude is not always sympathetic toward the man who gladly reaps the benefits of trade unionism but refuses to support it. For merely condemning violence and interference with legal liberties and yet failing to punish the guilty among its members, trade unionism is criminally at fault; but it must be owned that all of the difficulties of the situation are not clearly understood by a critical world in which the organization of labor has yet to make much of its way.

There is general sympathy at present with the efforts to secure by legislation better physical conditions of labor and of the housing of wage-earners. Few, moreover, will object to the various forms of mutual insurance as encouraging thrift among the workers, and giving to them a much-needed financial support in bargaining for wages. But when we touch upon a practice once common among trade unions and not yet abandoned by all of them—the device of restricting the numbers entering a trade—we have indicated an evil acknowledged as such by the most sympathetic historians of trade unionism. It should be said that the habit is one which was inherited from the guild system, and that it is being outgrown as one result of the increasing certainty that it is possible without it to maintain the common standard of life; and that, in reality, it reacts unfavorably upon the efficiency of the members of the trade practising it. It is a phase of trade unionism which is disappearing before the increasing mobility of capital and of labor and before the wholesome public opinion which will not tolerate the injustice of excluding from any trade any worker who is willing to conform with its accepted standards. In attempting to create a monopoly of any form of labor, trade unionism is invariably wrong and will inevitably pay the penalty in loss of efficiency among its members and in retarding the natural progress of the trade concerned. This is a principle which is universally applicable to intellectual as well as manual labor. Every effort to create a monopoly in any calling whatever by restricting admission to the members of certain classes, or of certain families, whether it has to do with a civil service or a learned profession, or the specialized work of a building trade, or of machine tending in a factory, has the invariable effect of lowering the average of ability and efficiency. The world is always best served when the standards of admission to occupations are placed high and when there is practically unlimited freedom of competition among candidates for admission.

Apart from the cases of violence against legal individual liberties, for which trade unionism will justly be held responsible until it adopts a policy of effective discipline, the feature of trade unionism against which there is at present the strongest opposition is its practise of insisting upon an apparent uniformity in wages in the various orders of workers without regard to individual differences of capacity. Add to this a meddlesome interference in a hundred details with the work of the individual wage-earner and the freedom of the individual employer and you have what appears to the average individualist a cruel tyranny; cruel in its effects upon the workers in depriving them of the incentives to the development of special skill and capacity by fixing wages at a dead level, and cruel to employers in apparently obliging them to put a premium upon incapacity by paying the worst workman as good a wage as the best.

No one with the slightest acquaintance with the actual working of modern industry in relation to trade unionism will deny the existence of tyranny and of much unnecessary friction due in part to ignorance on both sides, but in the main, perhaps, to the short-sighted leadership among organized wage-earners of men, who have been far from having at heart the true interests of their followers.

Yet, regarding as an historical matter this device of trade unionism which is in its essence an attempt to maintain the standard of life, the student of economic history, with all the facts before him of the oppressions of the past and of the present in the unregulated industries, would be slow to declare in favor of perfect freedom of competition among wage-earners in the absence of any regulations between them and their employers. The standard of life or the Common Rule, as it is called, which has to do with the rate of wages and hours of labor and the physical conditions of employment has been secured, as a matter of history, by organization and by stupendous effort, and there is no reason to doubt that, in the absence of effective "self-help" of this kind, the conditions of multitudes of wage-earners, under competitive production, would revert to those of the early factory system and become practically identical with those of the thousands of operatives in "sweat-shops" which exist in every city of Christendom and are not without their hold upon country communities as well.

Granting the necessity to wage-earners

under industrialism of erecting a standard of life and of organizing to maintain it, it is reassuring to find that it is not without redeeming features in relation to industry and to the interests of society as a whole. It is, after all, a superficial view which regards the Common Rule as a device for checking personal initiative and development and placing a premium upon mediocrity. The Common Rule has always to do with a *minimum*, and it places no obstacle in the way of employers who wish, by higher wages or shorter hours or better appointments, to attract to their service the best available skill.

As a matter of history there are two possible ways of employing labor. In an unregulated, open market of free competition and with a population pressing upon the limits of subsistence, labor may be had at almost any price. It is to the apparent advantage of the employer under these conditions to buy the cheapest labor, to force it to the greatest possible amount of work, and to replace it, when exhausted, by new hands which are to be treated in the same manner. This policy has unquestionably yielded large returns in the way of products and of fortunes realized from them. But there is another way, the way of the Common Rule, which obliges the employer, in giving employment, to give with it healthy conditions of labor and a wage which will enable the laborer to live and to support a family. Competition has not disappeared; it has simply "shifted from price to quality," with the effect of stimulating industry at every point. Without the Common Rule, competition for employment is a struggle among workers for work under any conditions and at any wage that will stave off imminent starvation. The cheapest labor is in demand, and the best tends to sink to the level of the worst. Under the Common Rule, or an accepted standard of life, competition becomes a struggle among the best workers for employment at the accepted rate. Not all will secure work; there will be the unemployed and the unemployable, but under the stimulus of a selection of the best, the least efficient worker feels the incentive to improvement.

The rule works both ways; for if standard conditions and a minimum wage must be ensured to all of his employés, every employer will feel the necessity of securing at that price the best available material. These facts have in them no promising outlook for the problems of the "unemployed" and of the "unemployable," but they free modern industry from the reproach of being organized on a basis which interferes with the "selection of the fittest" or with high "functional adaptation."

Underlying the prevalent modern view of industry is the assumption that it should be subjected to the highest possible pressure. This implies that society is best served when its manual labor is performed by its most skilful workers under conditions which stimulate to the utmost all organizing ability and inventive genius, and when there is a constant tendency to concentrate production at the points where the productive processes have been most specialized and where the costs of production are lowest. The view is certainly open to the objection that it involves a fundamental fallacy, that so-called industrial progress is not progress in reality, but its exact opposite; that true progress, far from being bent solely upon increasing the productive power of men—and so enormously multiplying their wants and increasing the complexity of their lives—would aim to reduce wants to a wholesome minimum and life to great simplicity, and would concentrate its genius upon developing the higher faculties of intellectual and artistic and moral life. There is, however, as essential a weakness in an absolute rejection of modern progress as in its unqualified endorsement.

A saner view sees in the practical solution of the problem of production a great step forward; and in the beginnings, at least, of attention to the problems of distribution, the most hopeful signs for the future. The evil of industrialism has been its blindness to every consideration but the production of goods, under the mistaken belief that in making things it was creating wealth; its salvation lies in recognizing that wealth does not consist in the abundance of things, but in the use that is made of them.

To such a view the concentration of labor in the hands of the fittest laborers, and of the organization of industry in the hands of the ablest *entrepreneurs*, and of the productive processes at the points of greatest productivity, are all signs of healthy

and normal progress. That trade unionism has been one of the most powerful influences in producing this result is easily demonstrable. The establishment of the Common Rule has created a competition among the best laborers for work and has forced employers to hire, instead of the cheapest labor, the most efficient that can be had at the standard rate. The history of modern industry is full of examples of the economy of well-paid labor. Good wages and reasonable hours mean a high standard of life, which means in turn a well-nourished, well-housed, well-clothed body of wage-earners; and, up to a certain point, a high standard of life has resulted invariably in high standards of skill and efficiency. It would be a curious ignorance of the facts of the growth of modern production that would deny, within certain limits, the practical economy of high wages as securing in the end the most efficient labor. Indisputably the application of the Common Rule has had the effect of facilitating a "selection of the fittest" by narrowing competition among laborers to a struggle among the best of them for work at the standard rate, and by narrowing competition among employers to the effort to secure at the fixed price the best available labor. Quite as indisputably it has enormously stimulated production by forcing brain power to its highest creative activity, both in relation to effective organization and to the improvement of the processes in use. The employer or the *entrepreneur* is not more than human. He may be depended upon to follow the line of least resistance. If in the competitive struggle with other producers, he can win by reducing wages, or increasing the hours of labor, or cheapening the conditions of work, he will do so. It is when he finds himself confronted by an unyielding wall of organized labor and of labor legislation that will not admit of reduced wages or longer hours or insanitary conditions that his creative faculties come most into play, and he solves his problem by the better organization of his work or by adopting or inventing improved machinery. If he cannot solve it, his business passes into the hands of the man who can, and we have in consequence a natural selection, not only of the fittest laborers, but of the fittest "captains of industry." The development of all modern manufacturing and mining, and even farming in part, is replete with instances of the application of this principle. Until trade unionism and labor legislation made it impossible, there lived and worked and died in the mines of England multitudes of women and children who were forced to creep on all fours through the fetid passages of the pits, dragging after them the cars to which they were attached by leathern thongs. When employers could no longer get the work done by this inhuman toil, they invented and adopted the present forms of traction. Every thoroughly representative "plant" of highly specialized production furnishes examples of the introduction of more effective organization, and of improved labor-saving devices, as a direct result of the apparently short-sighted obstinacy of wage-earners in insisting upon a common rule which meant for them a relatively high standard of life. Necessity has again and again become the mother of invention, and invention, both in organization and in method, has been the creative factor in the development of modern industry.

Unconscious tribute to the efficacy of the policy of trade unionism in helping to effect the selection of the most skilful laborers, and of the ablest *entrepreneurs*, and the most advantageous forms of industry, can be found all through the writings of the opponents of trade unionism. To them the policy was simply self-destructive in depriving wage-earners of work and in driving the small employers to the wall by concentrating production at the points of greatest economic efficiency. But their opposition has been as unintelligent in turn, as was, at an earlier day, the blind hostility of craftsmen to the introduction of labor-saving machinery. The wage-earner of the present has not been the last man to discover the truth that his interests are best served when labor and brain power and capital are co-operating at their highest productivity; for it is upon the joint product of these factors that his wages depend as certainly as do profits and interest. Increasing wages can be had only from increasing products, and perhaps the most difficult practical problem for trade unionism is to determine, under advancing production, the point to which the standard of life may be justly advanced without overtaxing

the organizers of industry or infringing upon the rights of capital.

In the light of its own history and of the effect that it has had in increasing the efficiency of modern production, every attempt on the part of trade unionists to restrict the numbers entering a trade, or to prevent the adoption of the most effective organization of industry or of the best labor-saving machinery appears, as it is, reactionary in the extreme. Such acts are in violence of the spirit and aims and interests of true trade unionism. Every trade union practising them is defeating its own ends and showing itself to that degree not a trade union in a real sense, but an organization prejudiced and ignorant of its own good, unenlightened by the practical experience of the past century of organized labor. In winking at any violence against the legal rights of individuals, trade unionism is exposing itself, certainly in America, to the inevitable retribution of the American people.

Modern democracy is watching with a critical eye the practical working out of the problem of industrialism. All thought of the reorganization of society in accordance with some preconceived plan is giving way before the idea of the gradual development of a better order as a result of struggle and survival under conditions of freedom and equality. It is to the organization of labor and of capital and to the gradual adjustment of the relations between these two great forces that democracy is looking for the working out of the problem of industrialism. The conviction is growing that the just industrial criterion is the selection of the most efficient labor, the passing of industry under the command of its ablest and most inventive captains, and the concentration of production at the points of greatest productivity. In the very gaining of these results the genius of modern times will direct itself increasingly to the solution of the unsolved problems of distribution, and there will appear, in an ever clearer light, the incontestable services of trade unionism to industry and to democracy.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE assertion, more or less hesitant, but still increasingly insistent, of the right of society to preserve natural beauty from disfigurement, is a hopeful sign pointing to the growth of a sane socialism. As distinguished from the generally recognized duty to beautify the environment in the interest of all—in the city, for example, by a park system, or in the country by a village improvement association—such assertion is in an evident sense socialistic, since it overrides so-called individual property rights. To adopt the phrases made familiar by the propaganda of Henry George, this doctrine holds beauty to be a "natural monopoly," to whose "unearned increment" the individual has no right to lay exclusive claim. Ownership in a tract of country bordering on some scene of great natural beauty presents a typical case of this "unearned increment," for the greater the attractiveness of the scene, the more it lends itself to the exploitation of advertising defacement. Thus the beauty which draws the frequent visitor constitutes all there is of value in the environment as an advertising "asset."

The Right to Keep the World Beautiful

The slow growth of a popular æstheticism, finding expression here in a State law forbidding the advertiser the use of the common highway, or there in a city ordinance protecting the approaches of a park system, has been watched with wide sympathetic interest. Those who have cherished hope for a new dispensation have been heartened by the occasional victory in England, notable in the case of Edinburgh and Dover, where by special acts of Parliament control of exposed

advertising has been conferred on the local authorities. But such experiments have been tentative, born of special exigency and marked by extreme of caution lest reform lead to trespass on "the sacred rights of private property." It has remained for Prussia to take the step in advance, by the enactment of a general law asserting as a matter of legal principle the superior right of society. This law, to quote the translation given in "A Beautiful World"—the official publication of Scapa, the English society whose mission stands justified in the general esteem by ten years, now, of fruitful service—runs as follows: "With the object of preventing the disfigurement of places remarkable for their natural beauty, the police authorities [elected local bodies] are empowered to prohibit outside of towns [protected by previous legislation] such advertising boards, or notices, or pictorial devices, as disfigure the landscape, such prohibitions to be embodied in regulations that may apply to particular spots or areas." In closing the debate in the Upper House on the passage of the act, Herr Spiritus, the reporter of the committee, developed the doctrine of the higher utility, which in a pregnant phrase of the report involves "the equitable interest of all who love the beautiful in nature." "We of the Rhine districts," said Herr Spiritus, "see many hundreds of thousands of our fellow men, coming every summer from far and near to our glorious river, to return home strengthened and entranced. . . . I hope and pray that the keen appreciation of the need of saving these charms will spread to wider circles, and that the conviction will force itself upon us all that it is the sacred duty of our generation, especially of our public men, to preserve for the enjoyment of posterity these neighborhoods of our Fatherland, 'remarkable for their natural beauty,' uninjured and undefaced."

The same view of natural beauty as a precious inheritance to be held in trust—for whose impairment under whatever color of personal right the trustees (the State) are justly to be held responsible to future generations—has also, most appropriately, received official recognition in Switzerland, though not yet embodied in law. The Grand Conseil of the Canton of Vaud, aroused by advertising desecration, appointed a commission to appeal to the Conseil d'Etat. The commission's report, the work of M. Bonnard, points out that though there is no precedent for advertising restriction, new conditions make their own precedent, as in the case of regulating the speed of the automobile; that such a new consideration is created by advertising invasion, since those who visit Switzerland to see and feel the beauty of nature find frustration instead, distracted as they are by the "little concerns" of petty advertisers so constantly thrust before their eyes. "The natural beauties of our country," summarizes M. Bonnard, emphasizing his Swiss view of the higher utility, "constitute our distinguishing natural treasure. These beauties are the vital source of nourishment for our patriotism, and for our culture, moral or intellectual. The child sees without appreciating them, but with age they take on new value and attractiveness for each day of his growth."

Gratifying as is this departure, establishing as it does a new status for society's right and duty to preserve and transmit unimpaired whatever of beauty there is in the world, we may yet fail fully to appreciate its special significance for the crowded, strenuous living of to-day. This significance found adequate expression in the closing word of an address by President Eliot on the value to great cities of rural reservations, that "they separate city men and women from the squalor, tumult, and transitoriness of the human ant-hill, and bring them face to face with things calm, lovely, grand, and enduring."

THE FIELD OF ART

THE AMERICAN ART STUDENT IN PARIS

YOU have won your scholarship and have elected to study in Paris—a wise choice in my view; and from my experience you seek counsel. This I count it a privilege to give; but if, in my practical advice to you as a typical young artist going abroad for the first time, you find some consideration of your immediate past, you must take it as part of the whole, for from this environment you spring and to it I trust you will return to hold up the hands of an older generation; to continue and perfect the effort to implant a worthy growth of art in our own country.

In many practical ways your path will be made easy to you on your arrival in Paris. You very probably know some one or more of the fifteen hundred art students from these shores who enjoy the hospitality of the Capital of France. Lacking such acquaintance, you have but to apply to the American Art Association in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, a club which has a membership of four hundred of your countrymen, art students, to secure a compatriot's aid in finding lodgings. Choice of a school will probably prove more embarrassing, for at the club or in the restaurants to which you will be convoyed you will meet many of your future associates, and find almost as many conflicting opinions as to the best school.

In reality it matters little, for your first choice may be very probably supplanted by another as soon as you have taken a settled place in your new environment. From my view, which I warn you may not be shared by your new associates, I should advise one of the Government schools, for reasons which I will develop later. You will be told that they are not "up to date," none of the "strong men" are there, that the instructors are "old fogies," that Americans are not popular and are subjected to strange tortures within their walls; and again, quite probably your own inclination will lead you to some one of the ateliers established by private enterprise, which have the business cunning to attract the young student by enrolling the men whose names have appeared the latest on the ever-shifting list of Salon success, among their instructors. Against such temptation it is wise to study the antecedents of the newly successful men, and more often than not you will find that they owe their training to men or schools at which the irreverential fledgling art student looks askance.

When one has changed his country, his habits, and, after sedulously taking advantage of all that can profit him in his native land, has gone abroad to study, the part of wisdom is to seek further knowledge in the differences rather than in the resemblances which may exist between his old environment and the new. The most obvious aid to the knowledge of a new country is to speak its language; and yet so easy has it become to live in Paris and find sufficient companionship among one's own compatriots, that it is the rule rather than the exception for our students to return home with only such smattering of French as suffices to order a dinner. Modern art owes so much to France that it would appear obvious that the first concern of the student should be to acquaint himself with the causes of this beneficial influence, and without the language, without companionship with its people of all degrees—and no one feature of its extreme civilization is more marked than the ease with which the inquiring student can approach even its greatest men—this is clearly impossible.

Therefore, study the language with the same zealous interest that you bestow on the life school. In furtherance of the same object, seek companions among your French comrades, for you will find it easy, in the unconventional society of the atelier, to choose your associates, and you will do wisely to choose them from the people of the country.

Entrance to the governmental schools is less easy than to the independent ateliers,

where ability to pay the fee is the chief qualification. Beyond a *bienvenue* or treat offered by the newcomer to his fellow students, at an expense of about twenty francs, there is no fee in the École des Beaux-Arts, where the student in any branch of fine art has the choice of three different ateliers or masters. There is an examination, however, which demands a certain knowledge of the language in which it is naturally conducted, and some slight acquaintance with the history of art, including a few rudimentary principles of architecture, perspective, anatomy, and a drawing from the antique or life to show technical proficiency. None of this, however, is beyond the power of an ordinarily intelligent youth, and even by a total stranger to the language can be prepared in a couple of months. Should the student fail in his first examination there are preparatory schools, one in the Rue de l'École de Medicine, another at the Gobelins, under governmental patronage, where the conditions for entrance are less difficult and facilities for study are nearly as great, where your time could be profitably spent awaiting your entrance to one of the ateliers of the Beaux-Arts.

In my view, however, your time for two months following your arrival in Paris could be more profitably spent than in the school. You have had at home, for two or three years at least, almost daily attendance in the antique and life schools. With the model before you, you draw reasonably well and have even exercised your talent for composition to the scanty degree for which our schools provide. Here you are to realize, perhaps for the first time, how elementary your studies have been and how many of the elements of a thorough artistic education can never be acquired in an academy.

The examination for entrance to the École des Beaux-Arts is a proof of this, for you may be the most brilliant pupil of our schools, have won your scholarship, and yet never encountered half the problems there set out in a programme carefully devised to meet an average grade of scholastic attainment.

Address yourself, therefore, for half your time for two months to prepare for this examination. Tuition in French is extremely cheap, and you can easily find an elder student in some one of the advanced schools with which Paris teems—very probably a student of the Beaux-Arts—who will be able to help you in all the branches of art in which you are to be examined, and with the language as well. Give your mind most earnestly to this and you will have laid the foundation of a proper enjoyment of the advantages which you have crossed the Atlantic to seek. The remainder of your time of probation you can make at once a pure delight and a most beneficial experience. You are now set down in the richest capital of art of the old world, and this profusion of riches is yours for the asking. Profit, then, by this privilege, and that there may be no doubt of its profit, direct your steps through this great labyrinth of art in orderly and consecutive fashion.

The museums in Paris are many. The Louvre and the Luxembourg comprise the great collections of ancient and modern art, and in the former a student of art might pass a life well spent. I can well forgive, and envy you, your first plunge into these delights. You will find art on every hand, and will begin to comprehend that it means vastly more than a picture on the line at the Society of American Artists or the "double page" of our best remunerated illustrator!

But remember that you are but at the threshold, your taste all untrained, and your gold of to-day may prove the dross of the morrow.

And here, I own, my task of counsellor becomes difficult. Temperaments vary, and to the artist well advised the most precious of his possessions is his personality, which leads him instinctively in a path where none may direct him; where direction, implied or absolute, is an impertinence. This much, however, may be said: no artist was ever harmed by knowledge and comprehension of the various manifestations of the art spirit; and the habit of reflection and comparison should be early formed and cultivated. To this, habitual reading is the greatest aid. The constant practice of drawing and painting, has given you probably little time, nor awakened a taste for reading of your art. But the very nature of the examination for which you are preparing proves its necessity, and once the habit formed, if you love your art, you will find in the story of your predecessors, in their reflections on their art, much aid and counsel. France has a literature particularly rich in this direction, and before you read its tongue with facility you can find

among the two million volumes of the Bibliothèque Nationale translations or original works in English, among which I would fain turn you out to browse. When this or that man interests you in the Louvre, ask from the courteous attendants at the Bibliothèque Nationale for works relating to him. Read prejudiced Vasari, and of nearly every man there mentioned you can find fuller information in the many works published since his day. Endeavor to follow the sequence of schools and masters as laid down in the larger catalogues of the Louvre in studying the galleries after your first hurried examination. In this way you will learn to know yourself, and, far from deviating from the path where your natural temperament would lead you, you will separate the wheat from the chaff, and seek the work which will help you the most. All this you will not accomplish in what I have termed your two months of probation; but I have indicated to you a most precious possession for all your future life, if in this short time you have formed a habit of reading and reflection.

As you have no doubt noted, I have written at some length, with little reference to the life school—which has preoccupied your life for the past few years, and which undoubtedly appears to you the chief reason for your seeking Paris for a prolongation of the delights of technical study under instruction of a higher grade than you could enjoy at home. Here to a degree you are doomed to disappointment. The technical proficiencies of our craft are, above all, the fruit of assiduous and continuous effort on our own part. Consequently the superiority of the Paris schools over those in our chief cities lies less in the comparatively higher technical proficiency of the class as a whole—though that exists in some cases—than in the incomparably higher aim of the average French art student.

This is the chief reason why I counsel you to avoid certain of the ateliers which have sprung up these later years in Paris, in which the great majority of students are Americans. In these your home standards of the aim of art are rife, and in some cases advanced students of our own nationality have established and maintain schools in Paris largely attended by their compatriots, and in all these you may study for years without receiving a tithe of the benefits which are yours for the price of resolutely putting away from you the lower standards and the contentment with partial achievement which characterize, naturally enough, the art effort of our new country, but which, thus transplanted to a land of fuller comprehension, become absurd.

Your eyes, very properly, have been glued to your drawing board in your studies here, but you have seen some of the more advanced of your fellows disappear from the school at a critical period of their career, on the eve of further progress, to make a short apparition a few weeks later, with a high hat and a large cigar, to announce their engagement, at a good salary, as the artist of the "Daily Screecher." The enormous and, possibly, temporary use of illustration in our daily press is thus responsible for blighting the future of men capable of better things and for lowering the standard of our schools, which, for the most part dependent upon the fees of students for their very existence, are forced, however indirectly, to recognize this new demand for a cheap and limited achievement. You are too young to remember that twenty years ago there was a most hopeful and promising school of etchers here. Lack of standard enabled anyone who could scratch a copper plate to put his wares on the market, the print-sellers and department stores saw the business opportunity, and to-day etching here is virtually dead, with none to do it honor. Almost at the same time the art of the glass stainer was reinvented, to all intents and purposes, in our new land, and there was promise that this most delightful of arts would flourish in the pious desire to commemorate our dead, translated through the sympathetic art of the designer. But no sooner had some notable results been achieved than the business sense of the American saw again his opportunity, and to-day, discredited by architects in their buildings though it may be, great business organizations turn out vast quantities of colored glass, while in their offices stacks of alleged designs, appropriately assorted to the needs of widows, orphans, or building committees, await the moment when their commercial traveller, akin to the cheerful person known as the "ambulance chaser," can present himself in the house of mourning with his already prepared "appropriate" design.

Again, in my extreme youth there was a race of men known as "draughtsmen-on-wood," working for the most part in obscure

offices in the business districts of the town or housed in publishing offices; having no part or parcel of recognition in the art of the day. Without models or recourse to nature these men produced the illustrations which served for books and magazines.

Art took a higher flight, and for a time illustration became of serious importance. In our nascent art no one stood so high but that the publisher found him willing to lend his best effort to the embellishment of book or magazine. To name but one result, which must be known to you, the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," by Elihu Vedder, is likely to remain as one of our greatest achievements in art. Since then the profusion of quantity rather than quality has taken the place of the measured and masterly work for which we might have hoped. The desire for quick results has sent embryotic youths—often enough superficially clever in an imitative sense—to the doors of publishers, where, unfortunately, they have been met half-way. Hence our profusion of illustrations, which, served *ad nauseam* in our daily press, our magazines and books, makes an easy transition from a year or two of school for the young artist whose practical papa is more often than not pleased with the boy's earning capacity and his name writ large in our current publications. The time will come as we grow older, and—let me hazard the word—more civilized when the "delightful sketchy quality" with which the half-educated artist and the half-educated public are satisfied to-day will cease to please, and then, too late to acquire a knowledge of good drawing and sound construction, our fledgling artist will regret his early flight before his wings could carry far.

You will find little of this in the École des Beaux-Arts. Since 1688 this school has followed its placid existence, conscious that art is long. Fixing the limit of the age for competition for the Prix du Rome, its final recompense, at thirty, entailing four years' residence in Rome, the fortunate few who win this prize may begin their life-work at thirty-four. This, as you may readily see, gives a serious aspect to the vocation of an artist, which, if better understood in our country, would singularly diminish the numbers of those who enter the career here "from a notion of its ease." You will also find that your French comrades avail themselves of the many lectures and subsidiary courses of art education established in their school, which will be equally open to you.

In many of the independent ateliers in Paris you would find, as prevails here, the belief that the means of technical assiduity with brush and pencil in the life school is the end and aim of art; but no such heresy has yet invaded the halls of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where instructors and pupils can look back two hundred years and find among their predecessors the names which make France to-day the aim of your pilgrimage.

Permit me in conclusion, and as a moral, to tell you a true story. A friend of mine, a French artist, who reached his present high position some time after forty, has a son of great talent. In the relaxation of his studies the son produced a number of etchings which, printed in color, appealed to a prevailing fad of print collectors, and a dealer in the Rue Lafitte bought them freely and encouraged the youth to produce others. They were charming things, and the youth of twenty was fairly launched to attain the rather difficult prize of a Parisian success. Here, I fear, the result would not have been doubtful; but the youth's father, appreciating the gravity of the situation, paid a visit to the dealer, calling his attention to the fact that his son was a minor and that, unwilling to jeopardize his art career by the interruption of his studies, no further encouragement was to be given to the young artist. The son on his part recognized readily enough the justice of his father's decision, and the youth returned to his studies; this year only, at twenty-four, making a most brilliant début in the Salon.

That in this spirit you may work, and on the completion of your term of study return here to join and aid the men who, with little encouragement, are yet visibly though slowly raising the standard of our home achievement, is my sincere hope. WILL H. LOW.



MADAME GAUTREAU.
PORTRAIT BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

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JOHN S. SARGENT

By Royal Cortissoz

MR. SARGENT'S princely rank in modern painting was conferred upon him at his birth. In his career, which already has entered into the history of art as something singular and important, every condition has been favorable. All things, from the start, conspired to make him a painter, and even in his student days he possessed the instinctive authority over his brushes which, in an age of technicians, is nevertheless rare. The point means more than is immediately obvious. Scores of modern painters paint so well that in any exhibition, until the self-confessed amateurs are reached, a certain workmanlike standard is taken as a matter of course. But look beneath the surface in any collection of contemporary pictures, and a surprising number of celebrated names are found to spell one of two things—mechanism or effort. Mr. Sargent's name does not spell either. Bred in the studio of a Parisian of the Parisians, he has never adopted any of the hollow tricks of the Salonnier, who reduces execution to a science, and calls it art; and, paradoxically, while "the way in which he does it" is a matter of perpetual interest to his critics, he offers in his work the proof of Mr. Whistler's maxim, that "a picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared."

I am aware of the danger in approaching Mr. Sargent along these cheerful lines. For the last two or three years he has tyrannized over the Royal Academy in a way well calculated to make a great many excellent mediocrities hate the sight of his productions. It has been a case of Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere. One show in particular at Burlington House—it was, I think, in 1900—I vividly remember. The vast wall space was, as usual, more than well covered. I scrutinized every inch of it with care, and an open mind. Literally, every canvas that had something profitable to say for itself was a Sargent. His peers have accepted the situation with amiability. But a mild reaction has recently set in, and as Mr. Sargent is not able, any more than any other man, to strike twelve every time he paints a picture, he has been terribly taken to task for his failures; divers critics have been finding out that he hasn't really any genius at all, but is simply one more "talent"—of a rather unusual order, to be sure, but still only a talent. For my own part, the shock of one of his failures has always been especially distressing; it has come with a weight in proportion to its source. But why in the world it should set any one to a solemn shaking of the head over the painter of the "Carmencita," or the "Miss Beatrice Goelet," or the "Asher Wertheimer, Esq.," it is difficult to perceive. Most of the Jeremiads intoned over him, apropos of an unsuccessful portrait, actually amount to this: that he does not paint like somebody else, like Titian, or Rembrandt, or Gainsborough, or Degas. Better a hundred failures than the one most humiliating of all—the failure to paint like himself.

He has been his own inspiration from the outset, a fact redoubled in interest when his early environment is considered.

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He was born in Florence (in 1856), and I suppose the future historian will accordingly look for traces of Italian art in his development. They lurk, presumably, in the copies of Venetian portraits which he is said to have made, and, doubtless, in boyish sketch-books thus far hidden from the public. Certainly, too, the scenes of his youth must be counted among those favorable conditions to which allusion has been made above. No one with the artistic temperament could live, at the most impressionable of all ages, among the masterpieces of the Southern schools, and not of the "Croizette," the "Sabine," and other memorable canvases of the seventies and thereabouts. These were among the first-fruits of a reorganized state of affairs, and, it may be remarked in passing, Mr. Sargent is inconceivable save as a follower of the new, essentially modern régime.

It is interesting to consider the situation in Paris as he confronted it on his arrival twenty or twenty-five years ago. By that time the Barbizon painters had begun to reap the rewards of their long struggle with adversity, and impressionism had made



Study for "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose."

experience a fertilization of his nature, a purification of his taste. But whatsoever he may have derived, in the way of stimulus or suggestion, from the linear charm of the Tuscan Primitives, the plastic power of the North Italians, or the sensuous beauty of the Venetians, he has kept to himself. When the time for his apprenticeship arrived he gravitated to Paris as naturally and, from all we know to the contrary, as little encumbered with prejudice, as any American leaving New York or Boston for the artistic workshop of the world. He found there the one teacher, as it seems to me, best fitted to his own aptitudes—Carolus Duran. Not the Duran of that specious virtuosity which of late years has glittered in the Salon with the gaudy pride of fashionable vulgarity itself, but the Duran some of its most violent excursions into the enemy's country. But the enemy was not by any means to be ejected in a day from his Academic citadel, and, moreover, to the young painter then feeling his way, the official exhibitions presented appeals which it would have required some courage and more stupidity for him to disdain. The truth is that there was a good deal going on in the Paris of Mr. Sargent's salad days which did not need a novel label to recommend it. Academic ideals were waning, but not all the Academicians, or all their fellow-believers in the artistic principles handed down by the fathers, were committed to a soulless routine. If Cabanel was painting his correct and cold presentments of the *grande dame* of his day, Bonnat was modelling, with a kind of brutal en-

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"Carnation Lily, Lily Rose."

ergy, portrait after portrait of the statesman, the poet, and the soldier, and making them anything but cold. Degas himself, creating a new school, was not unmindful of an old one. He emulated, in his independent way, the classicist he adored—Ingres. There appeared in a New York gallery not long ago a souvenir of Degas in this backward-glancing mood of his, a portrait of a woman, which was a little sermon in itself against always looking for the virtues of change where change is most manifest. In some of its aspects this painting might pass for a page from the ante-impressionistic era. It has in it the sobriety and the rectitude of Ingres himself, and draws near to the "finish," while it assuredly possesses the solidity, characteristic of many an Academician. The note in the thing, of an aim new at that time, lies altogether in the quality of its execution, in the personal treatment of a scheme entirely impersonal, in beauty of modelling and tone.



Study for "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose."

It is the fashion to enhance applause of an innovator by contempt of the men he has risen to supplant. As a matter of fact there were capable painters before Manet, and contemporary with him, who had no impulse toward his subversive tendencies, and the formation of Mr. Sargent's style is the more interesting to observe if we see it going on, not amid the harmonious teachings of a single school, but in a time of many movements and in one of transition into the bargain. The choice of a definite line of action at such a time involves the use of so much the more judgment and individuality. One point it is important to remember. Mr. Sargent, studying under the wing of Carolus Duran, was in an atmosphere sympathetic to new ideas, but not at all inhospitable to old ones. While he emerged from his master's studio a modern in the best sense of the term, it was with a vein of conservatism in him which has never disappeared. Of how many modern painters, endowed as he has been with superabundant technical brilliance, could it be said that they have never exceeded a certain limit of audacity? I know of no canvas of his which could fairly be called sensational. One of the least conventional of painters, his art nevertheless remains adjusted to the tone and movement of the world in which he lives—surely a fine example of genius expressing its age. Like Degas, in the portrait aforesaid, he has poured new wine into an old bottle without breaking the bottle.

Thus far I have taken it for granted that it is of Sargent the portrait-painter we are



Mrs. Henry G. Marquand.

speaking, yet his predestination to that rôle, which has since been made unmistakable, is not clear in the opening incidents of his career. He painted portraits, but he painted other things, notably some Spanish and Venetian subjects out of which he got so much of the charm of Southern picturesqueness, without any of its factitious and theatrical elements, that if he were not indispensable in portraiture one might sigh for his return to the freedom and variety of



Italian With Rope.

the casual composition. I say "casual" advisedly, for some of the most characteristic of the earlier works I have in mind are, if not exactly unstudied, at all events chiefly admirable for the spontaneity and almost artless vivacity with which they record impressions of things seen. One of them is "A Street in Venice," in which two cloaked idlers watch a girl who passes them, her shawl drawn close about her, her face toward the spectator. "Venetian Bead Stringers," which dates apparently from the same period, is a shadowy interior with three figures. It is a long time since I have seen either of these paintings, but I retain as clearly as though I had seen them yesterday, a sense of the vitality in them; of their charm as of motives taken from common life and lifted at once out of the commonplace. The figures are so effectively placed, the light and shade playing about them are so skilfully directed, the touch is so fresh and so sure. Here is, in short, what Mr. Sargent, the painter of such subjects, always gives us—a sane and winning naturalism.

Sometimes it has taken a delicately romantic tone. In a volume of "Spanish and Italian Folk-Songs," published by Miss Alma Strettell in 1887, six of the twelve illustrations are by Mr. Sargent. The frontispiece is a sketch of a gypsy dance, with figures thrust forth from, or almost buried in, mysterious gloom. One of the plates in the body of the book is of a quaint image of the Madonna such as Southern peasants worship. In a second a woman draws back in terror from the mystic message of the cards whose power she has invoked; in a third a dancer, with superb gesture, is drawn with wonderful



Johannes Wolff.

feeling for rhythmic motion; the next subject is a dainty garden scene, and the last is a Crucifixion. In all the drawings there is an emotion not of the surface, a hint that the painter has caught the strain of *macabre* poetry in his material. But even in these one cannot but feel that his salient faculty is that of the artist who labors most fruitfully "with his eye on the object," not with his imagination hovering around its inner secrets. How secure he has ever been from drifting, through this purely visual preoccupation, into the cruder naturalism of the French school—the influence of which was in the air in his younger days—is shown, even more than in these fugitive smaller essays, by the large picture of a Spanish dance, "El Jaleo," which he sent to the Salon of 1882 and which was for some years lent to the Fine Arts Museum of Boston by the gentleman in that city to whom it belongs.

I can imagine Mr. Sargent contemplating an inroad upon the Salon, remembering the conditions imposed by that storm-tossed arena upon the contributor who does not want to be swamped, and speculating as to whether this painting of his, in subject, scale, and treatment, would "do." Decidedly it would do. "El Jaleo" is the kind of picture that "makes a hole in the wall." It would hold its own amid a host of *machins*. But I cannot imagine Mr. Sargent allowing anything of the *machin* to creep into it. He must know the language of the Parisian studios, but he does not speak it in his work. Perhaps it is his Florentine up-bringing, steadying his taste; perhaps it is his effortless originality. Whatever the safeguard, he is as free from the *cliché*—and from vulgarity—in "El Jaleo" as he is, say, in his portrait of "Miss Beatrice Goelet," a painting in which the innocent sweetness of childhood unfolds itself like a flower. "El Jaleo," though it was in the Salon, was not of it. Like the Venetian studies just cited, it is a piece of naturalistic painting; every ingredient of visible passion, grace, and Spanish glamour which belongs to the famous dance, as I have seen it again and again in Seville and Madrid, is reflected as in a mir-



Bedouin Arab.



Egyptian Woman with Coin Necklace.

ror; but there is no tincture of the photograph there. Merely as a realistic record of facts this makes the numerous studies of the same theme which have passed through the Salon, look forced and garish, its realism being of the higher order. Put its veracity aside and you still have what is, after all, the thing most worth having in the circumstances,—a beautiful work of art, beautiful in its rich darks, its luminous yet restrained yellows, its grouping of some eight or ten figures in a design which seems simplicity itself—until you take the trouble to analyze the balance of its movement, and the subtle co-ordination of its values. What holds one, moreover, in this production of a young man still in his twenties, is its astonishing aplomb; the ease and keen unhackneyed "attack" with which the thing is done, proclaim a painter who has "arrived" and with whom modern art will henceforth have to reckon. It has been reckoning with him ever since, now breathless with admiration, now full of impatience and indignation over some ill-considered piece of work, but never indifferent.

One way of emphasizing this point is to face the fact that for years Mr. Sargent has sent scarcely anything save portraits to the exhibitions. A great portrait is one of the greatest things in the world, but it is not, to-day, the portrait-painter of whom one would ordinarily hear most. The subject-picture has a way of taking the centre of the stage, and in the twenty years and more that have elapsed since "El Jaleo" was painted, Mr. Sargent has done nothing save the charming "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," to follow up the success of that work. His decorations for the Boston Public Library occupy a place apart in his activity, and form in no sense a sequence to his early triumph. Possibly we have lost by his abstention, though it may be that he gives us all that it is really delightful to have, outside of his portraiture, in such studies and sketches as those with which he amuses himself when on his travels, and in the intervals of painting portraits at home. At any rate, a good portrait by him has an interest quite as potent as that of a subject-picture. This, which is so true of him to-day, has never been truer than it was when he was only nearing the threshold of his present extraordinary vogue. I might cite in evidence that noted portrait which he painted, in 1879, of his master, in worthy requital of all that Carolus Duran had done in teaching him the rudiments of his profession. But an apter illustration is provided by the full-length he made of a famous Parisian beauty, Madame Gautreau. That inspiring personality we may see also in a brilliant half-length by Courtois, and it is most instructive to compare the two. The Frenchman's work is a polished piece of draughtsmanship. He has handled his motive somewhat in the vein of an old Florentine or Milanese profile, and has achieved a pure distinction in the contour, a delicacy in the tone, by virtue of which he has carried the panel through one exhibition after another, undiminished in its prestige. Sargent's much larger portrait, which he sent to the Salon two years after "El Jaleo," is inferior to it in linear austerity, and in atmosphere, as of something sculpturesque and fragile. But in everything else it is a much more striking performance. I need not pause upon the technique, save to note that it has a good deal of the characteristic Sargent effulgence, and an elasticity and breadth to which Courtois could lay no claim. What is important is the conception, which is as modern and personal as the other is neo-Italian and Academic; and in addition there is the masterful accent of the man born to paint portraits, born to draw from each of his sitters the one unforgettable and vital impression which is waiting for the artist.

People complain that Mr. Sargent violates the secret recesses of human vanity, and brings hidden, because unlovely, traits out into the light of day; that his candor with the brush is startling, to say the least, and sometimes even perilous. He is accused not simply of painting his sitter, "wart and all," but of exaggerating the physical or moral disfigurement. If this is true there is something humorous in the spectacle, which is constantly being presented, of men and women running the risk. But the risk is not so great as it seems. Take the portrait of Madame Gautreau. It is no encroachment upon the privacy of that lady to consider both portraits of her with brief reference to their original, and to observe that while Courtois gives us an enchanting variation on his theme, Sargent's canvas vibrates with the



Miss Octavia Hill.

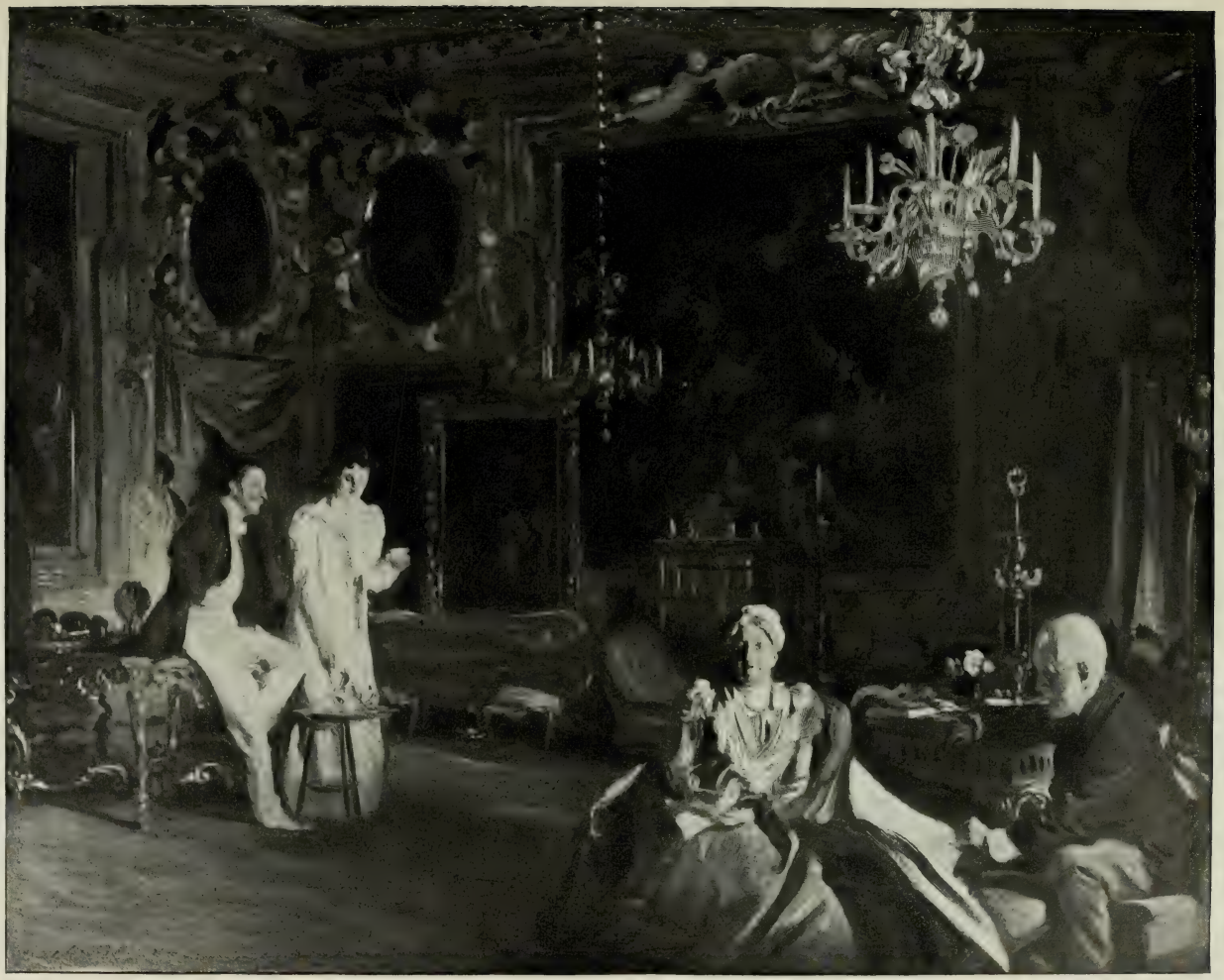
exquisite quality of the theme itself, in all its integrity. That is his great gift. He does not betray his sitter. He takes his or her essential traits and makes them the stuff of a kind of pictorial demonstration, interesting us in them profoundly. Few of his sitters seem, as we see them on the canvas, to have been passive on his hands. The electric currents of a duel are in the air. to strike Mr. Sargent as a factor in portraiture of no less constructive importance than form or color is simply one of the proofs of his adequacy.

There is a good story of the late Coventry Patmore and the portrait of him by Mr. Sargent which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Basil Champneys, in his biography of the poet, relates that



Portrait Sketch.

Character has thrown down its challenge, the painter has taken it up, and the result is a work in which character is fused with design, plays its part in the artistic unit as powerfully, and almost as vividly, as any one of the tangible facts of the portrait. Where Madame Gautreau has received a happier commemoration at Sargent's hands than at those of Courtois, has been in the greater extent to which the American has allowed her to co-operate, as it were, with him. Her style, her atmosphere, the last, most evanescent perfume of her individuality, help enormously to make this portrait appealing not simply as a portrait, but as a painting. I cannot see in this any of the "risk" to which I have just referred. Complaint is apt to come, I fear, from those who cannot understand that the business of the portrait-painter is to tell the truth. That the truth happens when the work was finished and he went down to Lymington to see what the original declared to be "the best portrait which Sargent, or probably any other painter, had ever painted," it struck him as inclining toward caricature. Patmore asked for his opinion. "I told him," says Mr. Champneys, "that if the picture had been extended downwards there must have appeared the handle of a whip, and that he would then have been fully revealed as a sort of Southern planter on the point of thrashing his slaves and exclaiming, 'You damned niggers!'" Patmore was pleased. "He always delighted in any tribute to his grasp of active life, and prided himself on his power of dealing blows to the adversary." Mr. Sargent had missed the aspect of "seer," which in later years had alone seemed to Mr. Champneys characteristic of his friend. Is posterity the loser? Will



A Venetian Interior.

it receive a false impression of Patmore? I doubt it.

In the light of the long procession of portraits which he has put to his credit, it seems to me that if there is a living painter in whose interpretations of character confidence can be placed, it is Mr. Sargent. His range is apparently unlimited. He has painted Carmencita in all the pomp and insolence of her mundane beauty; and not only in the "Miss Beatrice Goelet," but in the "Hon. Laura Lister," the "Homer St. Gaudens," the "Master Goodrich," and "The Boit Children," he has treated adolescence with the most searching understanding. He has painted men and women in their prime and in their old age, and in whatever walk of life he has found them, he has apprehended them with the "seeing eye" that is half the battle. Actors, actresses, lawyers, architects, soldiers, painters, statesmen, poets, noblemen, commoners, men of affairs, and nobodies, all these has he painted and painted well, and, besides, he has portrayed the woman of fashion, in her infinite



Dante and Virgil.
Sketch for an illustration.



Capri Girl.

variety, with incomparable elegance and penetration.

Five years ago, when the only representative exhibition of his works which has thus far been held, was given in Boston, I remember with what human interest the hall seemed filled. It was as though one were witnessing some great levee or other ceremonial, crowded with beautiful and distinguished personalities, and murmurous with living voices. Nowhere in that assemblage did the note seem forced. It was not criticism, but an irresistible play upon words in which Mr. Whistler indulged when he looked at the "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," and said, "Darnation Silly, Silly Pose." It is worth noticing that it is not in his portraits of men, but in his portraits of women, who illustrate far more histrionically the nervous tension of the age, that Mr. Sargent has painted his most unconventional compositions. And when his subject has permitted him to exchange nervousness for repose, with what felicity he has seized his opportunity! There is not in modern portraiture a more satisfactory study in dignity and noble stateliness than his "Mrs. Marquand." On the other hand, the quality which is so well expressed in this canvas, while evidently accessible to Mr. Sargent when he is painting a single figure, escapes him on some other occasions when his task is more complicated. He could repeat the quiet pose of the "Mrs. Marquand" in his portrait of Lady Agnew, one of the most refined works he has ever painted, but in his group portraits, where poise is most needed, it is markedly absent. Sometimes it hardly matters. The "Mrs. Carl Meyer and Her Children," for example, is so captivating in its Gallic lightness of feeling, so dazzling in its technique, that it were futile to quarrel with its composition—an application to portraiture of the principle of spontaneity which we have seen in action in his early Venetian

sketches. "The Misses Vickers," which was painted in the middle eighties, some ten or twelve years before the "Mrs. Meyer," also justifies itself through the sheer charm of the effect which the painter has secured from his lawless arrangement of forms. But what of "The Three Graces," as by common consent it was called, the big canvas (representing Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane, the daughters of Mrs. Wyndham) which created a furore in the Academy four years since? The uneasy balance of the thing was, in my opinion, only thrown into clearer relief by the presence of Watts's portrait of Mrs. Wyndham in the background, where Mr. Sargent had dimly indicated that fine souvenir of a modern exemplar of the grand manner. What of the other large group which he has since executed, "The Misses Hunter"?



A Study.

They are interesting paintings. Mr. Sargent could not be dull if he tried. But they do not seem, like his single portraits, or even like one of his double portraits, "The Daughters of Asher Wertheimer," to be—there is no other word—inevitable. There is work in them finer than anything any of his contemporaries could do—and there is the sense of artifice and effort, of lines teased into relations to one another which, when he is himself, Mr. Sargent never discloses. The trouble, I take it, is that he is groping through the intricacies of a formula, a thing foreign to his genius, and, what is more, foreign to his time. The only artists who have ever succeeded in doing the sort of thing Mr. Sargent has latterly been trying to do in these groups of his, have been painters like Mignard, Rigaud, Largillière, and the rest, in France, or like Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and their school in England —men who have been born to a tradition half social and half artistic, and have therefore moved within its boundaries with unconscious ease. In his endeavor to reconcile the mode of the eighteenth century with the spirit of the twentieth, Mr. Sargent has "gone against nature," and, for once, his consummate ability has been set at naught. In other words, in these groups he is not himself; and in being himself, as cannot be too often reiterated, resides a great part of his strength.

He is himself in his reading of character, in his design, and in his style. To say this is not to forget his indebtedness, where style is concerned, to other painters, even to Duran. I think there is something of Duran in his mere cleverness, which, like so much that is fluent and self-possessed in modern craftsmanship, could have been developed in Paris and nowhere else. The broad, slashing stroke of Hals has taught him something, it is fair to assume, and the influence of Velasquez in his work is sufficiently obvious. Yet there is not in all his painting the ghost of what it would be reasonable to call an imitative passage. The rapidity and *bravura* of Hals he recalls often enough, but never the Dutchman's blunt simplicity. The temperament of the racy old master and that of the cosmopolitan modern are poles apart. He revives sometimes, in terms of brush-work, the tradition of Velasquez, but it is not by brush-work alone that style is made; with the painter of "Las Meninas" and "Las Hilanderas," color is peculiarly important, and between color as he understood it, and



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John S. Sargent.

Mr. Sargent's, there is no connecting link. One is all limpidity and sober charm, even when it is in its higher keys. The other is sharp, vibrating, and, though always in good taste, never deep or tender. To see the point in a nutshell, compare the plangent brilliance of the costume in the portrait of Carmencita with the melting, bloom-like beauty of a dress worn by one of the Infantas of the Prado. The clear *timbre* of the older colorists, resonant and haunting, has always struck me as lying outside the scope of Mr. Sargent's art, if not, perhaps, incompatible with so militant and pyrotechnical a phenomenon. The differences between him and his illustrious predecessors go to the very root of the matter. If his prototype is to be looked for anywhere—though there is, to be sure, no great necessity for finding one—it must be in another modern, the Belgian, Alfred Stevens. He is no more a modern Hals or Velasquez than he is a modern Rembrandt or Botticelli, for he looks at life and art from a totally different point of view; not simply, or grandly, or tragically, or imaginatively, but with the detached, intellectual curiosity of a man of the world. He paints with a dexterity that is of the same modern, eclectic, and yet intensely individualized origin as his mental attitude. Of course he has profited by the great exemplars of technique. As a great technician he could not have done anything else.

He has his place in the hierarchy, the place of a portrait-painter, for all that the pictures mentioned above have such rare merit. The decorations in the Boston Public Library serve but to confirm this hypothesis. They represent a high ambition, they fill given spaces with impressive ideas eloquently expressed; but as decorations in the strict sense they want the unity which elsewhere Mr. Sargent so easily achieves. The strongest elements in them are elements of portraiture—the powerful characterization and varied handling of forms in the now famous frieze of Prophets, and certain specific embodiments, like the Astarte or the Moloch, in the upper sections of the scheme at either end of the hall. It is as a portrait-painter that he stands head and shoulders above all his contemporaries, even his failures possessing an interest denied to many a clever painter's successes. Those failures he would probably be the first to acknowledge and deplore, and I dare say that they have been due to want of sympathy more than to anything else.

In the exhibition held at Boston this summer, of the fifteen or twenty portraits executed during his recent visit to this country, the good works and the bad ones were clearly those which had been done with enthusiasm and those which were perfunctory. If he had failed to wreak himself to good purpose upon some of his subjects it was because they had given him no such inspiration as that by which he was moved when he painted, for example, the large portrait of Colonel Higginson for the Harvard Union. To the making of that he had brought warm feeling, and he lifted it to an almost heroic plane. When he paints pot-boilers he is lost. Not his most elaborate portrait of a gorgeous personage, set in the most luxurious surroundings, has, if he has put nothing but mere workmanship into it, anything like the interest which attaches to some such sincere fragment as his sketch of the painter Helleu, working in the open air. His pencil portraits are uneven. They are only worthy of him when they reveal that caressing instinct for delicacy of linear effect which a long time ago he showed to such beguiling purpose in the sketch he painted of the wax bust at Lille attributed to Raphael. Yet in recalling the great mass of Mr. Sargent's work, I have been impressed by the comparative scarcity of portraits to which the word failure might in justice be applied —and by the disposition, moreover, of most of his successes to not merely fill the moment with their *éclat*, but to "wear well." Fortunate is the generation that is privileged to be painted by him!



Table Mountain from Jackass Hill.

THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE days of '49 will always hold a glamour of their own; the farther they recede into the past the more they seem tinged with a certain romantic charm. Among the Sierra foothills, those bulwarks of eternal snowpeaks, the country is even now full of interest, riddled as it is with mines, befouled with dumps, intersected by flumes and ditches of rushing water, saffron-tinted with iron oxides, torn and scraped as by the greedy hand of some Cyclops, some Titan, insensate with the lust for gold.

The mines that Bret Harte knew best, and in fact the only ones he did know, except those in Trinity County, were what Californians call the Southern Mines, situated along the Stanislaus River, east of San Francisco. For Bret Harte was none too familiar with the *mise-en-scène* of his stories; he never hesitated to take liberties with the geography of California, and would make men ride a hundred miles or more a day between two places whose names had caught his fancy. His critics, going farther, and judging from these minor discrepancies, have urged that he did not correctly portray the life of the early mining days, and there, I think, they are at fault. Ofttimes, even to-day, gambling dens at Angel's are as lively as ever they were in the '50's. Men play poker with pistols on the table, stake all that they possess upon the outcome of a horserace, or coolly lay wagers on the time taken in dying of a Chinaman

stabbed with a cheese-knife in their presence.

As I sat one day on the porch of the "General Store" at You Bet, I thought that Kentuck could not have shown a prettier vein of poetry than did old Dutch Jake as he told me how he had put up the little dove-cote on a pole-top to house the wandering martens, and how they returned "year after year and year after year, always to the same little nest, and always the same family."

And another day, as I lounged on Jackass Hill, and heard old "Billy" Gillis tell of two prospectors who started off across the divide to a near-by camp and were caught in a snow-storm and never returned, I thought of another of Bret Harte's critics, who wrote that there was nothing convincingly hopeless in the situation of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Had he ever seen the Sierra thickets of manzanita and chaparral?

How the temper of the old miners was mirrored in the names they gave their claims! the optimists who dubbed them Ophir Hill, Kohinoor, or Potosi, and those less sanguine who could go no further than All's Well; while the pessimists contented themselves with Little Done and Hard Luck. The old camp names still linger, quaint and picturesque in sound and fraught with suggestion: Piety Flat and Poverty Hill, Rough-and-Ready and Red Dog, Gold Run and Sandy Bar, Whiskey Hill and Gougeye.

The recently constructed Sierra railway has opened up Tuolumne County, making it possible to travel there quite comfortably, and it has added new life to the old town of Jimtown (now dignified in the time-table as Jamestown, if you please) by making it the junction of a branch line to Angel's Camp. The railroad station at Jimtown houses a good hotel, or a good hotel houses the railroad station, whichever you prefer. From the porch a hollow dips down to the gravelly bed of Wood Creek, along whose banks the town nestles. Opposite, a long hill occupies the entire background—a strange formation created by Nature in one of her



Torn and scraped as if by the hand of some Cyclops.

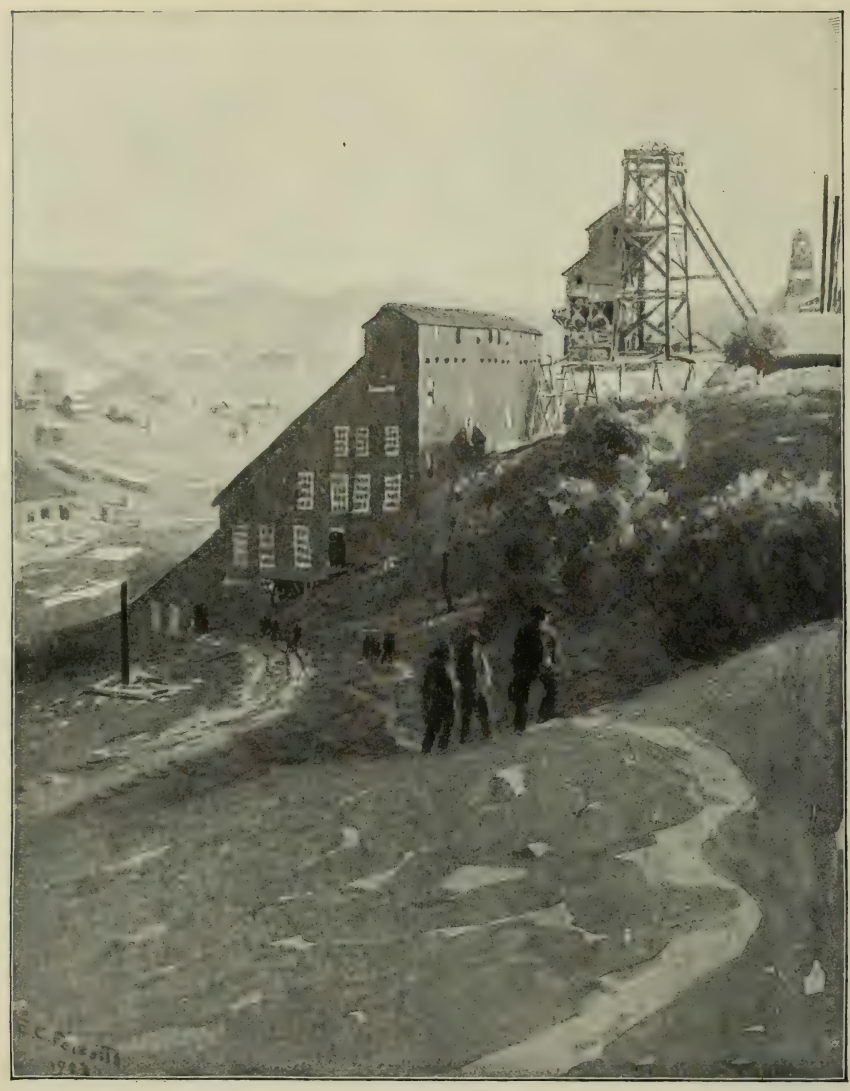


The old town of Tuolumne.

ugly moods—level as the ocean's horizon and more than twenty miles long,—Table Mountain, so well described in the initial paragraphs of the "Twins of Table Mountain," and the residence of Truthful James:

> "I reside on Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James."

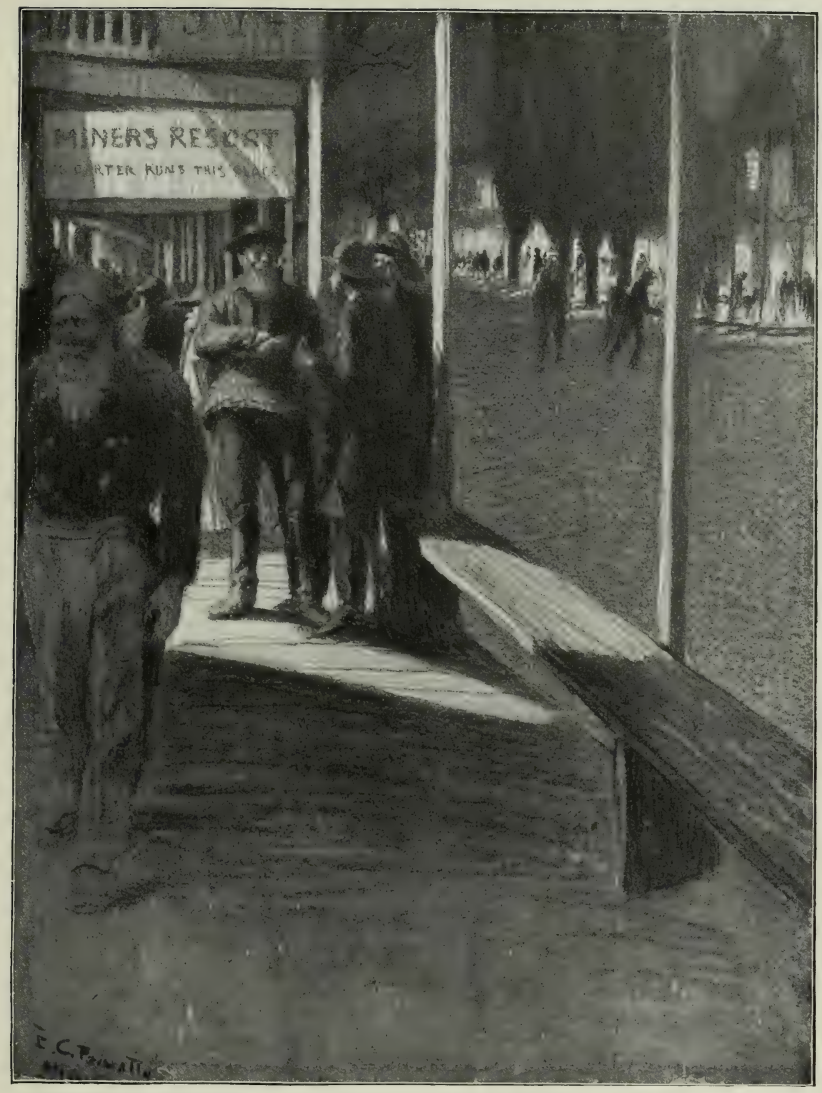
Table Mountain, rugged and grimy as the Etna fields, was formed in prehistoric days by a flow of lava that came down from the high Sierras over an ancient river bed. In the course of ages the surrounding hill-sides were washed away, and fifty years ago the gravelly creek bottom, now high up on the mountain side, was tapped by numerous mines, whence immense quantities of ore have been extracted.



A quartz mine and stamp mill of to-day.

Truthful James recounts the row "Upon the Stanislow," and men in Tut letown, or Jimtown, will tell you of mastodon's teeth and vertebræ of antediluvian monsters found to-day in these creek-bed mines.

Truthful James had a prototype in real life, and he earned his sobriquet naturally, by being the greatest liar in the country. He was a newspaper man and "mine promoter," whose every sentence was an exaggeration or a prevarication. According to him, there was a "mine in Table Mountain so dark that charcoal looked white in it," and "in Sacramento mosquitoes were so thick that if you waved a pint can round your head you would catch a quart of them." His last exploit in Tuolumne County nearly cost him a term in prison. He found a gullible banker in Stockton who agreed to pay him one hundred dollars a month toward opening up a mine that Jim said he had discovered. For months the money was paid into the promoter's pocket, and he



The main street at Angel's Camp.

in return sent assays and specimens of ore and a fictitious pay-roll, declaring each time that monthly dividends would shortly be declared. Finally, at the end of the year, the banker took it into his head to come up and see the famous mine himself, only to find that no such claim existed, and that the men whose names figured on the pay-roll had never been heard of in the county. When the promoter found he was discovered he started off on foot across the Sierras and landed in a distant part of the State, where he quit mining and went back to newspaper work.

In one of the hotels of Tuttletown I met a hospitable host in the person of the "bar-keep." Just before dinner he introduced me, with the usual formula in these parts —"Mr. So-and-so, shake hands with Mr. Somebody-else," to a number of old-timers lined up along the bar; and we ordered ki-yi and conversation-water, as the case might be, but all got straight

whiskey. Among the men I noted one who had carefully bestowed his wooden toothpick, an old and battered one by the way, in the ribbon of his derby hat for future and indefinite use.

The barkeep presided at dinner in his shirt sleeves, and among the assemblage was one who for forty years had mined in the vicinity. With his own hands he had built a cottage, fearful and strange in design, and conspicuous among its simple neighbors on account of the wonderful ornaments—crescents, stars, cupolas and balconies—that decorated its walls and roof. He constructed it, as the men told me, for his "China wife," for he had married, years before, a Chinese woman. For her he had papered the rooms with gaudy patterns and decorated them with wooden domes and arabesques; for her he had hung upon the walls gay prints and lithographs of the Virgin, and for her he kept as a pet a poor tame eagle, shorn of its feathers, and an owl who had hatched and raised a quartet of ducklings! Even in comic opera could a stranger combination be devised?



A typical old-timer.

From Tuttletown the traveller may go by rail to Angel's Camp, through a lovely country wooded with cedars, firs, oaks, and magnificent sugar pines. Dog-wood blossoms stand star-white against the foliage; the azalea, the manzanita and the *yerba santa*, with its delicate purple bloom, add rich color to the prevailing verdure and the madroño, inspiration of one of the most charming of Bret Harte's poems, beginning:

> Captain of the Western wood,
> Thou that apest Robin Hood!
> Green above thy scarlet hose,
> How thy velvet mantle shows!
> Never tree like thee arrayed,
> Oh, thou gallant of the glade!

From the top of a divide the eye plunges down into the valley of the Stanislaus, a rushing, turbid stream, roaring in cascades over a rocky bed—scene of countless '49-er camps and the location of most of the Bars, Gulches, Flats and Fords that figure in Bret Harte's stories. On its banks John Oakhurst wandered, and Jack Hamlin, with his "pale Greek face and Homeric gravity"; its waters drowned Kentuck and the Luck of Roaring Camp; and at Wayne's Bar dwelt McGee, "the Bell-ringer of Angel's."

The railroad crosses the river on a high bridge, and as it ascends the opposite bank we look down on Robinson's Ferry, where two wagon roads, coming to the water's edge, are connected by a flat wooden ferryboat running on a cable in most primitive fashion, and until this year the only means of crossing the river for many a league above or below. And now as we climb, flumes like antediluvian reptiles with narrow bodies and long legs again wriggle down the hill-sides; gray piles of tailings and abandoned stamp-mills tell of the ruined hopes of many a gold-seeker. The



Jimtown.

creek beds are torn and mangled; deep in canyons tumble-down cabins fall to ruin, their hearth-stones open to the sky.

The sun was just setting in a burnished sky as we came in sight of Angel's Camp, its houses dotted against the darkening slopes, its smelting works vomiting a mass of smoke, copper-red against the sky. In the deepening twilight a hotel 'bus whirls us down a road half mine, half town, and along the edge of a foaming river whose slate-gray waters are opaque and thick with sulphurets. A sharp turn to the right and the horses are pulled up in the main street in front of the Angel's Hotel. Electric lights glow under sheds and wooden awnings; dark silhouettes of hoists and mills cut strange shapes above the house-tops. Cheap-looking shops display gaudy wares and glaring signboards everywhere. Here is life and to spare. From brilliantly lighted saloons and poker dens issue the strains of automatic pianos; black groups talk in front of "Dick's" and "Jake's," "The Pioneer" and the "Utica." Fresh-looking girls in clean muslin frocks

pass by on their way to the soda-water fountain at the drug store. Swarthy Dalmatian miners slink by in the shadows, their nationality revealed in many an Austrian boarding-house. A "heathen Chinee" furtively vends peanuts to the crowd. On the outer edge of the sidewalk, the occupants of boot-black stands lazily gaze at the stage from Murphy's as it plunges down the street with all the rattle of its four horses, its heavy creaking springs and rumbling baggage, and with a flourish and a crack of the whip spills its hungry and dust-covered load before the hotel.

Angel's is now as much a mining camp as ever it was, but the miners of to-day are different individuals from their red-shirted prototypes of the '50's. They too, however, are picturesque fellows as at noon they come up the shaft in dripping oilskins with flaring lights in their firemen's hats, to receive their dinner-pails from expectant sons and daughters. The most interesting type—for he worked in God's free open air—the placer-miner, has quite disappeared, owing to restrictions placed by the State upon hydraulic mining. I have seen a scattered instance here and there, and well remember an old Chinaman washing with rocker and cradle just as we entered Columbia—a picturesque figure indeed, sheltered at a creek-side by his broad coolie hat and shaded by a huge mass of limestone rock riddled with holes and towering above him in the form of an elephant. If you want to see what the '49-ers did, go to Columbia and ride over the "diggings"—that vast upheaval of the soil miles in extent, resembling rather a terrific convulsion of primeval nature than the work of man: piles of tailings, gullies worn by watercourses, miniature mountain ranges, baked, seamed, cracked and scarred by rain and sunshine; deep holes where stagnates brackish water; huge peaks of limestone worn into strange and fantastic shapes.

Standing among these "slickens" whence one man extracted a fortune and his neighbor nothing at all, get some old-timer to tell you of the old days when Columbia was one of the largest towns in California, third only to San Francisco and Sacramento; when these hill-sides and plains teemed with miners, and Columbia was a "h— of a place." Hear him tell of the days when "there were no children here"; when one could sell no less than half a pound of gold on Saturday night at the assayer's; when an old shoemaker, for some time the village cobbler, housed in a hovel, made a hundred and fifty dollars a day finding pocket after pocket, but spending all with the characteristic recklessness of "easy come and easy go," and you will realize that Bret Harte's stories are not pure fiction, and that the embroidery he put upon them is but a varnish over cold fact.



The old church at Columbia.

The ground, being consecrated, has never been mined.

THE SENATE

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

IN discussions concerning the political development of the United States it is almost always asserted that the growth and extension of the power of the Senate has been one of the most marked and significant features of our history. It is also one of the commonplaces of a certain kind of criticism to declare with much gloomy foreboding at some period of each administration that the Senate has usurped and is constantly usurping power with great consequent peril to our political health and to the balance of the government. That the power of the Senate is very great, and that it has developed to its present proportions since the organization of the government, is unquestionably true. But it is equally true that there has been no usurpation by the Senate of power not rightfully belonging to it, and no one, I venture to think, would make this charge or criticism who had studied the origin of the Senate or considered carefully the powers conferred upon it by the Constitution.

To understand the Senate as it is today, therefore, and to comprehend its meaning and functions in our body politic, it is absolutely necessary to appreciate fully, and to know well, just how and why the Senate was created, and with what powers its creators endowed it. By this comparative method, and in this way alone, can we learn what the Senate is now after more than a century of existence.

The framers of the Constitution of the United States had no serious difficulty in agreeing that there should be two houses in the legislative body of the new government. Even if they all had not been wedded to the double chamber system by tradition, experience, and their own clear, good sense, there was no such success apparent in Franklin's single-chamber experiment in Pennsylvania, then drawing to an unlamented end, or in that of Georgia, or in the Congress of the Confederation, as to convert them to this new doctrine or even to make its nominal supporters very solicitous for its extension. Such opposition as there was to two chambers came solely from the fact that the single chamber was thought to involve the vital question of the equality of the States, as against the national principle which was sure to prevail, wholly or in part, with two chambers. There was no real support for a single chamber purely on its merits, and, as has been said, there was no serious difficulty in agreeing upon two houses. With that point passed, however, trouble began, and so serious was it that, as everyone knows, the convention came near dissolution, the whole Constitution was almost wrecked upon the question as to the basis of representation in the new Congress. The situation was saved by the adoption of the principle laid down by Oliver Ellsworth that the only road to success lay through grafting the new government upon the State governments, and following out this principle the House was made to represent population, and the Senate the separate States. This was the great compromise of the Constitution, the "Connecticut Compromise," as it is usually called, but it really was the solution of the most crucial problem presented to the framers of the Constitution. Without it there probably would have been no Constitution, and if one had been made with the representation of both Houses based on population, at the first attempt of the large States to control the government the Union would, at the very outset, have gone to pieces. The Senate, therefore, was regarded as the key-stone of the new scheme, and the framers showed their belief in its overwhelming importance by providing that the basis of representation in the Senate should not be altered except by the consent of every State, while every other clause of the Constitution could be amended by a two-thirds vote of Congress followed by a ratification by three-fourths of the States.

The reason for fixing the basis of representation for the Senate so firmly in the Constitution that so far as possible it should be beyond change is obvious, although often overlooked. The Convention which framed the Constitution voted by States, as did the Continental Congress and the Congress of the Confederation. All Sovereign powers of every kind therefore, were in possession of the States as such, and consequently every power which was given in the new Constitution to the people of the Union at large was given by the States ; every power that was reserved was reserved to the States ; and all powers conferred upon the Senate were intended to guard and preserve the influence and authority of the States in the new government. Hence in the formation of the Senate the States were retaining for themselves all the powers which they believed needful for their safety, and as everything was theirs to give or to withhold, they were naturally liberal in their endowment of the body which was to continue to represent them under a system where they necessarily parted with so much.

It was for these reasons that the Convention conferred upon the Senate both executive and judicial as well as legislative powers. The Executive was to be elected by the people at large, and the executive power, therefore, passed away from the States, but the States took pains to limit this great gift by conferring upon the Senate the power to reject all nominations to office made by the President, and by granting to the Senate an equal and co-ordinate part in making all treaties with foreign nations. These sovereign powers of appointing executive officers and of treating with foreign nations, were, at the time of the Philadelphia Convention, vested wholly in the States, and when the States parted with them to an Executive elected by the people at large, they reserved to themselves an equal share and an absolute veto in the performance of both these great and vital functions of government.

In their legislative capacity the Senate was given all the powers conferred upon the House, or, in other words, the States retained for their branch of the national legislature all the powers allotted to the branch elected on the basis of population with a single exception. That exception was the reservation to the House of the sole right to originate all measures to raise revenue, a power of the most fundamental kind, but as the Convention took pains to provide that the Senate should have an unlimited right to amend such bills the reservation in favor of the House is so curtailed that their only real privilege is the monopoly of merely initiating revenue bills, which does not seriously affect the legislative equality of the two Houses even on this point. The Senate, also, was made the high court to try all impeachments of officers of the United States, and this great function was performed by the Senators in the cases of certain judges at the beginning of the nineteenth century and in 1867 in the trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. The upper House of Congress was the natural and obvious body to act as a court in impeachment cases, but the fact is of interest here because it shows that the Senate was given judicial as well as executive and legislative power, and was made in this way to share in the duties of both the co-ordinate branches of the government, this participation being emphasized by the fact that when the Senate sits as a court for the trial of the President the Chief Justice of the United States presides over its deliberations.

The States in convention having thus created an upper House to represent them and continue their authority in the general government, and having endowed their creation with an unprecedented combination of legislative and executive powers, then further provided that the Senators should be elected for a term of six years, and that only one-third of the Senate should be changed every two years at the biennial national elections. These are very familiar facts, and it is obvious enough that the long term gives greater stability and a larger freedom of action than would be possible with a short term to the body which enjoys it. But only a somewhat careful consideration will disclose the ingenuity with which the Convention, representing as it did the separate States, sought to enhance the authority of the Senate by these apparently formal arrangements for terms and times of election. The term of six years is three times

as long as that of members of the House, and half as long again as that of the President. There are always, therefore, two-thirds of the Senators whose terms extend either two or four years beyond the life of the existing House. When a President comes into office, he meets a Senate two-thirds of whose membership have terms coequal with or two years longer than his own period of service, and in the middle of his term he has a Senate two-thirds of whose members have terms of service either two or four years longer than his own. Stated in this way it becomes at once apparent that the Convention sought by the six-year term not merely to add to the stability and dignity of the Senate but to make it, so far as possible, independent at all times, through the superior length of terms possessed by a majority of the Senators, as against the House on the one side and the President on the other, who were chosen alike by all the people of the Union on the basis of population. This painstaking arrangement as to the length of the term is supplemented and made most effective by the provision that only one-third of the Senate should be elected every two years. Joined with the six-year term, as has just been shown, the division of the Senate into three classes, elected respectively at intervals of two years, gives it always a majority of longer life than the President or the House, but it also gives the Senate a quality of permanency not possessed by the lower branch or even by the executive power. A House passes out of existence on March 4th in alternate years, and then ensues a period when there is no House, and can be none, until the members-elect are brought together by the summons of the President, or by the operation of law to meet in Washington and organize one. The Senate, on the other hand, is always organized, always in existence. It was organized in April, 1789, and has remained so ever since, for there never has been a moment since that time when there were not two-thirds of the Senators in office, able to meet at any instant and transact business without further formality than calling the roll in order to show the presence of a quorum, or, under certain contingencies, choosing a president *pro tempore*.

In this connection it is not without interest to contrast the minute care of the Constitution-makers in regard to the perpetual existence of the Senate with the dangerous oversight of which they were guilty in making similar provision for the Executive. A Vice-President was created to take the place of the President in case of the latter's death, resignation, or disability, and in the event of the death or disability of both the President and Vice-President Congress was empowered to settle the succession by law. But in the case, by no means an impossible one, of the death or disability of the President-elect, or of both the President and Vice-President elect, after the adjournment of the electoral colleges and before March 4th, no provision whatever was made for the succession or for the continuance of the Executive subsequent to March 4th. This was the way the matter was left by the framers in the original Constitution. In the Twelfth Amendment, adopted in 1804 and regulating the manner of choosing a President by the House in the case of a failure to elect by the people, it is said that if the House does not elect before March 4th the Vice-President "shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President." Thus this amendment by implication provides for the possibility of the death of the President elect, but the case of the death of both the President and Vice-President elect remains as the Constitution itself originally left it, wholly uncovered. Should this contingency just mentioned ever occur, as it well might, some way out of the grave situation thus created would no doubt be found, but it would have to be extra-constitutional and through an assumption of power by Congress. In the essential duty of maintaining the existence of the government without lapse or break this is a serious, if not perilous, omission. There is no such oversight, no such instance of neglect to be found in the constitutional arrangements guaranteeing the perpetuity and unchanging character of the Senate.

Having now shown the origin of the Senate, the manner in which it was formed, the great powers conferred upon it, and the care taken for its continued and unbroken existence, the next step, in order to understand the Senate as it is to-

day, is to learn the conception entertained in regard to it by the men contemporary with the adoption of the Constitution who first organized the upper chamber of the new Congress and set it in motion.

Early in the first session the Senate adopted the following set of brief and simple rules :

IST.

The President having taken the Chair and a quorum being present the Journal of the preceding day shall be read, to the end that any mistake may be corrected that shall have been made in the entries.

IID.

No member shall speak to another, or otherwise interrupt the business of the Senate, or read any printed paper while the Journals or public papers are reading, or when any member is speaking in any debate.

IIID.

Every member when he speaks shall address the Chair standing in his place, and when he has finished shall sit down.

IVTH.

No member shall speak more than twice in any one debate on the same day, without leave of the Senate.

VTH.

When two members rise at the same time, the President shall name the person to speak ; but in all cases the member first rising shall speak first.

VITH.

No motion shall be debated until the same shall be seconded.

VIITH.

When a motion shall be made and seconded, it shall be reduced to writing, if desired by the President, or any member, delivered in at the table, and read by the President before the same shall be debated.

VIIITH.

While a question is before the Senate, no motion shall be received unless for an amendment, for the previous question, or for postponing the main question, or to commit it, or to adjourn.

IXTH.

The previous question being moved and seconded, the question from the Chair shall be—" Shall the main question be now put ? "—And if the nays prevail, the main question shall not then be put.

XTH.

If a question in debate contain several points, any member may have the same divided.

XITH.

When the yeas and nays shall be called for by one-fifth of the members present, each member called upon shall, unless for special reasons he be excused by the Senate, declare openly and without debate his assent or dissent to the question. In taking the yeas and nays, and upon the call of the House, the names of the members shall be taken alphabetically.

XIITH.

One day's notice at least shall be given of an intended motion for leave to bring in a bill.

XIIITH.

Every bill shall receive three readings previous to its being passed : and the President shall give notice at each, whether it be the first, second, or third ; which readings shall be on three different days, unless the Senate unanimously direct otherwise.

XIVTH.

No bill shall be committed or amended until it shall have been twice read, after which it may be referred to a Committee.

XVTH.

All Committees shall be appointed by BALLOT and a plurality of votes shall make a choice.

XVITH.

When a member shall be called to order, he shall sit down until the President shall have determined whether he is in order or not ; and every question of order shall be decided by the President without debate : but if there be a doubt in his mind, he may call for the sense of the Senate.

XVIITH.

If a member be called to order for words spoken, the exceptionable words

shall be immediately taken down in writing, that the President may be better enabled to judge of the matter.

XVIIIth.

When a blank is to be filled, and different sums shall be proposed, the question shall be taken on the highest sum first.

XIXth.

No member shall absent himself from the service of the Senate without leave of the Senate first obtained.*

For a legislative body charged with executive functions these rules seem rudimentary to the last degree. But it must be remembered that the first Senate which assembled in the Federal Hall of New York in April, 1789, consisted of only twenty-two members, as North Carolina did not accede to the Constitution until November of the same year, while Rhode Island held off until June, 1790. These twenty-two gentlemen, therefore, sat together in one not very large room and talked matters over with an informality and a familiarity which have never entirely departed from the Senate debates, and which still reign in executive sessions. All their sessions at the outset were entirely private, there was no record of the debates, and the deliberations in legislative session were not opened to the public until 1793, on the occasion of the contest over the right of Albert Gallatin to a seat. This small body of men, sitting in this way in private, with comparatively little to do and with no record of the proceedings but the journal, did not require anything very elaborate in the way of rules. Business was largely transacted by general assent, and with much regard for the convenience of each Senator, habits which have survived unchanged to the present time, and which, although often jeered at by persons outside the Senate, are of much value and comfort to those within. There is, however, one rule in this primitive code which seems almost needless for so small a body and which is at direct variance with what is to-day one of the most cherished traditions and most characteristic features of the Senate. This rule is numbered nine, and provides for the previous question to close debate in the simplest and most drastic manner. The previous question in the first Senate was a privileged motion, as appears by rule eight. It could be moved and seconded at any time, passed by a majority vote, and if agreed to it cut off all debate then and there. When the rules were revised, in 1806, this provision for closing debate was dropped, and unlimited debate has been the unchanging rule of the Senate ever since. In fact, the rules of 1806, despite numerous revisions, which made no very vital changes, and a few amendments, have remained substantially the rules of the Senate down to the present time. Under these century-old rules, for which there is often a fine disregard in practice, the Senate still transacts its business largely by unanimous consent and with a consideration for the wishes and convenience of each Senator very agreeable to them, although not a little laughed at by an irreverent public. These rules, which have endured so long, are an excellent illustration of the conservatism of the Senate and of the unbroken continuity of its existence as an organized body since the foundation of the government. They also show how closely the Senate has adhered to the conception of its duties and functions entertained by the framers of the Constitution and the organizers of the government.

Beyond this the Senate rules do not require any detailed examination. There is, indeed, only one which first appears in the revision of 1806 which needs to be mentioned on account of the light which it throws on the relation of the Senate to the purely executive branch of the government, and it is only by a just comprehension of the relations of the Senate to the President and to the House that a proper understanding of what the Senate has come to be and what part it plays in our political system can be obtained.

The first code of rules, adopted in 1789, makes, as will have been seen, no provision for the President's meeting with the Senate in executive session. That he should do so was taken as a matter of course, and was in conformity with the

* From the "Journal of the First Session of the Senate of the United States of America, March 4th, 1789. New-York, 1789." Pp. 14-15.

ideas of the framers of the instrument. In accordance with this view Washington, in August, 1789, met with the Senate twice to formulate the provisions of a treaty to be made with the Choctaw Indians. The scheme did not work well. The President did not enjoy sitting by and hearing the terms of his treaty discussed, and Senators were embarrassed by being compelled to debate and vote upon the President's proposals in his presence. The plan of personal meeting with the Senate was, therefore, given up by Washington, and has never been resumed. But the right of the President to come to the Senate for personal consultation, and the original constitutional theory in this respect, have never been abandoned, as will appear if we examine the later rules.

In the revision of the rules adopted March 26, 1806, rule thirty-four provides, under the head of nominations, that: "When the President of the United States shall meet the Senate in the Senate Chamber the President of the Senate shall have a chair on the floor, be considered as the head of the Senate, and his chair shall be assigned to the President of the United States."

Rule thirty-five provides that: "All questions shall be put by the President of the Senate either in the presence or absence of the President of the United States."

In the revision of 1820 the provision of rule thirty-five of 1806 was dropped, but that of rule thirty-four was retained and continued as a rule of the Senate until 1877, when the following rule (sixty-five), differing only in phraseology, was substituted for it:

"When the President of the United States shall meet the Senate in the Senate Chamber for the consideration of executive business, he shall have a seat on the right of the chair."

This is the rule at the present time, and although it is never put into practical operation it has importance not merely as embodying an unbroken tradition but as a formal recognition of certain constitutional principles of very great moment. By this rule are recognized the right of the President to consult personally with the Senate, the position of the Senators as the President's only constitutional advisers and the equality of the Senate in the conduct of all executive business in which, under the Constitution, they are entitled to share. The right of the President personally to consult the Senate as a body involves also the correlative right of the Senate, in the language of the Constitution, to advise the President. To the Senate alone is given this right to advise the Executive. The members of the Cabinet are often loosely spoken of as the constitutional advisers of the President. They are, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort. They are not created by the Constitution but by the laws which the Constitution authorizes Congress to pass in order to carry out its provisions. The Constitution contemplates the establishment of executive departments, and says that the President may require the opinion in writing of the heads of such departments, but these departments can only exist by the pleasure of Congress and the President is not bound to consult their chiefs. A story is told of Lincoln's submitting a proposition which he favored to his Cabinet. All were against it; "Seven nays; one yea," said the President; "the ayes have it, and it is so ordered." Whether apocryphal or not the anecdote illustrates the distinction between the constitutional Senate and the statutory Cabinet. An adverse majority in the Senate cannot be overcome in that way, for the Constitution gives the Senate power, and the law alone creates the Cabinet, whose members represent in the last analysis simply the policy and will of the Executive. The equality of the Senate in executive business—the last point recognized by the rule—is shown by the care taken from the beginning to make it perfectly clear that the President is neither to preside over nor to share in the discussions of the Senate but is to deal with them as an organized body under the guidance of their own presiding officer.

Such being the theory of the Constitution, never abandoned since the beginning, the manner in which it has been worked out in practice shows at once the position of the Senate to-day. Since August, 1789, the President has never consulted or sat with the Senate in person to consider executive business, either in relation to nominations or to treaties.

But while the inconvenience of personal consultation thus early was made apparent it became at once equally obvious that to hold no consultation with a body of constitutional advisers about nominations and treaties upon which they had the power to put an absolute veto would be at once dangerous and absurd.

In 1789 Washington sent in the nomination of Benjamin Fishburn for the place of Naval Officer at the port of Savannah. He was rejected by the Senate. Fishburn had been an old soldier, and was well known to Washington, who was very much annoyed by his rejection. When he sent in another name for the same place he transmitted a message to the Senate in which he said: "Whatever may have been the reasons which induced your dissent, I am persuaded that they were such as you deemed sufficient. Permit me to submit to your consideration, whether, on occasions where the propriety of nominations appears questionable to you, it would not be expedient to communicate that circumstance to me, and thereby avail yourselves of the information which led me to make them, and which I would with pleasure lay before you. Probably my reasons for nominating Mr. Fishburn may tend to show that such a mode of proceeding, in such cases, might be useful. I will therefore detail them." He then went on to give an account of Colonel Fishburn and the reasons which had led to his nomination. The motives which influenced the Senate in the rejection of Fishburn do not appear, but the passage which has been quoted from Washington's special message demonstrates not only his belief in the need of consultation with the Senate about nominations, but the absolute necessity for it in order to prevent constant friction between the Senate and the Executive. This case undoubtedly led, therefore, to the practice which has been continued to the present time of the President consulting with Senators in regard to appointments. As the Senate, after it has confirmed a nomination, becomes equally responsible with the President for the appointment, it is obvious that the right of consultation under the Constitution, which has already been defined, must be exercised in some way. Thus it came about that informal consultations with individual Senators took the place of the cumbrous and inconvenient method of consulting the Senate as a body, and in this way the intent of the Constitution has been carried out. Nothing, therefore, is more inept than to criticise a President because he consults the Senators from a State in regard to an appointment in that State or from it. The Senators are his constitutional advisers. In some way he must consult them, and it is impossible that any President should be able to know enough about the men in forty-five States to enable him to appoint intelligently unless he could avail himself of the knowledge of those who represent the several States. The consultation of Senators by the President, therefore, in regard to appointments, is nothing more than carrying out the intent of the Constitution in the manner which practice has shown to be the only convenient one. The influence of the Senate in making appointments is not increased thereby, except so far as the multiplication of officers has made it more necessary for the President to receive local information and depend for it upon the Senators more than was essential in the early days. All that has been done constitutionally is to substitute an informal consultation with individual Senators for the consultation of the Senate as a body, which has been always recognized as a constitutional right in the simple rule already quoted.

The question of appointments to office was closely allied to that of removals, and while the right of the Senate to confirm or reject all nominations was plain and undoubted, the question of the right of the President to remove gave rise from the beginning to a great deal of discussion. There was a protracted debate upon this point in regard to the act establishing the Treasury Department, passed in 1789, the question being whether the President had the right to remove absolutely under the Constitution, either with or without any reference to it in the law, or whether the Congress could confer upon the President or withhold from him the right to remove from an office which Congress had established. The act of 1789 finally provided, in section 7, "that whenever the Secretary should be removed

from office by the President of the United States or in any other case of vacancy," etc. This recognized the right of the President to remove, but the fact of the recognition in the law conveyed the implication that it was not a purely constitutional right of the Executive for which no legislation was necessary. The question remained an open one and was discussed at intervals for some years, the Senate on more than one occasion, especially under Andrew Jackson, making efforts to establish some control over removals from office. Finally, in the bitter controversy with Andrew Johnson, the well-known Tenure of Office Act was passed. It was so obviously objectionable that General Grant sent in a message to his first Congress urging its repeal, but the Senate, fresh from the struggle with Johnson, refused to do more than modify it. During Mr. Cleveland's first term the Senate, led by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, had a controversy with the President as to its right to require him to give reasons for his removals, and thereby some of the nominations were hung up for a good many months. The sympathy of the country was with the President, and the contest seemed to be doing a great deal of harm. In the session of 1886–87, Senator Hoar introduced a bill, which became law on March 3, 1887, by which the Tenure of Office Act was repealed. This ended the controversy, and it may now be taken as settled that the absolute right of the President to remove, under the Constitution, is recognized, and that the right of the Senate to ask for the reasons for removals, which they clearly had under the Tenure of Office Act, has also been abandoned. That the present position is sound constitutionally is, I think, clear, but the course of events shows that in this important direction the Senate has given up a power which at one time it asserted not only in debate but by a law.

In regard to the other branch of the Senate's executive functions, the treaty-making power, the course of development has been much the same—consultation of individual Senators, either directly by the President or through the Secretary of State by means of communication with the Committee on Foreign Relations, having been substituted for the old plan of counselling beforehand with the Senate as a body. The treaty-making power of the Senate is a large subject which I have already discussed at length in an article which appeared in a previous number of this magazine, but the results of more than a century of development in this direction may be briefly summed up.

The Senate has the right, under the language of the Constitution, to advise beforehand that the negotiation be entered into, or the reverse. This right has been exercised on two or three occasions, but very rarely, and has usually been allowed to fall into abeyance, although circumstances may make its use necessary and desirable at any time. The Presidents have from time to time consulted the Senate prior to negotiation, and this right, although not often exercised, has been made use of at intervals down to the present day. The right of the Senate to amend has been always freely used at all periods of our history, and, of course, will continue to be exercised, because it is the only method by which the Senate can take part in the negotiations, as the Constitution intended it to do.

This summary of the history of the treaty-making power as exercised by the Senate shows that the Senate has not only not sought to extend its power over treaties unduly, or in doubtful directions, but that it has wisely allowed certain undoubted privileges to fall into abeyance and has contented itself with discussion and amendment when a treaty came before it, and with the informal consultations which it has been the practice of most Presidents to extend to members of the Senate in regard to our foreign relations.

This covers the relations of the Senate with the Executive in regard to its executive functions of confirming nominations and of ratifying treaties. It only remains now to consider the relations of the Senate with the House, and there is only one point in the Constitution where the powers of either house are restrained. That is the clause which gives to the House of Representatives the sole right to originate bills to raise revenue. In all other respects the Senate and the House are upon an absolute legislative equality. This right of the House thus given in the

Constitution has, of course, never been questioned, nor has the right of the Senate to make unlimited amendments to bills to raise revenue ever been successfully contested, but the practice has grown up of allowing the House to originate not only bills to raise revenue but also the great appropriation bills which provide for the expenditure of the public money. The Senate has an undoubted right to originate any appropriation bill, large or small, and it frequently passes bills carrying an appropriation for some single and specific object, such as the construction of a light-house or of a public building, but at the same time the Senate has, without serious resistance, conceded to the House the sole right to originate the great appropriation bills, although its own right to originate such measures is the same as that of the lower branch. That this is a wise practice I think few persons will doubt, but it certainly does not show on the part of the Senate a desire to usurp authority.

Thus it appears that both in relation to the Executive and the House of Representatives the Senate has not sought to extend its constitutional powers, but has, on the contrary, refrained from the exercise of some undoubted rights and has allowed others to rest in abeyance. Yet there can be no doubt that it is equally true that the power of the Senate has grown enormously in the one hundred years and more of our history. The influence of the Senate in legislation and in all departments of government is much greater than at the beginning, and far exceeds that of the House, but this is not due to any usurpations on the part of the Senate, as has been shown by the preceding review of the history of its constitutional functions. The increase in the importance, weight, and power of the Senate is due primarily to its inherent strength, and this strength rests upon the manner in which it was endowed by the framers of the Constitution. With equal authority in legislation, with executive functions which involve all appointments to office and all our foreign relations, it was inevitable that as the country and the government grew the power of the Senate should increase more largely than that of any other branch of the government, for the simple reason that its original opportunity for growth was greater. This increase of power in the Senate has undoubtedly been stimulated by the fact that the rigid rules necessary in the lower branch has prevented the House from doing many important things which the Senate, with its easy methods of conducting business, could readily take up. Many matters from which the House excluded itself by its own rules were in this way thrown into the possession of the Senate, which is a sure method of enhancing legislative power. In the same way, although the support of the entire Congress is necessary to a successful administration, no President can get on without the Senate, even if he has the House with him, because it is always within the power of the Senate, if it is so disposed, to hamper the Executive without going into open opposition, both in administration, through the offices, and in foreign relations, through its treaty-making power. Very naturally, therefore, Presidents are always anxious to be on the best terms with the Senators, who are their constitutional advisers, and for this reason as the Executive power has expanded with the growth of the nation and the extension of the government, the power of the Senate has gone hand in hand with it.

The Senate is to-day the most powerful single chamber in any legislative body in the world, but this power, which is shown daily by the wide attention to all that is said and done in the Senate of the United States, is not the product of selfish and cunning usurpations on the part of an ambitious body. It is due to the original constitution of the Senate, to the fact that the Senate represents States, to the powers conferred upon it at the outset by the makers of the Constitution, to its permanency of organization, and to the combination of legislative, executive, and judicial functions, which set it apart from all other legislative bodies. Without the assent of the Senate no bill can become law, no office can be filled, no treaty ratified.

The most important bills are largely the work of the Senate, owing not only to its large powers but to its liberty of debate and amendment possible in a body of the size of the Senate and very difficult in a

body as large as the House. In the Senate, to take a very recent instance, the bill for the Isthmian canal was finally made. In the Senate the long debate upon the Philippine government bill disposed of the question so entirely that it was not heard of in the ensuing campaign. The House, in 1894, initiated, made and passed the Wilson tariff bill. But the Senate re-made the bill and it was the Senate bill which without the alteration of a single line became law against the bitter opposition of both House and the Executive.

Contests over nominations are rare and rejections of Executive nominations still rarer because Presidents following the theory of the Constitution almost always consult Senators about them beforehand. But the power of the Senate to take part through amendment in making treaties is freely and largely exercised. The amendments of the Senate to the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty relating to the Isthmian canal were rejected by England, but the second Hay-Pauncefote treaty embodied everything sought by the Senate in its amendments to the first and was therefore ratified by an overwhelming majority. Without the assent of the Senate Congress cannot declare war and the President cannot make peace. The United States went into the Spanish war upon the Senate resolutions and the fate of the treaty of peace negotiated by the President depended upon the ratification of the Senate. The Senate is the tribunal before which every officer of the United States impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, must come for trial.

Administrations come and go, Houses assemble and disperse, Senators change, but the Senate is always there in the Capitol, and always organized, with an existence unbroken since 1789. As the government of three millions of people gathered upon the Atlantic seaboard has expanded into the government of eighty millions, masters of a continent and stretching forth to distant islands, the power of that branch of the government which was most highly endowed by the makers of the Constitution has grown proportionately. How vast the national growth has been the world knows, and the growth of the United States Senate in power, authority, and influence has gone with it step by step and hand in hand. All this influence and authority in the Senate are due to the powers conferred upon it by its creators, by that remarkable body of men who, in the summer of 1787, framed at Philadelphia the Constitution of the United States.

TRANSCENDENCE

By Carolyn Wells

Dear Heart, although Ambition's trumpet-call
Arouses thee in triumph to respond:
Remember that its guerdon is not all,—
I am beyond.

Dear Heart, though Love and Passion beckon thee,
And charm thee with alluring cadence fond;
Bethink thee in their highest ecstasy,
I am beyond.

Dear Heart, when grief and sorrow bow thee low
And hold thee in a grim and silent bond,—
Though to their farthest confines thou may'st go,
I am beyond.

A SYNDICATE HERO

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

THE fact that persons whose patronymic is Smith usually labor under the added disability of such undistinguishing names as John or William, is the result of one of those forms of parental aberration which shows a profound lack of consideration for the future. Smith isn't a bad name of itself. There is something strong and sturdy about it which suggests Hal of the Wynd, and which goes back very far—even to Tubal Cain. But it is widely diffused, and therefore lacks distinction. Ergo, he is a wise father of Smiths who can differentiate his progeny from the monotonous mass by coupling Smith with something that, being peculiar, identifies, whi e it also differentiates.

The practise of parting names in the middle is generally reprehended, but if it be ever excusable, it is so in the case of Smith. P. Sigsbee Smith thought so, at any rate, and he possessed none of the qualities usually ascribed to those who bisect a name. He was born in that section of country so little known, and less noticed by the East, which lies beyond the Mississippi and which like the famous tail of the story, will, some day, wag the national dog!

Contrary to the habit of Western youth in good circumstances, he had not been sent East to college, but had been educated at a Western State University, whose diploma meant less, perhaps, than those of the more ancient institutions, but which, nevertheless, covered a multitude of healthy college influences. His father had been a soldier, who had fought with distinction, under Grant, in the Civil War, and had made a good income afterward in law and politics; the small accumulations of which he left to P. Sigsbee, his only surviving descendant.

P. Sigsbee roughed it for a time in the West after the death of his father, and then, by shrewd and judicious investments, increased his original legacy, until it grew to a comfortable fortune—beyond the Mississippi! It was a mere drop in the bucket, he found out, when he came East. He didn't come East to make a greater fortune, or because he was dissatisfied with the West, either, but because of a woman.

Florence Jefferys, whose father owned, or controlled, the great Hamilton railroad system, which gridironed a large part of the West with its tracks, was the cause of P. Sigsbee's defection. In company of hundreds of others, he had met her for one brief half-hour, at a reception given her father, by the local railroad magnates on one of the General's tours of inspection. P. Sigsbee saw her, was conquered, and came East forthwith. Florence Jefferys did not know him from Adam, of course, but he was, nevertheless, determined that she should know him, and he was youthful enough, and buoyant enough, and hopeful enough, to believe that with knowledge, she could not fail to love him as he loved her—a very Western point of view, indeed!

To come to New York was easy, but to get re-introduced to Florence Jefferys was difficult. The months passed, and he got no nearer to her than the columns of the daily papers, in whose social reviews she often appeared. He was a resourceful youth, or he would never have thought to patronize a "Press Clipping Bureau" for accounts of her doings! Realizing, at last, that a long, hard campaign would be needed, he decided to settle in New York for good. He was a tenacious man, and what he determined, he determined.

He had studied law, for which he had no fancy or faculty, so he hung out his shingle in one of the poorer down-town districts—more to justify himself for doing nothing, than for anything else—and proceeded to camp on the trail of Miss Jefferys. It led him in the summer to Bar Harbor, where her father owned one of

those palaces of pleasure modestly disguised under the name of a "cottage."

P. Sigsbee was a good-looking young man, and as he dressed well and had the good luck to make the acquaintance of one or two old army friends of his father, he at last achieved a slight acquaintance with his divinity. If not heart-whole and fancy free, she was yet unengaged, for the papers, he was sure, would have announced an engagement long since.

There were not many available young men at Bar Harbor so early in the season. At least they did not bear any proper proportion to the available young women, and P. Sigsbee progressed somewhat in his acquaintanceship with the young lady, although he could not flatter himself that he made any deep impression upon her heart. There seemed no way of advancing himself in the affair, and in dismay he was conscious at last, that the summer was waning without bringing to him the desired results. As it wore on, more available people of the masculine persuasion came to the island, and Miss Jefferys got farther from him than ever.

Among his acquaintances was a young man named Lutterworth. Lutterworth was an ambitious young fellow, of good family, and better parts, who was the special correspondent of a syndicate of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia papers, as well as the representative of the Associated Press at Bar Harbor. They were congenial spirits, these two, and in a moment of desperation, P. Sigsbee confided his situation to the other.

"What you want, P. S.," said the sage Lutterworth, after reflecting deeply upon the confidence of his friend, "is to get yourself before the public in some way. You want to be a hero, create a sensation, shine out as doing something startling. Get yourself talked about, you know, for courage and daring, and so on. Those things," oracularly, "appeal to a woman"—he was twenty-two and knew it all! "Get 'em talking about you. Now, if you can only suggest some sort of a sensation, I'll work it up in the papers for all it is worth."

"Yes," answered P. Sigsbee, disconsolately, "I suppose so. But where's the sensation to come from? Hang it all, I'm willing to do anything that a man can do. But what is there to do? I can ride a broncho, or rope a long-horn, or shoot a pipe out of your mouth from across the road, but these things don't seem to go here. I don't believe there's a cayuse or a steer on the island. And that's about all I'm good for."

He had quite forgotten his college degree and his law office, it seemed, but of what avail were they in winning a woman's heart!

"No," said Lutterworth, thoughtfully, "there's not much chance for the display of such rare and valuable talents in this locality. Yet these things should be worth something, P. S. Ah, I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed, light breaking in upon him. "The very thing! What was it you were telling me yesterday about a row on the *Tennessee?*"

"It wasn't much of a row."

"At any rate, let's have it. Perhaps I may do something with it."

"Well, you see, since General Grant died the other day, all the naval officers have been wearing crape as a badge of mourning. I was visiting the flag-ship with some young ladies, and somehow, we began to discuss the dead general. You know he was one of father's friends, and has always been a hero of mine. That man, Sluman, you know, that little whiffet that's on the Admiral's staff—how such a man as the Admiral could put him, or keep him, on his staff is more than I can tell——"

"Yes, yes, but go on."

"That little ass made some remarks concerning Grant which were highly derogatory—insulting I called them. It made me mad, especially as he was wearing crape for Grant at the time, so I took him aside and told him forcibly that if he made any more talk like that in my presence, I'd knock his head off, if I had to do it before the whole ship's company. I believe I'd have done it right then and there, as it was, but you see the young ladies were present."

"Um!" returned Lutterworth. "Did they hear what you said?"

"I suppose so. I didn't speak so low as I should have done, perhaps."

"I think I can make something out of that story. All you have to do is to back me up in whatever I say, and we'll set afloat a bigger sensation than the old flag-ship herself."

"What are you going to do?"



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Because of a woman.—Page 551.

"Never mind," answered the resourceful Lutterworth, "I'll fix it up all right."

"I'd hate to be laughed at."

"You'll be admired, envied, adored! Leave it to me."

"Well, go ahead," at last assented P. Sigsbee, not entirely easy in his mind, however.

The next morning there was a brief despatch in the Associated Press reports to the effect that one of the officers of the North Atlantic Squadron, then on its annual summer cruise to Bar Harbor, had spoken in a manner derogatory to the memory of General Grant; and that a prominent summer sojourner had taken exception to the officer's remarks, and had sent him a challenge to fight a duel. In the special correspondence to the metropolitan dailies which Lutterworth represented, there was a fuller and more explicit account of the row, with the additional information that the challenger was a Western man whose father had served under and had been a friend of the great general.

They were innocent-looking little paragraphs, but they excited a great deal of attention. It was summer and there was not much doing in the country at large. The item was widely read and commented upon with avidity.

The arrival of the papers made a sensation on the island as well. A little thing stirs up a summer colony and this was apparently a great one. As soon as he read the notice, P. Sigsbee, in great perturbation, posted off to find Lutterworth.

"See here!" he exclaimed. "You blamed idiot, what does all this mean? You'll get me into no end of trouble."

"Keep cool, old man," said Lutterworth, imperturbably. "It's all right. You let me work it out in my own way. You are not afraid to fight a duel, are you?"

"Fight a duel? Of course not! I've looked into the mouth of a loaded pistol more than once. I'm not afraid of anything but being made a fool of. But this will never do at all."

"It'll work; you see if it don't. Besides, it's just beginning."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to interview you."

"Not by a——"

"Hold on! Yes, I am. Let me see. You sent a challenge off to young Sluman. Now the question is, what did he do?"

"But I didn't send a challenge, you idiot."

"I know, I know. But in this story you did. What do you think he would do in that case?"

"Well, if I'm a judge of a sneak, he'd try to get out of it."

"Exactly. But how?"

"I don't know. But you addle headed——"

"Don't call names. Let me think. I'll make him decline it as against the rules of the service. That's first-rate. Now, one other question. What would you do under such circumstances?"

"You'll drive me crazy. I tell you the circumstances are impossible."

"But if they were possible?"

"Well, I suppose if I were fool enough to get into such a scrape, I'd brand him as a coward, and threaten to shoot him on sight."

"Good! Splendid! Great head! What would he do, then?"

"Anyone who wasn't an utter abject craven would take me up then, I suppose, but——"

"Good again! Everything's going along delightfully. He accepts your challenge. Yes, you can fight in Green Mountain Gorge. That would be a beautiful place for a fight, so wild, so romantic."

"I'll tell you one thing, Lutterworth. If you keep on there will be a shooting-match, and it won't be in Green Mountain Gorge, either, and you'll be the victim."

"P. S., if you don't bless me for this until the end of your life, after I get through, you can shoot me on sight. Now, go, my boy—hold on, though! Those yarns about your prowess, riding bronchos, shooting pipes, all that stuff. Is that straight goods?"

"True as Gospel, but——"

"All right. Get out!"

"Lutterworth, you're a fool! You'll ruin me," said P. Sigsbee, turning away in despair.

The next morning the papers contained an interview with the challenger, whose name, however, fortunately for P. Sigsbee's peace of mind, was not given. The affair was cleverly exploited further. A challenge had been sent and declined by the naval officer on the plea that the customs of the service prevented his acceptance. The challenger thereupon had de-



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

He had met her at a reception. -Page 551

clared his intention of publicly branding the other man as a coward and shooting him on sight. At that the naval officer had accepted the challenge, seconds had been named, one of whom was a prominent young literary man—Lutterworth wanted to get a little personal glory out of his magnificent inventions—a meeting had been appointed to take place in Green Mountain Gorge the next morning. After these preliminaries had been settled, it was stated that the Admiral had somehow got wind of the affair and peremptorily confined the young officer to his ship.

The excitement was increasing. Lutterworth had handled the case most brilliantly. His telegrams told just enough to pique curiosity to the highest point. It was the sensation of the hour. Staid old veterans of the late war, such as by good fortune General Jefferys happened to be, discussed the affair over their cigars, and while they all deprecated the practise of duelling, they were delighted to find some one willing to fight to defend the memory of the dead commander. Fair damsels exchanged impressions and lauded the heroic challenger to the skies—"So romantic! So gallant, you know!"

Lutterworth received a frantic telegram every half hour during the morning, asking for more particulars. When P. Sigsbee found him in his room after the arrival of the papers, he was chuckling with glee.

"What did I tell you, old man? This is the sensation of the day."

"It is," grimly assented P. Sigsbee. "Too much of a sensation for me. Thank the Lord nobody identifies me with it yet. If they did I should be the laughing stock of the town."

"Not you. You don't know these Eastern people. Besides, before to-morrow you *will* be identified with it."

"You are not going to interview me again?"

"No, indeed. I will now make a formal request of you for an interview——"

"Which I decline to grant, at once."

"Of course, that's the proper thing for you to do now. I am going to find out your name from some other source."

"I forbid you," wrathfully.

"Oh, keep cool!"

"You can't get my name from any other source, anyway. No one——"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Lutterworth, teasingly.

"What source?"

"Who were those young ladies who were with you on that ship that day you talked to Sluman?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Well, I have found out without your help."

"Who told you?"

"They did themselves. They are more than willing to talk of this affair. One is Miss Johnson, the other Miss Rivers. Miss Rivers, whom I know very well, told me she was sure you were the man. I met these young ladies last night and they dared me to deny it."

"You didn't deny it, of course?"

"Certainly not."

"What did you do?"

"I made them swear secrecy as to the officer's name."

"Oh, they knew that, too?"

"Yes. I don't want anybody to get into trouble over this affair, although that man deserves it, I declare. I think those girls will keep quiet about him, all right. But they are certain to tell your name."

"Great heavens! What have you done for me?"

"The best thing in your life. Just wait until I am through with you. Miss Rivers is an intimate friend of Colonel Winsor's daughter. Colonel Winsor is an old friend of General Jefferys. Fannie Winsor is one of Florence Jefferys's boon companions——"

"See here, Lutterworth, when you speak of that young woman, please refer to her as 'Miss Jefferys.'"

"Oh, Lord, you're hit hard! Well, *Miss* Rivers told *Miss* Winsor. *Miss* Winsor told her father, her father told General Jefferys. *Miss* Winsor also told *Miss* Jefferys. There was a dinner party given there last night and they were all talking about it. General Jefferys said you were a fool to fight a duel, but he'd like to meet you just the same. *Miss* Jefferys said you were a hero to defend General Grant, and said further, that she had met you, and that you were a man."

"You don't say so!" joyfully grabbing the other man's hands. "Lutterworth, old man——"

"I told you to let me alone and I'd fix you all right. Now go away and leave me.



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"I'm going to interview you."—Page 554.

You have refused to be interviewed. That's all I want."

At the hotel when he went back, P. Sigsbee found an invitation to a lawn party given that evening at the Jefferys cottage. He went, of course, and had a happy time. Although, when taxed by his fair hostess, he denied up and down that he had sent any challenge and he repeated his denial to General Jefferys, who condescended to notice him during the evening, he was not believed. Besides, P. Sigsbee could not deny, in the face of the testimony of the Misses Rivers and Johnson, that he had been on the flag-ship, and had reproved the officer—name still undeclared—for defaming the memory of the dead general. That was enough.

He made more progress in his wooing in that one evening than he had hoped to achieve in years. Florence Jefferys really distinguished him by her cordiality, and on his departure he received from both her father and herself an invitation to call, which set him in the seventh heaven. All he wanted was an opportunity—he was a well-bred, likeable, admirable fellow—and Lutterworth had given him that. He resolved to embrace it in spite of the fact that his conscience troubled him greatly.

Lutterworth was at the lawn fête, too. So was the Admiral. So also were a number of officers on his staff, all earnestly denying that there was any truth whatever in the yarn. Lutterworth and the Misses Johnson and Rivers observed with glee that Ensign Sluman turned pale as death when P. Sigsbee, supremely unconscious of his presence, passed by with Miss Jefferys on his arm. He at once excused himself from further attendance on the Admiral, on the plea of illness, and fled to the ship. He had already had a miserable time in a desperate endeavor to divert suspicion from himself in the wardroom.

Lutterworth left the party early in order to get his special correspondence off in time for the next day. As he walked down the road he was overtaken by the Admiral with two of his young officers. They were riding in one of the buckboards indigenous to the island, and when they overhauled the young man trudging along in the dust and darkness they hospitably invited him to a vacant seat.

"Mr. Lutterworth," said the Admiral, "you know pretty much all that is going on in these latitudes. Tell me how that absurd story originated? That duel affair, you know."

"I know no more than is contained in the reports, sir," promptly answered Lutterworth, with a strict regard for the truth and very tactfully as well.

"Lies, all of them! I'd like to get my hands on the swab that wrote 'em!" exclaimed young Wrightson, truculently, from the front seat.

The situation began to get interesting for Lutterworth. Suppose these bloodthirsty warriors found out that he——?

"It's an infernal outrage, a slander on the whole navy, that's what it is!"

"I am going to find out about it. To-morrow I shall be in possession of the facts," said the Admiral, sternly. "I telegraphed to some of my friends in New York to go around to the papers and get the name of the correspondent. If I catch him I will make it hot for him! He ought to be keelhauled. You know him, I suppose?"

"I only know what is in the papers, Admiral," answered the youngster boldly, but not feeling very happy.

"Well, we shall all know in the morning. By the way, we are having a reception on the flag-ship to-morrow from ten to twelve. You know the fleet sails in the afternoon. We shall be glad to welcome you, Mr. Lutterworth."

"Thank you, I'll be there, sir," said Lutterworth, gamely, making an excuse to leave them as he did so.

Well, he was in for it, anyway, they would surely find out, and he might as well have as much fun as he could before he was caught. So he rushed off to his office, composed himself in spite of the threatening exposure and went to work on his despatches. Fortunately, P. Sigsbee was not invited to the ship.

The next morning the duel sensation of Mt. Desert was further exploited. It was announced that two of the belles of the island had overheard a portion of the conversation and the name of the young man who had offered the challenge was Mr. P. Sigsbee Smith, formerly of Colorado, now a resident of New York. Here followed a glowing account of Smith, and his prowess with deadly weapons. He was character-



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Passed by with Miss Jefferys on his arm.—Page 558.

ized as one of the finest products of the United States, combining the freedom and courage of the West with the culture and refinement of the East. His removal to New York was dwelt upon, and, as a final Napoleonic touch of Lutterworth's daring genius, P. Sigsbee was announced as a prominent Republican candidate for Congress in the down-town district in which he resided, that fall. There was a lot more about the situation, consisting of interviews, real or fictitious, from some very important men, who, without committing themselves to the approval of the duel, commended the young man's bold defence of the memory of General Grant. There was also a modest denial of the report, purporting to come from P. Sigsbee himself, which was so cunningly worded by the ingenious Lutterworth, that it carried conviction to everybody that the story was true.

The papers and the answer to the Admiral's inquiries got to the flag-ship at the same time. Lutterworth, first of the reception guests, arrived soon after. The officers, except Sluman, who was so ill he had to go on the sick list, and was confined to his cabin, had arranged a warm reception for that young man. He had wit enough to imagine the situation, and was prepared for defence. As he nonchalantly stepped through the gangway he was met by a delegation headed by Wrightson. The threatening appearance of that young man and his comrades boded ill for the correspondent.

"Mr. Lutterworth——" he roared out, savagely, shaking his fist in the young man's face.

"Ah, Mr. Wrightson," suavely answered Lutterworth, turning to the gangway, "allow me, Miss Rivers and Miss Johnson!"

There could be no fighting in the presence of ladies, and Lutterworth with a devotion he rarely manifested, took care not to leave them for a moment. He resisted the most pressing invitations to go below just a moment for a drink, a word, for any purpose. At last he and his two friends left the ship together with the first of the guests to depart. Wrightson would have given a month's pay to have gone with him, too. It cannot be denied that Lutterworth was a genius.

The sailing orders of the Admiral were imperative and the ship got under way at twelve o'clock, carrying from the harbor a fine body of young officers who thirsted for an opportunity to go ashore and interview Lutterworth, and, incidentally, P. Sigsbee Smith, as well. There was one among them, however, who watched the rocky shores of the island fade into the distance with feelings of relief too great to be imagined.

That fall two things happened to P. Sigsbee Smith. One was his election to Congress on the strength of his bold defence of General Grant, which many newfound advocates worked to the last limit in a swift red-hot campaign in his district! The other, just after his election, was his marriage to Miss Florence Jefferys, with the full approval of the old general himself. Lutterworth was his best man at the wedding, as he had been his right-hand man in the campaign. As P. Sigsbee Smith frankly acknowledged, if it had not been for that brilliant and audacious youngster, neither of the successes would have come to him. His wife still believes him a hero, in spite of the fact that he told her the truth before they were married. She had loved him at first for the dangers she thought he had evoked; after that she loved him for himself alone—at least that is what she said, and P. Sigsbee believed her, too!

HOW WE BOUGHT THE GREAT WEST

By Noah Brooks

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century, say in 1803, the American Republic consisted of seventeen States, Ohio being the latest to add her star to the new constellation. The republic was bounded on the north by the great lakes, on the east by the Atlantic, on the south by possessions of Spain, and on the west by the Mississippi River. England had only lately withdrawn her forces from frontier forts that were within the limits of the United States, and, at a period comparatively recent, had actually fixed the capital of provincial Canada at Niagara, within the boundaries of the State of New York. On the south the Spanish territories of East and West Florida, stretching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River, were the refuge of a motley brood of adventurers whose incursions were a constant threat to the peace of the inhabitants of the American territory on the north.

The republic had emerged from a long and exhausting war for independence, triumphant but depleted. Except in the vicinity of the larger towns, roads were excessively bad, and means of communication between important points were feeble and uncertain. Stage-coaches and other conveyances for long distances were rude and uncomfortable; at times those who resorted to them were obliged to "work their passage" through some of the more trying parts of their journey. Mails were transported by these primitive vehicles, and the time required for their transmission was a matter to be determined by the state of the weather, the rise and fall of streams, and the condition of the contractor's steeds, barring accidents. Six weeks was the schedule time for mails between any of the chief Eastern cities—Boston, New York, or Philadelphia—and St. Louis. This last-named town, then a mere village with a handful of inhabitants and known as Pain Court, was a Spanish settlement into which a few adventurous Americans had intruded themselves.

If we may draw safe conclusions from the newspapers and private correspondence of the time, the American people, or, at least, their politicians and public men, were far more interested in the affairs of European nations than they were in those of their own country. The arrival of a ship with foreign journals and letters set agog the nation, or that part of it which clung to the Atlantic coast. Much of the social correspondence that has been preserved to us from those days teems with news of the English and French capitals, observations on European politics and speculations on the movements of foreign statesmen and rulers, mingled with wise predictions of possibilities that may arise. Thus General Henry Knox, Washington's Chief of Artillery, living in retirement in 1800, and writing to an old comrade, says: "Bonaparte! What a glorious fellow! How completely he has averted the monster anarchy and mad democracy! I hope in God no fanatic will assassinate him." The names of European statesmen were as familiar as household words upon the lips of American leaders of public opinion.

In October, 1800, Spain gave back to France, by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso, the vast tract of land known as the Province of Louisiana. It was also reported that West Florida was included in this cession; but that proved to be an error. The Province of Louisiana had been ceded to Spain by France in 1762; the fact of its recession did not become generally known until 1802. When the news of the cession reached the United States there was great commotion among the politicians. The "plain people," occupied as they were with their various commercial and industrial enterprises, then becoming profitable, did not manifest much concern in what happened in the courts of Europe; but the men who guided the political destinies of the young republic saw in this

transfer of a vast American province from a weak power to a strong power, lying along our western border, a menace to our peace and comfort. Jefferson, then President of the United States, took the alarm at once. In a letter to Robert R. Livingston, United States Minister to France, dated April 18, 1802, he used this strong language: "There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market, and from its fertility it will yield ere long more than one-half our whole produce, and contain more than half our inhabitants. France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us an attitude of defiance. Spain might have retained it quietly for years."

Jefferson then went on to say that with feeble Spain for our neighbor on the southwest, we might look for further enlargements of trade facilities, but France, with her energy, her habit of colonization and her impetuosity of temper, would be sure to make it impossible for herself and the American Republic long to remain friends. He pointed out that the vital interests of the United States would demand an alliance with some other and more formidable power. "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans," he said, "fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." This was pretty plain language, especially when we bear in mind that the letter was to be shown to M. de Nemours, the French Minister to the United States, who was about to return to France. The First Consul was calmly told that a French occupation of the mouths of the Mississippi would be the signal for an American alliance with England—with England against whom Napoleon was at that moment meditating war.

While the formal transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France was delayed, Morales, the Spanish Intendant, at New Orleans, unwittingly added fuel to the flames that had already been kindled in the United States by issuing a proclamation suspending the right of deposit in New Orleans. Under the treaty of 1795, the Americans were allowed the privilege of depositing their merchandise in Spanish storehouses while waiting shipment to ports beyond the Balize and the Gulf of Mexico. If not at New Orleans, then at some other convenient point in Spanish territory, to be designated by the Intendant, were the goods of the Americans to be temporarily set down. But, when he took away the right to deposit in New Orleans, the Spaniard offered no other spot on which the Americans could store their merchandise.

If the Spanish local authority had designed to show the weakness of the American line on the southwest, no more effectual means could have been adopted. Here was an indispensable and long-used gate of outward-bound commerce deliberately slammed in our face. Instantly, the population of the Mississippi valley was all afire. The Westerners were a hardy, adventurous, and audacious race. Good fighters, used to long marches, excellent marksmen and brave beyond words of description, they were ever ready to defend what they believed to be their rights; they demanded to be led against the Spanish, whom they threatened to sweep into the sea. Other parts of the country, less affected by the suspension of the right of deposit, sympathized with the Westerners, and, although they held no public meetings of denunciation and passed no resolutions of defiance, they cried for immediate redress of this outrage on the American people.

Congress took the alarm, and Representative Griswold, of Connecticut, offered in the House a set of spirited resolutions asserting the rights of American shippers to a place of deposit at the mouths of the Mississippi, and to the free navigation of that river, and demanding information as to the readiest means for the recovery and maintenance of those rights. Party feeling ran high in those days, and, after much fencing between the Federalists and the Republicans, a milk-and-watery resolution was substituted for Griswold's fiery declarations. A similar fate overtook a more warlike resolution offered in the Senate by Ross of Pennsylvania. Senator Ross not only denounced the Spanish outrage, as it was called; he asked that the President be authorized to take possession of a suitable place of deposit at New Orleans, and, to

accomplish this purpose, fifty thousand of the militia were to be called out and fifty millions of dollars, if needed, were to be appropriated for the carrying out of order.

But the President had no need of an army; although Congress did finally enact a law authorizing the President to call for a provisional army of eighty thousand militia and to spend twenty-five thousand dollars in building forts and arsenals in the West, these warlike preparations were wholly on paper, and President Jefferson was left free to accomplish by diplomacy what force of arms never could have accomplished.

According to Livingston, the French colonization of New Orleans was a darling object with the First Consul, who saw in it "a means to gratify his friends and dispose of his armies." Even while the American Congress was wasting its time with political sparring over the closing of the Mississippi to Western trade and commerce, it was reported that a French fleet under command of Marshal Bernadotte was on its way to take possession of New Orleans. But that fleet never sailed; it was needed elsewhere.

Time pressed and as the political sky of Europe grew more and more stormy, the necessity for immediate action on the part of the interested powers increased. Up to this point it is uncertain how many of the notes of Minister Livingston addressing the French Government on the subject of a possible cession of some part of Louisiana to the United States ever reached the First Consul. Under instructions from the President, Livingston had plied that government with arguments intended to induce a sale of the island of New Orleans and some part of the newly acquired territory east of the Mississippi. Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was more deeply attached to the tradition of French colonization on the American continent than was his master; and, with his habitual duplicity, it is likely that only so much of Livingston's pleadings as would be inefficacious with him was permitted to reach Bonaparte's eye. Meanwhile France and England were at odds over the island of Malta, and Napoleon had said, with all possible publicity, "I must have Malta or war." War, therefore, seemed inevitable.

In January, 1803, Jefferson, uneasy at the long and dangerous delay in negotiations for the transfer of any part of Louisiana to the United States, resolved to send a minister plenipotentiary to aid Livingston in Paris. James Monroe was selected for this office, made doubly arduous by the fact that Livingston was the head of a powerful and influential political and family clan in New York whose *amour propre* might be offended and whose support be lost to Jefferson by any act that would seem to reflect on the diplomatic ability of their patroon, then accredited to the court at Versailles. This was satisfactorily arranged, however, and Monroe was privately instructed by the President that his powers as Minister Extraordinary were practically unlimited. "Our object of purchasing New Orleans and the Floridas is a measure liable to assume so many shapes that no instructions could be squared to fit them." The more ardent of Jefferson's admirers see in this ambiguous phrase a hint of the possibility that the unexpected would happen and that the American ministers in Paris might have a chance to strike a mighty bargain with the First Consul.

Having established direct communications with Napoleon, Mr. Livingston argued with the Consul that France could not always depend upon keeping the allegiance of rich and prosperous colonists in the Province of Louisiana; and he asked that a price be fixed on so much of the territory as lay north of the Arkansas River, added to that east of New Orleans and west of East Florida. The First Consul was also persistently dunned for the payment of those claims of American citizens which afterwards acquired notoriety as "The French Claims." Napoleon promised that the claims should be paid, but on the subject of the sale of any part of Louisiana he was silent, or non-committal. On the twelfth of March, 1803, Livingston wrote to Jefferson that he had been assured by Talleyrand "that no sale would be heard of."

Events now moved very swiftly. War was approaching. English newspapers openly advised their government that a blow be struck against France by sending a fleet to seize New Orleans and hold the door into the French Province of Louisiana. Napoleon needed money for fleets, for army operations, and for the other innumerable expenses of a long war. The American

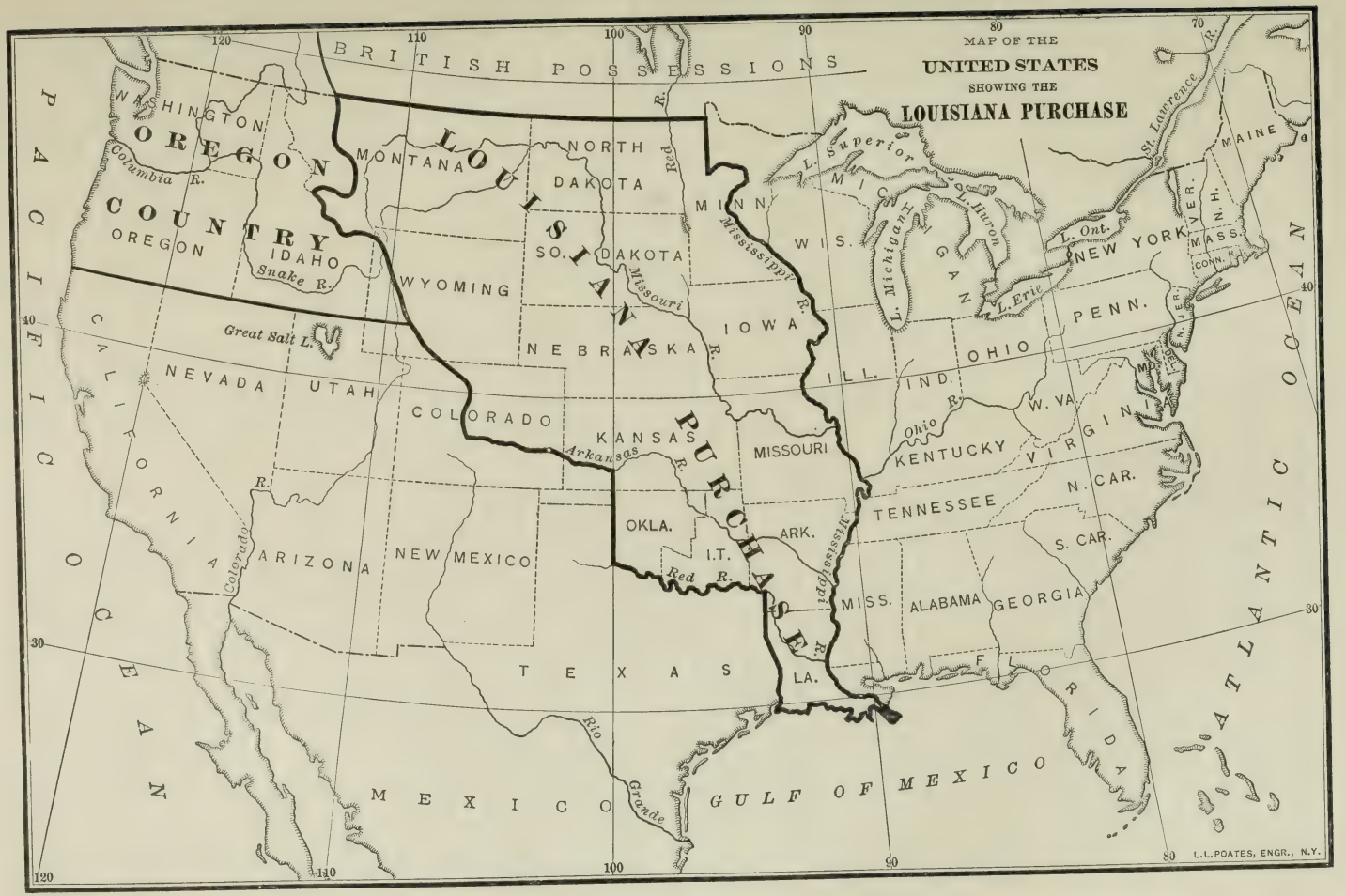
Congress had authorized the President to expend two millions of dollars to consummate any negotiations into which he might enter for the acquisition of territory at the mouths of the Mississippi; this money, Napoleon was told by the English newspapers, was intended to be used in bribing persons attached to the French court. If they could spend so handsome a sum for bribery, might they not be induced to spend a much more magnificent amount in a purchase of territory?

On the eleventh of April, Livingston wrote to his government that Talleyrand had asked him whether the United States wished to buy the whole of Louisiana, to which Livingston had replied in the negative, adding, "Our wishes extend only to New Orleans and the Floridas." But when the French diplomatist answered that what would be left after the sale of the controlling port of New Orleans would be worth very little to France, and it would be interesting to know what sum the United States would give for the whole Province of Louisiana, leaving the Floridas out of the question, a great light began to dawn on the mind of the American Minister. The only reply that Livingston could make to such an unexpected proposition was that he had not thought of the subject, but he suggested that twenty millions of francs might be regarded as a fair price for the province, provided the claims of American citizens were also paid. Livingston had estimated the amount of the American claims at twenty-five millions of francs; and his offer for the purchase of Louisiana, accordingly, was forty-five millions of francs, or about nine million dollars. No wonder the French Minister took his leave, protesting that the price named was far too small to be considered.

Livingston reports that at this interview Talleyrand, when introducing the subject of the sale of the entire province, explained that the idea of a sale so great as that had only just then occurred to him. But the American Minister, shrewdly comments: "I have reason, however, to think that this resolution was taken in council on Saturday." This proved to be a correct surmise. Napoleon had resolved to sell the entire Province of Louisiana, and his ministers had been instructed to get as good a price for it as they possibly could.

Monroe arrived in Paris on the twelfth of April, and on the following day Barbé-Marbois, the French Minister of Finance, appeared as the diplomatic agent of the French Republic in the pending negotiations. Barbé-Marbois was not only a skilled diplomatist, but he was a good friend of the Americans; he had passed several years in this country as Consul-General of France, and, during his residence, had married the daughter of Governor William Moore, of Pennsylvania. But his American friendships did not hinder him from making as good a bargain for the First Consul as he could. He told Livingston that Napoleon had said to him, as he put the whole business into his hands: "You have charge of the treasury; let them (the Americans) give you one hundred millions of francs, pay their own claims and take the whole country." To this offer the American Minister declined to make any response until he had consulted with his colleague, Mr. Monroe. Accordingly, the two Americans, having put their wise heads together, raised their bid to fifty millions of francs, including the spoliations claims, and then, to use their own words, "resolved to rest a few days on their oars." The war-clouds were growing bigger and more portentous. Money, not additional foreign complications, was what France most needed.

There was more higgling and haggling over the price to be paid for the province, the Americans protesting that the figures set by the French Government were far too high; Marbois, while he admitted that the price might seem exorbitant, insisted that it was below that fixed by the First Consul. But, on the last day of April, 1803, just eleven days before the British ambassador in Paris received his passports and departed for home, three agreements were entered into by the ministers of France and the United States. To humor the over-sensitiveness of the French, the treaty of cession made no mention of the money to be paid for the territory sold. That required a separate agreement and document. The treaty of cession provided that the Province of Louisiana, as obtained by treaty from Spain, should be made over to the Republic of the United States, and its inhabitants be incorporated into the Federal Union and admitted


MAP OF THE
UNITED STATES
SHOWING THE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
BRITISH POSSESSIONS
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
WASHINGTON
OREGON
COUNTRY
OREGON
IDAHO
MONTANA
NORTH DAKOTA
SO. DAKOTA
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
UTAH
COLORADO
KANSAS
OKLA.
I.T.
TEXAS
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
CALIFORNIA
MINN.
IOWA
MISSOURI
ARK.
LA.
WIS.
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
MISS.
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
S. CAR.
N. CAR.
VIRGINIA
W. VA.
PENN.
NEW YORK
MAINE
MASS.
VER.
N.H.
CONN.
R.I.
N.J.
DEL.
MD.
L. Superior
L. Michigan
L. Huron
L. Erie
L. Ont.
Columbia R.
Snake R.
Great Salt L.
Missouri R.
Mississippi R.
Red R.
Arkansas R.
Ohio R.
Colorado R.
Rio Grande
St. Lawrence R.
120
110
100
90
80
70
40
30
L.L.POATES, ENGR., N.Y.

to all the rights and immunities of American citizens of the United States, and that, meanwhile, they should be protected in the possession of their property and the exercise of the religion they professed; and that vessels arriving at ports of Louisiana from France or Spain, or from the colonies of those two countries, laden with the merchandise of said countries, should, for the space of twelve years, be placed on an equal footing with American vessels engaged in the same traffic, so far as dues and duties were concerned.

The second document was called a convention. It arranged for the payment of the price of the province. Sixty millions of francs were to be paid for the territory. As the "convention" fixed the relative valuation of the franc and the dollar, the American Government was to put eleven million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars into an issue of stock bearing six per cent. interest, payable semi-annually in Paris, London, or Amsterdam. Payment of the principal was to begin fifteen years after the exchange of ratifications, in instalments of not less than three millions of dollars each. The third document was also a convention and made provision for the payment of claims of American citizens against the French Government. No claims were to be paid except those held by creditors of France, and none was to be considered unless it was dated prior to September 30th, 1800.

Briefly, the American ministers had agreed that their government should pay fifteen millions of dollars for the territory known as the Province of Louisiana. For, in addition to the sum to be provided by the stock to be issued, Congress did actually appropriate, subsequently, three and three-quarters millions of dollars for the payment of the aforesaid claims. This acquisition of land more than doubled the area of the republic; it was an area of more than one million square miles. It made continuous the possessions of the American Republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the country now occupied by the States of Oregon and Washington being then ours by right of discovery and subsequently by settlement and by treaty. The vast region thus acquired now contains a population of more than thirteen millions, or more than twice the number of the people of the United States at the time of the cession.

The First Consul might well rub his hands and say, in view of this bargain: "There is nothing left to ask. Sixty millions for an occupation that will not last a day, perhaps. Let France enjoy this unexpected capital." Nevertheless, he did not omit to chide Barbé-Marbois because he had not exacted one hundred millions for property which he had been willing to sell for one-half that sum. Bonaparte took a wider view of this mighty transaction, when he said: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States. I have given England a rival."

In England the news of the cession of Louisiana was received with complacency, if not with applause. It was said that the King, George III, expressed himself as pleased with the transfer of so much of the outlying possessions of France to another power. Jefferson's friends saw in the liberal offer of the Barings to finance the United States loan, issued for the occasion, an evidence of the friendship of the British Government for the great transaction. Spain, however, continued to protest against the transfer. The conditions on which Louisiana had been re-ceded to France related to European affairs, and these conditions, Spain alleged, had not been fulfilled. It is not worth while now to look into the justice of this claim or to inquire whether Spanish opposition to the cession was merely factious. In any case, although that opposition was maintained up to the very last day of grace, it had no effect upon the French Government.

Nobody could have foreseen what a turmoil the purchase of Louisiana would cause in the United States. Jefferson was undoubtedly dazed when the three documents concluding and sealing that purchase reached him. The treaty of cession was already nearly a month old when it was placed before him. There was no time to send word to Washington from Paris and ask for instructions before closing the bargain. Although it required about thirty days to cross the Atlantic, events were crowding upon each other too thickly to venture on a delay so great before concluding the sale of the French province to a power on the western side of the ocean. The deed was done.

Jefferson, delighted beyond measure at the success of his envoys, was puzzled to discover ways and means to consummate their purchase and legalize their action. He had offered to buy a few hundred acres for a dockyard and place of deposit. He was to have handed over to him a territory equal in extent to many principalities. He had been authorized to expend two millions of dollars in a needed purchase; he found himself involved in a transaction that required on his part fifteen millions. A strict constructionist, and believing as he did that the purchase of foreign territory would be an unconstitutional act on his part, he found himself bound in honor to consummate a bargain that would double the area of the United States.

At this time the Federalist party had become merely a party of obstructionists. Their only distinct policy, apparently, was to oppose everything proposed by the Republicans. Their cardinal principle was that whatever Jefferson did was not right. The clamor raised by the announcement that Jefferson's agents in Paris had bought the Province of Louisiana was prodigious. It was asserted that the purchase contemplated the formation of a new confederacy which should include the valley of the Mississippi and the lands lying immediately east thereof. Having bought an empire, they asked, derisively, who is to be emperor of the newly acquired domain? The cost, above all, the cost of this vast region was regarded as monumental. Fifteen millions for a worthless wilderness! The bare idea was preposterous.

But, in any case, Congress must be assembled in order that the needed funds should be provided for the payment of the purchase-money. And pending the meeting of the Senate, Jefferson asked advice of his cabinet in the framing of an amendment to the Constitution that should be retroactive in its nature and cover the acquisition of Louisiana as well as the future annexation of the Floridas. But the cabinet treated the President's propositions with coolness. Every member but two declined to sanction an amendment to the Constitution at that time. Finding cold comfort there, Jefferson turned to his personal and political friends. He had "done an act beyond the Constitution," he said, and he relied upon his friends in Congress to get him out of the scrape. It was an unlooked-for exigency that had placed within the reach of his agents the power to buy this province. "It is the case of a guardian," he wrote to Senator Nicholas, of Virginia, "investing the money of his ward in purchasing an important adjacent territory; and saying to him, when of age, 'I did this for your good; I pretend to no right to bind you; you may disavow me, and I must get out of the scrape as I can; I thought it my duty to risk myself for you.'"

Appeals like these had no effect upon the friends of Jefferson. Indeed, Senator Nicholas bluntly told the President that he might as well keep his doubts and scruples to himself. If the Senate should be told that the President did not believe he had any right to acquire foreign territory by purchase until that right had been conferred by an amendment to the Constitution, the treaty would not be ratified; and then everything would have to be done over again.

Rebuffed in this direction, Jefferson again turned to his cabinet, and, as before, was met with blank silence. In both of these appeals to his ministers, he included a draft of a proposed amendment to the Constitution. That which was submitted to the cabinet with his second appeal contained the extraordinary proposition that Florida would some day be a part of the United States, and that, in certain contingencies, certain things were necessary to be done.

Congress met on October 17, 1803. The three agreements with France were before the Senate for ratification, and the House of Representatives was to be asked to originate the requisite measures to provide for the payment of the expenses to which the United States was now pledged. Of course the uproar occasioned by the first announcement of the purchase was renewed now that Congress was asked to sanction the purchase, and provide ways and means to make the stipulated payment. In his messages regarding the Louisiana Purchase, Jefferson gave no hint of the perturbation which his "extra-constitutional action" had caused in his mind. And the Senate, without any ado, proceeded to ratify the treaty of cession, and the conventions, on October 19.

A longer time was required to ratify the treaty by making provision for the payment of the purchase-money. Meanwhile, the uproar among the politicians increased. The New England Federalists were especially excited and venomous. They pretended to believe that their fellow-citizens would be tempted to migrate to the western banks of the Mississippi where land was fertile and cheap, and leave their native New England to neglect and poverty. Something of the spirit which, a few years later, manifested itself in the Hartford Convention, inspired the leaders with dreams of separation. They insisted that the balance of power was passing to the South and that the new States to be carved out of the Louisiana Purchase would be hostile to New England; it was even hinted that New England should take Time by the forelock and provide for her own separate existence.

The President, to facilitate the favorable action of Congress, sent to that body a lot of documents designed to show forth the wonders and the riches of the unknown land which was to be ours. Some of these documents were so absurdly extravagant that it is reasonable to suppose that Jefferson could not have read them before he sent them in. For example, they told of giant Indians, of prairies too rich to grow trees, and of a mountain of salt one hundred and eighty miles long and forty-five miles wide, solid to its summit, with saline springs gushing from its base. These, and other incredible yarns, foolishly enough, were accepted by Jefferson's friends, who not only defended their credibility, but added to their volume. It was asserted that the mastodon and other prehistoric animals would be found wandering in the unexplored wildernesses of the Louisiana Purchase. As for the mountain of salt, they said, specimens of the mineral, as large as a hen's egg, had been brought to Boston and New York.

The constitutional argument was threshed over and over again. It is not worth while now to go over the varied discussion which was provoked in Congress. One of the most subtle arguments advanced by the Federalists was this: We will admit that we can purchase and hold Louisiana; but we deny that either Louisiana or any other foreign country can be incorporated into this Union by treaty; as this country has been ceded to the United States on condition of its incorporation, and as this condition is unconstitutional and impossible, the treaty and the cession both fall to the ground.

Imperialism was another bugaboo employed by the Federalists. Before a regular form of government could be provided for the newly acquired territory, there must be some sort of government, *ad interim*, and when a bill to effect that purpose came before the Congress, it was sardonically inquired if King Jefferson was to take the place of King Charles of Spain. A despotism worse than that of Spain was to be set up by the President, who, without consulting the Senate, would fill every office, from governor down to storekeeper, with creatures of his own. All these arguments and illustrations seem now strangely familiar. We know how ineffective they were. The treaty and the conventions were ratified and the money needed to pay the bills was provided for, and Congress adjourned after a comparatively short session. It remained only for the United States Government to take formal possession of the territory.

The population of Lower Louisiana were motley in character: their territory had not yet been made over to France from Spain. Accordingly, still protesting but obeying his formal orders, the Marquis of Cassa Calva and Don Juan Manuel de Salcedo, on behalf of the King of Spain, and Peter Clement Laussat, on behalf of the First Consul, followed by a great concourse of people, on November 30, 1803, went to the hall of the Cabildo, or local municipal assembly, New Orleans, and there, after displaying their authority, the Spaniards surrendered and the Frenchmen received jurisdiction of the Province of Louisiana. The Spanish flag was lowered and the French tri-color hoisted; the keys of New Orleans, then a walled city, were delivered to Laussat and the simple ceremony was over.

No provision had been made for preserving order in the city during the ticklish period when there was no government visible. The French had no troops and no means of putting down violence, in case of disorder. What might be expected from a population composed of Amer-

icans, Creoles, Frenchmen and Spaniards, emigrants from the Canaries and Malaga, exiled Acadians, Germans, Mexicans, Mestizoes and every shade of negro, from the Congo man to the brightest octoroon? The pressure of forty years of Spanish despotism suddenly removed, to what wildness of excess might they not rush? Happily, no disorder happened. A handful of Americans whom business had brought to New Orleans—sea-captains, super-cargoes, clerks, merchants, and sailors, volunteered to assist in keeping order. Laussat gladly accepted their services, and the peace was kept while the American envoys were hurrying to New Orleans to receive the cession of the territory. Those envoys were General James Wilkinson and Governor William Claiborne. Gathering up what troops were available in the region, Wilkinson and Claiborne made a formal entry into the gates of New Orleans on December 20, 1803, and, with a band playing French and American airs, marched in battle array to the Cabildo escorted by the Spanish troops and welcomed by the envoys of France and Spain. The credentials of the American commissioners and those of Laussat were read to the assemblage. The keys of the city were handed to Claiborne; Laussat absolved the citizens from all allegiance to France; Claiborne bade them welcome as citizens of the United States, assuring them that their civil and religious liberty and their property were safe; and the simple, but important, ceremony was over as the American ensign floated over the soil of Louisiana.

Months passed before the Spaniards showed any signs of moving. Spanish soldiers mounted guard in New Orleans every day, and Spanish officers held the quarters which, under the terms of the cession, were the property of the United States. The barracks were not given up until April, 1804, and even later than that the magazines and hospital were held. American soldiers were forced to sleep in unwholesome tents on the marshes, while the arrogant Spanish held possession of the city. So much for the continual protest of the Spanish authorities that the territory had never been legally ceded to the United States. It is not surprising that schemes for the seizure of the territory by American and foreign adventurers were secretly developed. Such a state of things doubtless led Aaron Burr to warn his friends in the Mississippi valley that in less than five years they would be separated from the Atlantic States.

The upper portion of the Louisiana Purchase was known as the Territory of Louisiana; it comprised all that territory north of the thirty-third degree of latitude, eastward to the Mississippi and westward and northward as far as the undetermined boundaries of the newly acquired possessions might extend. South of this was the District of Orleans with its seat of government fixed at New Orleans. The cession of the upper part of the purchase did not take place until March 10th, 1804, when, having received the cession from the Spanish, the French representative handed it over to the agent of the United States with a very brief and simple ceremony.

By these unimpressive proceedings the Government of the United States was put in possession of territory within whose boundaries now flourish the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, the Indian Territory, and parts of the States of Minnesota and Colorado. The men who were the active agents in the transfer of this mighty land from one national jurisdiction to another, are well-nigh forgotten in the crowd and rush of later, but not less important, events. By this historic purchase the seat of a mighty empire was forever established. By this purchase the possibilities of developing from the republic a world-power were strengthened. Under our benignant rule, comfort, luxury, prosperity, and every variety of material activity fill the wide spaces in which our fathers found only a trackless wilderness. Common gratitude bids us recall with acclaim the names of Jefferson, Livingston, and Monroe, who, building better than they knew, made this magnificent transformation possible.

SANCTUARY

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

PART II—(CONCLUDED)

VI

MRS. PEYTON reached home in the state of exhaustion which follows on a physical struggle. It seemed to her as though her talk with Clemence Verney had been an actual combat, a measuring of wrist and eye. For a moment she was frightened at what she had done—she felt as though she had betrayed her son to the enemy. But before long she regained her moral balance, and saw that she had merely shifted the conflict to the ground on which it could best be fought out—since the prize fought for was the natural battlefield. The reaction brought with it a sense of helplessness, a realization that she had let the issue pass out of her hold; but since, in the last analysis, it had never lain there, since it was above all needful that the determining touch should be given by any hand but hers, she presently found courage to subside into inaction. She had done all she could—even more, perhaps, than prudence warranted—and now she could but await passively the working of the forces she had set in motion.

For two days after her talk with Miss Verney she saw little of Dick. He went early to his office and came back late. He seemed less tired, more self-possessed, than during the first days after Darrow's death; but there was a new inscrutableness in his manner, a note of reserve, of resistance almost, as though he had barricaded himself against her conjectures. She had been struck by Miss Verney's reply to the anxious asseveration that she had done nothing to influence Dick—"Nothing," the girl had answered, "except to read his thoughts." Mrs. Peyton shrank from this detection of a tacit interference with her son's liberty of action. She longed—how passionately he would never know—to stand apart from him in this struggle between his two destinies, and it was almost a relief that he on his side should hold aloof, should, for the first time in their relation, seem to feel her tenderness as an intrusion.

Only four days remained before the date fixed for the sending in of the designs, and still Dick had not referred to his work. Of Darrow, also, he had made no mention. His mother longed to know if he had spoken to Clemence Verney—or rather if the girl had forced his confidence. Mrs. Peyton was almost certain that Miss Verney would not remain silent—there were times when Dick's renewed application to his work seemed an earnest of her having spoken, and spoken convincingly. At the thought Kate's heart grew chill. What if her experiment should succeed in a sense she had not intended? If the girl should reconcile Dick to his weakness, should pluck the sting from his temptation? In this round of uncertainties the mother revolved for two interminable days; but the second evening brought an answer to her question.

Dick, returning earlier than usual from the office, had found, on the hall-table, a note which, since morning, had been under his mother's observation. The envelope, fashionable in tint and texture, was addressed in a rapid staccato hand which seemed the very imprint of Miss Verney's utterance. Mrs. Peyton did not know the girl's writing; but such notes had of late lain often enough on the hall-table to make their attribution easy. This communication Dick, as his mother poured his tea, looked over with a face of shifting lights; then he folded it into his note-case, and said, with a glance at his watch: "If you haven't asked any one for this evening I think I'll dine out."

"Do, dear; the change will be good for you," his mother assented.

He made no answer, but sat leaning back,

his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes fixed on the fire. Every line of his body expressed a profound physical lassitude, but the face remained alert and guarded. Mrs. Peyton, in silence, was busying herself with the details of the tea-making, when suddenly, inexplicably, a question forced itself to her lips.

"And your work——?" she said, strangely hearing herself speak.

"My work——?" He sat up, on the defensive almost, but without a tremor of the guarded face.

"You're getting on well? You've made up for lost time?"

"Oh, yes: things are going better." He rose, with another glance at his watch. "Time to dress," he said, nodding to her as he turned to the door.

It was an hour later, during her own solitary dinner, that a ring at the door was followed by the parlour-maid's announcement that Mr. Gill was there from the office. In the hall, in fact, Kate found her son's partner, who explained apologetically that he had understood Peyton was dining at home, and had come to consult him about a difficulty which had arisen since he had left the office. On hearing that Dick was out, and that his mother did not know where he had gone, Mr. Gill's perplexity became so manifest that Mrs. Peyton, after a moment, said hesitatingly: "He may be at a friend's house; I could give you the address."

The architect caught up his hat. "Thank you; I'll have a try for him."

Mrs. Peyton hesitated again. "Perhaps," she suggested, "it would be better to telephone."

She led the way into the little study behind the drawing-room, where a telephone stood on the writing-table. The folding doors between the two rooms were open: should she close them as she passed back into the drawing-room? On the threshold she wavered an instant; then she walked on and took her usual seat by the fire.

Gill, meanwhile, at the telephone, had "rung up" the Verney house, and enquired if his partner were dining there. The reply was evidently affirmative; and a moment later Kate knew that he was in communication with her son. She sat motionless, her hands clasped on the arms of her chair, her head erect, in an attitude of avowed attention. If she listened she would listen openly: there should be no suspicion of eaves-dropping. Gill, engrossed in his message, was probably hardly conscious of her presence; but if he turned his head he should at least have no difficulty in seeing her, and in being aware that she could hear what he said. Gill, however, as she was quick to remember, was doubtless ignorant of any need for secrecy in his communication to Dick. He had often heard the affairs of the office discussed openly before Mrs. Peyton, had been led to regard her as familiar with all the details of her son's work. He talked on unconcernedly, and she listened.

Ten minutes later, when he rose to go, she knew all that she had wanted to find out. Long familiarity with the technicalities of her son's profession made it easy for her to translate the stenographic jargon of the office. She could lengthen out all Gill's abbreviations, interpret all his allusions, and reconstruct Dick's answers from the questions addressed to him. And when the door closed on the architect she was left face to face with the fact that her son, unknown to anyone but herself, was using Darrow's drawings to complete his work.

Mrs. Peyton, left alone, found it easier to continue her vigil by the drawing-room fire than to carry up to the darkness and silence of her own room the truth she had been at such pains to acquire. She had no thought of sitting up for Dick. Doubtless, his dinner over, he would rejoin Gill at the office, and prolong through the night the task in which she now knew him to be engaged. But it was less lonely by the fire than in the wide-eyed darkness which awaited her upstairs. A mortal loneliness enveloped her. She felt as though she had fallen by the way, spent and broken in a struggle of which even its object had been unconscious. She had tried to deflect the natural course of events, she had sacrificed her personal happiness to a fantastic ideal of duty, and it was her punishment to be left alone with her failure, outside the normal current of human strivings and regrets.

She had no wish to see her son just then: she would have preferred to let the inner tumult subside, to repossess herself in this new adjustment to life, before meeting his eyes again. But as she sat there, far adrift

on her misery, she was aroused by the turning of his key in the latch. She started up, her heart sounding a retreat, but her faculties too dispersed to obey it; and while she stood wavering the door opened and he was in the room.

In the room, and with face illumined: a Dick she had not seen since the strain of the contest had cast its shade on him. Now he shone as if in a sunrise of victory, holding out exultant hands from which she hung back instinctively.

"Mother! I knew you'd be waiting for me!" He had her on his breast now, and his kisses were in her hair. "I've always said you knew everything that was happening to me, and now you've guessed that I wanted you to-night."

She was struggling faintly against the dear endearments. "What *has* happened?" she murmured, drawing back for a dazzled look at him.

He had drawn her to the sofa, had dropped beside her, regaining his hold of her in the boyish need that his happiness should be touched and handled.

"My engagement has happened!" he cried out to her. "You stupid dear, do you need to be told?"

VII

SHE had indeed needed to be told: the surprise was complete and overwhelming. She sat silent under it, her hands trembling in his, till the blood mounted to his face and she felt his confident grasp relax.

"You didn't guess it, then?" he exclaimed, starting up and moving away from her.

"No; I didn't guess it," she confessed in a dead-level voice.

He stood above her, half-challenging, half-defensive. "And you haven't a word to say to me? Mother!" he adjured her.

She rose too, putting her arms about him with a kiss. "Dick! Dear Dick!" she murmured.

"She imagines you don't like her; she says she's always felt it. And yet she owns you've been delightful; that you've tried to make friends with her. And I thought you knew how much it would mean to me, just now, to have this uncertainty over, and that you'd actually been trying to help me, to put in a good word for me. I thought it was you who had made her decide."

"I?"

"By your talk with her the other day. She told me of your talk with her."

His mother's hands slipped from his shoulders and she sank back into her seat. She felt the cruelty of her silence, but only an inarticulate murmur found a way to her lips. Before speaking she must clear a space in the suffocating rush of her sensations. For the moment she could only repeat inwardly that Clemence Verney had yielded before the final test, and that she herself was somehow responsible for this fresh entanglement of fate. For she saw in a flash how the coils of circumstance had tightened; and as her mind cleared it was filled with the perception that this, precisely, was what the girl intended, that this was why she had conferred the crown before the victory. By pledging herself to Dick she had secured his pledge in return: had put him on his honour in a cynical inversion of the term. Kate saw the succession of events spread out before her like a map, and the astuteness of the girl's policy frightened her. Miss Verney had conducted the campaign like a strategist. She had frankly owned that her interest in Dick's future depended on his capacity for success, and in order to key him up to his first achievement she had given him a foretaste of its results.

So much was almost immediately clear to Mrs. Peyton; but in a moment her inferences had carried her a point farther. For it was now plain to her that Miss Verney had not risked so much without first trying to gain her point at less cost: that if she had had to give herself as a prize, it was because no other bribe had been sufficient. This then, as the mother saw with a throb of hope, meant that Dick, who since Darrow's death had held to his purpose unwaveringly, had been deflected from it by the first hint of Clemence Verney's connivance. Kate had not miscalculated: things had happened as she had foreseen. In the light of the girl's approval his act had taken an odious look. He had recoiled from it, and it was to revive his flagging courage that she had had to promise herself, to take him in the meshes of her surrender.

Kate, looking up, saw above her the young perplexity of her boy's face, the sus-



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He had her on his breast now, and his kisses were in her hair.—Page 572.

pended happiness waiting to brim over. With a fresh touch of misery she said to herself that this was his hour, his one irrecoverable moment, and that she was darkening it by her silence. Her memory went back to the same hour in her own life: she could feel its heat in her pulses still. What right had she to stand in Dick's light? Who was she to decide between his code and hers? She put out her hand and drew him down to her.

"She'll be the making of me, you know, mother," he said, as they leaned together. "She'll put new life in me—she'll help me get my second wind. Her talk is like a fresh breeze blowing away the fog in my head. I never knew any one who saw so straight to the heart of things, who had such a grip on values. She goes straight up to life and catches hold of it, and you simply can't make her let go."

He got up and walked the length of the room; then he came back and stood smiling above his mother.

"You know you and I are rather complicated people," he said. "We're always walking around things to get new views of them—we're always rearranging the furniture. And somehow she simplifies life so tremendously." He dropped down beside her with a deprecating laugh. "Not that I mean, dear, that it hasn't been good for me to argue things out with myself, as you've taught me to—only the man who stops to talk is apt to get shoved aside nowadays, and I don't believe Milton's archangels would have had much success in active business."

He had begun in a strain of easy confidence, but as he went on she detected an effort to hold the note, she felt that his words were being poured out in a vain attempt to fill the silence which was deepening between them. She longed, in her turn, to pour something into that menacing void, to bridge it with a reconciling word or look; but her soul hung back, and she had to take refuge in a vague murmur of tenderness.

"My boy! My boy!" she repeated; and he sat beside her without speaking, their hand-clasp alone spanning the distance which had widened between their thoughts.

The engagement, as Kate subsequently learned, was not to be made known till later. Miss Verney had even stipulated that for the present there should be no recognition of it in her own family or in Dick's. She did not wish to interfere with his final work for the competition, and had made him promise, as he laughingly owned, that he would not see her again till the drawings were sent in. His mother noticed that he made no other allusion to his work; but when he bade her good night he added that he might not see her the next morning, as he had to go to the office early. She took this as a hint that he wished to be left alone, and kept her room the next day till the closing door told her that he was out of the house.

She herself had waked early, and it seemed to her that the day was already old when she came downstairs. Never had the house appeared so empty. Even in Dick's longest absences something of his presence had always hung about the rooms: a fine dust of memories and associations, which wanted only the evocation of her thought to float into a palpable semblance of him. But now he seemed to have taken himself quite away, to have broken every fibre by which their lives had hung together. Where the sense of him had been there was only a deeper emptiness: she felt as if a strange man had gone out of her house.

She wandered from room to room, aimlessly, trying to adjust herself to their solitude. She had known such loneliness before, in the years when most women's hearts are fullest; but that was long ago, and the solitude had after all been less complete, because of the sense that it might still be filled. Her son had come: her life had brimmed over; but now the tide ebbed again, and she was left gazing over a bare stretch of wasted years. Wasted! There was the mortal pang, the stroke from which there was no healing. Her faith and hope had been marsh-lights luring her to the wilderness, her love a vain edifice reared on shifting ground.

In her round of the rooms she came at last to Dick's study upstairs. It was full of his boyhood: she could trace the history of his past in its quaint relics and survivals, in the school-books lingering on his crowded shelves, the school-photographs and college-trophies hung among his later treasures. All his successes and failures,

his exaltations and inconsistencies, were recorded in the warm, huddled, heterogeneous room. Everywhere she saw the touch of her own hand, the vestiges of her own steps. It was she alone who held the clue to the labyrinth, who could thread a way through the confusions and contradictions of his past; and her soul rejected the thought that his future could ever escape from her. She dropped down into his shabby college arm-chair and hid her face in the papers on his desk.

VIII

THE day dwelt in her memory as a long stretch of aimless hours: blind alleys of time that led up to a dead wall of inaction.

Toward afternoon she remembered that she had promised to dine out and go to the opera. At first she felt that the contact of life would be unendurable; then she shrank from shutting herself up with her misery. In the end she let herself drift passively on the current of events, going through the mechanical routine of the day without much consciousness of what was happening.

At twilight, as she sat in the drawing-room, the evening paper was brought in, and in glancing over it her eye fell on a paragraph which seemed printed in more vivid type than the rest. It was headed, The New Museum of Sculpture, and underneath she read: "The artists and architects selected to pass on the competitive designs for the new Museum will begin their sittings on Monday, and to-morrow is the last day on which designs may be sent in to the committee. Great interest is felt in the competition, as the conspicuous site chosen for the new building, and the exceptionally large sum voted by the city for its erection, offer an unusual field for the display of architectural ability."

She leaned back, closing her eyes. It was as though a clock had struck, loud and inexorably, marking off some irrecoverable hour. She was seized by a sudden longing to seek Dick out, to fall on her knees and plead with him: it was one of those physical obsessions against which the body has to stiffen its muscles as well as the mind its thoughts. Once she even sprang up to ring for a cab; but she sank back again, breathing as if after a struggle, and gripping the arms of her chair to keep herself down.

"I can only wait for him—only wait for him——" she heard herself say; and the words loosened the sobs in her throat.

At length she went upstairs to dress for dinner. A ghost-like self looked back at her from her toilet-glass: she watched it performing the mechanical gestures of the toilet, dressing her, as it appeared, without help from her actual self. Each little act stood out sharply against the blurred background of her brain: when she spoke to her maid her voice sounded extraordinarily loud. Never had the house been so silent; or, stay—yes, once she had felt the same silence, once when Dick, in his school-days, had been ill of a fever, and she had sat up with him on the decisive night. The silence had been as deep and as terrible then; and as she dressed she had before her the vision of his room, of the cot in which he lay, of his restless head working a hole in the pillow, his face so pinched and alien under the familiar freckles. It might be his death-watch she was keeping: the doctors had warned her to be ready. And in the silence her soul had fought for her boy, her love had hung over him like wings, her abundant, useless, hateful life had struggled to force itself into his empty veins. And she had succeeded, she had saved him, she had poured her life into him; and in place of the strange child she had watched all night, at daylight she held her own boy to her breast.

That night had once seemed to her the most dreadful of her life; but she knew now that it was one of the agonies which enrich, that the passion thus spent grows fourfold from its ashes. She could not have borne to keep this new vigil alone. She must escape from its sterile misery, must take refuge in other lives till she regained courage to face her own. At the opera, in the illumination of the first *entr'acte*, as she gazed about the house, wondering through the numb ache of her wretchedness how others could talk and smile and be indifferent, it seemed to her that all the jarring animation about her was suddenly focussed in the face of Clemence Verney. Miss Verney sat opposite, in the front of a crowded box, a box in

which, continually, the black-coated background shifted and renewed itself. Mrs. Peyton felt a throb of anger at the girl's air of bright unconcern. She forgot that she too was talking, smiling, holding out her hand to newcomers, in a studied mimicry of life, while her real self played out its tragedy behind the scenes. Then it occurred to her that, to Clemence Verney, there was no tragedy in the situation. According to the girl's calculations, Dick was virtually certain of success; and unsuccess was to her the only conceivable disaster.

All through the opera the sense of that opposing force, that negation of her own beliefs, burned itself into Mrs. Peyton's consciousness. The space between herself and the girl seemed to vanish, the throng about them to disperse, till they were face to face and alone, enclosed in their mortal enmity. At length the feeling of humiliation and defeat grew unbearable to Mrs. Peyton. The girl seemed to flout her in the insolence of victory, to sit there as the visible symbol of her failure. It was better after all to be at home alone with her thoughts.

As she drove away from the opera she thought of that other vigil which, only a few streets away, Dick was perhaps still keeping. She wondered if his work were over, if the final stroke had been drawn. And as she pictured him there, signing his pact with evil in the loneliness of the conniving night, an uncontrollable impulse possessed her. She must drive by his windows and see if they were still alight. She would not go up to him—she dared not—but at least she would pass near to him, would invisibly share his watch and hover on the edge of his thoughts. She lowered the window and called out the address to the coachman.

The tall office-building loomed silent and dark as she approached it; but presently, high up, she caught a light in the familiar windows. Her heart gave a leap, and the light swam on her through tears. The carriage drew up, and for a moment she sat motionless. Then the coachman bent down toward her and she saw that he was asking if he should drive on. She tried to shape a yes, but her lips refused it and she shook her head. He continued to lean down perplexedly, and at length, under the interrogation of his attitude, it became impossible to sit still, and she opened the door and stepped out. It was equally impossible to stand on the sidewalk, and her next steps carried her to the door of the building. She groped for the bell and rang it, feeling still dimly accountable to the coachman for some consecutiveness of action, and after a moment the night watchman opened the door, drawing back amazed at the shining apparition which confronted him. Recognizing Mrs. Peyton, whom he had seen about the building by day, he tried to adapt himself to the situation by a vague stammer of apology.

"I came to see if my son is still here," she faltered.

"Yes, ma'am, he's here. He's been here most nights lately till after twelve."

"And is Mr. Gill with him?"

"No: Mr. Gill he went away just after I come on this evening."

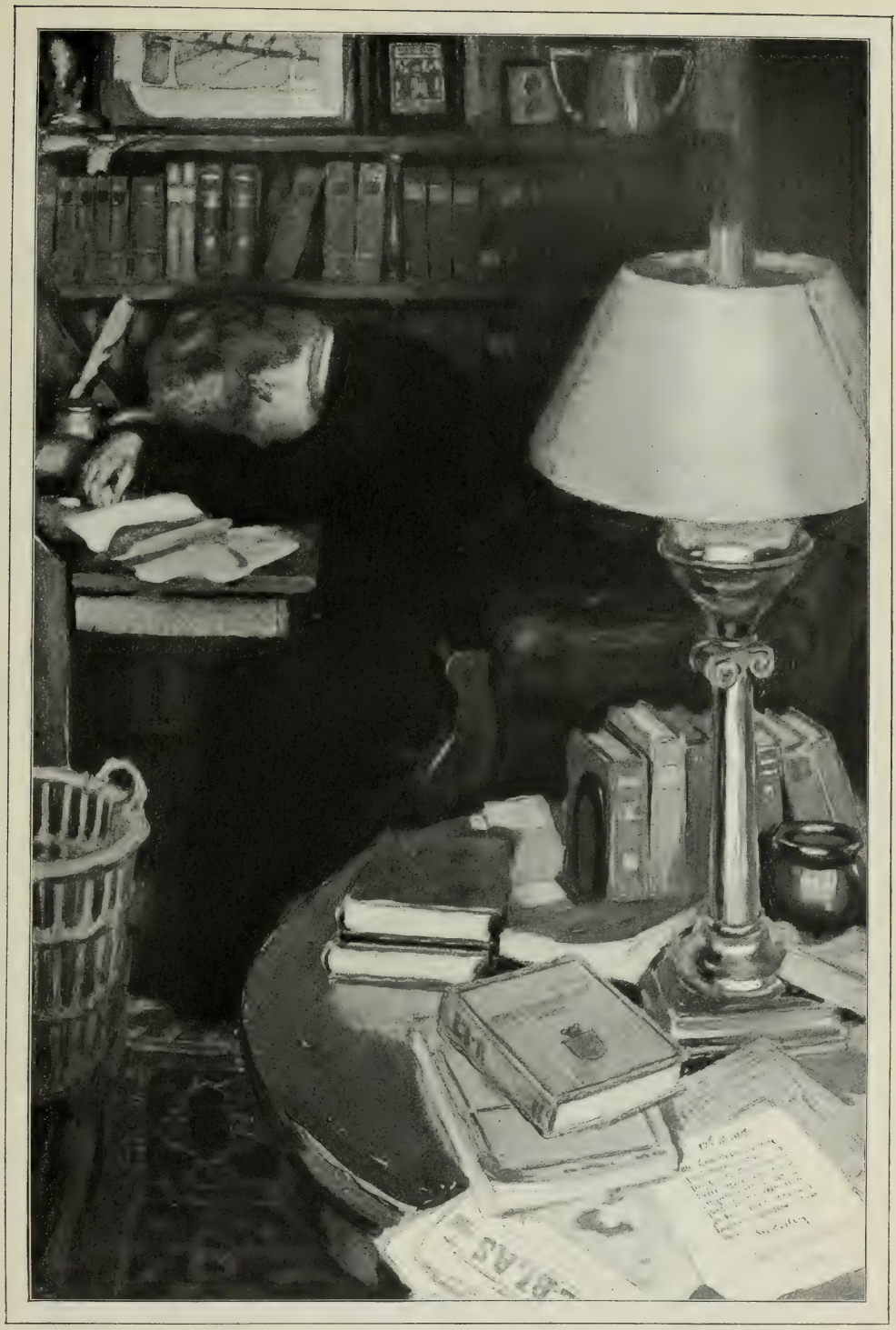
She glanced up into the cavernous darkness of the stairs.

"Is he alone up there, do you think?"

"Yes, ma'am, I know he's alone, because I seen his men leaving soon after Mr. Gill."

Kate lifted her head quickly. "Then I will go up to him," she said.

The watchman apparently did not think it proper to offer any comment on this unusual proceeding, and a moment later she was fluttering and rustling up through the darkness, like a night-bird hovering among rafters. There were ten flights to climb: at every one her breath failed her, and she had to stand still and press her hands against her heart. Then the weight on her breast lifted, and she went on again, upward and upward, the great dark building dropping away from her, in tier after tier of mute doors and mysterious corridors. At last she reached Dick's floor, and saw the light shining down the passage from his door. She leaned against the wall, her breath coming short, the silence throbbing in her ears. Even now it was not too late to turn back. She bent over the stairs, letting her eyes plunge into the nether blackness, with the single glimmer of the watchman's light in its depths; then she turned and stole toward her son's door. There again she paused and listened, trying to catch, through the hum of her pulses, any noise that might come to her from within. But the silence was unbroken—it



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

She dropped down into his shabby college arm-chair and hid her face in the scattered papers on his desk.—Page 575.

seemed as though the office must be empty. She pressed her ear to the door, straining for a sound. She knew he never sat long at his work, and it seemed unaccountable that she should not hear him moving about the drawing-board. For a moment she fancied he might be sleeping; but sleep did not come to him readily after prolonged mental effort—she recalled the restless straying of his feet above her head for hours after he returned from his night work in the office.

She began to fear that he might be ill. A nervous trembling seized her and she laid her hand on the latch, whispering "Dick!"

Her whisper sounded loudly through the silence, but there was no answer, and after a pause she called again. With each call the hush seemed to deepen: it closed in on her, mysterious and impenetrable. Her heart was beating in short, frightened leaps: a moment more and she would have cried out. She drew a quick breath and turned the door-handle.

The outer room, Dick's private office, with its red carpet and easy-chairs, stood in pleasant lamp-lit emptiness. The last time she had entered it, Darrow and Clemence Verney had been there, and she had sat behind the urn observing them. She paused a moment, struck now by a faint sound from beyond; then she slipped noiselessly across the carpet, pushed open the swinging door, and stood on the threshold of the work-room. Here the gas-lights hung a green-shaded circle of brightness over the great draughting-table in the middle of the floor. Table and floor were strewn with a confusion of papers—torn blue-prints and tracings, crumpled sheets of tracing paper wrenched from the draughting-boards in a sudden fury of destruction; and in the centre of the havoc, his arms stretched across the table and his face hidden in them, sat Dick Peyton.

He did not seem to hear his mother's approach, and she stood looking at him, her breast tightening with a new fear.

"Dick!" she said, "Dick!"—and he sprang up, staring with dazed eyes. But gradually, as his gaze cleared, a light spread in it, a mounting brightness of recognition.

"You've come—you've come——" he said, stretching his hands to her; and all at once she had him in her breast as in a shelter.

"You wanted me?" she whispered, as she held him.

He looked up at her, tired, breathless, with the white radiance of the runner near the goal.

"I *had* you, dear!" he said, smiling strangely on her; and her heart gave a great leap of understanding.

Her arms had slipped from his neck, and she stood leaning on him, deep-suffused in the shyness of her discovery. For it might still be that he did not wish her to know what she had done for him.

But he put his arm about her, boyishly, and drew her toward one of the hard seats between the tables; and there, on the bare floor, he knelt before her, and hid his face in her lap. She sat motionless, feeling the dear warmth of his head against her knees, letting her hands stray in faint caresses through his hair.

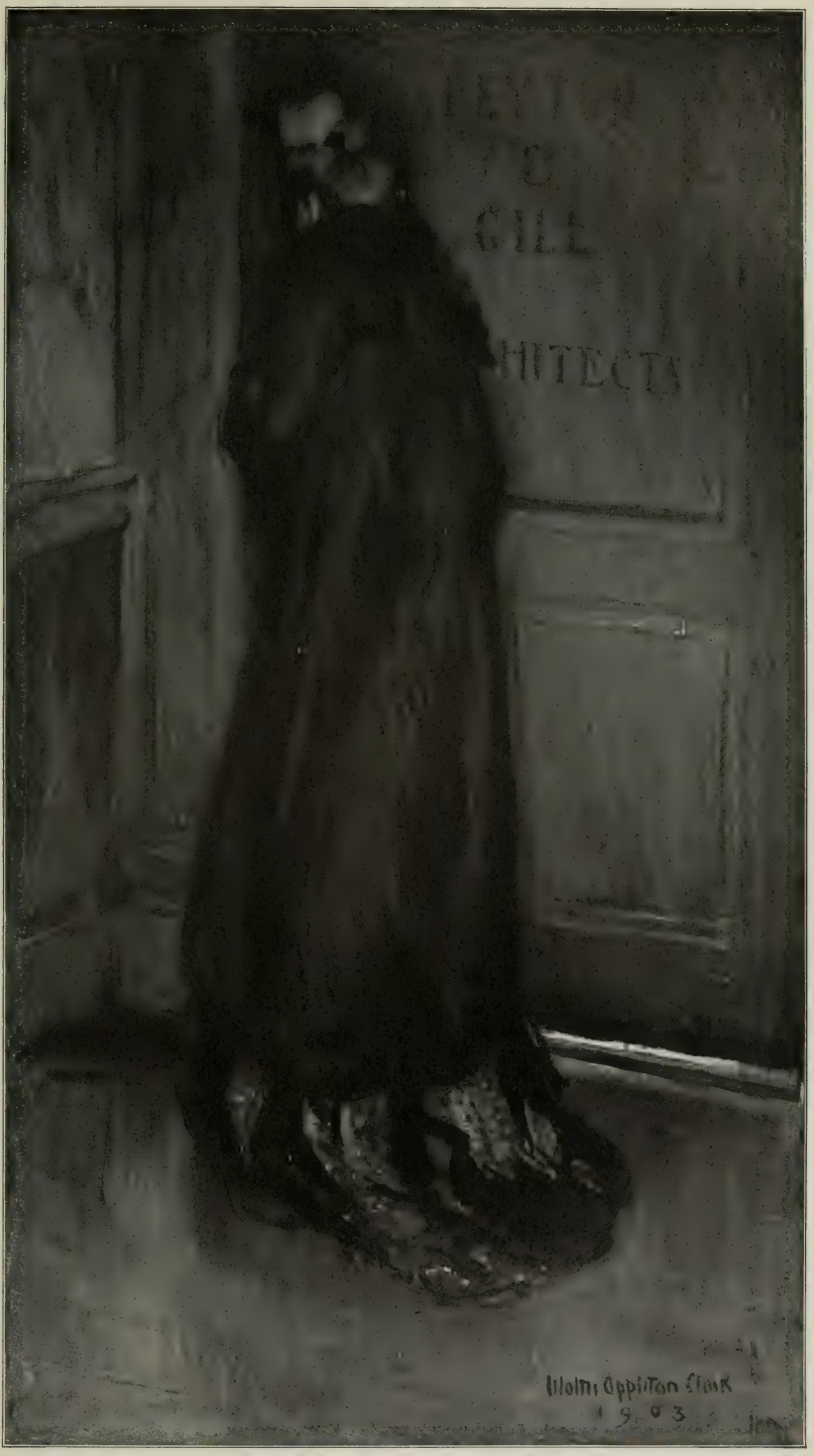
Neither spoke for awhile; then he raised his head and looked at her. "I suppose you know what has been happening to me," he said.

She shrank from seeming to press into his life a hair's-breadth farther than he was prepared to have her go. Her eyes turned from him toward the scattered drawings on the table.

"You have given up the competition?" she said.

"Yes—and a lot more." He stood up, the wave of emotion ebbing, yet leaving him nearer, in his recovered calmness, than in the shock of their first moment.

"I didn't know, at first, how much you guessed," he went on quietly. "I was sorry I'd shown you Darrow's letter; but it didn't worry me much, because I didn't suppose you'd think it possible that I should—take advantage of it. It's only lately that I've understood that you knew everything." He looked at her with a smile. "I don't know yet how I found it out, for you're wonderful about keeping things to yourself, and you never made a sign. I simply felt it in a kind of nearness—as if I couldn't get away from you.—Oh, there were times when I should have preferred not having you about—when I tried to turn my back on you, to see things from other people's standpoint. But you were always there—you wouldn't be discouraged. And I got tired of trying to explain things to you, of trying to bring you round



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

She laid her hand on the latch, whispering "Dick!"—Page 578.

to my way of thinking. You wouldn't go away and you wouldn't come any nearer—you just stood there and watched everything that I was doing."

He broke off, taking one of his restless turns down the long room. Then he drew up a chair beside her, and dropped into it with a great sigh.

"At first, you know, I hated it most awfully. I wanted to be let alone and to work out my own theory of things. If you'd said a word—if you'd tried to influence me—the spell would have been broken. But, just because the actual *you* kept apart, and didn't meddle or pry, the other, the you in my heart, seemed to get a tighter hold on me. I don't know how to tell you—it's all mixed up in my head—but old things you'd said and done kept coming back to me, crowding between me and what I was trying for, looking at me without speaking, like old friends I'd gone back on, till I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I fought it off till to-night, but when I came back to finish the work there you were again—and suddenly, I don't know how, you weren't an obstacle any longer but a refuge—and I crawled into your arms as I used to when things went against me at school."

His hands stole back into hers, and he leaned his head against her shoulder like a boy.

"I'm an abysmally weak fool, you know," he ended; "I'm not worth the fight you've put up for me. But I want you to know that it's your doing—that if you had let go an instant I should have gone under—and that if I'd gone under I should never have come up again alive"

THE END.

"GED"

By Elia W. Peattie

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORENCE WYMAN

I

"THE place seems pleasant enough, Anita," said Ralph Stoddard to his wife. "And of course we are visiting it tentatively. If we don't like it we can leave."

"We've surely got beyond a consideration of these matters now," replied Mrs. Stoddard. "Everything is done. The horses and trap have gone. Jane and Beulah and Watkins are ready—the last trunk is packed. There has been nothing tentative about my preparations."

"No, I dare say not," ventured Mr. Stoddard. He leaned back in his Morris chair in an attitude of irritating indifference.

"And now I've a few notes to answer," continued his wife. "The morning mail brought some letters that must be attended to. That is the last thing to be done."

"I haven't a doubt," sighed Mr. Stoddard, "that all is perfectly arranged, Anita." A faint accent of acerbity was discernible, and Mrs. Stoddard paused for a moment in the doorway, as if reflecting upon the unaccountable irritability of the masculine sex, and fixed a superior and patient smile upon her husband. He regarded it carefully in what seemed to be the spirit of investigation, and he reflected that he was certainly looking at a fine specimen of womanhood. Tall, stately, dignified, with calm gray eyes and a beautiful brow, she conveyed to the mind a wholesome suggestion of integrity and distinction. "Here," the observer might say, "is one who understands the etiquette of her time. Here is one who neglects nothing — neither the fashions nor the creeds; she reflects upon her time—she is abreast of it. She is Rectitude personified, and she certainly has an irreproachable dress-maker." Her husband regarded her with an expression almost as detached as might this hypothetical observer, but he

found her, as the observer would have done, above criticism. She had always seemed that way to him, and the time had been when he shrined her in a white and mystic place and cast before that altar the flowers of his ardor. Now—but here thought blurred into reverie, and Stoddard smiled back at his wife inanely, and lit a cigar.

Mrs. Stoddard acknowledged the smile graciously, and swept up the stairs, her garments making a rather important rustling about her. Stoddard, released from her benevolent gaze, let his eyes fall languidly, and began the aimless occupation of tapping the desk with his paper-knife. To him, a moment later, came Watkins, the coachman, attired for his journey.

"Have you any further orders, sir?" asked the young man. Stoddard looked at him quizzically. Watkins knew as well as he did that the mistress neglected nothing, and if there had been an imaginable order left to give, she would have forestalled all others in the giving of it. It caused him some amusement—a sort of pained amusement—to observe that Watkins also was perfect; the irreproachable man of an irreproachable mistress.

Stoddard rolled up a wad of paper as he had used to do when he was a boy at school, and he almost debated throwing it at Watkins—almost, but not quite. It requires a monstrous deal of bravado to take liberties with a man like the Tsar of Russia—or Watkins.

"There are no orders, Watkins," he said slowly, "but there is—an inquiry."

"Yessir," said Watkins, quickly on his guard. The man must look closely who would find him delinquent. These were Watkins's reflections, and in the vocabulary of his thoughts. There was nothing meagre about Watkins, educationally speaking. He subscribed to a circulating library and had his own ideas upon several subjects; the historical novel among others.

"Did you ever," asked Stoddard, very much devoted to the paper-knife, "chance to drive a comfortable old mule, blind in one eye, in front of an easy buggy with a broken dash-board and a top sagged at one side?" He looked up as if for information.

"I did not, sir," replied Watkins, with an accent of respectful resentment. He did not care to be made light of. "A man's a man for a' that." Watkins could have completed the quotation. Indeed he did so, mentally.

"Well, I thought you never did," said Stoddard, pensively. "And I suppose you wouldn't care to, eh?"

"It would lose me my reputation, sir," said Watkins with firmness. He was a willing man, but he said to himself that he had his dignity to preserve.

"Well, no doubt we all have reputations of one sort and another. I know I have, but I don't care to preserve it particularly. As to your experience, I didn't know, of course. I myself never rode in such a vehicle as I just described, but I've half a notion that I'd enjoy it. It seems to me to offer possibilities. But I infer that you do not agree with me?"

"Nossir," gasped Watkins, and he touched his forehead quite solemnly and withdrew.

"My household is not a humorous one," reflected Stoddard. "Ah, there come Beulah and Elizabeth. I suppose if I were to be facetious with them, Beulah would give warning and Elizabeth would tell her mother."

Beulah came of a dusky and cheerful race, but she more than made up for these facts by the whiteness of her linen and the solemnity of her deportment. And she looked with restrained pride upon her young charge, Elizabeth Stoddard, aged eight, who, in a speckless French frock of pale-blue linen, delicately embroidered, entered, holding Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" for reading upon the train.

Elizabeth said: "Good morning, papa," very sweetly, and took a seat upon the enshrouded sofa, spreading out her little frock carefully. Beulah stood at the door, uncomfortable but erect.

"Sit down, Beulah," said Stoddard. "You've a long journey before you."

"Yes, sah. Thank you, sah," said Beulah—but she stood. Mrs. Stoddard had trained her for seven years.

Stoddard looked her over disgustedly.

"Did you hear me invite you to sit down, Beulah?" he asked.

"Yes, sah," said Beulah, blinking hard.

"May I ask why you do not accept my invitation?"

"Ah'm not allowed to sit down in this room, sah—an' befoah you, sah."

"Excuse me, you are allowed. You are a human creature, I suppose, Beulah. You get tired sometimes, don't you, though your linen is so stiff? This room—there's nothing sacred about it, I assure you. I'm quite honest in saying that I'm no ogre. You can be proper at the proper time, but you're not intimidated so you can't use sense, are you, girl? I say you have a long journey before you and I ask you to sit down."

"Yes, sah," murmured Beulah, her eyes suffused with tears of embarrassment. She took a chair, gingerly. Elizabeth averted her face, striving to remain oblivious to the weakness of her ill-trained elders. Her father stared at her for a minute, noting her scrupulous manners. Her wide hat with its huge bunch of pale-blue ribbon half hid the delicate face—a high-bred face with a sensitive mouth and a well-cared-for complexion. The small hands in their white silk gloves lay clasped upon her lap. The "Child's Garden" was beside her. The little legs hung down from the settee in beautifully worked hose and shining ties.

"My soul!" said Stoddard, with unmistakable irascibility, and he went out and paced the corridor.

Beulah, hearing a firm step on the stairs, glanced about uneasily, and then sidled out of her chair and stood grimly erect. Mrs. Stoddard came into the room followed by Jane, the cook, bearing hand luggage.

Little Elizabeth arose at once.

"Mamma dear," she said, with ineffable sweetness, "will you have this seat?"

Stoddard placed himself in the doorway.

"Elizabeth," he said, sharply, "don't you know we are going to the station? Do you think it is good manners to talk like a parrot? Do you think anyone but a parrot could be excused for repeating a sentence taught it, when there was no occasion for it? Why do you ask your mother to sit down when you know she's going to leave the house? You don't speak by rote, do you?"

"Excuse me, papa," said Elizabeth. Her lips trembled, but she was careful to speak without vexation.

Then all went out together, and Amanda Schaur, the second girl, stood ready to lock the door after them. She was to stay in the city house and watch it during vacation. Mrs. Stoddard gave her a few parting admonitions.

"I hope you will keep well, Amanda," she said. "And that you will be very careful about setting the burglar alarm at night."

Stoddard lifted his hat to her.

"Have a good time, Amanda," he cried. "Ask in a few friends now and then, and be sure to cook good square meals for yourself. This eating alone is dreary business, at best. Suppose you ask that little cousin of yours down to spend a few weeks with you. She'll have better air here than she can get at home, and you can feed her up and get her a few toys. Charge 'em to me."

He helped his wife on the street-car, placed Elizabeth beside her, and went back to the smokers' seats.

The Stoddard party seemed singularly depressed for persons bent on pleasuring, and they achieved the journey to the station without a word. But Mrs. Stoddard smiled throughout like one who understands forbearance.

II

To say that the woods were wild would be to apply too unkind an epithet to them. They were merely unspoiled woods, with plenty of underbrush, some fallen logs, a slope that rose happily to the sunset, and a pellucid stream, creeping secretively into a green maze, and mingling indistinguishably with the shadows. And it was as quiet as the dawn of creation.

The house which Stoddard had purchased—tentatively, as he had pointed out—had belonged to a man who, worn out with the Roar of town, had gone in search of peace. He found it, but at the fourth week of his seclusion spelled incarceration out of peace, and had gone back to the Roar and died in it, quite happy, and hopeful of urban joys in the world to come. The furniture in the house was simple, but in good taste, and when Mrs. Stoddard had applied her scrupulous and decorative housekeeping, the house became almost as oppressively perfect as if it had been in civilized parts.

The programme of life was, however, quite bucolic. Breakfast was early, and after that the usual thing was a drive to the village along the pleasant country road. They got home in time to refresh themselves before luncheon, and after that they took naps, and then the grown-up persons read while Elizabeth played with her dolls. They had an early dinner—Elizabeth did not dine with her parents—and afterward Stoddard and Anita spent the evening in somewhat constrained sociability. Sometimes Anita played on the piano, and now and then Stoddard sang to her accompaniment. If there was moonlight they walked about the little garden or they conversed with each other rather elaborately. Then they ate a little luncheon and their day was concluded.

For almost a fortnight Stoddard made no effort to break through the quickly established rules of the house. There was an impeccable propriety about his deportment—even Elizabeth could have found nothing in him to criticise. Little Elizabeth had not ventured much beyond the gateway, though she sometimes looked down the silent wood paths with something of awe in her eyes. These paths were indeed full of moving shadows, and it almost seemed at moments as if tiny creatures bounded out of the fern-jungles and scampered across the gold blotches on the trodden way. But that, of course, must have been a mistake. Elizabeth mentioning nothing of it to her elders, was yet quite sure what their verdict would have been. She knew positively that there was nothing eldrich in the strange, strange woodland. And yet——

Stoddard coming out of the house one fair morning found her peering through the gateway in this fashion. Her gray eyes were large with wonder; there was a soft pallor about her delicate face. Stoddard's heart gave a sort of leap when he saw her there.

"Bess," he said, "what do you say to running away with me into the woods? Come on! We will go away and no one will be able to find us. Very likely we may meet with a—a—I don't know what exactly, but almost certainly we shall meet with something. Shall we go?"

"Then mamma would have to drive alone to the village," said Elizabeth gravely. "I think we'd better not go, papa."

"Mamma might come with us," ventured Stoddard, somewhat lamely. Elizabeth smiled.

"Mamma doesn't like walking all among the briers and bushes," she said. "Besides, there is the marketing to do."

The child knew all about the bounden duties of life, undeniably. Her father looked at her half in anger and half in pity.

"Poor little baby!" he said at last. "Here, kiss me, Bess, and run in and tell your mamma that I shall not join her in her drive this morning. Perhaps I shall not be back at lunch, either."

"Yes, papa," said Elizabeth, with quick obedience. Then she added: "But where shall I say you have gone, papa?"

"Gone?" Stoddard frowned and shook his head darkly. "I haven't an idea what you are to say, Bess. I can't even imagine where I am going, and the only way for you to find out is to come along."

He meant to put a suggestion of mystery into his voice, and perhaps succeeded in doing so; but it had no effect on the little maid. She ventured no further remarks, but went dutifully on her errand.

Stoddard, with a sort of fury in his air, made his way to the stable.

"Give me my fishing-rods, Watkins," he said. Watkins complied, and Stoddard made his selection carelessly.

"At one o'clock, Watkins, if I'm not home, bring me out a little lunch, will you?"

"Yessir. Where'll you be, sir?"

"Along the river-bank somewhere. Whistle through your fingers, Watkins. I say, you know how, don't you? Well, I'm glad of that. You were a boy once, I see, in spite of evidences to the contrary."

"Sir?" said Watkins, with dignity.

"Bring enough lunch for yourself," said Watkins's master. "Put in a liberal allowance. My fishing appetite is not my usual appetite. And—you might bring along a rod if you were so minded."

"Thank you, sir."

It was an impersonal tone, and conveyed no anticipation. Watkins was too well mannered to permit himself anticipation. Such things were for his betters, no doubt. He was, however, somewhat surprised to notice that his master went off swearing under his breath. There did

not, to Watkins's well-ordered mind, appear to be anything in the present circumstances to provoke profanity.

He went on down the road and into the forest, but the mood in which he had addressed himself to his daughter had left him. He walked hastily now, and impatiently, and in his face, frankly confessed, was discontent. Whether the expression was that of a hurt man or an angry one the casual observer would have had difficulty in determining. But there was, apparently, no observer, casual or otherwise. The paths of the forest were secret; the ways of the squirrel through the trees were ultra private affairs—as much so as the underground passage of a king to the escape in the murk river-way. The birds knew the paths of the air, no doubt, but none others did. Here might a man walk unmasked, and this one, young, but mask-accustomed, dropped his for once, and was homesick without reserve—homesick for——

But that was where the mischief came in. He had not the least idea why he was wretched.

Man, employing that term, not in its generic, but the specific sense, is not an analytical creature, at least when it comes to a question of self. Like a babe, he feels his pain, but cannot locate it. Ralph Stoddard, striding through the woods, involuntarily drew a sponge over the slate of memory and wiped from it all recent events and contemporary personages; and he sketched upon it with lightning-swift strokes of the heart certain scenes and persons out of the vanished years. A wood-colored house, hospitable and simple, a walk between poplars, a gate with a stone weight, a hundred details of a comfortable, old-fashioned farm; a mother who laughed as she worked; a father who kept his boys out of the fields till they had their growth; a dog that barked a welcome from a faithful heart; a boy with bare legs—a boy whose will was "the wind's will." Yet sometimes the boy wept—he involuntarily recalled some of these occasions, and the reasons for them. He remembered, too, how he had been consoled; with what low laughter and broken words and impulsive caressings. For—O, yes, quite undeniably—the boy had been himself, as he was in the large, fair days! Life had held no distinctions then. All men were equal, differing in his estimation merely according to their degree of friendliness toward him. And almost every one had been friendly. It was curious, all things considered, how he had slipped out of that friendly world, little by little, into a formal, arranged, and stultified one, where he moved by direction, and was expected to feel according to recipe! Now little Elizabeth, poor child——

But what was that rustling in the bushes? Not a fox, surely? Was not the wild too little a wild for that? Besides, the rustling seemed an accompaniment of his steps. He noticed, then, that his steps had grown slower. Thinking of that boy who used to trail his way through the forest like a serpent, for very love of solitude and the green earth, he had involuntarily slackened his pace. He had been congratulating himself upon being beyond the reach of observers, yet, mysteriously, he felt himself under surveillance. And there, surely, a figure crouched!

Well, it was a simple matter to find out what that meant!

Stoddard wheeled suddenly and reached into the bushes. He encountered something which came off in his hand—a boy's straw hat, all but brimless.

"The dickens!" said Stoddard. He felt as if he recognized it—as if it had been the faded past that he had reached into, and recovered this much from oblivion. For surely this was the same hat he had worn in those unforgotten days. But that head, reaching up, alert as a turtle's! Was that also the head of the boy of the other days? Not at all—not at all, for by the hues of the rainbow no head that ever he had beheld before, in the mirror or out of it, could match in brilliancy the head now rising from the bushes. It was the purple head of the ancients, the carrot locks of the moderns. But neither ancient nor modern ever had such a tangle of it before, surely! It seemed, in general design, to resemble a patch of pusley with its twistings and knottings and intricate loopings.

"Come on," said Stoddard eagerly, "come out here. Let's see who you are!"

The head lifted higher. It revealed a

broad, low brow, then heavy red lashes lifting from brown eyes in which the sunlight, percolating between the translucent leaves in precious drops, revealed a glint of red; next came sunburned cheeks, prodigally freckled, a nose with wide and sensitive nostrils, gently up-tilted, a mouth prettily curved and revealing an hiatus in its row of irregular teeth, a chin firm and cleft in the middle, and a sinewy little neck lost in a faded gingham shirt. For the rest, there was a gangling boy, eight or more by the dial of years, with jean trousers and scratched ankles, warmly tanned.

Moreover, in one hand was a fishing-rod. And now, grinning apologetically, he held it up for Stoddard to behold. It marked him of the brotherhood of anglers —for remember that Stoddard carried his complicated and expensive rod in his inert hand. Now, for the first time, he became actively conscious of that rod. He smiled back at the boy.

"We're going to the same place, I see," he said. The boy nodded and held out his hand for his hat. Stoddard clapped it on the red head. Then they went on together down the path, the boy leading the way. Neither of them spoke. It was, indeed, quite unnecessary that they should. The boy set a good pace, and after a time Stoddard began to remember that it always took a long time to get to a good fishing place. He felt very thirsty—thirstier than he had all summer. Somehow, he liked it, too. About this time the boy turned and looked at Stoddard.

"Ain't you dry?" he asked.

"I am," admitted Stoddard. "Ar'n't you?"

"Well, you bet! But I allus drink when I git down here a bit."

"Good," said Stoddard, and knew better than to ask questions.

The boy turned, presently, into a small side-path, and Stoddard followed. Some young beeches were growing there, and their leaves were all but transparent, which caused a vernal glow to suffuse itself round about. Presently the boy stopped.

"Git down on the groun'," he said, hospitably, as if he were bidding Stoddard welcome to a place where he was host, "an' drink all yuh want!"

"Thanks," said Stoddard, and he got down on his knees. He sank into ferny lushness and heard a ripple as soft as a fairy's song. A rock arose, lichen-covered and embroidered with vines and air-plants; and out of its base, well hidden by the summer's luxuriance, purled a stream.

Stoddard laid avid lips to it, and drank and drank. It was deliciously cool, but not with the uncongenial chill of artificially cooled water.

When he arose, the boy took his place. He lay flat on his stomach, lifted his heels in the air, and drank like a colt. Then he got up, and the two marched on again.

Sometimes the boy peered into the forest sharply, and whenever he did this, Stoddard peered too. He was jealous lest the boy should see something he did not—not actual things, which are of comparatively little account, but those witching things of the invisible world which wait for children in the wood. For when one is eight all forests are enchanted. The shadows had, indeed, a strange purple depth; and now and then they hung like curtains before the bower of a wild-wood princess. But, after all, was it of such hackneyed things that the boy with the torn hat amused himself? Children are not hackneyed. Stoddard knew, after some reflection, that it would be futile for him to try to summon the dreams of boyhood out of that rustling solitude. They were hidden in the uttermost purple recesses, and could be called forth only by the summons of another child. For dreams know their masters, and will not come at the bidding of those who have lost their right to call.

They got to the river, and were matter-of-fact and business-like in the extreme. The boy had a Laocoon writhe of worms in a tin can, and he offered them to Stoddard with as much grace as if he had been a gentleman of the old school extending his gold snuff-box. Stoddard accepted the attention with no less courtesy, and selected his wriggling victim with care. It was a fat one, and he regarded it with appreciation.

"Yuh got a bully one," congratulated the boy.

Stoddard grunted sociably. They began to fish. After a time, and very casually, Stoddard asked the boy his name. He said it was Ged Angel.

"I guess you think I look it," he snickered.

"Look what?"

"An angel!" He was ready with his self-scorn and enjoyed it.

"I don't know much about angels. I don't believe I'd like to go fishing with one."

"Well," said the boy consolingly, "you ain't doing it, so don't fret."

Stoddard ventured to tell a little about himself—just enough to serve as cement for friendship.

"Huh," said the boy, contemptuously, "I know all that. I know who you be. I've seen you goin' an' comin'. I like hour hosses."

"I'm glad you like them. I do too."

"Yes," said the boy, somewhat patronizingly, "them's good hosses. Onct I thought I wus goin' to hev a hoss. Pa said when it wus born I could call it mine. But he sold it when it wus two years ole."

"I see. That was a great pity."

"Yep." He returned to his fishing, but he was pensive. At eleven o'clock he took two sandwiches with hard fried ham between them from out the inside of his shirt, where they had reposed in the slack of the cloth.

"Have one?" he said to Stoddard.

"Thank you, but I'm expecting my own lunch at one."

"One!" Ged actually gasped. "You couldn't stand it till then, could you?"

"Perhaps not," said Stoddard, tickled with unaccountable mirth. He took the sandwich out of its paper wrapping, and ate it to the last crumb.

"I'll give you half of mine when it comes," he promised.

They landed some good fish, and they said very little. The boy exuded a warm, sunny odor, and he seemed intensely human. It seemed to Stoddard that he had not for years been in intimate association with anything so riotously human. They sat rather close together and radiated companionship.

At last a distant halloo disturbed the slumberous air.

"Watkins!" cried Stoddard joyfully, and he yodelled at the top of his lungs. So out of the purple chambers of the wood there came presently the respectable form of Watkins, hamper-laden. Stoddard gave him a hearty greeting.

"Glad to see you brought a pole, my boy. It's tolerably good catching, isn't it, sir?" he addressed Ged. Ged nodded, and kept hungry eyes on the hamper. Stoddard undid it, and revealed a feast.

"By gum!" said Ged.

"It *is* moving," admitted Stoddard. He felt shaken again with that senseless, infantile mirth. Ged began to roll over and over on the bank in sheer delight at prospect of the banquet, and Stoddard would have given a great deal to have imitated it. Instead, he helped Watkins spread the repast.

"Come, fill up!" he called joyously to Ged. The boy rolled over and over till he reached the Elysian fare. Then he ate, and a silence fell on the world.

Afterward they lazed on the bank—that is, Ged and Stoddard did. Watkins, politely reticent, fished. Stoddard took a notion to tell a story. It had to do with a by-gone day, a dog, and himself. Ged followed with a frog story; and Watkins, much emboldened, and almost willing to smile, rounded up with a story about a horse he knew once. It was a good story, as mysterious and interesting as if it had not been true. Then shadows began slanting. Birds bestirred themselves from their quietude. They seemed to be announcing some event—perhaps it was the close of day.

"I'm afraid we'll be late for dinner, sir," said Watkins.

Stoddard ran his bared arm deep into the amber stream. The water rippled about him with exquisite delicacy, singing softly.

"Why, we never had a swim, Ged!" he cried.

"Well," said Ged, apologetically, "I didn't know as you'd——"

"Did you take me for an Egyptian mummy?" queried Stoddard with boyish anger.

"I didn't know," said Ged. To have a quarrel was even more of intimacy than he had hoped for.

They walked homeward together, but Ged had to pass Stoddard's gate and go on up the hill and over it.

"If I should chanct to be hangin' 'round to-morrow 'bout nine," he said, "do yeh think yeh might catch up with me somewheres?"

"I should think," said Stoddard, subtly, "that there was a good chance that I might."

They looked straight in each other's eyes. Ged opened and shut his mouth as if he were trying to say something. Stoddard perceived telepathically that the boy was wishing to express his enjoyment of the day. He anticipated him.

"I've had a bully time," he said to Ged. He lifted his hat. Ged did the same, in spite of the flopping rim. They smiled once more and parted; and then, with a straightening of the shoulders, Stoddard turned toward the house.

Twenty minutes later he was out of his tub and in white linens. Mrs. Stoddard and Elizabeth were awaiting him in the dining-room. They were quiet, but courteous. He could see they felt his desertion of them. Mrs. Stoddard kept the conversation on the safe topic of the summer magazines. Elizabeth took her bread and milk and left in charge of her nurse. The dinner was served silently, and it was delicious; and Stoddard smiled, remembering the sandwich the boy had taken from within his shirt. What would Anita think of such fare? He dare not incur her disgust by telling the story. He tried to make amends by reading aloud to her that evening, but they retired early. And that night he dreamed he had a son. He was not a beautiful child like little Elizabeth. He had thick red hair, amazingly tangled, and he was standing away down on a valley of earth and looking up at Elizabeth, who sat on the edge of a golden cloud, quoting from "A Child's Garden":

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day;
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.
And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

Then the boy, who had a chain of angle-worms about his neck, tried to climb up a golden ladder to sit beside Elizabeth, but he slipped on the rungs, and fell back in a mud puddle, and lay there laughing, while a whole company of frogs shouted with hoarse, batrachian laughter.

Stoddard awoke with a sense of grief, but at what he could not tell; and having a haunting fear that something might have happened to little Elizabeth, he stole into her room. She was sleeping with one white hand under her softly rounded cheek, and beside her, on an embroidered pillow, lay a doll in a night-dress with fluted ruffles. He looked at his dainty babe for a moment, and then, sighing gently, went back to his bed.

III

The next week was a strange one. It is not easy to explain why a young man in possession of his health, his faculties, a beautiful and capable wife, a sweet and obedient daughter, should find a most extraordinary and spontaneous happiness in wandering the woods with a vagrant and red-headed boy. Nor is it to the point to dilate upon the manner in which the boy made his confrere acquainted with certain of the neighbors; nor how the man sat in farm kitchens and laughed and talked with more vivacity than he had shown in any drawing-room for many and many a month; nor how the introductions extended to dogs, hens, rabbits, pigeons, and even included a brown-eyed steer. It is enough to say that Elizabeth Stoddard, pining in her immaculate frocks, wandered her garden in the severe company of Beulah, and wondered why no little girls grew in those woods; and that Anita Stoddard took to keeping a diary—a piece of sentimentality of which her husband would have supposed her incapable—and forgot to specify the sort of soup she wished for dinner, or to oversee the trimming of the lawn.

A gulf of good manners yawned between the different members of this little family; and three persons with everything in the world to make them happy went their miserable ways. Only Ralph Stoddard had his clandestine joy.

In the midst of all this, a summons from town reached him. He left quite suddenly, and with no opportunity to say farewell to the red-headed partner of his innocuous escapades.

The business which had demanded his presence in the city was soon completed, and, quite unexpectedly, Stoddard found himself able to return the next day. He might have wired his wife to meet him, but he did not. He crept into a corner of the car, and sat there for five hours, staring at nothing in particular, and

wrapped in a revery. As figures may be seen moving, shadow-like, behind a curtain of gauze, so the characters in his particular little drama moved behind the blur of his revery—the stately figure of his wife, whom he had won and somehow lost; the piquant and proper Elizabeth, demure, and also remote; the laughing lad with red hair, lips berry-stained, the joy of life in his twinkling eyes, the grace of a young cat in his movements, and the glowing heart of a boy in his little sweaty breast! From the dissatisfaction of things in general Stoddard turned to this grotesque and merry vision, and dwelt apart with it, as a girl does with the dreams of her heart's love—but all semi-consciously, all as in a dream of the night.

The train drew in at the station, and he got out and made his way toward a dilapidated 'bus which waited there for the infrequent visitor. It was his intention to ride in this to the village, and there to hire some sort of a conveyance to take him out to his place. But he saw, with a leap of the heart, that his wife was awaiting him. He hastened toward her.

"All is well at home?"

"Yes," she said, "I came down because I had a feeling that you might come home on this train."

"Oh!" said Stoddard significantly. His heart felt singularly light. He leaped into the trap and took the reins from Anita. "I am so glad you had the notion!" he cried.

"It looks as if we were going to have a bad storm," Anita remarked. "There have been little cold gusts blowing for the past hour, and now I can feel the rain in the air."

"You are getting to be quite a country woman," laughed Stoddard. "Next thing you'll be talking about crops."

"Crops are rather interesting," Anita said. "They have already become a topic of conversation with me."

"Have they, indeed? I hadn't noticed it."

Anita looked at her husband in a sidelong fashion, like a timid girl. "You haven't heard very much of my conversation recently, have you?" she asked.

A twinge of remorse struck Stoddard sharply. It occurred to him for the first time that he might have his share of responsibility for the low barometric condition of his domestic atmosphere. He was searching about for an honest and adequate answer when a sharp blast of air struck them, and over the top of the long hill came rushing a battalion of cloud. It reminded the observers of a desperate battle onslaught—a strategic triumph, culminating in that reckless and irresistible charge. A few seconds more and the roar of the strife was about them. The world was darkened, but there were horrible saffron lights through the murk. The trees beat the air like gigantic lunatics. Flying branches and leaves, swirls of dust, the bitter air beating back the sultriness of the day, the lightning darting like devils' lances, the sharp thunder, the deep diapason of the storm underneath, transformed the world.

The horse Stoddard was driving became all but unmanageable, and, hardly able to see the road before him, with the bending forest on one side and the long hill on the other, he bent forward, grasping the reins with tense and determined arms. Anita said not a word. Stoddard could feel her trembling, but she was silent. When a tree crashed down across the road just behind them, she did not even exclaim. Once Stoddard shouted:

"Where's Elizabeth?"

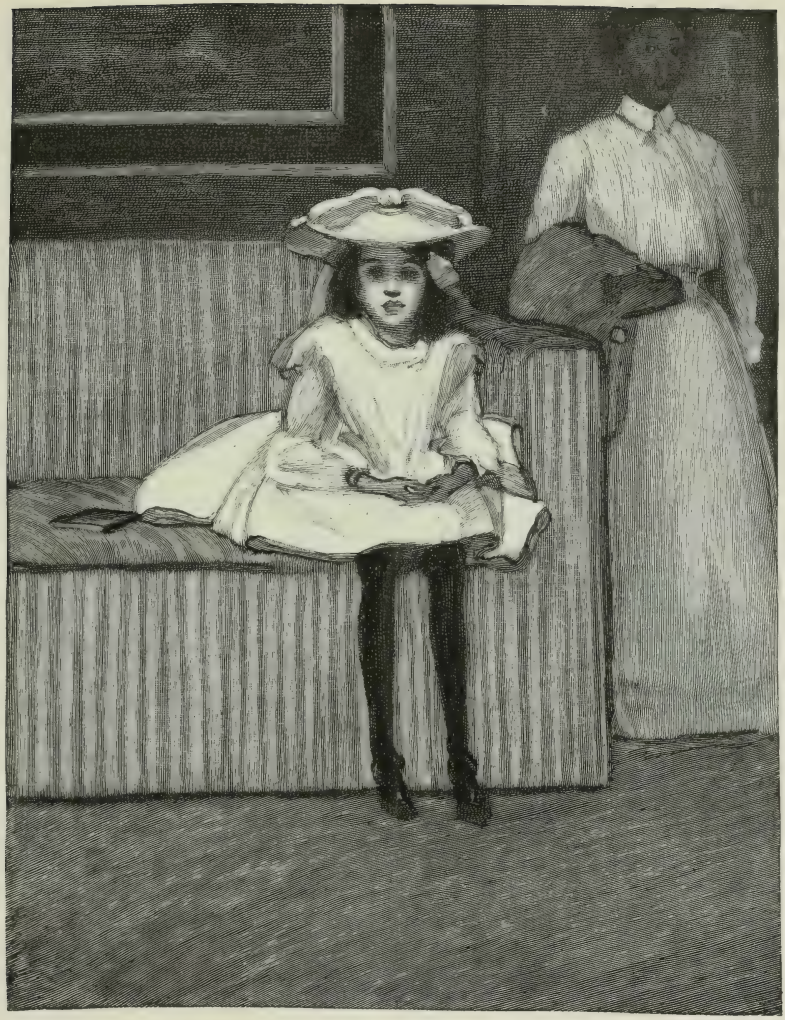
"I don't know," Anita shouted back.

"Wasn't she at home when you left?"

"No."

Neither said more. They were stricken by the same apprehension. Stoddard understood then why she had evinced no fear for herself; he also ceased to feel it now. He had one absorbing curiosity, one unspeakable apprehension. If little Elizabeth were out in this storm, she would be beaten down like a butterfly. It would crush her down, stifle her, submerge her in its windy torrents, till all her delicate loveliness was obliterated!

The horse went on, wild-eyed, mastered, but quivering. A ball of fire fell all but before his eyes, and he staggered and groaned, and went on. He seemed not to be able to keep the road after that; and Stoddard himself felt half stunned, but not enough so to mitigate the poignancy of his apprehension. He only felt the more infuriated at the confusion of his faculties; for the world seemed to have found a voice



Took a seat upon the enshrouded sofa.—Page 581.

and was bellowing for the lost sun, and there was a fearsome twilight everywhere. Then the rain began to fall—or rather a torrent of water swept down from the hill. It choked them, blinded them, and they gasped as a young babe does in the wind. Then, when they thought in the torment of their fear that they were still far from home, the lightning revealed to them the fact that they had passed their own gate. Stoddard got out and backed the horse, and led him into the stable; and once there, the animal fell in his shafts. Stoddard left him there whinnying with fright, and ran to help Anita out, but she was already speeding toward the house. He followed her. They burst open the kitchen door and called, but no one answered. They ran from room to room, but the place was deserted. The windows had been closed against the storm, but nowhere, not even in the cellar, was anyone to be found.

"I know!" cried Anita. "I know! Elizabeth was out when the storm came, and they have all gone to look for her."

They stood in the dusk of the cellar with earthy, heavy smells creeping up around them, and stared at each other grim and fearful as spectres. They saw visions of dread grow in each other's eyes. They

each conjured a tragedy and beheld its enactment, each in the face of the other. Then Anita stretched out her arms toward her husband.

"Oh, our baby! Our baby!" she sobbed.

Stoddard drew her to him with protecting tenderness. He felt his arms and his heart strengthen to shield her from sorrows present and potential. The head on his breast seemed pitiful, and he kissed it passionately. He drew her closer and closer, that she might feel the beating of his heart; and that their torment might be as one torment, not as the sorrow of two who dwelt together. Then he comforted her with inarticulate words not heard for the crash of the storm, but felt by her in her soul and welcomed even in the midst of misery.

It was only for a moment that they paused. Anita tore herself away from her husband's arms and ran up the stair. As they entered the dining-room, a blast of light confounded them; the house gave a shudder like a stricken ship, and a great locust tree which grew by the side of the hill crashed through the roof of the porch and shattered the glass in the wide window. The wind swept in and seemed to run snarling about the house like a wild animal.

Anita had leaped back, and she stood regarding the catastrophe with eyes that pictured a disaster which minimized this one infinitely.

"We must go out," she cried to her husband. "Even if it does no good, we'd better go. I can't stand the waiting."

"We'll not go out," said Stoddard, with command in his tones. "Come into the kitchen, Anita. Shut the doors. I'll build a fire. We'll have hot water ready. Put some coffee in the pot, and find the liquor and some blankets—soft, warm ones."

He made the suggestions to occupy her, and, in a way, the plan worked. When their preparations were finished, the storm really began to abate. The air lightened, and once more objects became clearly defined. Then the torrent ceased, and the rain fell moderately.

"Now we will go out," said Stoddard, and he found his wife's mackintosh and wrapped it about her, and brought her rubber shoes. He was very tender with her, and she looked at him hungrily.

"Our poor baby," she whispered.

"We'll find her! We'll find her!" he said over and over. When he went for his own coat she followed him, and as they stepped out into the chilled fateful air, with the cloud-wrack scurrying southward and the trees torn and broken, they involuntarily clasped hands. They started for the gate together that way, but a second later they stopped, for a procession advanced toward them.

First came Ged Angel's dog, important but wet; then Ged Angel himself, rather shamefaced but not particularly wet; then Watkins, carrying Elizabeth; lastly, Beulah, waving reassuringly to the Stoddards, and finally Jane, who had been weeping.

Upon nearer view it appeared that little Elizabeth must have been seeing the world. Her frock was torn with briers and stained with berries; she was minus shoes and stockings; her soft brown braids having become unruly had been tied together with a wisp of grass; her face bore evidences of a woodland feast.

"Ah didn't choose fo' to wash heh, ma'am," Beulah said, half laughing and half crying, "twell you-alls hed seen heh jus' as she was."

Just as she was she was good enough for Anita Stoddard. Just as she was she did perfectly well for Ralph Stoddard.

Watkins started to relate the adventure —a man knows his privileges—but Stoddard cut him short.

"Go to the barn, Watkins," he commanded. "The horse—I left him in a bad way." Watkins started toward the stables, but from the nature of his ejaculations and commands it appeared that nothing serious had occurred. Watkins's voice had to make itself heard over several other voices, for Jane was telling how the storm came up suddener than any she ever see, and how the clouds dipped right down to the chimbly top, and how she thought of that blessed child out somewhere or other gadding with Beulah, and how she closed up the house and ran out—'thout a hat nor nothing—an' ranged an' ranged 'round, and the wind tore her apron off—that new one with the cross-stitching—and carried it mercy knows where, and—and——

And Beulah said she was jus' slumbahin', ma'am, a minute on the ground



He ate it to the last crumb.—Page 586.

undah the trees, and Miss Elizabeth was playin' jus' as fine as fine, an' the yowling of the stohm woke heh like the angel Gabriel shoutin' in heh eah, and Miss Elizabeth wasn't to be seen no moah than's if she'd gone off on a broom-stick, and——

And Elizabeth said, hugging her mother in tenacious and rather tremulous arms, that Beulah read "A Child's Garden of Verse" to her till she fell asleep, and that she—Elizabeth—just walked a little way down the road, and she wished and wished she had some one to play with, and while she was wishing she saw a boy, and she spoke to him and he spoke to her, and they went off a little way, so they wouldn't wake Beulah. And they picked some blackberries, and he showed her a place to wade, and she was sorry, but she tore her dress, and then the storm came up and she forgot her shoes, and perhaps Beulah could find them if she would run back and——

And Gerald Angel, vulgarly denominated Ged, twisted his toes in the dust and said when it began to get so dark, by ginger! he thought they'd better run, and they went to Sally Greison's house, and she giv' 'em coffee cake, and whin they saw Beulah running like a chicken with its head off, they called her in; and then they see Jane, and they called *her* in; and whin the storm was all over and they set out for home, they met Mr. Watkins, sir, and he had hid in a barn, and he wasn't wet neither, and he took Elizabeth out of Beulah's arms and carried her, and he

guessed *he* could find the little girl's shoes, but he thought they'd be some soaked.

Stoddard said nothing. He laughed, though—a strange laugh, down deep in his throat—and he took Ged's hand and led him into the house.

Anita sat down with Elizabeth in her arms and looked her over—looked at the scratched ankles, the berry-stained face, and the grass-bound hair.

"Isn't she the dearest!" she cried, ecstatically.

"Nicer than she ever was before," acquiesced Stoddard, amazed at the concurrence of his wife's opinion with his own.

"And the boy!" exclaimed Anita. She stared at the triumphant specimen of boyhood with the glorious topknot. He blushed, and wriggled around behind Stoddard.

"Send them into the nursery to play," said Stoddard gently. "Ask Beulah to feed them. I wish to tell you a little story, Anita. It's quite curious, and I thought you wouldn't understand or I'd have told it sooner."

So the young ones went away, Elizabeth like a princess in rags; Gerald Angel feigning reluctance, with admiration shining from his red-brown eyes.

Stoddard went out again in the open air, taking Anita with him, and there, in the clearing of the storm, with the evidences of the convulsion all about them, he told all the story—he stripped his heart before the woman he had stood in awe of, and he told her the truth as he had never thought to speak it to any living ear.

A wonderful sunset of amber and green began to gather in the west. The whole world shone with a kind of crystalline beauty, and in a glow of pale golden light Anita, transfigured and tender, confessed what Stoddard had never expected to hear from her lips.

"You seemed tired, to me," she said half whispering, "and I took every burden from you that I could. If anything went wrong, no matter whether I was responsible for it or not, I *felt* responsible. I was in a torment all the time lest you should be troubled. I knew how you disliked ill-bred children, and I determined that Elizabeth should never annoy or mortify you. I repressed the child all the time, and when I saw her getting too exuberant, I managed to take her away out of your hearing. I tried to have her always tidy when you were about—and I—I meant you should never find me wanting in anything. I wanted to have the house perfect, and never to let down myself from——"

"And all the time," cried Stoddard, "I was wanting you, my dear, wanting you and my little girl! Not your clothes, not your manners, not your accomplishments, but you, you, you!"

"But we were here!" responded Anita, and Stoddard had never seen anything so near anger in her eyes. "We were here, and hurt, and lonely—O horrors, so lonely! You never looked our way, really. You never said what you thought. We met like creatures on a stage—like strangers on the road, I might almost say. Such chagrin, Ralph, as I have felt! A woman as proud as I am, to lose my husband's love! If you knew the way that cancer of an idea had eaten into me!"

Stoddard leaped to his feet and hurled his chair down the length of the veranda.

"Never mind how miserable we were!" he cried, with the impatience a man feels for pain. "A man may be a fool and outgrow it; don't you think so, my dear—my very dear dear?"

He stooped to kiss her, but a vision appeared at the door. Two children, freshly washed and quite seraphic, stood there side by side. Their eyes were shining, and they were both quiet from sheer content.

Anita Stoddard looked at the red-headed boy with an affectionate eye.

"I don't wonder you coveted him," she said. "He certainly does look about as invitingly human as anyone I have ever seen." She held out her hand to him, and the boy, grinning, and no longer abashed, came and stood by her, waiting, as children will, for a caress. She ran her white, jewelled hand in his astonishing crop of hair, and tilted back his head.

"What a boy!" she cried, a maternal hunger leaping into her eyes. "What a—an extremely *boy* boy!" She converted the word into an adjective. Then she leaned forward and kissed him—where the sun kissed him every day, where sleep and health and joy and youth kissed him—on the full curve of his lips.



Drawn by Florence Wyman.

A procession advanced toward them.—Page 590.

"Let's be good friends, Ged," she said. Her eyes were soft with a gentle mist.

Stoddard stood watching her as one who awakes from a dream and beholds disaster melt before his saner vision.

"Come," he said, "we will go to dinner. The children shall eat with us, and afterward we'll walk home with Ged."

"Very well," said Anita, and Stoddard, as he lifted little Elizabeth in his arms, saw his wife take the boy's hand in hers and walk before him into the dining-room.

The broken tree was visible through the window, and the glass was in fragments, but these indications of danger past troubled no one.



"What a—an extremely *boy* boy!"—Page 592

THEIR COUNTRYMEN

By James Barnes

Illustration by Gordon H. Grant

MISS MADELINE HARRISON stood leaning against a post of the vine-covered stoep. She was looking far out across the well-kept little garden, bordered by its stone walls and line of grape-arbors, to the wide-stretching, open veldt and the blue tops of some distant kopjes that rose against the sky. It was so beautiful, so peaceful, that it was hard to think this was a land that lay cursed and writhing in the red grasp of war. The shadows of the tall gum-trees stretched across the neatly kept walks, and the breeze made the air, that shimmered out on the plain, seem cool and inviting in the shade. It was hard for Miss Harrison to reconcile her present state of mind with the quiet scene. Her fingers were working nervously, her lower lip was quivering, and her eyes betrayed the fact that she had been weeping.

There was a curious fluttering sound in the air. Madeline raised her head. A large white flag, made of a bed-sheet, whipped and snapped in the wind from a tall pole at the gable end of the house. Although it meant a plea for mercy and protection, to her it seemed to be flying a grim and hidden challenge. She looked away again, and her eyes saw beyond the hills and the line of sky, beyond far beyond, over the miles of land and sea, to a little stone cottage standing back of an English hedge-row. She could see her father in his long black coat, with his sermon tucked under his arm, on his way to hold service in the little church. She almost could scent the cool mustiness of the choir-stalls; she could hear her own voice rising with the voices of the choir-boys. In the service she reinforced the singing from a little nook on the side of the cantoris, and from this little nook she could look out into the congregation and see the Squire and his family seated in the old Winwood family pew. There were the straight-backed young ladies, who were very nice and patronizing, when she and her father attended any function at the park, and the tall, good-looking heir to the estate, who came up from town and left his onerous duties in the Guards for the fall shooting. And another figure she could see distinctly, that of the younger son, whose eyes constantly sought the hiding-place at the end of the row of little white-robed figures. Should she ever forget the day when the squire, riding down through the woods back of the park had found her, and Master Cecil walking (Oh, well she remembered it!), hand and hand along the path by the trout-pond. She still had the letters somewhere that Master Cecil had written when they bundled him off to that post in India; at this she smiled a little sadly.

The Squire's family had been very kind to her, however, when her father had died, leaving her penniless to look out for herself—in a world that cared little how well, or how ill, she did it. She was an English governess now; she had been one for the last six years—three with an American family, wealthy people in Capetown, and thence to Johannesburg as companion to the invalid daughter of a wealthy German mine-owner, and then she had taken the position that she now held, in the family of Dirk Van Houten, Veldt-cornet and prominent burgher of the Transvaal Republic. That was the whole of her life, summed up in a few short words, except—but of that later. She was soon brought back to the present.

A Kaffir who had been working down in the corner of the garden raised himself, and, shading his eyes, looked out to the northward and then up into the air above him. A dark brown cloud was hanging above the tops of the distant kopjes, yet it was not still, but moved and undulated, rose and fell in a long-stretching line to east and west. Miss Harrison moved a little, and looked up at the clear blue sky through a partition in the tree-tops, for the farm stood, a crowded and compact oasis, rising like a green island out of the gray dun of the veldt. High above were myriads of little glittering atoms fol-



Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.

"You see, they caught us all unawares, and there was no cover."—Page 602.

lowing the direction of the wind, and sparkling and shimmering in the sunlight. There had come a sound like pattering of rain among the leaves. Miss Harrison walked to the door and spoke perfunctorily into the cool stillness of the house.

"The locusts are coming," she said.

A woman appeared from one of the rooms that opened off the long, narrow hall-way.

"Ach, let them come," she said, "let them come! Your countrymen will soon be here, and there will be so much less for them to find. I do not begrudge the locusts; let them strip us bare first, since it must be so, and we are to be robbed in the end."

"You will not be robbed, I tell you," returned the English girl. "Why do you believe such things? Why do you think such things of my countrymen?"

They stood there looking at one another.

The dark woman was Dirk Van Houten's third wife. The fact that she had borne no offspring—which is a reproach among the Boer women—mayhap had soured Mrs. Van Houten's disposition. At all events, her step-children, although they respected her authority, had little love for her. Dirk Van Houten and his sons were off on commando. It was eight months since they had ridden away to Pretoria, that lay some twenty miles to the eastward. There were four sons then, but the eldest had fallen early in the war, at Colenso.

A tremendous noise began outside in the garden, and at the strange sounds two young girls came out on the stoep. One, the elder, was tall and dark; the other short and fair. They each carried an empty biscuit tin and a stick of wood. Hardly had they reached the open air when they began to beat upon them. Miss Harrison and Mrs. Van Houten followed, the latter first dashing into the house and emerging with a table-cover with which she began industriously to thresh the bushes.

The locusts flocked and fluttered at the corners of the paths, and rose in little clattering flights before the advance of the people with the din-raising pots and kettles. Overhead the air was crowded, the endless passing was dizzying like the fall of snow-flakes. If they had been allowed to settle unmolested, in an hour the oasis would have been as if parched by the heat of a summer drought. But while the great flight lasted, the women and the half-score of blacks worked unceasingly; the insects were shaken out of arbor, hedge-row, and orchard, and the brown cloud swept on to the south, where it hung and wavered and dwindled—the passing of a threatened plague.

The Governess stood at the end of the walk that led down to the neat, well-kept kraals. The farm had not been visited as yet by the invading forces, and the fat sheep and the well-fed cattle wandered, grazing out on the veldt, scattering the remaining locusts into little flights and coveys as they moved. Suddenly a voice spoke at Miss Harrison's side. It was the younger girl, a graceful, well-built little creature of sixteen, with a pretty face and large blue eyes. There was none of the heaviness of feature that one is wont to associate with Burgher maidens. On the contrary, she possessed a peculiar daintiness; hers was almost a nervously sympathetic face that belied the strong, well-rounded chin.

"Oh, that the war-cloud had passed like that, leaving us all just as we were," she said.

Strange to say, this was exactly what had been going through the Governess's mind. She closed her eyes slightly, and drew her breath.

"Do you think the English are coming here, Madie?" continued the girl, placing one hand on Miss Harrison's shoulder. "I cannot believe it will be so bad as we are told—as they think and say! Mr. Kerr is an Englishman; I am sure people like him would not rob us of everything."

"Never fear. How long is it since you heard from Mr. Kerr?" asked Miss Harrison, softly.

"I got word two months ago, sent through Lorenzo Marques to one of the boys in the English store." She lowered her voice: "He is fighting us; he is in what they call 'The Light Horse,' but you must not tell. I do not like him any longer, now."

The Governess looked down at her companion. "Poor little Kuenhe," she said. "It will not last forever, let us pray to God."

"It is very dreadful," faltered the young girl. "Why do they want to fight, why, why?"

Miss Harrison stooped and kissed her cheek and the caress was given back with a sudden impetuosity. The Governess loved her younger charge with a strong affection that was returned; of the other Miss Van Houten she had seen but little since the first few months of her coming to Grootvlei. The elder sister, Bertha, was a thorough Boer woman, handsome, heavy, and imperiously vindictive. She was affianced to a wealthy Hollander merchant in the town, and more than once she had expressed her dislike of the young Uitlander bank-clerk who had ridden out, ostensibly to see Miss Harrison, but who found time to converse, more or less at length, with the younger sister. But when the Uitlanders had been driven from the borders, he had gone too, and the news that Kuenhe told was news indeed.

They walked back to the house together. At the door stood Mrs. Van Houten and Bertha; but they did not speak. Kuenhe went quickly to her room, but Madeline, picking up a book, strolled across the stoep to a bench beneath one of the arbors. There she sat looking out over the tops of the pages into the distance.

"I tell you, she is not to be trusted," said Mrs. Van Houten, speaking in Dutch. "She is like them all. Who can believe what they say? These English, they do not even tell the truth to one another. She hates us, mark my words, she hates us; and would betray us too."

"Oh, no;" replied the younger woman, "it is not so bad as that. She is English and will always be so, but Kuenhe loves her, and Koos——"

"Yes, Koos, the foolish boy! She would lead him to throw himself away. His father is mad not to have sent Koos to college in the Colony instead of being here where he could ride about with a little Roinek. The people in the town are talking of it, and he could marry as well as any of his elder brothers did. There is Rita Holberger; her father has ten thousand morgen. She would come if he would but snap his finger. But what use talking! the English are in Rustenburg. They may be here at any time!"

"Well, we have the white flag flying, as Mr. Celliers told us to," interposed Bertha, wearily.

"And much good it will do, I suppose," put in Mrs. Van Houten. "When they come I expect to see everything go, and the house in flames, and we poor women —Oh, if I could but fight," she added, "I could kill them all—kill them—kill them," she added, her voice rising. "I could drive them into the sea, so that they would never come back to this land again."

"Yes," spoke up the younger girl with her lips drawn fine and tight, "that's what they told us they would do, and yet what did Mr. Van Niekert say. He said, 'It is foolishness to force this war. The English will be here like ants,' he said, and now they've come."

"Pah! Van Niekert, he is a renegade, and he treats the Roineks as if they were as good as himself, but it is not he who told you that; it was Mr. Kerr, or perhaps she, who has made your brother to be talked about, with her yellow hair and her lips that smile, always smile so falsely. Why, she has almost made a fool of your father too; so that he is blind. But mind you, she laughs at us. I told him so."

"Yes, and he laughed at you. That well I remember," returned Bertha. "And Koos, he got angry."

"Koos is a fool!" cried the older woman, hotly, "but he will learn some day. I should like to have him here to watch what happens when the English come. She will stand out and say: 'Don't touch me, you're my countrymen, I am one of you,' and then she will show them where we have hidden the arms, and they will burn our house, and God knows what will become of us."

"Oh, what shall we do, what shall we do?" exclaimed Bertha, suddenly, catching her step-mother's mood. "What is to be done?"

"She shall not stay," snapped Mrs. Van Houten. "She shall go and join her own people to-day. We will not have a spy longer in the house."

She rose from the table and then, leaning forward, spoke in a rough whisper: "And we will move the arms, you and myself, even the Kaffirs shall not know. So when the English are told to look, they will find nothing."

Bertha sat with her arms stretched out

before her. "Oh, it is so dreadful," she moaned. "And I expected to be married and happy by this time."

"Don't weep over that," returned Mrs. Van Houten, with a gleam of sarcasm, "your lover is not fighting! He is selling things to the English. It is the Hollanders who have brought much of the trouble upon us. What great things they said we were to do and how they were to help us, and now look! We have lost our country. What is the good of anything?"

"Well, look at the President himself," returned Bertha, bridling at this reference to her affianced, "hasn't he run away and taken the gold with him?"

"Ja, praise God, the English will not get that," snarled Mrs. Van Houten, viciously. And with that she closed the door and Bertha was left alone.

When Mrs. Van Houten reached the stoep she stopped and shaded her eyes.

There was the Governess standing at the gate, and talking to her was a man on horseback! He wore a yellowish uniform, and the tail of his thin, jaded-looking horse was clipped short. A few paces beyond were two more men on horseback, their rifles resting across their saddle-bows. So they had come! the cursed English!

Mrs. Van Houten's heart stood still. But as she watched them, the man speaking raised his hat, and with a sweeping look at the house and garden turned to his companions, spoke a few words and off they rode toward the line of distant kopjes.

As Miss Harrison came up the walk her face was pale and her steps were hurried, but Mrs. Van Houten's breath had returned to her and her heart was beating furiously. She was trembling from head to foot.

"So you have told them!" she cried, before Madeline could speak a word. "You spy—oh, don't tell me that they won't come back—I know that you have told them all! Come!" she raised her voice, "you will go with them! You will leave here now. They are not so far away. Take the horse you coaxed from that stupid fool, my step-son, and go at once. You cannot have the cart; we may need that for our own things. But here you shall not stay another night. You traitress, who have betrayed the hands that fed you!" She stepped forward almost menacingly when a voice spoke from behind her.

"Stop, you shall not talk so; what right have you?"

It was the younger girl, and as she spoke Kuenhe grasped her step-mother firmly by the wrist. The latter shook her off. "The right, because I am mistress here! Are you your father's daughter that you should question me? You are as bad! Go, both of you!"

"And that I will," the girl returned, quietly, and she stepped forward, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling. But Madeline stopped her.

"No, no," she said, "you must stay here, but I will go, and gladly."

Bertha had appeared, frightened and silent, in the background, and to her Miss Harrison addressed herself.

"Ask one of the boys to saddle my horse, please," she said.

"Yours!" interjected Mrs. Van Houten with a stamp of her foot.

"It shall be returned," said the girl, quietly. "Bertha, will you?"

The elder Miss Van Houten, still frightened, went out the back entrance, and the three other women stood in silence.

"What did you say to them?" asked Mrs. Van Houten, suddenly.

"I said little. They asked few questions."

"You told them you were English?"

"They asked me; would you have me deny it?"

"That is enough! There is someone I know whom I would like to have heard what else you told them."

"I should not have been afraid," returned Madeline, "but we will talk no further. I shall go in to Pretoria. I know some people there who will take care of me."

She brushed by and hastened to her room. Kuenhe followed at once, but the scene had been too much for her. Her shoulders were working convulsively. She was in a torment of weeping.

"What am I to do?" she asked between her sobs.

"You must stay here, but I cannot. But—" and she grasped the girl's wrist "those arms must be sent away. What

if they should be found! Who could say what would happen then?"

"I know, I know," cried the girl, "but she would not listen, and we cannot trust all the blacks. All of them on the kraals near the drift have gone away, and David the Roikaffir, has been to the English camp. As she spoke there was a knock at the door—a negro woman stood there, her eyes big with curious excitement.

"The horse is ready, Miss," she said in Dutch. "He is at the door."

Miss Harrison, who had slipped a linen riding-skirt over her outer dress, turned from the window. She looked about her, then picked up a few letters and little things from the table, thrusting them in her pocket. Then she went out into the hall, the walls decorated with the horns and skulls of antelope, and stopping at a rack she took down a little riding-whip or slambok. Silently she passed out of the rear entrance, and there a ragged black boy stood holding a pony by the bridle. A worn, old-fashioned side-saddle was on his back. Fastened to the right side was a canvas water-bottle with its leather guard. It was dripping and had just been filled. A pair of fine field-glasses also were strapped to the saddle-bow.

Madeline turned before she mounted.

"Remember what I said," she whispered to Kuenhe as she kissed her, "and now, good-by. Be brave; things may soon change. Don't worry about me. Good-by, good-by!"

Looking out of the window were Mrs. Van Houten and the elder girl. They made no sign of farewell as the Governess, touching the little horse with the whip, trotted out of the gate. Kuenhe replied to her wave of the hand as she looked back over her shoulder.

Instead of taking the wagon trail, Madeline crossed the open veldt, following a bridle-path that led through very broken ground, that cut down the distance to Pretoria by some three miles or more. Not until she was out of sight in the hollows of the dry, sandy sluits did she begin to realize what it all meant, the loneliness of her situation came forcibly upon her. She was thinking of what she should do when she should reach the town. The young Colonial officer, who had been in charge of the scouting party, to whom she had spoken at the gate, had told her that everything was quiet, he had also informed her that he and his men were flankers to a column that was coming in from Rustenburg. There were Boers about, the English were concentrating again along the railway. But there was nothing for her to fear. The blacks had not risen, and she knew several English families, who had more or less hidden their sentiments and had been allowed to remain at the Boer capital. She was sure that any one of them would offer her hospitality.

As she struggled up the side of the sluit, she remembered a certain ride that she had taken across this very stretch of country the year before, only she was not alone then.

It was just below here that she had seen Koos Van Houten make that long shot at the springbok, and now he was employing that same clear vision and steady hand in picking off her countrymen. She closed her eyes, she hated to think of it. When she opened them, she looked down at the little hide riding-whip in her hand. It was the only thing, excepting the pony, he had ever given her, he had "brayed" it himself, and polished it till it was as clear as amber, and the little monogramed ring he had had put on by the silversmith in Johannesburg.

As she gained the top of a bank she looked out toward the kopjes where the Rustenburg road ran through the Nek, and surely she could see dust rising! The column had not reached there evidently.

She cut the little horse lightly across the flanks and he cantered swiftly on. Her excitement rose as she went forward. She was curious to see the khaki people! She wondered if the band would be playing and the men marching with their colors! She was quite sure she would miss the sight of the red coats. The scouts she had seen looked most unkempt and commonplace.

All at once she reined in sharply. There had come a sound to her ears that she had never heard before—rhythmic, jarring, thumping reports, like the starting jolts of a freight train as the links tighten in succession. And then the echo of it followed.

She sat with her heart beating, leaning forward, grasping the pony's mane. There

came a sullen, dull, deeper, shock of sound, and out of the clear blue sky above the kopje leaped a little ball of shining white that drifted an instant and disappeared. Her ears seemed to hear clearer now, she detected an undercurrent of pattering like the sound of many distant hammers. Then she knew! The Boers were about! There was fighting at the Nek!

For an instant she was tempted to turn about and take to flight, but for some reason that she could not fathom, she did the very opposite and rode forward swiftly toward a bit of rising ground that rolled up from the middle of the plain a mile or so away. The last hundred yards or so, to the crest, she went in a free gallop and with her pony's flanks heaving, came out on the top—and there she saw it!

The two kopjes nearest her were the abrupt endings of two separate lines of hills, the one farthest to the north ran to the river, while the nearer range began at the very slope at which she stood. A third and higher flat-topped hill was beyond the gap and stood alone, like a sentinel at the entrance. This was the Nek through which the coach road ran, and down in the little hollow she could see a line of halted wagons.

The rattling and tapping came in gusts and spasms, it seemed to run along the crests of the range of hills. The single white puff of smoke was not repeated, but now and then there would come the rhythmic sequence of heavier reports and she could see that the echoes to them came from little spurts of dust flicked out of the sandy plain, as by the invisible lash of a giant whip. Suddenly she bethought herself of the field-glasses, and with trembling fingers she adjusted them.

"Oh! oh!" she cried out, suddenly—"God's help and mercy!"

There had come into the focus as she looked a sight that made her give the little scream, half pity and half terror.

There was a man with his arm about another, who scarce could walk, who hobbled painfully and shook his head and pushed the other with his hands as if urging him away! She could almost see the expressions of their faces. Then the wounded man sank to the ground, and the other, after bending over him an instant, started running almost toward her. She swept the line of vision to the right, and then she understood it all.

A gray horse with the reins hanging loose stood among some stunted bushes, but as the man approached the horse, evidently frightened, edged away, and then, with a sudden toss of head and tail, broke into a furious canter. The man gave up the chase with a gesture of bitterest despair. He stood still a moment, and then, right before her very eyes, he jumped into the air a foot or so and collapsed limply on a bare open space of ground; for all the world, like a bundle of old clothes, he lay there without moving!

Madeline took the glasses from her eyes. It was with a shock that she realized how far away it was. She swayed half-sick and controlled herself with difficulty, but then she saw coming toward her the gray horse, still at a gallop, with the stirrups flying, tripping occasionally over the bridle that tangled in his forefeet. Animated by some instinct she moved off slowly to meet him.

When quite close the horse tripped on the bridle again, and stood there blowing and shivering as she edged up to him. Whistling, as is the Afrikander habit, in order to quiet the frightened beast, she worked close enough until with a sudden movement she leaned forward and caught him by the bit. Then for the first time she noticed that the saddle and the horse's side were soaked with dripping red. It almost sickened her again! Then the figure of that man, and his gesture of despair came strongly to her mind, and leading the animal that was not yet quieted, she rode down the hill toward the bushes beyond which lay the two men that she had seen.

The little gulley that she crossed contained some water, filtering from a hidden spring, but as she reached there, she stopped.

Plain to view among the huddle of wagons, a mile or more away, was a figure waving a white flag. So they had surrendered! She was glad of it, anything but that killing! And she pushed forward, still thinking of the poor fellow she had seen go down. She knew just where she would find him, not fifty yards ahead.

The pattering and hammering had not stopped, however. Many of the hidden men on the hills could not see from their position the fluttering emblem of surrender, perhaps. Nor doubtless could they have made out whether the mounted figure was man or woman, at the distance.

Perhaps it was not intended at all, but it was one of those chances of a long-range fight. At any rate there came a sudden whispering, startling whine, and then a shock, and the gray horse, pitching forward, dragged her at full length over her pony's head. She struggled to her feet unhurt, and turned to look. The horse lay there struggling for all the world like the springbok that Koos had shot more than a year ago. Blood ran from his nostrils. The pony, freed from her hand, had taken to his heels, and was plashing across the little stream frantic with terror.

What to do she did not know, then suddenly she heard a groan. There, a few feet away, lay the huddled heap of clothes. She ran over, knelt beside the man, and turned his face up from the earth. He was breathing as if exhausted.

"Water," he said, hoarsely. "For God's sake, water!"

It was but a few steps back to the fallen horse; quickly she undid the water-bottle that was fastened to the saddle, and hastened back. She poured a little down the man's throat, and bathed his eyes and wrists: he looked up at her. He was but a trooper of the mounted infantry, he had probably never heard of Sir Philip Sidney, and loss of blood had made him thirsty, but he remembered.

"Thank you, Miss," he murmured, "there's my pal; he ain't far off. He'll be needing a drink, lad. Could you reach him, Miss?"

Madeline nodded. Placing her wet handkerchief over the man's forehead, she moved off to the left. There she came upon the other poor fellow. He had fainted from loss of blood, evidently while in the act of tying up his shattered leg, for he had cut open his trousers, and had begun to bind his puttee about the mangled, splintered knee. She finished it for him, although she had had no experience with wounds, and a little water poured down his throat, and on his wrists, soon brought him to. Beyond she could see another man, and still beyond another. Her linen riding habit she tore into strips, and twice she replenished her water-bottle at the spring.

For an hour and more she worked, and yet all the time the cracking and hammering had gone on in front. But no bullets came her way.

She had been seen, however, from the hills, and from the line of wagons also, and on the last excursion she had come within two hundred yards of where some men stood, grouped about the fallen mules and oxen. All at once she became aware that a man was walking toward her. He was a very young officer, and he had red lapels on the collar of his tunic. She spoke first, excitedly:

"There are many wounded men here; can you not send help to them?"

"We have as many as we can attend to at the wagons," he replied, apologetically. "We are doing the best we can. You see they caught us all unawares, and there was no cover."

"But the fighting is still going on," she ventured, "or what means all this firing?"

"We have surrendered," said the young officer, "but Captain Winwood, who commands the advance guard, has got up on the top of the farthest hill and is still fighting. If we could get word into the post on the Crocodile River, they might send out and save us, but Winwood is surrounded, and every time we move they can pick us off. The only gun we had was disabled by the pom-pom. The Colonel was a fool to get us in such a mess. He signalled to those chaps on the hill to chuck it and give in, but Winwood, he wagged back that he no longer recognized his orders, and that he would hold out. He can't very long, though; they'll get him, sooner or later."

"Is it Captain Winwood, who is in the Guards?" asked Madeline.

"No, his brother. Do you know him? He came here with an Indian contingent. But I say," he added, quickly, "I have no right to keep you talking here. They may pot us any moment. It is a wonder they have not fired at you."

"Oh," replied Madeline, calmly, and wondering at herself, "I do not think they will do that, though they shot a horse I

was leading, I believe by accident. They have not fired at me at all."

"Where did you come from, may I ask?" returned the officer, "and why are you here all alone?"

"I live not far over in that direction. I was riding into Pretoria."

"But, you're English?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much."

For an instant they stood there as if embarrassed.

"I suppose," said the officer, thoughtfully, "if I should walk over to that hill where that horse is I'd be pretty sure to be pipped, and we've enough now, Heaven knows. What direction is Pretoria from here?"

"You'd get lost surely, if you didn't know it," returned Madeline, "but it's over there. You cross between the hills, keep to the left and go down into the vlei, and then——"

"I've got half a mind to try it," interposed the officer, "if I could catch that horse."

An idea had come across Madeline's mind. "You'd surely be shot," she said, quickly, "but why not myself? I know the way, every turn of it, and they might let me through."

The young officer looked at her with admiration.

"Do you think you could?" he said.

"I will try it, if I can; and if I do, I shall have to hurry. So good-by to you."

She turned and walked away. It was a strange position! Here she was wandering apparently where she liked, and yet over there were two or three hundred men who apparently considered themselves as much prisoners as if they were behind bars and grated windows. The Boers had not approached and yet, on the front there was a lively fight still going on, judging from the interchange of rifle fire. But now three or four little dust spots kicked up out of the ground in front of her. And all at once she saw the reason for the strange condition of affairs. The highest kopje commanded both the others! No Boer could move down into the plain from the shelter of the hill without becoming at once a target for the little band of fighting men on the top.

"Captain Winwood?" she repeated to herself. "The Indian contingent!"

It could be no other than Cecil Winwood. It was seven years ago now, since that walk, but it all came back, how he looked, all the tones of his voice. It was like him, as she remembered him, to hold out obstinately as long as possible. Strange things come to people at strange moments. She remembered the cricket match, when with nine wickets down and fourteen runs to make, he had made them and carried his county to victory. She remembered also how he had once told her that he liked to do things off his own bat—and yet——

She had walked straight over to the spruit and suddenly found herself by the edge of it. On the far side stood her little horse, now recovered from his fright. He was browsing quietly among the bushes. She whistled and coaxed him as she neared. Some people have a way with animals—it was her gift. The pony whinnied welcome. Without difficulty she reached the reins and led him up over the hill. Across on the far side she mounted quickly, and keeping a little farther to the south she rode swiftly forward, bending now and then to encourage her little steed, with excited breathless words.

Captain Sir George Cecil Winwood sat on one of the benches in front of the Transvaal Hotel in Pretoria, and beside him sat a younger officer. Neither of them said a word, but gazed listlessly out on the road. They allowed a dog-fight to pass by unnoticed. They had not even smiled at the attempts of an honest burgher (who evidently had been looking at the wine-cup) to ride a balking, untrained bicycle. At last the younger officer spoke, and he continued a train of thought that had been interrupted by the silence.

"At any rate it was an awful mess," he said, "and the Colonel is going to get the sack for it, you mark me!"

"I hope so," returned Captain Winwood—"deserves it."

"I tell you, old chap, you were fine—you were, you know."

"Rot! Nothing at all! But, by gad, Carstairs, I'd like to meet that woman! You know we could see her from the top of our hill quite plainly, and one of my

Colonials suggested that it might be a Boer disguised, trying to get out to you chaps. Pepperall, the ass, when she rode in the camp at Crocodile, never got her name."

"He arrived just in the nick of time for us chaps, didn't he?"

"Rather."

"I should think so. But we are always doing such stupid things."

"What did she look like?"

"Who, the girl?"

"Yes, you silly; who else?"

"Quite pretty. English looking. Country type, but thoroughbred, you know—By Jove!"

"Eh, what?"

Winwood started into sudden alertness as he followed his young friend's pointing finger. Two women were approaching, walking together on the opposite side of the street.

"That's she!" said the officer, excitedly. "I'm going across to speak to her. What luck! If I stop long enough to give you a chance, stroll over."

With that Carstairs rose. The ladies saw him coming, and paused. As he drew nearer the expression of the younger woman's face changed, in fact the sudden stare she gave made Carstairs forget what it was that he had first intended to say. Her eyes looked over his shoulder and beyond him. There were footsteps close at his heels and turning, he saw Winwood.

"Well!" cried the latter, speaking first. "This is most surprising! It is Miss Harrison!"

"Captain Winwood!"

Carstairs stood at one side awkwardly. The English girl recovered herself.

"Mrs. Roland, allow me to present Captain Winwood, whom I knew a long time ago in England. And you, sir," she added, "I remember meeting you when you came out to talk to me."

Carstairs gave his name and was presented, flushing red to his brows.

"I tell you, we owe her a lot," he stammered, earnestly, turning to Mrs. Roland. "And now, if she wasn't a woman, and was in the service, she'd get the V. C. for that little job. You know, the Chief is going to call on you, Miss Harrison? he has heard of it—And, by Jove, you'll get the war medal, at all events. Which way are you going? We will walk with you; may we?"

They fell in together, and Carstairs, respecting his friend's prior acquaintanceship, walked on with Mrs. Roland, allowing the other two to follow. They talked in commonplaces.

"Your family, are they all well?" asked Miss Harrison, evenly.

"My mother and sisters are. The Governor died, you know, two years ago."

"I'm so sorry to hear it, indeed I am." She looked at him, studying his face attentively. It was a very simple, sun-browned face, strong and good-looking.

"And my brother, you heard, was killed below the Modder River," he went on, flicking at his trousers with his whip.

"Yes? I'm so sorry to hear it! Oh, this sad, dreadful war!"

A pause followed during which, doubtless, they both did some thinking—at least Madeline did—Winwood rapped at the branches of the trees overhead. This news meant more than mere words. It meant that instead of being an impecunious younger son, living on a small allowance and smaller pay, he was now the Squire himself. Miss Harrison debated with herself whether she should call him by his title or not. "Sir George" it would be now, that being his first name. And he perhaps was remembering those days, nearly seven years ago, and the walk down the shady lane. Suddenly he turned and his eyes scanned her face closely.

He spoke at last, breaking the moment's silence.

"It was awful plucky of you to do what you did day before yesterday," he said. "But it is hard to try to thank you—you know what I mean—words sometimes are no use at all—But you are true blue—and English, and—upon my soul, I say, I'm making a dreadful mess of what should be a pretty speech. But you know—" he was almost in distress.

"It was not much to do," Madeline replied; "thank the pony, not me—and now let's talk of something else. I suppose you are anxious to go back home!"

"Yes, but tell me of yourself," he said, in answer. "Tell me; how long have you been out here?"

"In this country, in the Transvaal? Two years, and a little over."

"Awful, beastly hole, isn't it?"

"Do you think so?"

Another pause. They turned the corner of the street.

At that minute a young fellow dressed in the uniform of an English Tommy, but with his smasher hat looped up at one side, passed them. He saluted the officers, but looked so hard in Miss Harrison's face that Captain Winwood noticed it, and scowled. It was his doing so that attracted Madeline's attention—at first she had not seen the young man at all; he had almost gone by, in fact, when she turned swiftly.

"Oh, Mr. Kerr!" she cried, "I am so glad to see you!"

The soldier had taken off his hat which, of course, was rather an unsoldierly thing to do and they stood there with their hands clasped.

"I saw you this morning," he said, "only I was riding as one of the escort and I couldn't speak to you. Is everything well at Grootvlei?"

"Yes, she spoke of you but yesterday."

The young man blushed under his tan.

"Did she?" he asked. "Then she does not hate me altogether, does she?"

"No, not altogether," replied Miss Harrison, with a little shake of her head. "I am stopping with Mrs. Roland; the second house from the corner, beyond the hospital—the one with the vines. Do come and see me."

"That I will," said the trooper, and again he bowed. "Good-by." He saluted the officers stiffly and turned away.

Captain Winwood had been an amused observer for, of course, he had paid no attention to their words. Madeline joined him.

"An old friend of mine," she said, "in the South African Light Horse, now. He used to live here. He was employed in the bank."

"Ah, indeed; Colonial?"

"Yes, I suppose so," absent-mindedly.

"Do you know, somehow, I can't tell why, I don't like the Colonials. I'm one of them, I know, in a measure, but—I can't go them altogether."

"Oh, can't you? But you must confess that they have done good fighting."

"Oh, they're jolly good at that. So are the Boers, too, for that matter. I fancy I'd like to meet some of those old chaps."

"They and the Colonials are much alike in some ways," Miss Harrison said, "and that is the reason, perhaps, that they haven't got on so well together. But you see, they have to live here after the war is over. It is their country, too."

"I dare say that's true. They'll know each other's good points by the time this row is done, won't they. I wonder how long it is going to last?"

Madeline did not reply. They were walking slowly on again, passing a long, low building that had flying at the gateway the Red Cross flags. An ambulance was just drawing up at the farthest entrance.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Winwood, "these fellows are just in from the little fight last night. Hamilton had a go at them out here to the east. But to come back to our little affair at the Nek. You haven't heard the end of that yet. Do you know *that*, Miss Harrison?"

"No? and how about your 'little affair' on the top of the kopje?"

"Oh, pshaw, that was nothing; just a bit of obstinacy. You know I was always pig-headed, and then our position was—Hullo!—" breaking off shortly, "Blest if that ambulance isn't full of Boers! Well, we bagged some of them, didn't we?"

He strode forward quickly. It was as he had said: a number of men dressed as they might be for any camp life out-of-doors, in worn cord breeches and rough faded coats, were being assisted or carried out of the great canvas-covered wagon. One of them, a tall, broad-shouldered, young Burgher, with his long arms sprawled helplessly on each side of the stretcher, was being moved with the greatest care, the orderlies whispering directions to one another. They stopped for an instant in the path. The Boer's right leg was in a splint from the hip down; he uttered no sound, although his drawn lips showed that he was suffering. But as his eyes fell on the approaching group, his face went white, and he gasped faintly.

"Koos! Koos! is it you?"

Madeline had stepped swiftly forward. She stood in front of the big, brown-bearded young fellow with her hands out-

stretched! "Koos—look up at me!" The orderlies halted by the fence.

"Put me down," said the Boer, weakly, in good English. "Put me down."

"Put him down, can't you!" ordered Captain Winwood, sharply.

Madeline knelt quickly and took one of the wounded man's big hands in hers.

"Are you badly hurt, Koos? Tell me!"

"My leg is shattered. But—Madeline."

Suddenly she became conscious that the others were observing her, but she did not change her position. Instead, she leaned closer and spoke so softly that the wounded man had to half lift himself to listen.

"Koos, I was wrong! I do love you, dear. There is no one else and never will be! Don't look at me that way!"

The young man closed his eyes, his head fell back and swayed a little, she steadied him with a pressure of her fingers and slipped an arm about his neck.

There was a smile on her face that belied the wet eyes as she turned. She looked slowly from Captain Winwood to the others, and even to the astonished orderlies. "We are going to be married," she said, "and they will let me nurse you —oh! Don't, Koos, dear, don't."

Tears were rolling down into the young man's great, brown beard.

"When peace is in the land," he said. "Praise Got."

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN'S "PROPHET"

(FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE)

By Ella Heath

With longing soul athirst I wandered far,
And found me in a gloomy desert waste
Where, at the turning of the ways, there came,
Floating toward me on his six great wings,
A mighty seraph. Softly as falls a dream
His fingers touched my eyes, that opened wide
To the clear vision of the eaglet's view;
My ears he touched, and straightway they were filled
With sound and murmur of deep mysteries;
I saw the structure of the unbounded skies,
I heard the flight of angels in the void;
The swarming life beneath the surge I spied—
The buried labors of the budding plant
Pierced to my quickened sense. To my lips leaned
The angel, and plucked out my evil tongue
(Lover of light and lying words), and fixed
The wisdom of the serpent's sting therein.
With his keen blade he cleft my breast in twain,
And tore with red hands thence my beating heart,
And in my breast he thrust a living coal.
Then like one dead I lay upon the ground
And knew the Voice of God that called to me:
"Prophet, arise! Look, listen, and faring forth,
Traverse and land and sea: carry the Word,
And with its flame burn, burn the hearts of men!"

THE LITERARY MERIT OF OUR LATTER-DAY DRAMA

By Brander Matthews

IN trying to present our own opinions upon any question at issue, we can often find an advantage in getting first of all a clear statement of the other side. This must serve as an excuse for here quoting a paragraph from a recent number of a British magazine which chanced to get itself copied in an American newspaper:

"'The truth is, our dramatists have long since forgotten that the English language is still the medium of the English drama, and that no branch of literary art is worth a word of praise that wantonly divorces itself from literature. The foolish dramatist who was once loquacious concerning what he was pleased to call 'the literary drama' condemned his own craft in a single phrase. No doubt, prosperity being essential, the audience of our theatres must share the blame with their favorites. Too idle to listen to exquisite prose or splendid verse, they prefer the quick antics of comedians, and in their ear, as in Mr. Pinero's, 'theatrical' has a far more splendid sound than 'dramatic.' To sum the matter up, that poets have failed upon the stage is no compliment to the professional playwrights, who believe themselves the vessels of an esoteric inspiration. It merely means that literature and the drama travel by different roads, and they will continue to travel by those roads so long as the actor is master of the dramatist, so long as the merits of a drama are judged by the standard of material prosperity. After all, to get your puppets on and off the stage is not the sole end of drama, and modesty might suggest that it is better to fail with Tennyson than to succeed with the gifted author who is at this moment engaged in whitewashing Julia."

Inexpensive in wit as this paragraph is, it serves the purpose of showing us that there are still those who believe the drama of our own time to be a thing of nought. Brief as this quotation is, it is long enough to reveal that the writer of it had the conceit of ignorance, and that he was expressing what he conceived to be opinions, without taking the trouble to learn anything about the history of the theatre or the principles of the dramatic art.

The full measure of his ignorance it would be a waste of time to point out, but it can be estimated by his two remarks, that it was better to fail with Tennyson than to succeed with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and that there is likely to be no change for the better so long as the merits of a drama are judged by the standard of material prosperity. Taking these assertions in turn, we may note, first, that Tennyson ardently longed to write a play which should please the play-goers of his own time; second, that he desired to be judged by these very "standards of material prosperity,"—just as Mr. Jones does. Mr. Jones has more than once succeeded in pleasing the play-goers of his own time, and Tennyson failed to achieve the particular kind of success he was aiming at. His failure may have been due to his lack of the native dramatic faculty; it may have been due to his following of outworn models no longer adjusted to the conditions of the modern theatre; but whatever the reason, there is no doubt as to the fact itself. He did not attain the goal he was striving for any more than Browning was able to do so; and it is not for their eulogists now to say that their goal was unworthy. The test of "material prosperity" was the very test by which the poets wished to be tried, and by this test they both failed—and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones more than once has succeeded. Tennyson and Mr. Jones were aiming at the same target —popular success in the theatre. Even if Mr. Jones has not always made a bull's eye, he has often put his bullet on the

target—the very target which Tennyson missed completely, even if his ball happened to make a hit on another.

Tennyson desired to meet the conditions which all the great dramatists have ever been willing to meet. He did not follow their example and study carefully the circumstances of theatrical representation as they had done, nor did he make himself master of the secrets of the dramaturgic art. And this is a chief reason why he was unable to produce any impression upon the drama of his day; while the dramatic poets of the past, the masters whom he respected—Sophocles and Shakspere and Molière—each of them, accepting the formula of the theatre as this had been elaborated by his immediate predecessors, enlarged this formula, modified it, made it over to suit his own larger outlook on life, and thus stamped his own individuality upon the drama of succeeding generations.

Shakspere and Molière are accepted by us now as the greatest of dramatic poets; but to their own contemporaries they were known rather as ingenious playwrights up to every trick of the trade, finding their profit in every new device of their fellow-craftsmen, and emerging triumphant from a judgment by "the standard of material prosperity." And by this same standard, unworthy as it may seem to some, Lope de Vega and Calderon were judged in their own day, Corneille and Racine also, Beaumarchais and Sheridan, Hugo and Augier and Rostand. The standard of material prosperity is not the only test,—indeed, it is not the final test,—but it is the first and the most imperative, because a dramatist who fails to please the play-going public of his own time will never have another chance. There is no known instance of a poet unsuccessful on the stage in his own century and winning recognition in the theatre after his death. Posterity never reverses the unfavorable verdict of an author's contemporaries; it has no time to waste on this, for it is too busy reversing the favorable verdicts which seem to it to be in discord with the real merits of the case.

It was Mark Twain who pithily summed up a prevailing opinion when he said that "the classics are the books everybody praises—and nobody reads." Let us hope that this is an overstatement and not the exact truth; but whatever the proportion of verity in Mark Twain's saying, there is no doubt that we are running no great risk if we reverse it and say that when they were first produced the classics were books that everybody read—and that nobody praised. Shakspere to-day is the prey of the commentators and of the criticasters, but in his own time Shakspere was the most popular of the Elizabethan playwrights—so popular that his name was tagged to plays he had not written, in order that the public might be tempted to take them into favor; but it was years before the discovery was made that this popular playwright was also the greatest poet and the profoundest psychologist of all time. Cervantes lived long enough to be pleased by the widespread enjoyment of his careless masterpiece; but it was a century at least before the first suspicion arose that Don Quixote was more than a "funny book." Molière was very lucky in filling his theatre when his own pieces were performed; but contemporary opinion held that his plays owed their attraction not so much to their literary merit as to the humorous force of his own acting. Molière was acknowledged to be the foremost of comic actors, but only Boileau was sure of his genius as a dramatist; and Boileau's colleagues in the French Academy never recognized Molière's superiority over all his immediate rivals.

The very fact that Molière and Shakspere were pleasing the plain people, that they were able to attract the main body of the unlearned populace, that they sought frankly to be judged by "the standard of material prosperity"—this very fact seems to have prevented their contemporaries from perceiving the literary merit of their plays. Indeed, it is not unfair to suggest that the cultivated critics of the past—like some cultivated critics of our own time—are predisposed to deny literary merit to anything which is broadly popular. They think of literary merit as something as to which they alone are competent to decide, as something to be tried by the touchstones they keep in their studies, under lock and key. The scholarly contemporaries of Shakspere saw that he did not conform to the classic traditions they revered, and they could not guess he was establishing a classic tradition of his own. They were

so full of the past that they could not see the present right before their eyes. They missed in Shakspere's work what they had been trained to consider as the chief essential of dramatic art; and they were not acute enough to inquire whether there were not good reasons why he was so attractive to the vulgar mob whom they despised.

To most critics of the drama "literary merit" is something external, something added to the play, something adjusted to the structure. They blame modern playwrights for not putting it in. They take an attitude toward the drama of their own day like that of the New England farmer, when he was asked who had been the architect of his house. "Oh, I built that house myself," was the answer; "but there's a man coming down from Boston next week to put the architecture on." To this New England farmer, architecture was not in the planning and the proportion and the structure; to him it seemed to mean only some sort of jig-saw fretwork added as an afterthought. To most of those who amuse themselves by writing about the drama, "literary merit" is chiefly a matter of pretty speeches, of phrase-making, of simile and metaphor—in short, of rhetoric.

It seems absurd that at this late day it should be needful to repeat once more that literature is not a matter of rhetoric; that it is not external and detachable, but internal and essential. It has to do with motive and character, with form and philosophy; it is a criticism of life itself, or else it is mere vanity and vexation. If literature is no more than a stringing of flowers of speech, then is "Lucile" a greater book than "Robinson Crusoe," or then is the "Forest Lovers" a finer book than "Huckleberry Finn"; then is Pater a better writer than Benjamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln. Books are not made by style alone. Even lyric poetry is estimated by its fervor and by its sincerity rather than by the dulcet phrases in which the lyrist has voiced his emotion of the moment. If verbal felicity alone is all that the poet needs, if he is to be judged only by the compelling melody of the words he has chosen to set in array, then is Poe the foremost of lyrists. Even the essay, the most narrowly literary of all prose-forms, is valued for its wisdom rather than for its phrasing. The essays of Stevenson, for example, will survive not because of their style alone, polished as that is and unexpectedly happy in their turns of phrase, but because the man who wrote them, artist as he was in words, had something to say—something which was his own, the result of his own observation of life from his own angle of vision. Style is the great antiseptic, no doubt; but style cannot bestow life on the still-born.

Not only do such critics as the anonymous writer from whom quotation has been made, persist in thinking of the literary merit of the drama as "exquisite prose" and "splendid verse,"—in other words as an added grace, applied externally,—but they also seem to believe that all plays possessing what they would regard as "literary merit" stand in a class apart. They are looking for a literary drama which shall be different from the popular drama. Apparently they expect to be able to recognize a literary play at first sight—and probably by its excess of applied ornament. And this attitude is quite as absurd as the other. In no one of the greater periods of the poetic drama have the plays which we now revere as masterpieces differed in form from the mass of the other plays of that epoch. They were better, no doubt, excelling in power, in elevation, in insight, in skill. But they bore a striking resemblance in structure and in intent to the host of contemporary plays which we now perceive to be hopelessly inferior to them.

So far as their outward appearance goes the great plays of Sophocles, of Shakspere, and of Molière are closely akin to the plays of their undistinguished contemporaries. It is in their content that they are immeasurably superior. They differ in degree only, never in kind. Shakspere early availed himself of the framework of the tragedy-of-blood that Kyd had made popular; and later he borrowed from Beaumont and Fletcher the flexible formula of the dramatic-romance. His genius towered above theirs, but he was content to appropriate their patterns. Molière modelled many of his earlier plays upon the loosely knit comedy-of-masks of the Italian comedians, and the difference between his work and theirs is not external but internal; it is the difference between adroitness and cleverness on their part, and supreme comic

genius on his. Probably it was this apparent similarity of Shakspere's work and Molière's to the uninspired efforts of their competitors which prevented their contemporaries from discovering their pre-eminence—the pre-eminence which is so obvious to us now that the plays of their fellow-craftsmen have fallen out of memory.

The blindness of the contemporary critic of Shakspere and of Molière, inexplicable as it may appear nowadays, has its parallel in the blindness of the contemporary critic in regard to "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." He had not the insight to see in these comparatively commonplace narratives the essential truth of the enduring masterpiece. He was seeking an outward and visible sign; he saw nothing unusual, abnormal, eccentric, in these books, nothing novel, nothing that cried aloud for recognition; and so he passed by on the other side. These books seemed to him in no wise raised above the common; they were to be enjoyed in some measure, but they evoked no high commendation; and the contemporary critic never suspected that these unpretending volumes, unlike the most of their competitors in public favor, contained the vital spark which alone bestows enduring life. He failed wholly to guess that these books had in them the elements of the universal and the permanent—just as he was unable to perceive that the more obviously literary, rhetorical, academic works he was ready enough to commend highly, lacked these elements and therefore were doomed soon to sink into deserved oblivion.

This is precisely the attitude of many a critic of our own time. He is looking for a literary drama which shall be different in kind from the popular play; and as he fails to find this to-day—as he would have failed to find it in every period of the theatre's most splendid achievement—he asserts that the literary drama is nowadays non-existent. He does not care to inquire into the genuine qualities of the plays that happen to be able to attain the "standard of material prosperity." He is quick to perceive the attempt to be literary in the plays of Mr. Stephen Phillips, because this promising dramatic poet has so far tended rather to construct his decoration than to decorate his construction; and therefore the literary merit in Mr. Phillips's acted pieces seems sometimes to be somewhat external, so to speak, or at least more ostentatiously paraded. He is forced to credit "Quality Street" with a certain literary merit, because Mr. Barrie has published novels which have an undeniable literary flavor.

Considering literary merit as something applied on the outside, too obvious to be mistaken, the critic of this type disdains to give to certain of the plays of Mr. Pinero the discussion they deserve. In the "Benefit of the Doubt," in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in "Iris," Mr. Pinero has used all his mastery of stage-craft, not for its own sake, but as the instrument of his searching analysis of life as he sees it. All three plays bring out the eternal truth of George Eliot's saying that "Consequences are unpitying." In all three plays the inevitable and inexorable catastrophe is brought about, not by "the long arm of coincidence," but rather by the finger of fate itself. In "Iris" more particularly we have put before us the figure of a gentle and kindly creature of compelling personal charm, but weak of will and moving through life along the line of least resistance—a feminine counter of the Tito Melema etched with such appalling veracity in "Romola." And Mr. Pinero has the same sincerity in his portrayal of the gradual disintegration of character under the stress of recurring temptation, until the woman is driven forth at last stripped of all things that she held desirable, and bare of the last shred of self-respect. The play may be unpleasant, but it is profoundly moral. It is not spoon-meat for babes, but it is poignant and vital. The picture of human character betrayed by its own weakness is so true, so transparently sincere, that the spectator, however quick he may be to discuss the theme, remains unconscious of the art by which the wonder has been wrought; he gives scarcely a thought to the logic of the construction, and to the honesty with which character is presented—literary merits both of them, if literature is in fact a criticism of life.

The shrewd remark of M. Jules Lemaitre must ever be borne in mind,—that criticism of our contemporaries is not criticism, it is only conversation. Yet there is sufficient self-revelation in the fact

that those who have been ready enough to praise the "Lady of Lyons," with its tawdry rhetoric and its shabby morality, have not seen the superiority of Mr. Pinero over Lord Lytton even as a stylist, as a master of English, tense, nervous, and flexible, adjusting itself to the thought, never protruding itself on our vision, and yet withstanding verbal criticism when we take time afterward to subject it to that test also.

Just as the Elizabethan critics thought little of Shakspere because he failed to follow in the footsteps of the great Greeks, so some modern critics care naught for the best work of the dramatists of our own time, because this is not cast in the Shaksperian mould. The Elizabethan critics could not know the difference between the theatre of Dionysius in Athens and the tiny cockpit of the Globe in London; and there are their kin to-day who cannot perceive the difference between the half-roofed playhouse for which Shakspere wrote and the electric-lighted place of amusement to which we are now accustomed. These latter-day critics do not see why the haphazard structure which was good enough for Tudor times is not good enough for us; and they have so little sense of form that they are unaware how the change in the circumstances of performance have forced a more compact presentation of the theme than was necessary in the days of "Eliza and our James."

As Mr. John Morley has pointed out, "the prodigy of such amazing results from such glorious carelessness as Shakspere's has plunged hundreds of men of talent into a carelessness most inglorious." The history of English literature is strewed with wrecked tragedies, lofty enough in aspiration, but pitifully lacking in inspiration. These same tragedies, slovenly as they might be in structure and empty of dramatic energy, were cased in the traditional trappings; they were divided into five acts and they were bedecked with blank verse; and contemporary critics made haste to credit them with the literary merit these same critics do not even look for in "Iris" and in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," tragedies, both of them, of a purifying pathos that Aristotle would have understood. In fact, there would be no great difficulty in showing how near Aristotle came to an explicit assertion that in the drama "literary merit" is almost a by-product—valuable, no doubt, like many another by-product, but not the chief thing to be sought.

Mr. Pinero has recently discussed Robert Louis Stevenson as a dramatist, and his lecture contained passages which every man of letters should ponder. He shows that Stevenson had in him the true dramatic stuff, but that he refused to serve the severe apprenticeship to play-making that he gladly gave to novel-writing. Mr. Pinero makes plain the further fact that Stevenson, who was ever a sedulous ape of the masters he admired, had here set himself a bad pattern to copy. This was not the loose and rambling Elizabethan model which had led Tennyson and Browning astray; it was the model of the cheap melodrama of the early years of the nineteenth century. "Stevenson with all his genius failed to realize that the art of drama is not stationary, but progressive," said Mr. Pinero. "By this I do not mean that it is always improving; what I do mean is that its conditions are always changing and that every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully . . . the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation."

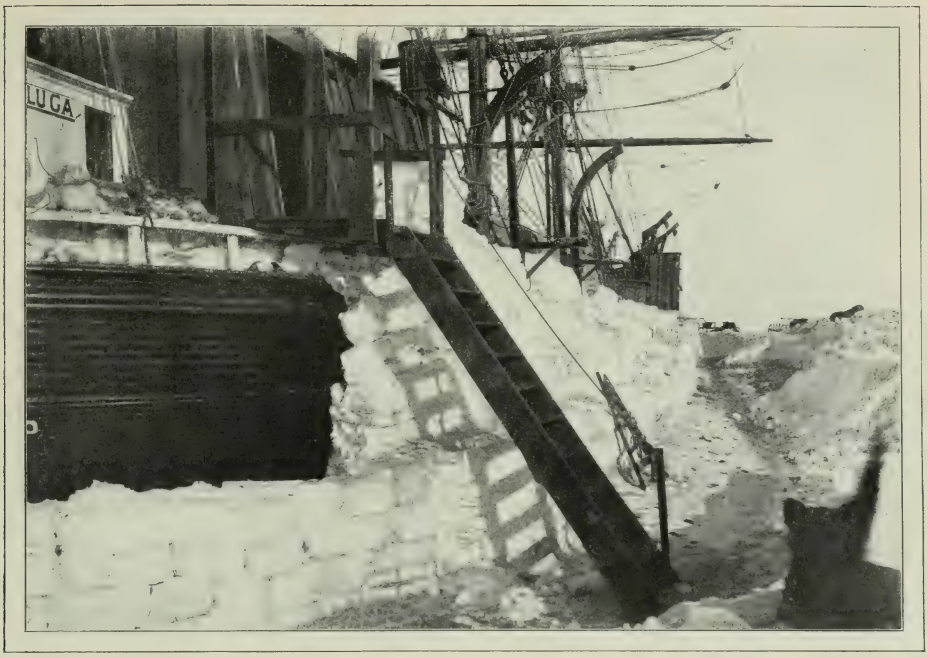
This is what every great dramatist has done; it is what Shakspere did and Molière also; it is what Stevenson did not care to do, because he did not understand the necessity of it. He did not borrow the formula of the most successful of the plays which chanced to be pleasing the public just then. If he had done this, he could have put into this formula all the fine writing he so much enjoyed; he might have given to his plays the utmost polish of style. Instead of trying to write dramas externally like those popular in the theatre of his own time, and making them internally whatsoever he chose, he went back half a century and tried to revive a poor formula already defunct. The game was lost before the cards were dealt. He had refused to consider the conditions of the problem he was handling—"the problem of how to tell a dramatic story truly, convincingly, and effectively on the modern stage"; as Mr. Pinero described it, "the problem of disclosing the workings of the

human heart by methods which shall not destroy the illusion which a modern audience expects to enjoy in the modern theatre."

Stevenson was here making the mistake which so many men of letters make when they turn to the theatre. He was going upon the theory that the drama is made literary, not from within, by observation and imagination and sincerity, but from without, by the application of fine speeches. His speeches were fine, no doubt, even though they were not in keeping with that special kind of play when it had been alive. But as it happened, that kind of play was dead and gone, and no injection of oratory would bring it to life again. And here the Scotch story-teller failed to profit by the example of the French poet whose romances he had so sympathetically studied. Hugo had also a gift for oratory and a talent for fine speeches; but when he yearned for theatrical success he went to the most popular playhouses where the plain people gathered, and he adopted as his own the formula of play-making which was proving its value in these Boulevard theatres. This was not in itself much better than the formula Stevenson borrowed and did not trouble to understand—indeed, the two are not unlike. But Hugo had made his choice half a century before Stevenson; and when he made it he was taking possession of the very latest fashion.

Hugo's formula is now fallen out of mode, yet his plays have accomplished their three score years and ten. It was Hugo who declared that there are three classes of theatre-goers whom the playwright must please: the crowd that demands action, the women who wish for emotion, and the thinkers who seek for character. And it was Hugo's early rival as a play-maker, the elder Dumas, who asserted that the only rules he knew for success upon the stage were to make the first act clear, the last act short, and all the acts interesting. A dramatist who shall accept the formula which has been found satisfactory by his immediate contemporaries, and who shall succeed in making all the acts of his play interesting alike to the crowd, to the women, and to the thinkers, will of a certainty achieve literary merit without striving for it specifically.

For we cannot repeat too often that in the drama "literary merit" is a by-product, as it is in oratory also. And we cannot assert too emphatically that the drama has an independent existence—that it does not lie wholly within the domain of literature. "The art of the drama" so Mr. Emile Faguet has assured us, "touches all the other arts and includes them." The drama is not intended primarily to be read in the study; it is devised to be performed on the stage by actors before spectators. It has a right, therefore, to avail itself of the aid of all other arts and of enlisting them in its service. This is one of the reasons why those who have studied the secrets of this art are inclined to esteem it as the noblest and most powerful of them all. As M. Faguet has declared, with that sympathetic understanding of the essential principles of the drama which is common enough in France and only too rare elsewhere—"it is not contradictory to the definition of dramatic art that it can synthesize in space like painting, that it can synthesize in time like poetry, that it can synthesize outside of time and space like music, that it can unite all the arts without forcing them to interfere the one with the other, and therefore without taking from any one aught of its force or aught of its dignity; that it can unite them all in a vast, powerful, and harmonious synthesis embracing the whole of life and the whole of art."



Whaler in winter quarters.

CAMP LIFE IN ARCTIC AMERICA

By Andrew J. Stone

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ARCTIC AMERICA is anything but a merry playground for campers-out who have tastes only for luxurious things, but even its most forbidding regions hold fascinations for some men. I can hardly believe that most men who go into the Arctics are attracted there through any particular phase of life to be found there, but rather by some particular thing they hope to accomplish.

I found no charm in enduring cold and fatigue and suffering hunger and the many other deprivations one must experience within this atmosphere of desolation and gloom. I found pleasure only in the acquisition of a more perfect knowledge of the physical features of those regions, the people and the animal life, and to know these by personal observation I endured willingly all the attendant evils of travel in such a country. To know it one must travel it, and to know its people and its animals one must see them as they live at all times of the year. To do this brings one to face a great variety of conditions and often compels one to endure many things seemingly impossible to human beings.

In the winter of 1898–99 I sledged twice across the most northerly reaches of the Rockies, three times through the entire length of the Mackenzie delta, twice along the coast west of the delta to Herschel Island, and twice along the coast east of the delta as far as Dolphin and Union straits, making important corrections in our charts of the coast country to the east and travelling with sledge in the one winter over 3,000 miles. I spent six of the



Some choice Polar bear skins.

winter months in camp and travelled 155 days. Blizzards are frequent during the winter months and the traveller must fully understand how to protect himself against the force of their awful fury. I experienced many of them. While crossing the Rockies, myself and two men, with our dogs and sleds, were almost carried away, on the very summit of the range, in a storm so blinding that we could scarcely see even a few feet. On the head of Copeland Hutchinson Bay on the Arctic coast we were compelled to remain in camp through a forty-eight-hour blow, that buried our dogs so deep in snow that we were compelled to almost dig them out when we fed them. We prevented our tent from blowing away by building around it a heavy wall of the solidly packed snow. We were fortunate in having fuel and did not suffer, but the life inside such narrow walls was so monotonous that we resorted to every conceivable thing possible to us to counteract the depressing effect, even to stripping off our footwear, rolling up our trousers, and running three times around the camp in the howling cold, before coming in. It was a severe ordeal, but a splendid way of keeping up life and courage.

It was on Cape Brown that I experienced the most fearful blizzard possible to imagine. With me was one white companion and a Loucheaux Indian. The coast country of all this region is very low and level and we had travelled hard all day in an effort to cross Cape Brown to Russell Inlet, knowing our only chance for fuel was in reaching the coast, where we might possibly find some drift-wood. Fortune smiled upon us most graciously, for we reached the coast and found an abundance of wood near a little level plateau convenient for camp. Men and dogs were in good spirits and the evening, though very cold, was calm, promising an ideal Arctic night. I had no thought of storm, but was delighted with the abundance of wood and the prospects of a hot cup of tea, for no climate in the world can provide a greater thirst than an Arctic night. Our little tent was soon up, the small sheet-iron stove in place, my big caribou skin spread down as a rug on the smooth floor of snow, and our sleeping-bags put in on top of that, and



In camp with the Eskimo on Allen Channel the last of May.—The end of sledding.

camp was complete. Then we ate our supper of pemmican (dried moose meat pounded to a pulp and filled with the fat) and hard biscuits. We could have only an allowance of these, as we were living on a ration of slightly less than thirty-two ounces per day, but we had all the tea we wanted. After supper I fed the poor hungry dogs their ration of whale blubber and dogfish, and then I thawed the ice off of their moccasins and dried them and darned them by the light of a candle and made them all ready for the next day, then made my notes of the day's work, and crawled into my sleeping-bag quite tired enough to go to sleep. For all this camp duty always added several hours to the day's work, and it was late before I could get to bed. I awoke the following morning almost suffocated. The tent had blown down on top of us and the snow was drifting hard upon top of that, and a storm was raging with a fury beyond description. Arousing my companions we managed, with difficulty, to get out of our bags and from beneath the heavy mass of snow and canvas. We always slept in our deerskin suits, and this was very fortunate, for we only had to slip on our big fur mittens, which we kept inside our sleeping-bags to keep them from freezing, and we were ready for the worst. The wind struck us with a force that made it difficult for us to stand, the atmosphere was so full of flying snow that we could scarcely see, and the roar of the storm was so great we could not hear each other speak. The sound of it was exactly that of the wind and water during a heavy storm at sea.

The only sign I could find of my sled-dogs would be when I would stumble over a mound of snow and discover there was a dog inside of it. At such a time a practical knowledge of how to do things saves many a life. The snow of these regions is always hard, packed by the winds, and we set to work with axes cutting and carrying huge blocks of it and building walls with them around our camp. For three hours we worked with all our might, building heavy walls on three sides until they were almost as high as our heads. Then we cleaned the snow off of the top of the tent and once more erected that and made it fast. Then we

dragged out our bedding and deerskin rug and shook the snow out of them and rearranged the camp inside. Luckily we had prepared a lot of wood the evening before, and the stove was soon again in place and a fire going.

Never was anything quite so welcome as our hot tea after that fearful awakening. Not only was such work of the most laborious kind, but the severity of the storm was beyond the endurance of any but the strongest of men accustomed to the elements of an Arctic winter; but I had experienced months in camping and travelling this coast, and had learned to face every sort of thing that came to it.

Just seventy-two hours of monotonous inactivity, with a growing scarcity of food, was experienced in this camp before the storm ceased, and during the whole time the dogs never stirred except when we shovelled them out to feed them. Our provisions had become so low that we were compelled to share a part of the dogs' dry fish, which we would boil three times a day with a little rice. This I regretted very much, for they were thin and very much worn out from long, hard travel on scant food.

Leaving camp in the morning after the storm had passed, we travelled all day across Russell Inlet in the face of a fearfully strong, cold wind, reaching Cape Dalhousie just at night. Not a particle of wood could be found, and tired and thirsty and hungry, we dug a deep pit in the snow, in which to sleep protected from the wind, put our sled to windward and fastened our tent above us, and then kicked our way into our frozen sleeping-bags. At nine o'clock the next morning we found a little wood, and stopped to make tea, after which we crossed Liverpool Bay to Nicholson Island, a distance of forty-five miles, a long day's run. Two days later we found a whaling ship frozen in at Cape Bathurst, where we took a short rest and, securing food, continued east.

I left camp one day to the east of Darnley Bay and followed the general course of a stream in hunt of musk-ox. In the afternoon I grew fearfully thirsty. I did not have so much as a cup in which to melt snow or ice, even though I could find



A beauty, and the first food of any kind we had for forty-four hours of travel.



Male caribou of a new species, discovered by author.

fuel. The case seemed hopeless, but it was not, for I was determined to have a drink if I could find anything that would burn. On a high gravel bar I found some little broken pieces of willows that had at some time drifted down stream and lodged there, and with these I set to work to secure a drink. I went on to the level river ice and with my jack-knife cut a little trench in the surface of the ice about fifteen inches long. At one end of it I chipped out a basin the size of a saucer, at the other end I placed a small block of ice that I had secured from a broken-up jam, and against this block of ice I stacked my bits of dead willow and set them afire. My little saucer-like basin at the other end soon supplied my wants.

To travel such countries successfully, one must be strong, self-reliant, practical and resourceful. With these qualifications only can a man bring his work within the bounds of a possibility. It was in these very latitudes and only a short distance from my furthest point east that the entire Franklin expedition of 129 souls perished, leaving not a single individual to tell the story. Such a fearful tragedy is almost beyond the conception of the experienced Arctic traveller, and yet circumstances must have woven around them a net-work of difficulties through which none of them was strong enough to break. Had the blizzard caught me in the snow-pit at Cape Dalhousie without fuel, instead of at Cape Smith, where we had plenty of it, my fate might have been very different.

There is abundant animal life in Arctic America and it is all of the greatest interest, but is in every way very different from that found in temperate zones. The attitude of birds and animals in temperate regions, when undisturbed, is a happy one —the reflection of the sunshine and the warmth they absorb from their surroundings. In the Arctics solitude has spread her wings over the great, limitless expanse of frozen waste, and every kind of life is affected by their depressing shadows. The birds and animals have not the same merry voices or playful manner possessed by

their southern relatives. Though life is everywhere, it is a quiet, stolid, almost monotonous life, and throughout almost the entire year a stillness that is painful to contemplate pervades land and sea. The few exceptions are the roar of an occasional storm, the grinding of the ice-fields, and the arrival of our feathered friends in spring. Aside from these, one hears only the occasional weird sounds produced by the croaking of a lone raven or the howl of a wolf, and yet the whole of the animal life is as much at home as animals in any other part of the world. They are fitted to their environments, content to know only such things as these afford.

The one great break in the monotony of the whole year along the Arctic coast is the coming of the birds in the spring—the nature of it is almost violent. The last of May they begin to arrive. The notes of the first few comers are musical, and buoy one with a feeling of messages from home and friends. But the stream of birds rapidly grows, and the few first joyous notes merge into a ceaseless, hideous, distracting din, that robs one of his rest, and for a few days becomes unbearable. Swans, cranes, geese, brant, ducks, gulls, and terns swoop down upon the coast by thousands. The old birds are delighted at the sight of the old family nesting-ground and the young ones at reaching once more their birth-place, and the thousands of them are all talking and screaming at the same time. The contrast of the now endless days of sunshine and abundant and animated life, with that of the still Arctic night, is very great.

In a few days, however, each happy family has settled down in its own little home, and quietude reigns supreme through the short summer, and then again sets in the long solitudinous night.

Many interesting things may be learned of the birds that annually visit the Arctic coast for the purpose of bringing up their families; of their reasons for going there, and of the intelligence displayed by them in many ways. They have not the enemies there they have further south. The fox is very nearly their only foe, and they find so many ways of avoiding it, that it would surely go very hungry were it dependent on birds for food. Little islands in lakes and streams that are free from foxes become great nesting-places, and the birds swarm to them until, on many of them, every available space suitable for nesting is pre-empted.

When nesting on the mainland or where exposed to the depredations of the cunning little fox (though really the white fox is not at all cunning when compared with the red one) the weaker birds seek the protection of the stronger ones in the most interesting manner. The Canada goose has but little fear of the white fox and makes its own defence if disturbed, and the swans delight in driving it from the field by pelting it with their great, strong wings. Large numbers of the great snowy owl nest in the same regions, and they too are more than a match for the fox. The timid little snowy goose, and many others of the weaker varieties of birds, find protection by nesting alongside the swan and the owl, leaving them to do the battles of the neighborhood. It is the quiet peace and mutual protection birds find in bringing up their broods that cause them to travel yearly to these far-off lands, and it is upon the mating-grounds one is afforded the best opportunity of studying them.

Both sea and land furnish interesting studies in animal life. During the few weeks of the short summer the monster bow-head whale finds a congenial playground among the vast fields of broken ice, and pays its annual dues to the commerce of the world by contributing baleen (whalebone) to the value of millions of dollars.

In July and August of each year, the beluga or white whale visits Allen Channel and its many small inlets in great schools, and the Eskimo gather there from hundreds of miles along the coast to join in the capture of it. These white beauties of the sea, often weighing a ton each, are the base of the food supply of the primitive people who live upon these desolate shores. From it they put away each year great stores of meat and fat that serve as food for themselves and dogs and provide oil for their lamps, while from the skins they cover the frames of their comiaks (family boats), make their dog-harness, sled-lashings, and every kind of lines and toggle they require.

It is difficult for one to conceive how,

in this land of ice and gloom and solitude, so many beautiful animals live out their existence in perfect content.

The little harbor seal lives most of the year beneath the ice. As winter approaches and the new ice forms above its feeding-ground, it will make a hole in the ice for a breathing-place and visit it daily. As the ice grows deeper and deeper, often reaching a depth of ten to fifteen feet, it will keep this hole open large enough to admit the passing of the body, and in the very midst of the relentless Arctic night it will climb out daily through this aperture to the surface of the ice, leaving for a short time its subterranean life for a breathing-spell in the open air, it matters not how cold the air. In doing this it will often experience a sudden change in temperature of seventy to ninety degrees with no evident discomfort.

Far out to sea the winds and currents cause the mighty fields of ice to break and separate, and the Polar bears (the ice bear of the Eskimo) wander up and down the edges of these open lanes of water, watching for seal, never hesitating to plunge into the icy depths at the sight of their prey. Dragging their helpless victims upon the solid ice, they will enjoy their dinner in the midst of storm and frost, with their long shaggy coats of tawny white hair soaked and dripping, with not the slightest thought of inconvenience. A human being subjected to such an experience would freeze almost instantly. I never heard of one of these animals playing, or in any way indicating a happy disposition, but the severest cold of an Arctic night is to them a matter of perfect unconcern. Down into the water they go, and then out across the fields of ice, in temperature so low that one fails to see how they escape turning to solid ice.

Just inland, on the open plains, the timid caribou live throughout sunless winters, digging through the snow with their broad, flat hoofs to find their daily food of moss and lichens, little heeding the relentless cold of the long, cheerless night.



In camp in a storm near Darnley Bay, on the Arctic coast.

In a basin between two hills, with the tent in a three-foot excavation in the snow and snow walls built higher to protect the tent.

In the most northerly reaches of the mighty Rockies, as they trend west along the Arctic coast, the beautiful white sheep (the Ovis Dalli) find a home. Who can fail to admire the magnificent ram who proudly walks the highest storm-swept and barren rocky ridges in midwinter, where no sun has shed its warming light for weeks? They cannot so well dig through the deep snow for their food, for their hoofs are not large enough, and they must therefore seek the crest of the highest ridges, where the wind keeps the little plateaus swept clean of snows and the single tiny blades of dry grass that peer out from between the rocks are left exposed to furnish them the food that gives them warmth and strength with which to defy the elements. Magnificent, proud, beautiful animals; white as the snow that furnishes their only bed—timid in the presence of man, but grandly courageous in the face of that which is beyond his endurance—content with their lot as the little deer that roams the tropical forest!

Here and there, across the spotless fields of white, trips the little Arctic fox, so nearly the color of the snow as to often give it the appearance of a ghost-like shadow travelling before the wind.

The splendid long, heavy coat of the musk-ox, unequalled by that of any other animal on the American continent, with its soft silky lining, insures it perfect protection in the highest latitudes, and it has been found almost as far north as man has gone, living in northern Greenland and in Grant Land upon vegetation that would seem inadequate to sustain any sort of life. In color it shades from brown to black, a striking contrast to that of all the rest of the animal life of such regions. The Polar bear, Arctic fox, and Arctic hare, all found in the same latitudes, are white.

The wolverine has honestly won the reputation of being the greatest thief in the Arctics, and the wolf, that of being the most depraved character. A pack of wolves when pressed by hunger does not hesitate to fall upon one of their own number and sacrifice it to their beastly cravings. They are utterly lacking in conscience, and the young or weak of every class of land animals suffer from their wanton lack of mercy.



Winter on the Liard River.



"If anyone comes in while I am gone, treat them yourself."—Page 622.

THE RESOURCE OF RANDALL

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON-WATKINS

"THE place may be all right to paint in, but it's a fallow field for the practise of medicine. It's so confoundedly healthy. There wasn't a single case of typhoid fever here last summer, but we hope for better things this year."

The artist sighed sympathetically.

"It seems as if you ought to get something from the Hunt Club once in a while. I read in the paper almost every week about someone getting smashed up."

"Sunderland gets all that. He ambles out to the meet on that long-legged giraffe of his, follows the thing along and renders first aid to the injured, then rides home, shoves his hunter between the shafts of a buggy and starts on his errands of mercy. I can't afford to join the club, and I'm too heavy to ride anyway."

"Why don't you try to break in through the Golf Club?" suggested his friend.

"I have, but the luck was clean against me. First time I drove off I sliced the ball and it flew through the window of the clubhouse and came near knocking the President's eye out. They stretched him out on the window-seat and telephoned for Sunderland."

"Adding insult to injury," commented the artist.

"There seems to be a fate in it," continued the doctor, savagely, "there's plenty of work among that rich summer crowd, but I don't seem to be able to get in the

thin edge of the wedge. Why, do you know, the only patient I've seen to-day was that Jew peddler that went out as you came in, and he called because when Mary cleaned the windows this morning she put my shingle back upside down and he saw it as he was going past and took it for a Yiddish sign."

"Do you go out much socially?" asked the artist, presently.

"Not a great deal. I don't think it pays. If you don't drink when you're asked to they put you down for an unsociable brute, and if you do they shake their heads when you're gone and say that a doctor that drinks can't be depended upon. Besides, about two minutes after you've downed one cocktail, you get a hurry call to the bedside of the President of the local W. C. T. U., and in the rarefied atmosphere of her saintly bed-chamber, that one cocktail is more in evidence than a dog-fight at a Wednesday night prayer-meeting."

The doctor arose and lighted his pipe.

"Another thing I've noticed," he went on, as one who having started the pebble, calmly watches the avalanche of his troubles, "the woman who shows you her chest and shoulders at a dinner is strangely loth to show you her kneecap in the sanctity of your office. More so, in fact, than the woman who has never considered you except from a professional point of view."

"It all sounds pretty rough," commented the artist, "but what is the ultimate outcome?"

"Oh, just the spin of the wheel. If you play long enough your lucky number is bound to come—only you want to be on hand to claim your stake." He walked across the room and picked up his medicine case.

"Just make yourself at home. I'll be back in twenty minutes. Got to run down and look at a sick baby—charity patient, of course. I'm quite rich in them just now. They're as frequent as kittens. If anyone comes in while I'm gone, treat them yourself, and we'll take a trip to Europe on the proceeds."

He departed heavily, and the artist fell to contemplating the vista of elm-shaded street that stretched away from the door of the doctor's cottage. While so engaged the peaceful monotony of the view was suddenly broken by a high English dog-cart which swung smartly around the corner and rapidly approached the house. It was not until it had turned sharply in toward the doctor's gate that the numbed perceptions of the artist realized that there possibly was the turn of the wheel of which his friend had so recently spoken, and he, alas! not there to claim his stake.



The excited artist was able to enjoy a careful scrutiny of the occupants.

The dog-cart drew up at the door, and from his ambush behind the window-screens the excited artist was able to enjoy a careful scrutiny of the occupants. Perched on the raised driving seat sat an athletic looking girl, whose pretty face was strangely familiar, while beside her sat a man at one glimpse of whose world-famous features the now quivering artist needed no further introduction. The gentleman, who was past middle age, portly, shaggy-eyed, and immaculately well groomed, began the descent with such perilous unsteadiness that the artist, whose only hope was in some way to delay the callers until the return of his friend, felt obliged to hasten to his aid.

"By Jove, Doctor!" exclaimed the gentleman, "I was just about to give it up and drive on home and send for Dr.



Began the descent with such perilous unsteadiness.—Page 622.

Sunderland. I have given this confounded ankle of mine a twist and it's pretty nearly killing me. I don't think the real damage to the ankle——"

"Is as great as the damage to your soul in delaying medical aid," commented the girl.

The perplexed artist found himself upon the horns of a dilemma. Realizing that whereas to say that the doctor was not at home would be to lose for his friend the one star case of the season, to withhold such information seemed to be to expose himself to no slight personal risk. He recognized at once the famous trust magnate, John M. Dorr. The lady was undoubtedly his daughter.

In the swift mental conflict that ensued in the artist's brain, loyalty to his friend triumphed over base turpitude. The first strategic movement most obviously consisted in landing the patient safely within the professional walls, after which, if necessary, he might defend the door with his life's blood. With a skilful assumption of an expression which in his mind seemed to mingle humane compassion with professional interest, he swiftly offered his



The hazardous ascent of the steps was made without mishap.

shoulder and honeyed words of condolence at one and the same time.

"Most unfortunate. How did the accident occur? But perhaps you had better let me first get you comfortably into the office. I will send my man out to hold the horse."

His "man" was as much a piece of imagination as the artist had ever constructed of colors, but the words welled forth prettily, and the search for the man would mean a heaven-sent delay.

"Thanks," replied the girl, demurely, "but I will tie him to the post. He stands very well."

Rather aghast at this piece of information, the artist was tempted to suggest that the cries of the patient might cause the horse to break his bridle, but reflected in time that such information would hardly prove reassuring.

"I think it would be better for me to have him held, as some patients are apt to drive in at any moment. In fact, I expect some in a drag about this time."

"Oh! damn the horse!" snapped the magnate, "how about my ankle?"

"If you will just drop your weight on my shoulder," began the artist. The magnate followed the instructions, and the artist being broad of back and tough of sinew, the hazardous ascent of the steps was made without mishap.

"Much easier to come up than it would be to get down," puffed the artist, with rare presence of mind. The patient grunted.

The girl in the meantime had snapped the chain on the horse's bridle and was following up the steps.

"By the way," remarked the artist, as the patient with a sigh of relief sank back into an armchair, "in my sympathy I may have omitted to remark that I am *not* Dr. Melville."

"What?" roared the patient, leaning forward so suddenly that his weight came upon the injured ankle thereby producing a snarl of rage. "Do you mean to say you put me through all this for the privilege of waiting for him, after my telling you that the only reason I came here was to get immediate treatment?"

His demeanor was so terrifying that the artist quickly abandoned his plan of frank and simple honesty.

"By no means, sir," he hastened to answer. "I simply remarked that I am not Dr. Melville. I am his assistant, Dr. Randall, and as my specialty is in fractures and dislocations——"

"Oh, yes, yes, I see. Pardon me, Doctor, but I misunderstood you."

"I did not know that Dr. Melville had an assistant," began the daughter in her limpidly disconcerting voice.

"He did not until recently, but the growth of his practice, especially accident cases, made it necessary for him to procure someone to help him."

"What is Dr. Melville's specialty?" asked the girl.

"Er—er—diseases of the—er—general system, and operations on the organs, with a special regard to eye, ear, nose and throat, appendicitis, and diseases of the heart and stomach."

The blue eyes of the girl opened wide.

"What a sweeping specialty!"

"Oh, a country practitioner must be pretty well up in everything," explained the artist, glancing furtively at the clock and longing to wipe his handkerchief across his dripping forehead. "He has also had a great deal of experience in insanity and diseases of children, also malaria," he added, fearful lest he might have omitted something.

"What school are you, Doctor?" inquired the patient.

"Oh, the—er—College of Physicians and Surgeons," panted the artist, purposely misconstruing the question in his fear of electing a cult antagonistic to the medical convictions of the patient.

"I think we had better get off this shoe in order to study the comparative relations of the tarsal bones," he hastened to add, inwardly thanking Providence for having retained this fragment of his course in art anatomy. "You must know," he went on hesitatingly, but with the air of one carefully choosing the simplest terms of expression that he might not confuse a primitive intellect, "that the ankle, or more properly the upper part of the foot, is composed of a number of small bones bound together by ligaments, and sometimes when the ankle is wrenched these bones get jumbled up together like—like—" he cast about desperately for a simile, "like—er—kernels of corn in a chicken's crop."

The patient glanced at his foot with



All the names upon the bottles were but suspicious strangers to him.—Page 627.



"It is known as a most excellent preparation where tissues appear to be of exceptionally high grade."—Page 627.

some misgiving. The lady's limpid eyes rested admiringly upon the artist.

"How intensely interesting—what do you suppose can be nature's object in this arrangement, Doctor?"

"I am afraid you would not understand it if I were to explain it to you," answered the artist with a smile, cadaveric in its mirthfulness, "besides it would take too long and we must get this shoe off at once. I am afraid that the foot may swell so as to stop the circulation, in which case we might expect incipient gangrene——"

"For the Lord's sake get it off—quick!" gasped the patient. "Never mind the pain! *Cut* it off."

The artist drew the edge of his pen-knife along the shoe lace and pulled off the boot, then sawed carefully along the seam of the sock, and disclosing the injured ankle, gazed upon it with somewhat the air of one who, having struggled to the top of a steep mountain, surveys the view from the summit.

The foot had already commenced to swell and was exquisitely tender. Under any other circumstances the artist would have treated it locally and rationally and according to the laws of common sense, but in consideration of his assertions as a specialist in such cases, he felt called upon to accomplish something beyond the ordinary, which he at once proceeded to do.

"H'm," he remarked professionally, prodding the most painful places with an air of firm regret at the misery he felt obliged to cause. "There appears to be some local inflammation."

"How are the bones, Doctor?" queried the patient, anxiously.

The artist squeezed the swelling firmly before replying. "Everything appears to be in its place," he replied, conservatively, "but it will be necessary to stimulate the powers of healing by a counter-irritation."

From the expression of the patient it appeared that this course of treatment had

already begun, but the artist was sympathetically firm.

Walking to a cabinet filled with bottles he proceeded to overhaul them, outwardly with calm professional scrutiny, but with an inward frenzy for finding one with a familiar label. He had hoped to find some iodine with which to paint the injured part, feeling confident in the stimulating mental effect of the ensuing discoloration. In vain, however, for all of the names upon the labels were but suspicious strangers to him.

At length, feeling the eyes of the daughter upon him, and a grunt of impatience escaping from the sufferer, he desperately selected the nearest solution, which appealed to him owing to its rich burnt sienna hue. Taking a camel's-hair brush from a little bundle on the doctor's desk he proceeded to paint the more inflamed region with a dexterity of touch that seemed to impress both father and daughter.

"What a beautiful color scheme!" remarked the girl, pensively. "Might I ask the name of that preparation, Doctor?"

Like a flash the supple mind of the artist reverted to his college course in chemistry. His agile tongue repeated the formula of an old enemy without a hitch.

"Why, certainly. It is known as Dimethyl-amido-azo-benzol, and is a most excellent preparation for cases of just this character, where the tissues appear to be of exceptionally high grade."

The magnate stole a glance at his daughter and nodded sagely with an expression which seemed to say "At last, my dear, we have got the real thing." But the girl only rested her dreamy eyes thoughtfully upon the kaleidoscopic ankle.

"Now," remarked the artist, surveying his work with supreme satisfaction, "we will permit the ankle to swell, and to-morrow or next day, when the tenderness is somewhat subsided, it will be well to put it in a splint." He did not add that it might be necessary to send his associate to perform this office. "I think," he went on, "that in consideration of the pain and subsequent depression of the injury, it would now be wise for me to prescribe a full dose of stimulant."

The gratified expression on the face of the magnate gave way to one of such genuine admiration that the sensitive soul of the artist expanded in a rosy glow. Having previously discovered the location of some rye whiskey of unusual quality, he immediately produced it, on observing the label of which, the admiration on the face of his patient deepened to a look of absolute respect. The fair face of the daughter, however, preserved an enigmatical calm.

"Doctor, shouldn't I have a bandage on it?" inquired the magnate.

"Why—er—I think not," replied the artist, profoundly distrusting his ability to apply a bandage with the skill that might be expected of a specialist. "You see," he continued, hurriedly, "if the bandage is applied now it would prevent the curative action of the sunlight. What I want you to do," he went on with desperate calm, "is to keep the ankle exposed to the direct rays of the sun for the rest of the day. The effects of such treatment are really miraculous!"

The magnate nodded with the complete scientific comprehension to be naturally expected of one who had amassed a fortune in pork. The blue eyes of the daughter gazed into the soul of the artist as a child might look into a lake. The hand-



The next moment the doctor was dashing out to meet the car.—Page 628.

some features of the artist were aglow with professional zeal, which expression gave way to keen apprehension as, happening to glance through the window of the office, he caught sight of the large figure of the doctor just entering the gate.

The soul of the artist was smitten with a pallid fear. Knowing the utter lack of histrionic qualities in the strong but simple nature of his friend, his heart was shadowed by the black dread of calamitous possibilities which, given a little time for explanation and preparation, might be easily averted. Before he had committed himself he would have welcomed the advent of the doctor as the lost traveller welcomes the dog of St. Bernard; now his entry would but precipitate a tragedy.

The Machiavelian diplomacy of the artist did not desert him at this crisis.

"Ah!" he remarked, "Here comes my associate, Dr. Melville. If you will excuse me I will run out and tell him of an urgent call that has come in since he went out."

The artist met the doctor half way up the path.

"What's the matter, Frank?" asked the latter, rather startled at the look of excitement in the face of his friend.

"Telephone call. Couldn't make it out very clearly, but I think they want you down at the depot right away!"

"H'm. Accident, I suppose. I'll run in and get my instruments and gear."

"Oh, never mind that!" gasped the artist in dismay. "They—er said for you to get right down as quick as you could. I—er—sent all your things down by a messenger!"

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed the doctor in surprise.

"I'll just look around and pick up what you overlooked anyway." He took a step toward the door, but the artist seized him by the arm.

"Don't stop, old man. They said that they were trying to get Dr. Sunderland—and—here comes a car now. I think it was J. M. Dorr that was hurt, and it seems as if this were the chance——"

The name of his rival had proven a magic word, however, and the next moment the doctor was dashing out to meet the car.

"How warm you are!" commented the girl, as the artist returned, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Yes," he remarked with simple honesty, "I suppose that when I have been in practice longer I will not take my work so seriously, but just now every new and important case——"

"Seems to require all of your resource?" suggested the girl.

"Precisely!" replied the artist, glancing at her with a strange misgiving.



Poured himself a liberal libation.

The artist obtained a large, new sock of the doctor's, and drawing it carefully onto the foot of the patient for the drive home, assisted the now genial magnate to the carriage, repeating his instructions for the care of the injury. A minute later the dog-cart was whirling down the drive, and the weary artist, returning to the office, poured himself a liberal libation and sank back limply into the chair just quitted by his patient.

. . . .

With an inscrutable expression the doctor listened to the artist's description of the case.

"Show me what you painted on the

ankle!" he demanded in an odd voice at the conclusion of the tale.

Rather nervously the artist pointed to the small vial on the table.

"H'm—Gentian violet," muttered the doctor, non-comittally. "What was the other?"

The artist produced it from behind a stack of books.

"H'm." The heavy brows of the doctor came down over his gray eyes. "Chrysarobin, eh?" He relapsed into a portentous silence, broken only by the aggressive ticking of the clock and the labored breathing of the artist.

"Wh—what will it do?" he ventured at last in a quaking voice.

"Lift the hide as you'd peel a pancake off a plate," replied the doctor, indifferently, "probably leaving an extensive, incurable ulcer," he continued, with the gusto of a Methodist elder discussing future damnation.



It required all of his courage to guide the horse through the massive gateway.

"And me an orphan!" wailed the shivering artist.

"I doubt if the damages could be estimated in terms of cash," continued the doctor, gazing at the ceiling. "It would be more a matter for the criminal courts. Here, put down that bottle. Where are you going?"

"To commune with Nature!" replied the artist, weakly. "She is the only parent that I have."

. . . . . .

When the artist called the following morning the doctor was out. The artist tremblingly awaited his return, which was not long delayed.

"How is it?" were the first trembling words of the artist.

"She has a bad follicular tonsilitis," replied the Doctor, calmly.

"*She!* Who?" demanded the outraged artist.

"Why, Colonel Dorr's housekeeper, of course!" replied the doctor in a tone of surprise. "He sent for me to go and see her this morning."

"Oh, damn the housekeeper!" cried the maddened artist. "How is the old man's blooming ankle?"

The doctor looked at him with an expression of pained surprise.

"Why, my dear fellow, you can hardly expect me to mix myself up with a criminal case of that sort—to say nothing of professional etiquette. Besides, I doubt if he would let me interfere with it. You're a specialist, you know. He's been expecting you all the morning, and when I passed his room the sounds coming from within were quite enough to prevent me from entering. No, you've got to keep up the bluff, my son—it's the only course now open."

Deep black rings were forming under the fine eyes of the artist as without a word he strode majestically from the room and climbed wearily into the doctor's buggy, but the pride of his bearing and glitter in his eye bespoke the line of heroes from which he claimed descent.

When he reached the stately summer home of the Dorrs it required all of his courage to guide the horse through the massive gateway and up the long winding drive which led to the house. As he drew near his faintness of heart was not relieved by discovering a gay party assembled on the piazza, who as he approached, appeared to indulge in what he considered a most ill-timed levity in view of the unfortunate condition of their host. The artist, however, in spite of his sensitive temperament, possessed the fineness of temper of a Toledo blade, and once having laid out his plan of action would only modify it in the case of a better plan presenting itself.

Miss Dorr came forward to meet him as he stepped out of the buggy, and the artist thought that he detected a shade of sympathy in her big blue eyes.

"I am *so* glad you have come, Doctor, as Father has been getting worse and worse——"

A shiver ran down the spine of the artist.

"The ankle?" he began, speaking with a dry mouth.

"I was referring more to his disposition," said the girl. "Will you go right up?—Is there anything that I can do?"

"Er—I think you had better come along," replied the artist, with a frantic effort to throw a note of professional indifference into his tremulous voice. "I might need some assistance." Inwardly he felt a strong conviction that this last statement was one of the very few truthful ones that he had made.

They made their way to the patient's room, where, to the ecstatic surprise of the artist, he was greeted most affably.

"It appears greatly improved, Doctor—in fact will bear a little weight, but I'm getting mighty sick of sitting here all day holding it in the sun."

"H'm, yes—quite natural," murmured the artist, who had completely forgotten this feature of his treatment. With bated breath he leaned over to look at the injured ankle.

"Why, by George! it actually looks better!" he exclaimed, surprised out of his self-control.

"You don't speak as though you had any undue confidence in your treatment," commented the girl.

"My dear young lady," replied the artist suavely, "possibly my tone is misleading. I am only surprised at the power of your father's recuperative ability. He must be a man of powerful vitality."

A glow of pride spread over the features of the patient, and his chest visibly projected.

"Your tissues possess the elasticity of youth," went on the artist to the gratified patient. "All that is necessary now is rest, daily light massage, and I would advise keeping up the general physical tone by the judicious use of stimulants."

"Just what I would advise myself," replied the gratified patient, nodding wisely. "Appears to me to be a most sensible course of treatment."

"Aren't you going to paint it again?" asked the girl in a disappointed tone.

"No," replied the artist, shortly. "Why?"

"It looked so pretty," she murmured, "and then you paint so well, you know," she added, looking at him innocently.

A rush of inspiration, the brilliancy of which was positively dazzling to him, suddenly suffused the being of the artist.

"Speaking of painting," he remarked, "I might say that the study of art has always been my favorite recreation. In town I actually have even gone so far as to rent a studio, where I spend the little time which I have at my own disposal."

A puzzled look, followed by one of positive chagrin, spread over the girl's pretty face.

"Usually I paint portraits," pursued the artist, "but this summer I hope to do a little landscape work. The reason that I speak of this is because I could not help but observe from the first glance what a strong, splendid type Mr. Dorr would be to put on canvas. Not only that, but it seems to me that it is the actual duty of a man of Mr. Dorr's prominence to at some time sit for his portrait, and his present incapacitated condition seems to present such a rare opportunity——"

A conscious look appeared upon the face of the magnate, who surreptitiously glanced at his reflection in the mirror opposite.

"But, Doctor, do you really do serious work?" he asked in surprise.

"I have three times exhibited in the Society," replied the artist, modestly.

"Why, bless my soul—you don't say so! Go ahead, then, by all means, and if you do pretty well by me, I might get you to do a portrait of Nellie here."

The artist glanced at the girl, and metaphorically licked his professional chops.

"You are very kind," he replied, cheerfully. "I will bring up a few things tomorrow morning when I come to rub the ankle, and make a sketch or two."

With a few brief directions gleaned over night from the doctor's Manual of Surgery the artist made his adieus. As the door closed behind him the magnate turned to his daughter.

"A most remarkable young man that, Nellie. If he's as good a painter as he is a doctor, I'll expect to see something very fine."

. . . . . .

The apple-blossoms which were sprinkling the velvety lawn like snow-flakes,



"I am *so* glad you have come, Doctor, as Father has been getting worse and worse."—Page 630.

when the artist had paid his first visit to the country home of the Dorrs, had ripened into heavy, succulent fruit. Beneath the bough bending under the weight of luscious Strawberry Sweets sat the busy artist in rapturous contemplation of the daughter of the house, who leaned against the tree-trunk, one rounded arm resting on a low-hanging limb. Beside the artist stood an easel: the most unobtrusive chaperone ever invented by the mind of man, and in the present instance far from overworked in its part of the little drama there enacted.

"And what did papa say when you told him that you were a sham medico?" asked the girl.

"I did not put it in just that way. I told him that whereas I had always felt that I possessed the component parts of a famous healer, through no fault of my own, these faculties had never been trained. You see that rather let him down by degrees. Just the difference between dropping out of a balloon with a sandbag or a parachute. When I finally landed on his bump of comprehension, he swelled up until I thought he was going to burst —and then he did burst, but fortunately it was with laughter. Finally he admitted that nothing was impossible to a man with a nerve like mine—so I feel encouraged."

"Don't let it carry you away!" warned the girl, with a toss of her head.

"No, I prefer to carry *it* away," replied the artist, polishing an apple on his sleeve. The girl regarded him dangerously.

"Once when we were cruising near Bar Harbor," she began impressively, "I saw a sea-bird soar down and fasten its talons in something that was swimming in the water—possibly a mermaid. Then the bird tried to rise, but the mermaid was too heavy. For a while they struggled on the margin of their two worlds, neither being able, or possibly willing, to let go. Then slowly the bird was drawn after the mermaid, until both had disappeared!" She looked at him seriously.

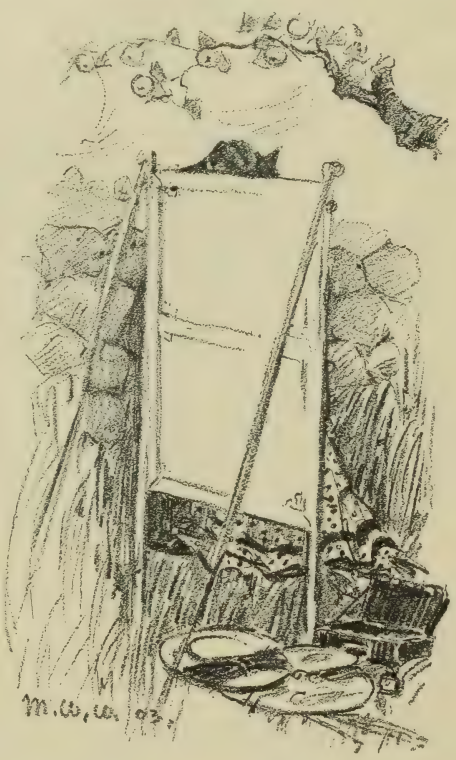
A dogged look, quite new to him, had stolen into the face of the artist.

"Right kind of a bird," he commented. "Knew what he wanted, and was going to have it, or nothing. I think I know how he felt, though, just as the water was closing over his head. That was how I felt when I came to look at your father's ankle!"

The girl's face glowed. "I *did* admire you that day. Of course I knew you were a painter because I had met you in Dupré's studio at a tea. You fooled me for a moment, though, when you spoke of being so fond of art in your idle hours."

"I shall never fool you again!" said the artist with deep conviction.

The girl rested her little chin on a pink forearm, and let her eyes wander dreamily down the shady vistas before them. The artist, with the soul of the true strategian, arranged the easel with its large canvas in such a manner as to completely eclipse the distant corner of the verandah.



"How fortunate that that easel happens to be just where it is."—Page 633.

"If you were only a little less plausible," began the girl, irrelevantly. "Our first meeting was under false pretences—and——"

A look of real pain crossed the fine features of the artist.

"But, my dear girl—it was entirely disinterested on my part. I was just trying to do my best for poor old Melly—and once I got myself all tangled up it seemed only decent to stand up and take the consequences like a little man. If I was resourceful enough to metaphorically pad out my small clothes a little——"

The girl turned away her head, and for the first time the artist remained silent and downcast.

"If I only knew whether it was through an underlying, irrepressible sense of humor—or an insatiate craving for deceit——" began the girl at length.

There was no reply.

"I can't believe that it is *all* deceit——" (tentatively).

"Because" (looking around a trifle), "your men friends all swear by you—and men don't fool each other as a rule when it comes to square dealing." Still utter silence.

"And, as you say, most of your insane performances are for the benefit of someone else—certainly Dr. Melville has profited by this one——" Another backward glance. "Why don't you say something?" (impatiently).

The artist stepped quietly to the lady's side and took one firm little hand in his. His face wore a look which had become more and more frequent during the last few

weeks; entirely different from the happy-go-lucky expression of old.

"There is a time in the lives of all of us, my dear, when we cannot be absolutely sure, and it becomes necessary to take a chance. Sometimes it turns out well—sometimes ill. It is the great human lottery. Do you think that you would dare take the risk of marrying me some day?"

There was a rustle over head and a whispering below, and after a few minutes the girl spoke.

"How fortunate that that easel happens to be just where it is!"

THE POINT OF VIEW

FROM several quarters in the academic world complaint has lately been heard about the reading of college students—or rather, their lack of reading. The librarian of Columbia University has published tables showing how great is the amount of collateral and required reading in the modern curriculum. This, however, is task work. It usually means getting through a book with a "Thank Heaven, I'll never have to open *that* again!" and Librarian Canfield is careful to certify that his statistics yield no light upon the question how much or what students read for the joy of it. A Princeton professor has been more explicit on that point, and bewails the disappearance of the reading habit in college. The urgency with which he commends to his own classes the delight of long evenings with book in hand—and pipe in mouth—seems to argue strongly for the increase, even in the halls of learning, of that tribe whose voluntary reading, as Walter Bagehot put it, is apt to consist of one book per existence.

On Reading in College

It is not necessary to suppose that all students of two or three generations ago were great readers. There were idlers and vacant minds before this athletics-ridden era. Not every Harvard man of his day was a *helluo librorum* like Charles Sumner. Indeed, it was implied in Wendell Phillips's well-known allusion to the light burning on until two in the morning in Sumner's room, that the roisterers who blinked at it wonderingly or mockingly, as they got back to the Yard from Boston, were in a comfortable majority. It was, even then, the remnant that read. In the larger world of his time Lowell whimsically lamented his loneliness as the last of the omnivorous readers. It is certainly not only in college that the race of the *bibliophagi* has seemed bent on suicide. What with the multiplication of those who, with Disraeli, do not read books because they are so busy writing 'em, and the diminished power of attention which results in the reign of the big newspaper headline and in the demand for literature only in the form of predigested pemmican, it does sometimes seem as if the habit of reading would have to be painfully acquired by our descendants. The student without reading is as much a consequence as he is a cause of the tendency to surrender abjectly in the battle of the books.

There can be, however, no possible doubt that the student who does not read is losing the best of his college course. The testimony of men who graduated anywhere from twenty-five to forty years ago is unanimous on that head. It is astonishing, they tell us, how routine studies, and even all but their most virile instructors, fade in the memory. But the world of letters first dawning upon them—that earliest glimpse of Heine, that introduction to the critical spirit through Sainte-Beuve and Arnold, that eager watching for the next poem by Tennyson or Browning—there is something that abides. To be taught to read, and then to be turned loose in the library, is not a bad definition of the best that a college can do for a generous-minded boy. His reading in those susceptible and formative days is the best index not only of his taste but of his ideals. "What do the students read nowadays?" is the question which a philosophical observer always puts to the young collegians of his chance acquaintance. He can ascertain nothing more significant. Is it still Stevenson and Kipling, even Churchill and Tarkington? So far, good. But is it the latest tawdry novelist? Is it merely the flaming sen-

sation of the hour? Then, alas for the jaded and unhappy middle life and old age which is in the making! Jowett once advised a weakly student to attack some large work, lasting for years, as the best means to health and content. The feeble boy lived to point, forty years later, to a monumental volume on an Oriental language. All college students cannot do that, but all may form a habit of reading which will bring them into life-long intercourse with the master spirits of mankind, and prove for themselves an endless refreshment and an unfailing resource.

IN a little group in one of the large lunching clubs of New York there were recently gathered in animated conversation an ex-President, an ex-Secretary of the Navy, and an ex-Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The youngest of them was sixty-six years of age, the eldest seventy-three. They have each had a strenuous and even arduous life and attained eminence in their professions as well as in public life.

Relative Age

A casual observer, seeing them for the first time, would have thought any one of them ten years younger than in fact he is. I wish there were some test of psychologic chemistry to determine the consciousness of age, and that records had been kept that I might know whether it is true, as it seems to me, that men do not feel as old at the same age as they did some two score years ago. Of course the mere impression of anyone, like myself, old enough to make the comparison from what he has seen and experienced, is not very trustworthy. It may well be that the men beyond sixty whom I knew in my youth did not feel as old as they appeared to me to feel. The impression is, nevertheless, pretty strong.

For one thing, I think that the difference between the older and the younger men in their common intercourse does not show as plainly as formerly it did. They meet on more nearly equal terms; they find more to enjoy in each other; their pursuits, whether of affairs or amusement, are more alike and are followed more in the same spirit. In the cities this is manifest in the growth of club life and in its character and manners. Ordinary club intercourse betrays curiously little regard for difference in age. It is genial, interesting, natural, easy for members of all ages, and often gives rise to friendships between older and younger of real sincerity and permanence. The club, if it be an established one, is often the home of fathers and sons, and it is interesting to note not only the relations between them, but those between their respective circles. They are usually cordial and often intimate, and if the difference in age counts it is likely to make the older more young rather than to sober the younger. While this is true of the city clubs, it is also true of like organizations in the smaller towns. Anyone who has had the opportunity of observing the life of the members of the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country, will, I think, agree that there is a striking proportion of elderly men among the active members, and that they are quite as apt as the younger in their aid to the wholesome pleasure-seeking which is a most valuable element in the work of the organization. An equally significant, if not so important a field for the study of this *rapprochement* of the young and the old is the golf links. It cannot be merely accidental that in the last twenty years the surface of our land has been dotted all over with more or less expensive reservations for the practice of what is the only satisfactory old man's out-door sport known in American experience. And on these reservations, swarming as they are with the young also, the elderly taste the common intoxication with as much zest and are as welcome as those who are, in order of time, the next generation.

Nor, I like to believe, is there lacking evidence of the change I have noted, in family life. Parents and sons, perhaps even more parents and daughters, are more than formerly comrades with like interests, occupations, enjoyments, and this because the parents keep fresher the springs of sympathy with their offspring. Here, too, personal observation may be untrustworthy, but the testimony of current literature seems to sustain the inference. The spirit in which Thackeray described Colonel Newcome's sad discovery that he was not as welcome to Clive and his friends as he had fondly wished, is not the spirit in which a like relation is now treated. Current fiction supplies instances of the contrary. And if the elderly do feel younger than in former time, why is it not a natural effect of those complex forces which, as the actuaries assure us, have lengthened the average of life within the last century some fourteen per cent.? If, when we have completed the traditional three score and ten,

we are warranted in expecting an extension of our lease, why may we not logically drop from our consciousness a dozen or so of the years we have borne?

On the Ownership of Yourself

A CERTAIN American man of letters likes to believe that he is modest, even if he is forced to admit to himself that his modesty may be due to the unfortunate fact that no one of his works of fiction has attained a sale of a quarter of a million copies. Whatever the cause of his modesty, he cherishes it carefully; but it had a rude shock last summer, which it survived only with great difficulty. He received a letter from a firm in Milwaukee stating that his "name and books are now so widely known that we desire to use your name and portrait on a cigar-box label." Here was fame suddenly thrust upon him in its most obvious form—or if not fame, its illegitimate brother, notoriety. The joy which a prima donna feels when the horses are taken from her carriage and her admirers insist on dragging her themselves from the opera-house to the hotel cannot be as acute as that which fills the soul of a modest man of letters when he is besought to lend his name and his portrait to a box of cigars. For a brief moment he perceived that he had a chance for once to be "in everybody's mouth," as the phrase is. He beheld his name attached to the Cigar That Made Milwaukee Famous. He looked forward and foresaw that bold letters in the primary colors might soon declare him to be either An After-Dinner Favorite or Generously Good.

There is no use in denying that he was sore tempted. He was assured that "the label will be as artistic as it is possible to make such labels," and that it "shall be used in the most legitimate manner." His attention was called to the fact that men and women of a distinction far outrivalling his had "given their consent to a similar use of their names"; and he read on the list of these men and women the names of the chief magistrate of the republic and of the chief humorist of the race, and also the names of two ladies of enviable philanthropic reputation. The letter which made the request was as alluring as it was courteous, and the modesty of the man of letters was almost plucked up by the roots. But it must have had a firm hold, after all, for it still lives; and the temptation was repulsed. The man of letters wrote to the firm in Milwaukee, and thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, and begged that they would excuse him. He rejected the flattering opportunity to be proclaimed An After-Dinner Favorite or to be hailed everywhere as Generously Good.

After he had posted his letter of refusal he recalled the pungent remark of Stephen H. Douglas when Pierce was nominated for the presidency: "Hereafter no private citizen is safe." He could not but acknowledge that he owed his own safety from cigar-box notoriety solely to the courtesy of the gentlemen composing the Milwaukee firm. Supposing that they had not been courteous gentlemen; supposing that they had been unscrupulous hustlers; supposing that they had gone ahead without his advice and consent; supposing that they had thrust his name and portrait on their cigar-boxes; supposing that they had insisted on pointing out his Generous Goodness in letters ten feet tall; supposing they had chosen to disregard his wishes and to outrage his cherished modesty—what redress had he? Had he any exclusive right to his own "name and portrait"? His name was his trade-mark serving to identify his books; could they attach this trade-mark to their cigar-boxes without his consent? His portrait was a part of himself; could they violate this privacy and paint the portrait on the house-top and at the edge of the gutter, in spite of his protest? In other words, did he own himself, or could anybody "jump the claim"?

These are interesting questions and they raise nice points of law, some of which are likely sooner or later to be passed upon by the courts. In the meanwhile one State at least has taken a step in advance and secured by statute the right of the individual citizen to own himself. On the first day of September there went into effect in the State of New York the Elsberg law "to prevent the unauthorized use of the name or picture of any person for purposes of trade." This law will do much toward providing the needed protection throughout the whole United States, even if the majority of the other States do not care to follow the example of New York, since no large advertiser will risk his money in any venture which is contrary to the laws of the most populous State in the Union.

It is to be hoped that this Elsberg law will be invoked to protect the person of the President of the United States, whose portrait—so long as he is our Chief Magistrate—ought

no more to be used for advertising purpose than the flag itself. If any advertiser happens to be so lacking in elementary manners and morals as to wish to commit this indecency, it is well that there should be legal means of restraining him. The passage of this law is really a step toward a higher civilization, and a step of real importance.

René Bazin

SINCE long before that "home-staying youth," William Shakespeare, exercised his anything but "homely wits" on the subject, the minds of English-speaking people have been very curious as to France, and France has never been more interesting, more different from other lands, richer in changes and in puzzling developments, than in the generation since the downfall of the Second Empire. Through difficult, confusing, tormenting ways the people have been adjusting themselves to the novel and exacting conditions of real self-government in public affairs and to the equally trying conditions of modern industrial life, with necessarily profound modifications of their social life. The process has been, to an outsider, exceedingly complex and obscure, however close his study, and if one may judge by the literature and the journalism of France, it has been hardly less so to the natives; has been to them sometimes, it would seem, even more so.

One writer, however, modern France has "thrown up" to whom all students of her life, and especially those whose curiosity is rooted in affection—no other will be greatly rewarded—are deeply indebted. It is that modest and loyal gentleman, René Bazin, whose recent election to the Academy has attracted little attention compared with that of his companion in honor, the brilliant author of *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon*. To the literature of his country his contribution is not less rare, though it is less conspicuous; in its way it is quite as valuable—possibly more so. M. Bazin is peculiarly *de son temps*. His vocation is that of the intensely eager and sympathetic yet sane and conscientious observer. He has watched, with patient eyes often dimmed by tears, but not obscured, the passage of his people from the old conditions toward the new. His writings constitute a singularly informing *procès verbal* of the varied trials to which different classes have been summoned at the relentless bidding of what we like to call Modern Progress. In *La Terre Qui Meurt* he recites the struggle of the small land-owner with the fierce competition of the fertile lands beyond the seas, brought near by the development of machinery, transportation, and combination. In *Les Oberlé* he traces the heart-wringing, inevitable, possibly beneficent germanization of the conquered provinces, revealing its infinite pathos and recognizing the depth and range of the forces that guide and impel it. In *Madame Corentine* he touches lightly, but surely, the complication, the dislocation of domestic and social relations due to the legal relaxation of the marriage bond. In *Donatienne*—his latest book—he studies the life of the peasant—man and wife—dislodged from the ancient moorings by the rising tide described in *La Terre Qui Meurt*, and drifting, the husband into the almost hopeless existence of the *cheminau*, or wandering laborer, barely above the level of the tramp, the wife into service at Paris and then to the verge of the gulf of common prostitution.

The impression the studies of M. Bazin leave is by no means wholly cheerful. They are too searching and too nearly complete for that; the life they embody is sadly intricate and difficult. But they do leave with us a sense of the persistence in the French character, and particularly in the character of the common people, of precious qualities which the trials of the time do not crush or undermine, and which, as the imperative adjustment goes on, assure to the people a wholesome and reasonably fortunate future. Simplicity, patient energy, loyalty to the fundamental obligations of individual and, still more, family life; a rude, somewhat narrow, but steadfast and sustaining patriotism that is half pride, half stubborn affection for the past; above all, a silent semi-conscious heroism that faces danger and difficulty and change with no thought of surrender—these are the elements of the national character which M. Bazin discloses to us. It is needless to say that in his portrayal of the attitude toward life of his people, he reveals his own, and to the student of France he becomes not only the helpful guide, the instructive philosopher, but the trusted friend toward whom the heart goes out in gratitude and affection. That does not happen often with writers of any tongue, and least often with a writer of a foreign tongue, and it is as pleasant as it is rare.

THE FIELD OF ART

ON SOME TENDENCIES IN CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART

EVEN in the field of art some consideration may be bestowed upon the weight of numbers;—that the great American public is seriously interested in the contemporary American art is, perhaps, not so frequently asserted as it was after 1876, or after 1893, and it is frequently vehemently denied. A very recent writer on the current university commencements calls attention to the fact that in all the colleges the scientific departments are encroaching on the classic, on the "humanities," as they were formerly called. He asserts that the college student is interested primarily in athletics, that he cares nothing for art, literature, or music, and never reads a book. (This, it will be observed, is far from meeting President Eliot's "new definition of the Cultivated Man.") That the national contemporary art is not duly appreciated at home, the painters, the potters, the sculptors, and even the musicians, declare. The annual exhibitions of the various societies do not awaken any more popular interest than they did twenty-five years ago, and in the number of visitors and the amount of sales not unfrequently show an actual decrease as compared with previous years; the portrait painters complain that they, the natives, are neglected by the wealthy classes of society, who import foreigners to execute their numerous and lucrative commissions (these foreigners being, in their turn, ignored by the native societies and committees); the anomaly is also presented, the painters assert, of a national capital (of the arts, at least) cherishing in its bosom an avenue full of dealers all sworn to discourage the national and encourage the cheap foreign. For American artists such social positions, such authority, such residences, as those of Leighton, or Alma-Tadema, or of the great Parisian artists of the *Institut* and the *Académie*, are wildly impossible. The United States is, moreover, distinguished from all other important civilized countries by possessing not one periodical of any importance devoted to the arts.

The lack of a national standard around which to rally, so to speak—the absence of patriotism, noisy or otherwise—is curious, and somewhat interesting. It does not arise from any critical rejection of the work of the native contemporary artists as unworthy, because equally unworthy work from across seas is accepted; and high vision and sound thinking in art are much more rare than good technique, in *all* countries. A certain facility in the purely material technical qualities is largely monopolized by some of these visiting foreigners, and appreciated by the public; the "Italian decorator" and the "Italian sculptor" flourish, in the Eastern cities at least. It is not impossible to find the most important places of public amusement, those with an international reputation, decorated by these alien professionals, quite unknown in the annals of the contemporary art,—even when, as in one or two instances, the mural paintings or sculpture had been, in the first construction, confided tentatively to native talent. This lack of a standard manifests itself in many other ways,—the handsome ballroom ceiling, *La Danse*, painted with unthinking facility by a *pictor ignotus* in Paris, will, when the owner's whim changes, be given over to a professional from the banks of the Tiber to completely transform. In more legitimate matters, as in the selection for a series of important works in monumental buildings of a number of good painters, without inquiring too closely whether they are all also decorative painters, the custom of older communities has been followed, with much the same results.

In spite of this apparent indifference of the great populace to art as such, encouraging symptoms, tending toward betterment, are not wanting,—as the official recognition, by the administration of Greater New York, of a commission to take charge of the official art of the municipality; the maintenance of im-

portant annual international exhibitions of paintings and sculpture outside of New York City, notably at Philadelphia and St. Louis; and the absence as yet of visible symptoms of that decline in standards and execution so evident in European art, and apparently greatest in France. The characteristics of this contemporary American art are well known: a generally high order of technical ability and artistic sanity, a general temperance and discretion which hinders the artist from essaying foolish tasks, from going hopelessly astray with his Muse, from endeavoring to interpret with affected and imperfect workmanship incongruous or impossible themes,—as they constantly do in the Royal Academy. Enough good qualities and promises to enable this art to take its place among the great national schools of the day, honored abroad and worthy of somewhat more appreciation at home.

The struggle against popular indifference and neglect is, of course, a very old story in the long history of art; and there is no doubt that a little of it is a good thing. Too much coddling has encouraged the over-production of the weakly and unnecessary, ever since Lykurgos's time. The thousands of art students who have graduated from the schools in the larger cities within the last twenty-five years might have been a real menace to the country. As it is, they have probably served to raise the general, popular standard—at the cost of a myriad heart-burnings. The effect of the popular neglect of art varies of course with the individual; in very many cases the artist is driven to pot-boilers, and there is a definite loss. Even the more pecuniarily fortunate, not living in apprehension, may gradually abandon their ideals and lower their standards. The general diffusion of education and conventionalism has affected even the Latin Quarter; the long hair and the velvet coat have almost disappeared; the painter is no longer content to live in ostentatious poverty and to make of himself a Guy Fawkes in the street. Hence the inability to earn a comfortable livelihood in New York or Chicago becomes a very serious matter, and if the usual alternatives—teaching or illustrating, or possibly literature—fail, the artist, unless he be a man of good quality, will abandon his art, or debase it.

These small matters affect the individuals, and not the general principles; the great things of the creative faculties, of Art and Literature, lie in serene domains in which popular majorities count for nothing. It is still true, speaking largely, that Man, that noble animal, shares with his servants, the horse and the dog, and other minor creatures, a certain tendency to attach weight and importance (and frequently all the attributes of terror) to those things which to him are not commonplace and well defined. Art, being one of the very most important mediums through which he makes known to his fellow-men and to the surrounding worlds his perception of both the known and the unknown, thereby becomes one of the widest and strangest of human manifestations—very variable both in the nature of the things considered and in the manner of record thereof. Hence its importance in human society,—an importance which even the scientists are obliged to recognize. The question of St. Gaudens's "Sherman" is more serious on Clio's pages than that of the advisability of the "eye-bar cable" construction on the new Manhattan bridge. The capital of Massachusetts is, at this present writing, assuming even more than her usual airs of superiority because she has on view a collection of Sargent's latest portraits. No convocation of astronomers or metallurgists would so excite to pride. "And if there is something sacred in the artist's intrinsic superiority," say The Publishers in their preface to Tuckerman's "Book of the Artists," "is there not also something sacred in his function?" But, as there is for art no definite, imperial standard, preserved in the Mint or in the Tower, almost everything is a matter of controversy; it is even asserted that painting and sculpture are merely matters of good technique. All this subject is further complicated by the very varying modifications of men and their methods, brought about by national and individual idiosyncrasies, and by time.

National characteristics frequently disappear in the works of the painters and sculptors, or manifest themselves in a contrary sense. "American Art" has been repeatedly abused, even abroad, because it gave no demonstration of any peculiarly national school. Our qualities as a people, both individual and collective, it is needless to say, have been abundantly described—we know all about "our, etc., etc." But few of these fine and strenuous characteristics seem to manifest

themselves in our contemporary art: in the very obvious matters of big canvases and ambitious compositions we are quite timid and unenterprising. Such huge pictures, portraits, landscape themes (sometimes unimportant), and (generally trivial) allegories as are common in the Royal Academy are unfrequent in American exhibitions; and the immense "machines" of the Paris Salons are a source of wonder to all good Yankee tourists. The American landscape painter's explanation of this lack of enterprise on his part is very prompt: "No sales;" he will, perhaps, add, that there is no particular reason for painting things so big. Both of these statements are quite correct; but the incongruity is striking. For another of his deficiencies, however, this painter has not such justification: this is, his indifference to noble line and dignity and style of composition, which has already been noticed in these pages. Possibly, this style of landscape painting is "academic," and the great American citizen is not yet academic.

The marine painters, from the very nature of their art, are forced to contemplate wider horizons, but "Dutch Fishing Boats entering the Harbor of Honfleur in a Heavy Gale," stately and laboriously built-up compositions such as "The Battle of Trafalgar at Three O'clock in the Afternoon"—which appears in two or three forms in every Royal Academy Exhibition—even as much of a marine "academy" as the late M. Clays was in the habit of painting—all these are practically unknown in cis-Atlantic ateliers, nor does there seem to be any prospect of their appearance. A more intimate, a simpler and better endeavor to suggest the sea and all that therein is, may be said to characterize the best of the studies of these marine painters—as in Mr. Homer's admirable and dramatic canvases. The battle painters, both of sea and land, are by no means unknown, but they are not nearly so important in numbers and influence as in the great European states; and the temporary impetus given this art by the late Spanish war seems to be already disappearing. In it, both military and naval, the tendency is to seek accuracy of detail rather than the grandiose or the poetical; the stress and the terror and the murder do not possess the painter's soul. Unlike Kipling's onyx-eyed white oxen he does not "see the souls of the dead arise." Of course, this careful and critical method of rendering is of far more value as a record than the purely imaginary and romantic pictures which formerly abounded in all the European schools of painting. In their conception of their art these artists follow the dignified traditions of the Revolutionary painters, Trumbull and West and Copley, encouraged in their adoption of modern costumes by the Father of his Country himself.

In the matter of national characteristics—at least, of those usually attributed to "the Americans"—*not* manifesting themselves in the contemporary art, something might also be said concerning the singular lack of bumptiousness revealed in the complacency with which landscape art has long been accepted as that in which the American painter peculiarly excels. As has been said aforetime, "What would Velasquez, or Michael, or Titian have thought of an artist who painted only landscapes—landscapes, that is to say, backgrounds?" It is probable that he would have been ranked somewhere below a good goldsmith. It is true that the landscape sentiment, as distinguished from a knowledge of *material* landscape, is a modern conception, that neither the Greeks nor the mediævalists knew it—the former, at least, only in connection with their graceful human personifications, the Hamadryads and the water nymphs, and that it is one of the greatest contributions to the richness of art; but it must be admitted, even by those who are not figure painters, that an art which leaves man—proud man—entirely out of her scheme is, to say the least, not very comprehensive. This reproach—a most unseemly one to address to "a world power"—is now happily removed from us; the mural painters have come to the front to redeem us, and in a most noble and important manifestation of art the United States takes a position amongst the foremost nations.

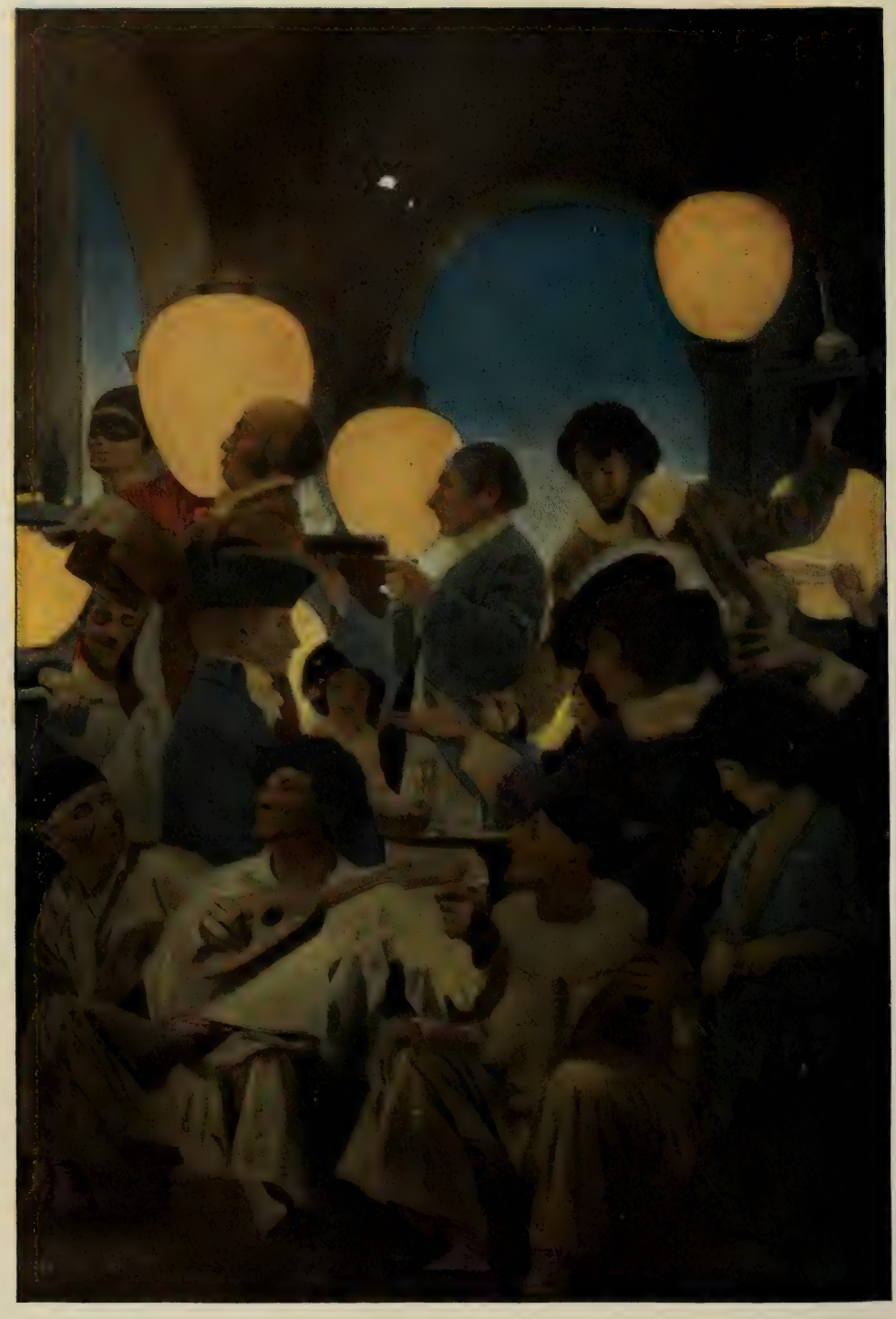
The qualities required for a good mural painter are so rare, and so much the result of careful scholastic training as well as of natural aptitudes, and, moreover, require for their fullest development such opportunities and advantages, that it is not much matter for surprise that the country waited long for the advent of these craftsmen. The sobriety, the general temperance and good taste, the avoidance of extravagance and unseemliness, which characterize American art, are as noticeable here as in other branches of painting and sculpture. There are none of

those disorderly flights of fancy, of those wild cavortings in the clouds, of those grotesque bodily foreshortenings and scandalous reversals, which the European painters have inherited from their forerunners of the late Renaissance and the Decadence, and which they unfortunately still practise. There is in American work, also, practically none of that unregulated, wearisome, and excessive use of the nude female figure which vitiates so much of the contemporary art of Paris.

How much of this restraint is due to the artist himself, and how much to the exigencies of his client or patron, it would be difficult to say; it is one of the natural developments of the aforesaid American national character that the art worker works in probably stricter bondage to his employer than abroad. His own rank in the community is less assured than abroad; the usual patron—municipality, corporation, diocese or individual—is probably disposed to pass judgment and to issue decrees in all these æsthetic matters of which he may know naught. Added to these restrictions are those imposed upon the mural painter by the very limitations of his art,—to him, far oftener than to the easel painter, comes home that everlasting question of theory and of legitimacy of method. In their consideration for these most important rules of general harmony and consonance the American mural painters are frequently more praiseworthy than their European confrères,—it would probably not be possible to carry out here the decoration of a great building in such violently opposing methods as those which war on each other in the Panthéon and in the Paris Hôtel de Ville. This particular national school of painting may be said to be practically one school—there are no such divergencies, as, e. g., between Bonnat and Puvis de Chavannes.

In the work of the figure painters, painting easel pictures, several things are missing, as well as a wealth of invention, imagination, and research, and vast and scholarly compositions. Historical art is very little in evidence in the contemporary exhibitions, and the mystical and imaginative also. Canvases such as West's "Death on the Pale Horse" or Cole's "Voyage of Life" seem to be to-day impossible. Even Mr. La Farge no longer creates Lamias and Wolf-Men, nor Mr. Vedder, Lost Minds and Lairs of the Sea Serpent. Of those ignorant and perverted "mystics" who render the creations of a disordered imagination by most awkward and unpleasant technical methods, and deal mostly with "religious" themes—the most numerous and objectionable flourishing in Germany—there is not one on the surface in these United States. Such painters as Mr. Ryder and the late Mr. Blakelock represent a poetical imagination, excellent and quite within bounds; for, for art at least, the great world of the Imagination has quite as well-ordered laws as the lesser one of Reality. The sculptors—their Pegasi carrying at their heels the heavy weight of the material limitations of their art—naturally essay much less frequently these lofty flights, though one of them, at least, Mr. Barnard, has courageously endeavored to suggest the inexpressible in colossal marble and bronze. One of the many qualities or characteristics which are not to be found in contemporary American painting is that one which adds lustre to the "Spanish-Roman" school of some twenty-five years ago, and of which traces are still to be found in one or two of the best Italian painters (and in some of the earlier pictures of François Fleming and Louis Leloir)—a most unpedantic rendering of certain picturesque epochs and localities, of the fine flower of the artificial wit and civilization of the eighteenth century, done with the utmost possible skill and lightness of hand, directed by a quickness of spirit, a sense of humor, and a subtle irony that warn the spectator not to take it too sadly. Masterpieces painted apparently for the purpose of demonstrating their futility! Such a picture as Fortuny's "Spanish Marriage," or Villegas's "Christening," of the Vanderbilt collection, at present on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum, is very far indeed from our more conservative ways,—it is certain that these most skilful *raconteurs* wrought with their tongues in their cheeks and in great content. Possibly, if some of these particular things were not missing in the national contemporary art of painting, there would be less complaint, by the artists, of the popular indifference.

WILLIAM WALTON.



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

THE TWO YOUNG MEN WERE PRESENTLY HOBNOBBING OVER A GLASS OF CANARY.

—"A Venetian Night's Entertainment," page 643.

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By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

THIS is the story that, in the dining-room of the old Beacon Street house (now the Aldebaran Club), Judge Anthony Bracknell, of the famous East India firm of Bracknell & Saulsbee, when the ladies had withdrawn to the oval parlour (and Maria's harp was throwing its gauzy web of sound across the Common), used to relate to his grandsons, about the year that Buonaparte marched upon Moscow.

I

"Him Venice!" said the Lascar with the big earrings; and Tony Bracknell, leaning on the high gunwale of his father's East Indiaman, the Hepzibah B., saw far off, across the morning sea, a faint vision of towers and domes dissolved in golden air.

It was a rare February day of the year 1760, and young Tony, newly of age, and bound on the grand tour aboard the crack merchantman of old Bracknell's fleet, felt his heart leap up as the distant city trembled into shape. *Venice!* The name, since childhood, had been a magician's wand to him. In the hall of the old Bracknell house at Salem there hung a series of yellowing prints which Uncle Richard Saulsbee had brought home from one of his long voyages: views of heathen mosques and palaces, of the Grand Turk's Seraglio, of St. Peter's Church in Rome; and, in a corner—the corner nearest the rack where the old flintlocks hung—a busy merry populous scene, entitled: *St. Mark's Square in Venice.* This picture, from the first, had singularly taken little Tony's fancy. His unformulated criticism on the others

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was that they lacked action. True, in the view of St. Peter's an experienced-looking gentleman in a full-bottomed wig was pointing out the fairly obvious monument to a bashful companion, who had presumably not ventured to raise his eyes to it; while, at the doors of the Seraglio, a group of turbaned infidels observed with less hesitancy the approach of a veiled lady on a camel. But in Venice so many things were happening at once—more, Tony was sure, than had ever happened in Boston in a twelve-month or in Salem in a long lifetime. For here, by their garb, were people of every nation on earth, Chinamen, Turks, Spaniards, and many more, mixed with a parti-coloured throng of gentry, lacqueys, chapmen, hucksters, and tall personages in parsons' gowns who stalked through the crowd with an air of mastery, a string of parasites at their heels. And all these people seemed to be diverting themselves hugely, chaffering with the hucksters, watching the antics of trained dogs and monkeys, distributing doles to maimed beggars or having their pockets picked by slippery-looking fellows in black—the whole with such an air of ease and good-humour that one felt the cut-purses to be as much a part of the show as the tumbling acrobats and animals.

As Tony advanced in years and experience this childish mumming lost its magic; but not so the early imaginings it had excited. For the old picture had been but the spring-board of fancy, the first step of a cloud-ladder leading to a land of dreams. With these dreams the name of Venice remained associated; and all that observation or report subsequently brought him concerning the place seemed, on a sober warranty of fact, to confirm its claim to stand midway between reality and illusion. There was, for instance, a slender Venice glass, gold-powdered as with lily-pollen or the dust of sunbeams, that, standing in the corner cabinet betwixt two Lowestoft caddies, seemed, among its lifeless neighbours, to palpitate like an impaled butterfly. There was, farther, a gold chain of his mother's, spun of that same sun-pollen, so thread-like, impalpable, that it slipped through the fingers like light, yet so strong that it carried a heavy pendant which seemed held in air as if by magic. *Magic!* That was the word which the thought of Venice evoked. It was the kind of place, Tony felt, in which things elsewhere impossible might naturally happen, in which two and two might make five, a paradox elope with a syllogism, and a conclusion give the lie to its own premiss. Was there ever a young heart that did not, once and again, long to get away into such a world as that? Tony, at least, had felt the longing from the first hour when the axioms in his horn-book had brought home to him his heavy responsibilities as a Christian and a sinner. And now here was his wish taking shape before him, as the distant haze of gold shaped itself into towers and domes across the morning sea!

The Reverend Ozias Mounce, Tony's governor and bear-leader, was just putting a hand to the third clause of the fourth part of a sermon on Free-Will and Predestination as the Hepzibah B.'s anchor rattled overboard. Tony, in his haste to be ashore, would have made one plunge with the anchor; but the Reverend Ozias, on being roused from his lucubrations, earnestly protested against leaving his argument in suspense. What was the trifle of an arrival at some Papistical foreign city, where the very churches wore turbans like so many Moslem idolators, to the important fact of Mr. Mounce's summing up his conclusions before the Muse of Theology took flight? He should be happy, he said, if the tide served, to visit Venice with Mr. Bracknell the next morning.

The next morning, ha!—Tony murmured a submissive "Yes, sir," winked at the subjugated captain, buckled on his sword, pressed his hat down with a flourish, and before the Reverend Ozias had arrived at his next deduction, was skimming merrily shoreward in the Hepzibah's gig.

A moment more and he was in the thick of it! Here was the very world of the old print, only suffused with sunlight and colour, and bubbling with merry noises. What a scene it was! A square enclosed in fantastic painted buildings, and peopled with a throng as fantastic: a bawling, laughing, jostling, sweating mob, parti-coloured, parti-speeched, crackling and sputtering under the hot sun like a dish of fritters over a kitchen fire. Tony, agape, shouldered his way through the press, aware at once that, spite of the tumult, the

shrillness, the gesticulation, there was no undercurrent of clownishness, no tendency to horse-play, as in such crowds on market-day at home, but a kind of facetious suavity which seemed to include everybody in the circumference of one huge joke. In such an air the sense of strangeness soon wore off, and Tony was beginning to feel himself vastly at home, when a lift of the tide bore him against a droll-looking bell-ringing fellow who carried above his head a tall metal tree hung with sherbet-glasses. The encounter set the glasses spinning, and three or four spun off and clattered to the stones. The sherbet-seller called on all the saints, and Tony, clapping a lordly hand to his pocket, tossed him a ducat by mistake for a sequin. The fellow's eyes shot out of their orbits, and just then a personable-looking young man who had observed the transaction stepped up to Tony and said pleasantly, in English:

"I perceive, sir, that you are not familiar with our currency."

"Does he want more?" says Tony, very lordly; whereat the other laughed and replied: "You have given him enough to retire from his business and open a gaming-house over the arcade."

Tony joined in the laugh, and this incident bridging the preliminaries, the two young men were presently hobnobbing over a glass of Canary in front of one of the coffee-houses about the square. Tony counted himself lucky to have run across an English-speaking companion who was good-natured enough to give him a clue to the labyrinth; and when he had paid for the Canary (in the coin his friend selected) they set out again to view the town. The Italian gentleman, who called himself Count Rialto, appeared to have a very numerous acquaintance, and was able to point out to Tony all the chief dignitaries of the state, the men of ton and ladies of fashion, as well as a number of other characters of a kind not openly mentioned in taking a census of Salem.

Tony, who was not averse from reading when nothing better offered, had perused the "Merchant of Venice" and Mr. Otway's fine tragedy; but though these pieces had given him a notion that the social usages of Venice differed from those at home, he was unprepared for the surprising appearance and manners of the great people his friend named to him. The gravest Senators of the Republic went in prodigious striped trousers, short cloaks and feathered hats. One nobleman wore a ruff and doctor's gown, another a black velvet tunic slashed with rose-colour; while the President of the dreaded Council of Ten was a terrible strutting fellow with a rapier-like nose, a buff leather jerkin and a trailing scarlet cloak that the crowd was careful not to step on.

It was all vastly diverting, and Tony would gladly have gone on forever; but he had given his word to the captain to be at the landing-place at sunset, and here was dusk already creeping over the skies! Tony was a man of honour; and having pressed on the Count a handsome damascened dagger selected from one of the goldsmiths' shops in a narrow street lined with such wares, he insisted on turning his face toward the Hepzibah's gig. The Count yielded reluctantly; but as they came out again on the square they were caught in a great throng pouring toward the doors of the cathedral.

"They go to Benediction," said the Count. "A beautiful sight, with many lights and flowers. It is a pity you cannot take a peep at it."

Tony thought so too, and in another minute a legless beggar had pulled back the leathern flap of the cathedral door, and they stood in a haze of gold and perfume that seemed to rise and fall on the mighty undulations of the organ. Here the press was as thick as without; and as Tony flattened himself against a pillar, he heard a pretty voice at his elbow:—"Oh, sir, oh, sir, your sword!"

He turned at sound of the broken English, and saw a girl who matched the voice trying to disengage her dress from the tip of his scabbard. She wore one of the voluminous black hoods which the Venetian ladies affected, and under its projecting eaves her face spied out at him as sweet as a nesting bird.

In the dusk their hands met over the scabbard, and as she freed herself a shred of her lace flounce clung to Tony's enchanted fingers. Looking after her, he saw she was on the arm of a pompous-looking graybeard in a long black gown and scarlet stockings, who, on perceiving the exchange of glances between the young

people, drew the lady away with a threatening look.

The Count met Tony's eye with a smile. "One of our Venetian beauties," said he; "the lovely Polixena Cador. She is thought to have the finest eyes in Venice."

"She spoke English," stammered Tony.

"Oh — ah — precisely: she learned the language at the Court of Saint James's, where her father, the Senator, was formerly accredited as Ambassador. She played as an infant with the royal princes of England."

"And that was her father?"

"Assuredly: young ladies of Donna Polixena's rank do not go abroad save with their parents or a duenna."

Just then a soft hand slid into Tony's. His heart gave a foolish bound, and he turned about half-expecting to meet again the merry eyes under the hood; but saw instead a slender brown boy, in some kind of fanciful page's dress, who thrust a folded paper between his fingers and vanished in the throng. Tony, in a tingle, glanced surreptitiously at the Count, who appeared absorbed in his prayers. The crowd, at the ringing of a bell, had in fact been overswept by a sudden wave of devotion; and Tony seized the moment to step beneath a lighted shrine with his letter.

"I am in dreadful trouble and implore your help. Polixena"—he read; but hardly had he seized the sense of the words when a hand fell on his shoulder, and a stern-looking man in a cocked hat, and bearing a kind of rod or mace, pronounced a few words in Venetian.

Tony, with a start, thrust the letter in his breast, and tried to jerk himself free; but the harder he jerked the tighter grew the other's grip, and the Count, presently perceiving what had happened, pushed his way through the crowd, and whispered hastily to his companion: "For God's sake, make no struggle. This is serious. Keep quiet and do as I tell you."

Tony was no chicken-heart. He had something of a name for pugnacity among the lads of his own age at home, and was not the man to stand in Venice what he would have resented in Salem; but the devil of it was that this black fellow seemed to be pointing to the letter in his breast; and this suspicion was confirmed by the Count's agitated whisper.

"This is one of the agents of the Ten.—For God's sake, no outcry." He exchanged a word or two with the mace-bearer and again turned to Tony. "You have been seen concealing a letter about your person——"

"And what of that?" says Tony furiously.

"Gently, gently, my master. A letter handed to you by the page of Donna Polixena Cador.—A black business! Oh, a very black business! This Cador is one of the most powerful nobles in Venice—I beseech you, not a word, sir! Let me think—deliberate——"

His hand on Tony's shoulder, he carried on a rapid dialogue with the potentate in the cocked hat.

"I am sorry, sir—but our young ladies of rank are as jealously guarded as the Grand Turk's wives, and you must be answerable for this scandal. The best I can do is to have you taken privately to the Palazzo Cador, instead of being brought before the Council. I have pleaded your youth and inexperience"—Tony winced at this—"and I think the business may still be arranged."

Meanwhile the agent of the Ten had yielded his place to a sharp-featured shabby-looking fellow in black, dressed somewhat like a lawyer's clerk, who laid a grimy hand on Tony's arm, and with many apologetic gestures steered him through the crowd to the doors of the church. The Count held him by the other arm, and in this fashion they emerged on the square, which now lay in darkness save for the many lights twinkling under the arcade and in the windows of the gaming-rooms above it.

Tony by this time had regained voice enough to declare that he would go where they pleased, but that he must first say a word to the mate of the Hepzibah, who had now been awaiting him some two hours or more at the landing-place.

The Count repeated this to Tony's custodian, but the latter shook his head and rattled off a sharp denial.

"Impossible, sir," said the Count. "I entreat you not to insist. Any resistance will tell against you in the end."

Tony fell silent. With a rapid eye he was measuring his chances of escape. In wind and limb he was more than a mate

for his captors, and boyhood's ruses were not so far behind him but he felt himself equal to outwitting a dozen grown men; but he had the sense to see that at a cry the crowd would close in on him. Space was what he wanted: a clear ten yards, and he would have laughed at Doge and Council. But the throng was thick as glue, and he walked on submissively, keeping his eye alert for an opening. Suddenly the mob swerved aside after some new show. Tony's fist shot out at the black fellow's chest, and before the latter could right himself the young New Englander was showing a clean pair of heels to his escort. On he sped, cleaving the crowd like a flood-tide in Gloucester bay, diving under the first arch that caught his eye, dashing down a lane to an unlit water-way, and plunging across a narrow hump-back bridge which landed him in a black pocket between walls. But now his pursuers were at his back, reinforced by the yelping mob. The walls were too high to scale, and for all his courage Tony's breath came short as he paced the masonry cage in which ill-luck had landed him. Suddenly a gate opened in one of the walls, and a slip of a servant wench looked out and beckoned him. There was no time to weigh chances. Tony dashed through the gate, his rescuer slammed and bolted it, and the two stood in a narrow paved well between high houses.

II

The servant picked up a lantern and signed to Tony to follow her. They climbed a squalid stairway of stone, felt their way along a corridor, and entered a tall vaulted room feebly lit by an oil-lamp hung from the painted ceiling. Tony discerned traces of former splendour in his surroundings, but he had no time to examine them, for a figure started up at his approach and in the dim light he recognized the girl who was the cause of all his troubles.

She sprang toward him with outstretched hands, but as he advanced her face changed and she shrank back abashed.

"This is a misunderstanding—a dreadful misunderstanding," she cried out in her pretty broken English. "Oh, how does it happen that you are here?"

"Through no choice of my own, madam, I assure you!" retorted Tony, not overpleased by his reception.

"But why—how—how did you make this unfortunate mistake?"

"Why, madam, if you'll excuse my candour, I think the mistake was yours——"

"Mine?"

——"in sending me a letter——"

"*You*—a letter?"

——"by a simpleton of a lad, who must needs hand it to me under your father's very nose——"

The girl broke in on him with a cry. "What! It was *you* who received my letter?" She swept round on the little maid-servant and submerged her under a flood of Venetian. The latter volleyed back in the same jargon, and as she did so, Tony's astonished eye detected in her the doubleted page who had handed him the letter in Saint Mark's.

"What!" he cried, "the lad was this girl in disguise?"

Polixena broke off with an irrepressible smile; but her face clouded instantly and she returned to the charge.

"This wicked, careless girl—she has ruined me, she will be my undoing! Oh, sir, how can I make you understand? The letter was not intended for you—it was meant for the English Ambassador, an old friend of my mother's, from whom I hoped to obtain assistance—oh, how can I ever excuse myself to you?"

"No excuses are needed, madam," said Tony bowing; "though I am surprised, I own, that any one should mistake me for an ambassador."

Here a wave of mirth again overran Polixena's face. "Oh, sir, you must pardon my poor girl's mistake. She heard you speaking English, and—and—I had told her to hand the letter to the handsomest foreigner in the church." Tony bowed again, more profoundly. "The English Ambassador," Polixena added simply, "is a very handsome man."

"I wish, madam, I were a better proxy!"

She echoed his laugh, and then clapped her hands together with a look of anguish. "Fool that I am! How can I jest at such a moment? I am in dreadful trouble, and now perhaps I have brought trouble on you also—— Oh, my father! I hear my father coming!" She turned pale and leaned tremblingly upon the little servant

Footsteps and loud voices were in fact heard outside, and a moment later the red-stockinged Senator stalked into the room attended by half-a-dozen of the magnificoes whom Tony had seen abroad in the square. At sight of him, all clapped hands to their swords and burst into furious outcries; and though their jargon was unintelligible to the young man, their tones and gestures made their meaning unpleasantly plain. The Senator, with a start of anger, first flung himself on the intruder; then, snatched back by his companions, turned wrathfully on his daughter, who, at his feet, with outstretched arms and streaming face, pleaded her cause with all the eloquence of young distress. Meanwhile the other nobles gesticulated vehemently among themselves, and one, a truculent-looking personage in ruff and Spanish cape, stalked apart, keeping a jealous eye on Tony. The latter was at his wit's end how to comport himself, for the lovely Polixena's tears had quite drowned her few words of English, and beyond guessing that the magnificoes meant him a mischief he had no notion what they would be at.

At this point, luckily, his friend Count Rialto suddenly broke in on the scene, and was at once assailed by all the tongues in the room. He pulled a long face at sight of Tony, but signed to the young man to be silent, and addressed himself earnestly to the Senator. The latter, at first, would not draw breath to hear him; but presently, sobering, he walked apart with the Count, and the two conversed together out of earshot.

"My dear sir," said the Count, at length turning to Tony with a perturbed countenance, "it is as I feared, and you are fallen into a great misfortune."

"A great misfortune! A great trap, I call it!" shouted Tony, whose blood, by this time, was boiling; but as he uttered the word the beautiful Polixena cast such a stricken look on him that he blushed up to the forehead.

"Be careful," said the Count, in a low tone. "Though his Illustriousness does not speak your language, he understands a few words of it, and——"

"So much the better!" broke in Tony; "I hope he will understand me if I ask him in plain English what is his grievance against me."

The Senator, at this, would have burst forth again; but the Count, stepping between, answered quickly: "His grievance against you is that you have been detected in secret correspondence with his daughter, the most noble Polixena Cador, the betrothed bride of this gentleman, the most illustrious Marquess Zanipolo——" and he waved a deferential hand at the frowning hidalgo of the cape and ruff.

"Sir," said Tony, "if that is the extent of my offence, it lies with the young lady to set me free, since by her own avowal——" but here he stopped short, for, to his surprise, Polixena shot a terrified glance at him.

"Sir," interposed the Count, "we are not accustomed in Venice to take shelter behind a lady's reputation."

"No more are we in Salem," retorted Tony in a white heat. "I was merely about to remark that, by the young lady's avowal, she has never seen me before."

Polixena's eyes signalled her gratitude, and he felt he would have died to defend her.

The Count translated his statement, and presently pursued: "His Illustriousness observes that, in that case, his daughter's misconduct has been all the more reprehensible."

"Her misconduct? Of what does he accuse her?"

"Of sending you, just now, in the church of Saint Mark's, a letter which you were seen to read openly and thrust in your bosom. The incident was witnessed by his Illustriousness the Marquess Zanipolo, who, in consequence, has already repudiated his unhappy bride."

Tony stared contemptuously at the black Marquess. "If his Illustriousness is so lacking in gallantry as to repudiate a lady on so trivial a pretext, it is he and not I who should be the object of her father's resentment."

"That, my dear young gentleman, is hardly for you to decide. Your only excuse being your ignorance of our customs, it is scarcely for you to advise us how to behave in matters of punctilio."

It seemed to Tony as though the Count were going over to his enemies, and the thought sharpened his retort.

"I had supposed," said he, "that men of sense had much the same behaviour in all countries, and that, here as elsewhere, a gentleman would be taken at his word. I solemnly affirm that the letter I was seen

to read reflects in no way on the honour of this young lady, and has in fact nothing to do with what you suppose."

As he had himself no notion what the letter was about, this was as far as he dared commit himself.

There was another brief consultation in the opposing camp, and the Count then said: —"We all know, sir, that a gentleman is obliged to meet certain enquiries by a denial; but you have at your command the means of immediately clearing the lady. Will you show the letter to her father?"

There was a perceptible pause, during which Tony, while appearing to look straight before him, managed to deflect an interrogatory glance toward Polixena. Her reply was a faint negative motion, accompanied by unmistakable signs of apprehension.

"Poor girl!" he thought, "she is in a worse case than I imagined, and whatever happens I must keep her secret."

He turned to the Senator with a deep bow. "I am not," said he, "in the habit of showing my private correspondence to strangers."

The Count interpreted these words, and Donna Polixena's father, dashing his hand on his hilt, broke into furious invective, while the Marquess continued to nurse his outraged feelings aloof.

The Count shook his head funereally. "Alas, sir, it is as I feared. This is not the first time that youth and propinquity have led to fatal imprudence. But I need hardly, I suppose, point out the obligation incumbent upon you as a man of honour."

Tony stared at him haughtily, with a look which was meant for the Marquess. "And what obligation is that?"

"To repair the wrong you have done—in other words, to marry the lady."

Polixena at this burst into tears, and Tony said to himself: "Why in heaven does she not bid me show the letter?" Then he remembered that it had no superscription, and that the words it contained, supposing them to have been addressed to himself, were hardly of a nature to disarm suspicion. The sense of the girl's grave plight effaced all thought of his own risk, but the Count's last words struck him as so preposterous that he could not repress a smile.

"I cannot flatter myself," said he, "that the lady would welcome this solution."

The Count's manner became increasingly ceremonious. "Such modesty," he said, "becomes your youth and inexperience; but even if it were justified it would scarcely alter the case, as it is always assumed in this country that a young lady wishes to marry the man whom her father has selected."

"But I understood just now," Tony interposed, "that the gentleman yonder was in that enviable position."

"So he was, till circumstances obliged him to waive the privilege in your favour."

"He does me too much honour; but if a deep sense of my unworthiness obliges me to decline——"

"You are still," interrupted the Count, "labouring under a misapprehension. Your choice in the matter is no more to be consulted than the lady's. Not to put too fine a point on it, it is necessary that you should marry her within the hour."

Tony, at this, for all his spirit, felt the blood run thin in his veins. He looked in silence at the threatening visages between himself and the door, stole a side-glance at the high barred windows of the apartment, and then turned to Polixena, who had fallen sobbing at her father's feet.

"And if I refuse?" said he.

The Count made a significant gesture. "I am not so foolish as to threaten a man of your mettle. But perhaps you are unaware what the consequences would be to the lady."

Polixena, at this, struggling to her feet, addressed a few impassioned words to the Count and her father; but the latter put her aside with an obdurate gesture.

The Count turned to Tony. "The lady herself pleads for you—at what cost you do not guess—but as you see it is vain. In an hour his Illustriousness's chaplain will be here. Meanwhile his Illustriousness consents to leave you in the custody of your betrothed."

He stepped back, and the other gentlemen, bowing with deep ceremony to Tony, stalked out one by one from the room. Tony heard the key turn in the lock, and found himself alone with Polixena.

III

The girl had sunk into a chair, her face hidden, a picture of shame and agony. So moving was the sight that Tony once again forgot his own extremity in the view of her

distress. He went and kneeled beside her, drawing her hands from her face.

"Oh, don't make me look at you!" she sobbed; but it was on his bosom that she hid from his gaze. He held her there a breathing-space, as he might have clasped a weeping child; then she drew back and put him gently from her.

"What humiliation!" she lamented.

"Do you think I blame you for what has happened?"

"Alas, was it not my foolish letter that brought you to this plight? And how nobly you defended me! How generous it was of you not to show the letter! If my father knew I had written to the Ambassador to save me from this dreadful marriage his anger against me would be even greater."

"Ah—it was that you wrote for?" cried Tony with unaccountable relief.

"Of course—what else did you think?"

"But is it too late for the Ambassador to save you?"

"From *you?*" A smile flashed through her tears. "Alas, yes." She drew back and hid her face again, as though overcome by a fresh wave of shame.

Tony glanced about him. "If I could wrench a bar out of that window——" he muttered.

"Impossible! The court is guarded. You are a prisoner, alas.—Oh, I must speak!" She sprang up and paced the room. "But indeed you can scarce think worse of me than you do already——"

"I think ill of you?"

"Alas, you must! To be unwilling to marry the man my father has chosen for me——"

"Such a beetle-browed lout! It would be a burning shame if you married him."

"Ah, you come from a free country. Here a girl is allowed no choice."

"It is infamous, I say—infamous!"

"No, no—I ought to have resigned myself, like so many others."

"Resigned yourself to that brute! Impossible!"

"He has a dreadful name for violence—his gondolier has told my little maid such tales of him! But why do I talk of myself, when it is of you I should be thinking?"

"Of me, poor child?" cried Tony, losing his head.

"Yes, and how to save you—for I *can* save you! But every moment counts—and yet what I have to say is so dreadful."

"Nothing from your lips could seem dreadful."

"Ah, if he had had your way of speaking!"

"Well, now at least you are free of him," said Tony, a little wildly; but at this she stood up and bent a grave look on him.

"No, I am not free," she said; "but you are, if you will do as I tell you."

Tony, at this, felt a sudden dizziness; as though, from a mad flight through clouds and darkness, he had dropped to safety again, and the fall had stunned him.

"What am I to do?" he said.

"Look away from me, or I can never tell you."

He thought at first that this was a jest, but her eyes commanded him, and reluctantly he walked away and leaned in the embrasure of the window. She stood in the middle of the room, and as soon as his back was turned she began to speak in a quick monotonous voice, as though she were reciting a lesson.

"You must know that the Marquess Zanipolo, though a great noble, is not a rich man. True, he has large estates, but he is a desperate spendthrift and gambler, and would sell his soul for a round sum of ready money.—If you turn round I shall not go on!—He wrangled horribly with my father over my dowry—he wanted me to have more than either of my sisters, though one married a Procurator and the other a grandee of Spain. But my father is a gambler too—oh, such fortunes as are squandered over the arcade yonder! And so—and so—don't turn, I implore you—oh, do you begin to see my meaning?"

She broke off sobbing, and it took all his strength to keep his eyes from her.

"Go on," he said.

"Will you not understand? Oh, I would say anything to save you! You don't know us Venetians—we're all to be bought for a price. It is not only the brides who are marketable—sometimes the husbands sell themselves too. And they think you rich—my father does, and the others—I don't know why, unless you have shown your money too freely—and the English are all rich, are they not? And—oh, oh—do you understand? Oh, I can't bear your eyes!"

She dropped into a chair, her head on

her arms, and Tony in a flash was at her side.

"My poor child, my poor Polixena!" he cried, and wept and clasped her.

"You *are* rich, are you not? You would promise them a ransom?" she persisted.

"To enable you to marry the Marquess?"

"To enable you to escape from this place. Oh, I hope I may never see your face again." She fell to weeping once more, and he drew away and paced the floor in a fever.

Presently she sprang up with a fresh air of resolution, and pointed to a clock against the wall. "The hour is nearly over. It is quite true that my father is gone to fetch his chaplain. Oh, I implore you, be warned by me! There is no other way of escape."

"And if I do as you say——?'

"You are safe! You are free! I stake my life on it."

"And you—you are married to that villain?"

"But I shall have saved you. Tell me your name, that I may say it to myself when I am alone."

"My name is Anthony. But you must not marry that fellow."

"You forgive me, Anthony? You don't think too badly of me?"

"I say you must not marry that fellow."

She laid a trembling hand on his arm. "Time presses," she adjured him, "and I warn you there is no other way."

For a moment he had a vision of his mother, sitting very upright, on a Sunday evening, reading Dr. Tillotson's sermons in the best parlour at Salem; then he swung round on the girl and caught both her hands in his. "Yes, there is," he cried, "if you are willing. Polixena, let the priest come!"

She shrank back from him, white and radiant. "Oh, hush, be silent!" she said.

"I am no noble Marquess, and have no great estates," he cried. "My father is a plain India merchant in the colony of Massachusetts—but if you——"

"Oh, hush, I say! I don't know what your long words mean. But I bless you, bless you, bless you on my knees!" And she knelt before him, and fell to kissing his hands.

He drew her up to his breast and held her there.

"You are willing, Polixena?" he said.

"No, no!" She broke from him with outstretched hands. "I am not willing. You mistake me. I must marry the Marquess, I tell you!"

"On my money?" he taunted her; and her burning blush rebuked him.

"Yes, on your money," she said sadly.

"Why? Because, much as you hate him, you hate me still more?"

She was silent.

"If you hate me, why do you sacrifice yourself for me?" he persisted.

"You torture me! And I tell you the hour is past."

"Let it pass. I'll not accept your sacrifice. I will not lift a finger to help another man to marry you."

"Oh, madman, madman!" she murmured.

Tony, with crossed arms, faced her squarely, and she leaned against the wall a few feet off from him. Her breast throbbed under its lace and falbalas, and her eyes swam with terror and entreaty.

"Polixena, I love you!" he cried.

A blush swept over her throat and bosom, bathing her in light to the verge of her troubled brows.

"I love you! I love you!" he repeated.

And now she was on his breast again, and all their youth was in their lips. But her embrace was as fleeting as a bird's poise and before he knew it he clasped empty air, and half the room was between them.

She was holding up a little coral charm and laughing. "I took it from your fob," she said. "It is of no value, is it? And I shall not get any of the money, you know."

She continued to laugh strangely, and the rouge burned like fire in her ashen face.

"What are you talking of?" he said.

"They never give me anything but the clothes I wear. And I shall never see you again, Anthony!" She gave him a dreadful look. "Oh, my poor boy, my poor love—'*I love you, I love you, Polixena!*'"

He thought she had turned light-headed, and advanced to her with soothing words; but she held him quietly at arm's length, and as he gazed he read the truth in her face.

He fell back from her, and a sob broke from him as he bowed his head on his hands.



"Only, for God's sake, have the money ready, or there may be foul play here," she said.

As she spoke there was a great tramping of steps outside and a burst of voices on the threshold.

"It is all a lie," she gasped out, "about my marriage, and the Marquess, and the Ambassador, and the Senator—but not, oh, not about your danger in this place—or about my love," she breathed to him. And as the key rattled in the door she laid her lips on his brow.

The key rattled, and the door swung open—but the black-cassocked gentleman who stepped in, though a priest indeed, was no votary of idolatrous rites, but that sound orthodox divine, the Reverend Ozias Mounce, looking very much perturbed at his surroundings, and very much on the alert for the Scarlet Woman. He was supported, to his evident relief, by the captain of the Hepzibah B., and the procession was closed by an escort of stern-looking fellows in cocked hats and small-swords, who led between them Tony's late friends the magnificoes, now as sorry a looking company as the law ever landed in her net.

The captain strode briskly into the room, uttering a grunt of satisfaction as he clapped eyes on Tony.

"So, Mr. Bracknell," said he, "you have been seeing the Carnival with this pack of mummers, have you? And this is where your pleasuring has landed you? H'm—a pretty establishment, and a pretty lady at the head of it." He glanced about the apartment, and doffed his hat with mock ceremony to Polixena, who faced him like a princess.

"Why, my girl," said he, amicably, "I think I saw you this morning in the square, on the arm of the Pantaloon yonder; and as for that Captain Spavent——" and he pointed a derisive finger at the Marquess—"I've watched him drive his bully's trade under the arcade ever since I first dropped anchor in these waters. Well, well," he continued, his indignation subsiding, "all's fair in Carnival, I suppose, but this gentleman here is under sailing orders, and I fear we must break up your little party."

At this Tony saw Count Rialto step forward, looking very small and explanatory, and uncovering obsequiously to the captain.

"I can assure you, sir," said the Count in his best English, "that this incident is the result of an unfortunate misunderstanding, and if you will oblige us by dismissing these myrmidons, any of my friends here will be happy to offer satisfaction to Mr. Bracknell and his companions."

Mr. Mounce shrank visibly at this, and the captain burst into a loud guffaw.

"Satisfaction?" says he. "Why, my cock, that's very handsome of you, considering the rope's at your throats. But we'll not take advantage of your generosity, for I fear Mr. Bracknell has already trespassed on it too long. You pack

of galley-slaves, you!" he spluttered suddenly, "decoying young innocents with that devil's bait of yours——" His eye fell on Polixena, and his voice softened unaccountably. "Ah, well, we must all see the Carnival once, I suppose," he said. "All's well that ends well, as the fellow says in the play; and now, if you please, Mr. Bracknell, if you'll take the reverend gentleman's arm there, we'll bid adieu to our hospitable entertainers, and right about face for the Hepzibah."

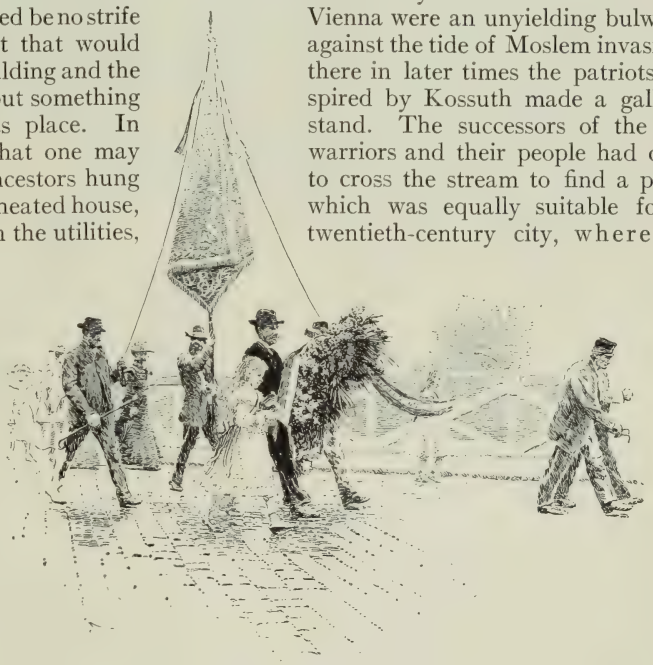
BUDA AND PEST

By Frederick Palmer

Illustrations by E. C. Peixotto

SITUATED on a river which hears more tongues than any other on its long journey to the sea, feeling the influence of the Orient as well as the Occident, expressive of the progress of a race whose heart is young, is Pest, one of the newest of cities, joined by a hyphen and five bridges to Buda, one of the oldest of capitals. Here there need be no strife between the sentiment that would preserve an ancient building and the enterprise that would put something more serviceable in its place. In much the same way that one may have portraits of his ancestors hung on the walls of a steam-heated house, without interfering with the utilities, so the Magyar from a comfortable chair in his café, while he listens to stock exchange quotations or the opera over the telephone, may look across the Danube at the monuments of the Hungarian past. On our part we should have a parallel if Washington were the commercial metropolis as well as the capital and we moved the heights of Arlington farther down the Potomac and crowned them with Liberty Hall, Castle William, and Old South Church.

In other European cities where an old municipal site adjoins a modern, though hills are levelled and moats filled, the cramping effect of narrow alley-ways and crooked streets still remains. The heights of the Buda side formed a natural stronghold in the Middle Ages. There the first Hungarian king was crowned; there the Turkish janissaries were encamped for the hundred years that the walls of Vienna were an unyielding bulwark against the tide of Moslem invasion; there in later times the patriots inspired by Kossuth made a gallant stand. The successors of the old warriors and their people had only to cross the stream to find a plain which was equally suitable for a twentieth-century city, where in peace they have won successes that they failed to win in war. It is unfortunate that when nature was so kindly in providing a pedestal for historical landmarks, so few of



Flowers for Kossuth's grave.



Sweeping—always sweeping.

them should remain. For the visitor is disappointed in Buda as seen from the Buda side, if not with Buda as seen from the Pest side. The passion of the race for its sacred places, the patriotic imagination which finds a spot attractive because of what was once there, does not hold with him except in countries with whose history he is familiar by the absorption of a lifetime. He seeks more and more as he travels, especially if he is leaving other mediæval cities behind him, the picturesque, the artistic, and the sheerly old. Archaic and ill-proportioned St. Matthias restored from the havoc of shell fire can have no more charm for him than Faneuil Hall for one to whom our history is as distant in his daily life as the Austro-Hungarian Compromise is to that of the average American.

But once *en rapport* with the Hungarian spirit, you fully understand how the Hungarian, however widely travelled, has found nothing from the Bay of Naples to the Harbor of Hong Kong, which approaches the view of Buda from the terrace of the Houses of Parliament; and while not fully sharing his enthusiasm, you agree that it is magnificent and unique, and worth coming far to see. The Palace dominates Budapest as the Capitol does Washington, while the scaffolding about one of its wings is as suggestive of its story as the golden crown that surmounts the main cupola. Hungary keeps on adding to the huge pile of stone out of national pride. Every new room is another reason in the national mind why Francis Joseph should spend more of his time at Buda. Not that Pest is fond of Francis Joseph; but having a king, it will be satisfied only when it has as much of him as Vienna.

Nothing is so pleasing to the Magyar eye as to see the sun—the rising sun—shining on the crown when the rest of the palace is in shadow. It is the superlative influence in the life of a city of inveterate politicians and café disputants. It stands for more than sovereignty: for lost sovereignty and a national independence, which sentiment would like to regain, however much wisdom may scout, as it does, the separate state with overwhelmingly large neighbors. To an Irishman, the harp and the shamrock represent something of the same idea. Where in other countries you would see the arms of the nation or a portrait of the ruler, here you see the crown—the crown which was placed on the head of a Hapsburg, not the Hapsburgs' crown. And always, whether on a mail box or in a show window, the surmounting cross is bent just as that on the original in the regalia on the hill of Buda is. They say that St.



Flower sellers.

Stephen, who brought his people into the path of Christianity with an iron hand, once in an outburst of rage removed the sacred insignia of sovereignty which the Pope had given him, with the result which

unfinished state such as upheaved streets and sidewalks blocked by building material, which are supposedly common to growing places, one has to keep reminding himself of the fact, then the newness is only



Looking towards Margaret's Island from the Palace.

can be seen to this day. The Hungarians are fond of this story. It pleases the swarthy descendants of his people to believe that their Stephen was no drawing-room dandy, but a man of passion and primitive vigor.

With all their fondness for an heirloom and their treasured pride in a past line of kings, here is a people, the newest-come of any in Europe to confidence in a great future. I have first dwelt upon Buda because, to understand urban as well as rural Hungary, you must keep in mind this crown with its bent cross which looks down upon Pest, a city larger than St. Louis and little older than Chicago. If in the presence of a seemingly leisurely existence and the absence of those outward signs of an

the more remarkable. Of all modern cities, Chicago, on account of its quick growth and its location as the centre of one of the world's granaries, should suggest Pest. But comparison here can be particularly odious, not to Chicago's discredit according to American ideas, and not to Pest's according to Hungarian. They represent two theories of existence as different as they well can be within the bounds of Christian civilization. In one, public comfort waits on individual strife, and in the other, individual strife waits on public comfort. To the Hungarian it was left to make, with more telling effect than any other one nationality, the simple discovery that the entire land surface on the face of the earth is immense compared with the area of cities.

"To look at it in the practical way of Americans, and to speak in parables as you do," said one citizen of Pest, "Manhattan Island would grow little wheat. You crowd upon it and fling tiny low-ceilinged rooms to the sky in a way that would indicate that it was forbidden to live on the other side of the river. Yet such is not the case. Within a short distance there is plenty of land untilled and unoccupied. When you have worked hard in town you rush away by train at a break-neck rate instead of having a little of the country with you all the time."



The Palace from the Pest side of the Danube.

This view is peculiarly explanatory of Pest. The value of proximity to the throbbing centre of business affairs is relatively negligible. A Pestian thinks of having his office near the opera or the theatre as well as near his house. When I asked where the Wall Street was I was told that I was living on it, and the Bourse was just across the street from the hotel. Business is done everywhere—not a little of it in the cafés, and in a holiday manner, the more attractive considering the large amount accomplished. A step from the Bourse is the Corso. Elsewhere this mile of water front in the heart of a city would have been given over to commerce, and parks or playgrounds in the suburbs would have been carried farther down and farther up stream. Naturally the Pestian did the reverse. The stretch of the Danube's bank which gave him the best view of his beloved Buda he reserved for a promenade. All day long it is as quiet as a residence street of one of our great cities. Toward evening it becomes as animated as a lobby of a theatre between the acts. Instead of rushing to the train or the electric car after work hours, the Pestian crosses the street to a café or a restaurant, where very likely his wife meets him. If Broadway were lined with verdure and tables, and the outpouring thousands from the congested districts should stop at their favorite places to eat and drink and chat on the way home, it would go far toward solving the rapid-transit problem. For the crowd



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

From the Royal Terrace looking down the Danube, with the fortress on the right.

would be moved by degrees, between six and eleven in the evening.

Possibly you are already thinking of another city, and saying that Pest is a Hungarian Paris or Vienna. The trees and the cafés are Parisian; only there are more trees and more cafés, and in Pest the cafés do not have a crowded existence. There is never the impression of a few tables and a few chairs forced into a narrow space. It seems as if, when the city was laid out and when the buildings were erected, special provision had been made for tables and shrubbery in front of them, in the same way that space is calculated for gardens and fountains and lakes in laying out an exposition ground. If old Paris were all on a hill on one side of the Seine, and new Paris had been built since '60, and the Parisian had the free life of the gypsy in his heart, and the Russian's fondness for room whether outdoors or in, and art and architecture had flourished in Hungary for centuries, there might be some reason for that comparison which frequently occurs to the hurrying tourist.



The ubiquitous men with the hose.

As often as I have breakfasted in the open in the heart of Paris, preferably early, when all things seem fresh from the matutinal bath, and Madame from the kiosk window gives you a sou's worth of news and a franc's worth of cheery greeting, by luncheon time, unless I was in the suburbs, I have found the quality and the quantity of dust such that I preferred to eat within doors. In Pest if your hat drops or is knocked off the chair where you laid it you feel that properly it ought to have been brushed before instead of after it fell. If you never looked up from the pavement you would be forever thinking that it had just been raining, and hopefully with such a bright sun the pavement would dry soon. With a Turkish fondness for having things brought to him where he sits, the Hungarian has combined a mania for the immersion of all inanimate, if not animate, objects, which is anything but Turkish. The scrubbing which the Dutch housewife applies to her stoop is carried into the middle of the street, only the city does stoop and all. The municipality's ubiquitous servants are the men with the hose and the men and women with the broom, who even sweep up the petals of the flowers in the parks as they fall. The promptness of units in performing their tasks is such that you might well believe that you are living in the horseless age. One thing to be avoided, it seems, is any lack in numbers of the legionaries. If the postman does not hurry, there are enough of him to collect the mails often and on time.



A café facing the Danube.

The abundance of labor is evident in the numerous small trucks drawn by hand, and particularly and picturesquely in the messengers, who, as all visitors to continental cities know, are waiting about the streets instead of at the end of a wire running into an electric call box. Only the Pestian *Dienstman* is distinct and omnipresent. A streak of gray, at least, seems a qualification of entrance to his charmed circle. Always he is old, always unusually short of stature, it seems to me. You have only to look up from your table at the café to have one lift his red cap in polite reminder of his presence and his readiness as the invaluable aide-de-camp of human communication. Possessed by the fancy that I was actually employing the little men who were the companions of Rip Van Winkle in his long sleep, I found myself inventing errands for them.

But the *Dienstman* does not belong to the municipality. He is only a licensed individual whose honesty is insured by a trust company. The hose bearers are the real rulers of the city. They go in pairs from spigot to spigot, and each has his beaurocratic part in the operation as carefully prescribed as if he were in a gun's crew of a man-of-war. There is room enough on the main thoroughfares so that the marksman always skips about between people with the stream, in a way that is proof of his training and experience. This passion to use as much of the Danube as possible every day, while it keeps any dust from falling on the café tables (where the people spend so much of their time), gives the rooms of the houses (where they spend so little) the dampness of cellars except on the sunniest days. The trees are watered as systematically as the plants in a greenhouse, and are provided with saucer-shaped mouths rimmed with sod so they may drink their fill. There is rarely a street without its two rows, and the boulevards have four and even six. Outside of the Park proper one seeks in vain for an old or a maimed one; even there he found none with withering or yellow leaves being nursed with scientific



A postman.



In the market-place.

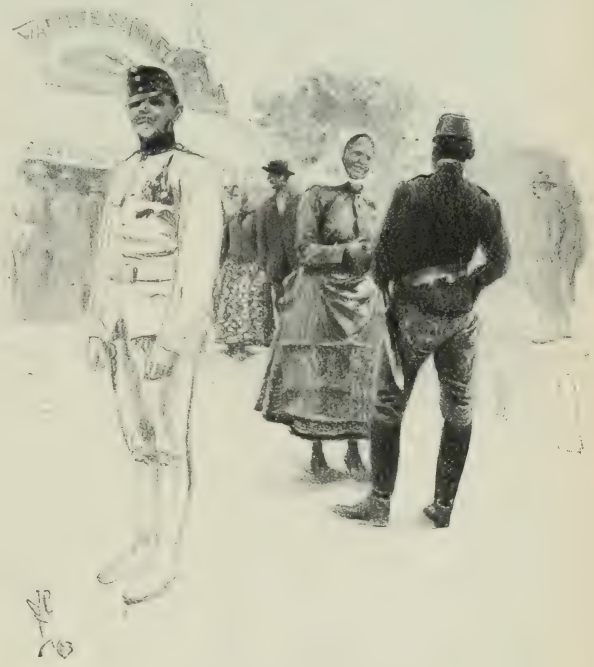
care, as if its fading life were more valuable than a young forest. Each is as green as the willows by the brookside, thanks to the eternal rain-shower about its roots. Each is in the full vigor of youth, like the young conscript soldiers of the land, and all have the uniformity of columns and divisions which had been especially selected.

One wonders if this verdure-loving people has not a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Trees, and as soon as one turns sere or loses a limb it is not cut into cord-wood as a matter of mercy. If so, the vacant places are filled over-night, and morning finds no break in the ranks. Why should a tree have individuality of knots and scars by which you could recognize it and watch its changes each year, under a bureaucratic continental system in which everybody sits in the same dining-room? Wherever two streets come diagonally together, wherever, indeed, there is any excuse whatsoever, is a little park continually drenched by the solicitous hosemen, whose mania demonstrably has method, because I never saw them trying to wash off the surface of the Danube. A creation of gingerbread tiles set in a park under the trees of the Boulevard is not, as you would think at first sight, a kiosk for the sale of flowers, but a station of the underground. It is pleasant to know that the cleanliness is carried into the big central market, whence the State railways, all in State-directed order, bring the food for the city. Stout market-women who set up their booths on the pavement leave lanes through which the sprinkling cart regularly passes. The difficulty is to realize that it is not always summer in Budapest, and one

feels a pang of real sympathy with the native at thought that water perforce will freeze and the hose may not be played the year round. The winter is severe and its winds are fierce. For months every café must have its doors closed.

European paternalism, which would select a site for a city, lay out streets, erect buildings—as Germany has actually done at Kiao-chou, and Russia at Dalny—and then place a population there as systematically as it would furnish an office, has its advantages, and these are aggrandized among a people who live so much in the streets that they take the same interest in public matters that an American does in his home. Moreover, the history of his country makes every Hungarian a politician as surely as it does every Irishman and every Pole. No municipality is probably outwardly more expressive of the nature of its inhabitants. With the Germans pressing them from two sides, Pest is from sheer force of association more like Vienna than like any other capital. Yet one who would be polite does well not to compliment a Hungarian on this fact. The city, as the heart of Hungary, is waging a continual battle against German influence. With a solidarity which forms a model of thorough-going patriotism, every Hungarian is fighting for the preservation and extension of his language. Only Hungarian is taught in the schools, only Hungarian is used in public signs and public business. At the municipal opera Wagner is always sung in Magyar. The large Magyar-German population must speak the native tongue or be wholly isolated, and the boast of the Hungarian is that the second generation does speak it by preference. If you ask a street-car conductor a question in German he very likely will not answer you; but if you begin it with "Please" in Hungarian and continue in German he will suddenly find his tongue. This uncompromising attitude makes the welcome which, in the name of his dollars or pounds sterling the tourist receives elsewhere on the Continent, less palpable here. The Pestian is perfectly sure that his is the most wonderful city in the world. That being true, why should not the outlander know Hungarian as well as English, French, and German?

Those reformers who see an attractive feature in foreign life and would immediately transfer it to their own country often forget the widely differing habits of people. I imagine that the heavy traffic of the streets of one of our large cities would soon play havoc with the municipal arrangements of Budapest. With different meal hours alone it would be a vastly different place. Actually the Hungarian seems to be eating at all times. Officially he is most regular, with something of a growing boy's appetite for a piece between meals. He begins his day with coffee and his paper at the café. His dinner is taken at midday. At six the bread baskets and the paprika cellars, and the water bottles mounting guard over them, are placed in soldierly rows on the café tables. Then



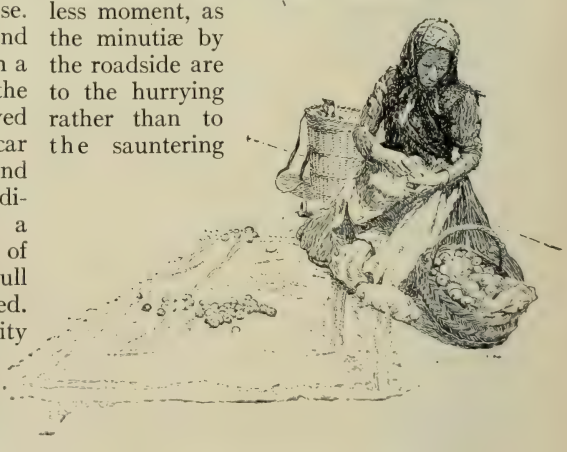
A flirtation.



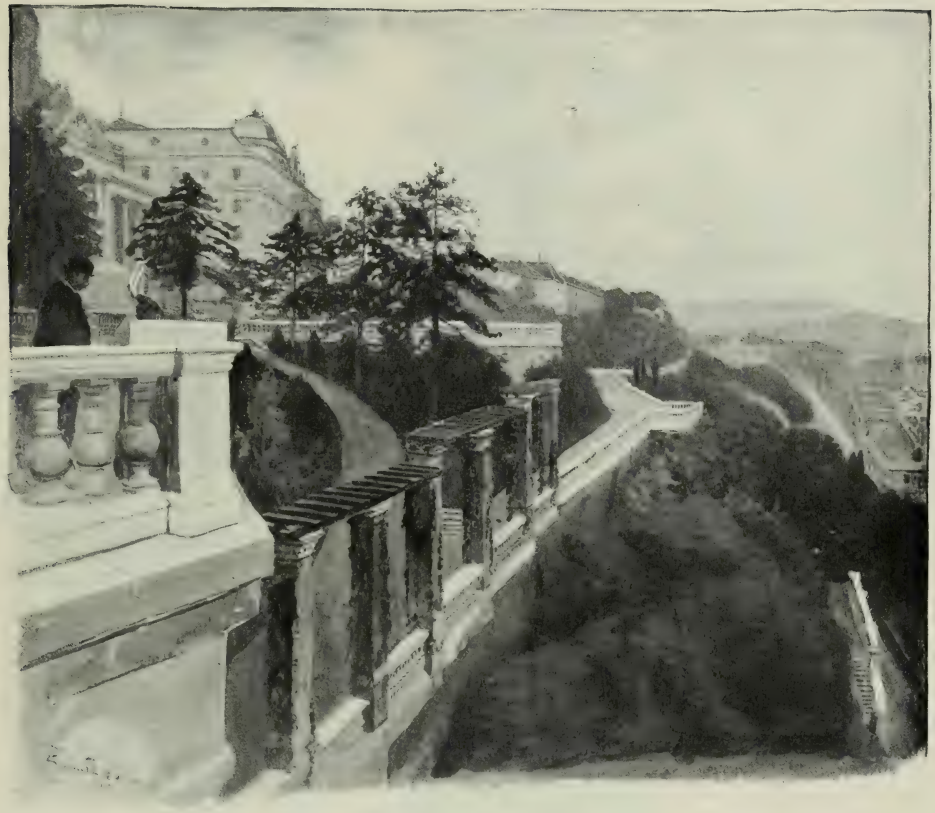
In Old Buda.

begins a new day, or the second day in the twenty-four hours, which is as fresh in its surroundings as that which begins with the morning, thanks to the deluge of water. Bread eating is as much a habit with the Magyar as iced-water drinking is with us. Indeed, he even surpasses the Viennese. A table where he could not reach out and take a roll as one does an envelope from a pigeon-hole in his desk, would give the same impression of a function unobserved as if the waiter on a Pullman dining car did not bring a glassful of cracked ice and fill the crevices from a decanter immediately you were seated. Though not a victim of iced water, the Hungarian is of ices. The cans in the café chest are full at the time that the breads are placed. While the people of an Anglo-Saxon city are rushing home, suspended from car straps, the Magyar is dipping a spoon in something pink or white or coffee-colored, with a piece of bread swelling his cheek, and enjoying twilight in the open.

The idea of finishing the day's grind by the labor of putting on a dinner jacket and swallowing an appetizer at a gulp would strike him as a punishment. When you observe a portly dame and her daughters each consuming three or four ices, you realize that the gum-chewing and the ice-cream-soda habits are not the only inflictions of modern life. For the price of a light refreshment one may sit as long as he pleases with the whole world of Pest moving before his eyes. Nothing is more noticeable than the absence of boredom on the faces of old as well as young. This nightly function ever has the charm of novelty. That great consideration in making life pleasant which takes a vital interest in its little fixtures day in and day out is as strong in this young and in a sense restless race as in the French. They live for the purpose of enjoying what they produce, not for the joy of producing the more. In other words, existence is not the strife to turn some new luxury into a necessity, but the art of drawing out all possible pleasure from its simple requirements. This may account for the interesting example of a large city having been built in such a short time and yet seeming so clean and finished. The intensity of effort which would make the earning power of a place of similar size at home much greater, thanks to high wages and labor-saving machinery, must necessarily leave more litter, which accordingly is of less moment, as the minutiæ by the roadside are to the hurrying rather than to the sauntering



A fruit shop on the pavement.



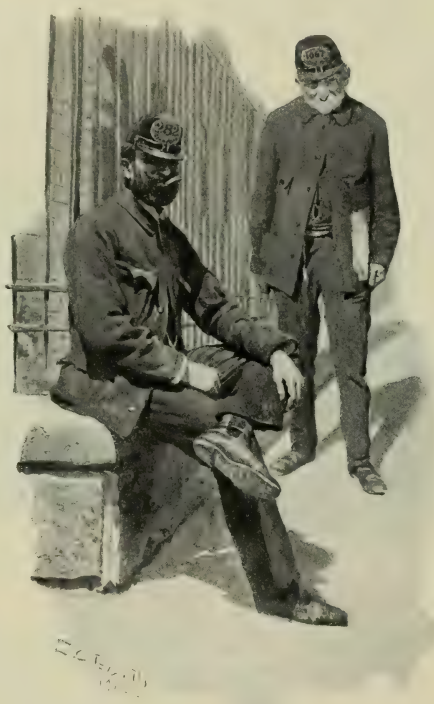
Terrace of the King's Palace.

pedestrian. It is thoroughly characteristic that one hears the opera over the telephone and that it takes half an hour to get a letter of credit cashed at a bank, where sand is still used for blotting. The telephone newspaper, which delivers the news from certain sources at certain hours—seeming at first thought a most enterprising affair—is slow beside the quick glance up and down the columns of the successive editions of an afternoon paper. Not that there are not afternoon papers in Pest. There are, with political articles on the first page, as elsewhere on the Continent.

Dress is far from a fetich with either sex, as one who watches the evening promenade will soon see. In combinations of color of Oriental brightness the women are quite independent of the fashions of Paris. The abundant proportions of feminine distinction are not hampered by high corsets. Possibly the reaction from the stiffness of his life as a conscript may account for the lack of uniformity of the Continental man's dress, which reaches its extreme here. There are many kinds of hats in Hungary, but not more than of colored waistcoats, self-evident jewelry, or the silver-headed walking sticks, which seem as much a part of a Hungarian's life as shucking beads to the Turk. Impersonality is a racial characteristic almost as pronounced as in the Japanese. When the Magyar turns and examines the foreigner from head to foot he is not rude, for if you treated him to the same scrutiny he would not feel the slightest embarrassment. He is the most gregarious of beings. Dining alone or sitting alone he regards as an outlandish barbarity most in favor with Englishmen. The theory that what is natural is best, is practised in many ways which remind the visitor by the very fact that they attract his attention how the artifices and manners in which he is trained have become second nature. An officer may be the model

of jacket-compressed rigidity as he promenades; but if the soup is good, why shouldn't he enjoy it, though the medals he wears tinkle on the rim of his plate? If a man is engaged to a girl, why should he conceal the fact? At a folk-lore play which I attended I saw that city life, however, has had its artificial effect here as well as elsewhere, and sensuous Pest is only limitedly natural. In the country there is no such thing as false modesty in word or action.

At half-past six the lights begin to show yellow in the Municipal Opera House, and the long lines of promenaders send their contingents thither and to the theatres, whose performances begin at seven. At eight the white cloths are laid on the tables, the paprika and mustard dishes and the bread baskets are refilled, and Pest has its supper from then until after the theatres are out. Of course many people eat at home, but a proportion so much smaller than in an Anglo-Saxon country, that one inevitably thinks that none do. If the weather is fair and all the tables are occupied, the restaurateur merely brings one from a seemingly inexhaustible storehouse within and places it in the street. To interfere with the pleasure of a fellow-being who is merely taking up a little room in a broad thoroughfare never occurs to the Magyar, who, moving simply for the sake of seeing, does not mind if his course bends a little, provided that he is always in sight of the multitude and rubbing elbows with them. For a merchant to pile up boxes on the sidewalk would be an entirely different matter and call forth a protest.



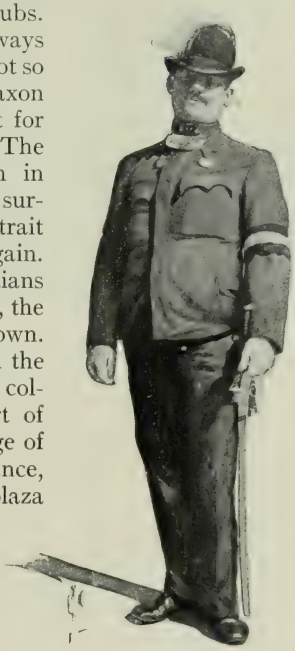
District messengers.

If you will go into the country you will find the origin of that love of open-air life which the city has only qualified. The peasant is fond of sipping his wine and eating his bread in the open. At rural inns there is music until one and two in the morning, and indeed, if you want it as you have imagined it, played with unrestrained passion by fiddlers in native costume, you must get away from the great centres. It would seem from a superficial glimpse of Pest that most of the Hungarian orchestras had been exported to the hotels and summer gardens of other lands. Relatively few of the cafés have music, and in the big restaurant the ear of the visitor is too often greeted with selections with which he is too familiar at home, but which are, of course, novelties to the native. Even in Pest, if you will go to the theatres or seek characteristic places, you will hear the wild gypsy tunes given with all the abandon of players the sway of whose bodies and the sparkle of whose eyes show that they are "living" their tunes. Only one can not quite recover from the disappointment of his preconceived idea that the orchestras were as numerous as the cafés, and the boulevards were one revel of melody.

Why shouldn't we too dine in the open? is the question which everyone asks on his first visit to Paris. He asks it the more emphatically at Pest. The reason is that the next time that you invite a friend to dinner you will seek the table in the far corner of the dining room where you may have him *tête-a-tête*. In Pest it is the tables under the limelight, as it were, which are

taken first. If we rub elbows we prefer to do it in our clubs. The passing throng is always interesting, it is true, but not so interesting to the Anglo-Saxon that he wants to watch it for three or four hours a day. The American who has been in Pest a week will very likely surprise himself at a racial trait by dining within doors again.

While the mass of Pestians are walking up and down, the few are riding up and down. Andrassy Boulevard, with the needle of the millennial column—alone in this part of Pest—suggestive of the age of Buda showing in the distance, where it breaks into the plaza at the Park entrance, is surely one of the most beautiful avenues in the world. This is the residence of the new nobility, in contradistinction to the old, which dwells in the Magnates' Quarter, where the trees are behind walls and gardens have gates surmounted by wrought-iron coats of arms, and the whole effect is one of age and exclusiveness in comparison with the activity and the broad tree-studded way of the Andrassy. If interior grandeur is always equal to that of the exterior, few capitals have greater mansions. The taste that puts the bas-relief of an ancestor in the outer wall may strike us oddly; but why not put it there as well as in the hall? the casuist asks. No house is without its balcony, where the table may be set for the ices at the same hour that they are in the cafés. Exterior statuary and decorations are as indispensable, it would seem, as a front door. On the Varosliget, the fashionable driving road in the Park, you may see the faces of the nobles, the notabilities, and the wealthy pass and repass, as you do in Hyde Park and on the Roman Pincio. Among them are occasional officers in uniform, who plainly do not live on their pay, and coachmen in the picturesque national costume of the narrow-rimmed hat with feather and the short, brass-button studded jacket and trousers with the scroll on the legs. The Varosliget is in one sense both Fifth Avenue and Broadway, Newport. For the heated months the Pestian of position, if he does not go to the baths or abroad, goes to his country estate. The possession of an inherited country estate in an agricultural country of great landowners is one of the prime tests of gentility. The big Park Club serves much the same purpose as the Newport Reading Room, which is the resort of a shorter season entirely separate from metropolitan life. Its veranda is the café of the noblesse, visible between grill-work as well as shrubbery. The national passion which, generally speaking, finds its expression in lotteries, here resolves itself into gambling, which has the robustiousness of mediæval days when a man staked his fortune on a throw. Only a few hundred yards away, at the other end of the Park, is the people's ground, where not all the maids are in machine prints, but some still wear velvet aprons and short skirts and boots, and on the arms of the dapper little soldiers of Hungary pass down the line of peep-shows, having many features which are universal and some which are peculiarly Magyar, all being barked in good Coney Island style. The people do not bore themselves with the Varosliget any more than the Varosliget bores itself with the people.



A policeman.



Street vender.

With the abundance of verdure and its freshness, and the universal cleanliness ever appealing to the visitor, at times he feels resentful toward the architecture on the Pest side (except the Houses of Parliament and the University), on account of its garish boldness of gold and blues which ever intrude upon the beauty of a huge village of capacious houses set in a park. The Buda side, seen from the opposite bank, with the old fortress on the highest hill, the Palace on a second, and St. Matthias (imposing in its altitude and its distance) on a third; with gray masonry and terraces among trees rising from the broad street by the river's side—that is the product of time, situation, and a bold simplicity which would make the absence of any fine buildings in Pest excusable, and perhaps illy prepares one to appreciate those which exist within sight of the golden crown and its magnificent setting.

When we consider how very young art is in modern Hungary, we marvel at what has been done, and recall the words of one of her leaders about a future that shall be greater than the past. It is only forty years since Pest had an Academy. When the people of the city wanted a statue of their beloved poet Petofi, whom they honor as much as any hero, they found that they had not a single sculptor of repute either at home or abroad. Petofi done by a foreign hand was not to be considered. They brought out of obscurity a young man who had done a little modelling and set him the task, which he performed creditably, as the promenaders on the Corso may see every evening. In their insistence upon having their own or nothing at all, this patriotic race has taken the first step toward a school of its own, which shall be worthy the high ambitions and impulses of its national life. When they learned that the chandeliers in the new Houses of Parliament were Viennese, the people were as inflamed as if a blow had been struck at their constitutional rights. The offenders were pulled down and replaced by chandeliers which, if not so beautiful, diffused a loyal light. Everything, inclusive of the lavish gold decorations, in these massive buildings is of native origin and manufacture, a distinction that is doubtless unique.

Because by making two days out of twenty-four hours the Pestians have every other one for a holiday in their park-like avenues, you must not make the mistake of presuming that they have no suburban resorts. On the contrary, they have all the more. If they have no other excuse for a trip on one of the little steamers ever puffing up and down and across the Danube, they go to one of the numerous baths. They no more think of bathing at home than the ancient Romans did. The foreign habit of a tub in your own house appeals to them like dining alone. Sulphur baths and steam baths flow out of the rocks for them; and as if with this, and cutting away the earth from a mountain for an ancient fortress on one side and making a level plain on the other, Mother Danube had not done enough for the Pestians, she placed within ten minutes' sail—and yet far enough away to be out of the city's noise and smoke, and in the heart of the country—Margaret's Island, which is a lovely wood with shaded walks and cafés. In this rural setting, the bands playing gypsy music, there is the same scene of sauntering, eating, drinking, chatting, laughing and gesticulating as on the boulevards. While the purling paddle wheels take the diners-out homeward, the five bridges form sparkling chains between the long line of lights on the Pest side and the scattered lights of the heights of Buda rising toward the stars. If only the palace were ablaze half the year in token that the head of the dual monarchy slept under the Hungarian as often as under the Austrian crown, the Magyar's sentimental happiness would be complete. I would add the boon of an eternal summer, for at heart this is a warm-weather people.



ODE TO MUSIC

By Henry van Dyke

Decorations by G. Alden Peirson

Daughter of Psyche, pledge of that last night
When, pierced with pain and bitter-sweet delight,
She knew her Love and saw her Lord depart,
Then breathed her wonder and her woe forlorn
Into a single cry, and thou wast born!
Thou flower of rapture and thou fruit of grief;
Invisible enchantress of the heart;
Mistress of charms that bring relief
To sorrow, and to joy impart
A heavenly tone that keeps it undefiled,—
Thou art the child
Of Amor, and by right divine
A throne of love is thine,
Thou flower-folded, golden-girdled, star-crowned Queen,
Whose bridal beauty mortal eyes have never seen!

II

Thou art the Angel of the pool that sleeps,
While peace and joy lie hidden in its deeps,
Waiting thy touch to make the waters roll
In healing murmurs round the weary soul.
Ah, when wilt thou draw near,
Thou messenger of mercy robed in song?
My lonely heart has listened for thee long;
And now I seem to hear
Across the crowded market-place of life,
Thy measured foot-fall, ringing light and clear
Above the unmeaning noises and the unruly strife.
In quiet cadence, sweet and slow,
Serenely pacing to and fro,
Thy far-off steps are magical and dear.
Ah, turn this way, come close and speak to me,
From this dull bed of languor set my spirit free,
And bid me rise, and let me walk awhile with thee.



III

Where wilt thou lead me first?
In what still region
Of thy domain,
Whose provinces are legion,
Wilt thou restore me to myself again,
And quench my heart's long thirst?
I pray thee lay thy golden girdle down,
And put away thy starry crown:
For one dear restful hour
Assume a state more mild.
Clad only in thy blossom-broidered gown
That breathes familiar scent of many a flower,
Take the low path that leads thro' pastures green;
And though thou art a Queen,
Be Rosamund awhile, and in thy bower,
By tranquil love and simple joy beguiled,
Sing to my soul, as mother to her child.

IV

O lead me by the hand,
And let my heart have rest,
And bring me back to childhood land,
To find again the long-lost band
Of playmates blithe and blest.

Some quaint, old-fashioned air,
That all the children knew,
Shall run before us everywhere,
Like a little maid with flying hair,
To guide the merry crew.

Along the garden ways
We chase the light-foot tune,
And in and out the flowery maze,
With eager haste and fond delays,
In pleasant paths of June.

For us the fields are new,
For us the woods are rife
With fairy secrets, deep and true,
And heaven is but a tent of blue
Above the game of life.

The world is far away:
The fever and the fret
And all that makes the heart grow grey
Is out of sight and far away,
Dear Music, while I hear thee play
That olden, golden roundelay,
"Remember and forget!"





V

Forget, forget!
The tide of life is turning;
The waves of light ebb slowly down the west:
Along the edge of dark some stars are burning
To guide thy spirit safely to an isle of rest.
A little rocking on the tranquil deep
Of song, to soothe thy yearning,
A little slumber and a little sleep,
And so, forget, forget!

Forget, forget,—
The day was long in pleasure;
Its echoes die away across the hill;
Now let thy heart beat time to their slow measure,
That swells, and sinks, and faints, and falls, till all is still.
Then, like a weary child that loves to keep
Locked in its arms some treasure,
Thy soul in calm content shall fall asleep,
And so forget, forget.

Forget, forget,—
And if thou hast been weeping,
Let go the thoughts that bind thee to thy grief:
Lie still, and watch the singing angels, reaping
The golden harvest of life's sorrow, sheaf by sheaf;
Or count thy joys like flocks of snow-white sheep
That one by one come creeping
Into the quiet fold, until thou sleep,
And so forget, forget!

Forget, forget,—
Thou art a child and knowest
So little of thy life! But music tells
One secret of this world through which thou goest
To work with morning song, to rest with evening bells.
Life is in tune with harmony so deep
That when the notes sink lowest,
Thou still canst lay thee down in peace and sleep,
For God will not forget.

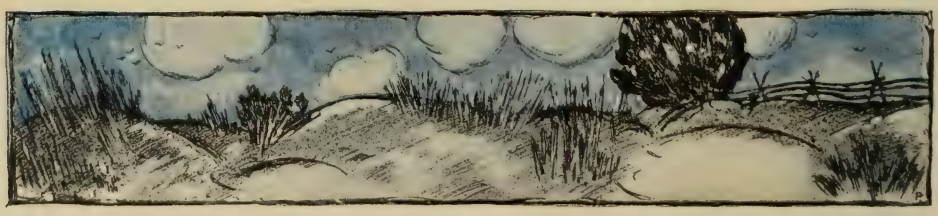


VI

Out of the garden of play-time, out of the bower of rest,
Fain would I follow at daytime, music that calls to a quest.
Hark! How the galloping measure
Quickens the pulses of pleasure;
Gaily saluting the morn
With the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,
Echoing up from the valley,
Over the mountain side,—
Rally, you hunters, rally,
Rally, and ride!

Drink of the magical potion music has mixed with her wine,
Full of the madness of motion, joyful, exultant, divine!
Leave all your troubles behind you,
Ride where they never can find you,
Into the gladness of morn,
With the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,
Swiftly o'er hillock and hollow,
Sweeping along with the wind,—
Follow, you hunters, follow,
Follow and find!

What will you reach with your riding? What is the charm of the chase?
Just the delight and the striding swing of the jubilant pace.
Danger is sweet when you front her,—
In at the death, every hunter!
Now on the breeze the mort is borne,
In the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,
Winding merrily, over and over,—
Come, come, come!
Home again, Ranger! home again, Rover!
Turn again, home!



VII

Now let the sleep-tune blend with the play-tune,
Weaving the mystical spell of the dance;
Lighten the deep tune, soften the gay tune,
Mingle a tempo that turns in a trance.
Half of it sighing, half of it smiling,
Smoothly it swings, with a triplicate beat;
Calling, replying, yearning, beguiling,
Wooing the heart and bewitching the feet.
Every drop of blood
Rises with the flood,
Rocking on the waves of the strain;
Youth and beauty glide
Turning with the tide—
Music making one out of twain,
Bearing them away, and away, and away,
Like a tone and its terce—
Till the chord dissolves, and the dancers stay,
And reverse.
Violins leading, take up the measure,
Turn with the tune again,—clarinets clear
Answer their pleading,—harps full of pleasure
Sprinkle their silver like light on the mere.
Semiquaver notes,
Merry little motes,
Tangled in the haze
Of the lamp's golden rays,
Quiver everywhere
In the air,
Like a spray,—
Till the fuller stream of the might of the tune,
Gliding like a dream in the light of the moon,
Bears them all away, and away, and away,
Floating in the trance of the dance.

Then begins a measure stately,
Languid, slow, serene;
All the dancers move sedately,
Stepping leisurely and straitly,
With a courtly mien;
Crossing hands and changing places,
Bowing low between,
While the minuet inlaces
Waving arms and woven paces,—
Glittering damaskeen.
Where is she whose form is folden
In its royal sheen?
From our longing eyes withholden
By her mystic girdle golden,—
Beauty sought but never seen,—
Music walks the maze, a queen.





VIII

Music, they do thee wrong who say thine art
Is only to enchant the sense.
For every timid motion of the heart,
And every passion too intense
To bear the chain of the imperfect word,
And every tremulous longing, stirred
By spirit winds, that come we know not whence
And go we know not where,
And every inarticulate prayer
Beating about the depths of pain or bliss,
Like some bewildered bird
That seeks its nest but knows not where it is,
And every dream that haunts, with dim delight,
The drowsy hour between the day and night,
The wakeful hour between the night and day,—
Imprisoned, waits for thee,
Impatient, yearns for thee,
The queen who comes to set the captive free!
Thou lendest wings to grief to fly away,
And wings to joy to reach a heavenly height;
And every dumb desire that storms within the breast
Thou leadest forth to sob or sing itself to rest.

All these are thine, and therefore love is thine:
For love is joy and grief,
And trembling doubt, and certain-sure belief,
And fear, and hope, and longing unexpressed,
In pain most human, and in rapture brief
Almost divine.
Love would possess, yet deepens when denied;
And love would give, yet hungers to receive;
Love like a prince his triumph would achieve;
And like a miser in the dark his joys would hide.
Love is most bold:
He leads his dreams like armèd men in line;
Yet when the siege is set, and he must speak,
Calling the fortress to resign
Its treasure, valiant love grows weak,
And hardly dares his purpose to unfold:
Less with his faltering lips than with his eyes
He claims the longed-for prize:
Love fain would tell it all, yet leaves the best untold.

But thou shalt speak for love. Yea, thou shalt teach
The mystery of measured tone,
The Pentecostal speech
That every listener heareth as his own.
For on thy head the cloven tongues of fire,—
Diminished chords that quiver with desire,



And major chords that glow with perfect peace,—
Have fallen from above;
And thou canst give release
In music to the burdened heart of love.

Sound with the 'cellos' pleading, passionate strain
The yearning theme, and let the flute reply
In placid melody, while violins complain,
And sob, and sigh,
With muted string;
Then let the oboe half-reluctant sing
Of bliss that trembles on the verge of pain,
While 'cellos plead and plead again,
With throbbing notes delayed, that would impart
To every urgent tone the beating of the heart.
So runs the andante, making plain
The hopes and fears of love without a word.
Then comes the adagio, with a yielding theme
Through which the violas flow soft as in a dream,
While horns and mild bassoons are heard
In tender tune, that seems to float
Like an enchanted boat
Upon the downward-gliding stream,
Toward the allegro's wide, bright sea
Of dancing, glittering, blending tone,
Where every instrument is sounding free,
And harps like wedding-chimes are rung, and trumpets blown
Around the barque of love
That sweeps, with smiling skies above,
A royal galley, many-oared,
Into the happy harbor of the perfect chord.

IX

Light to the eye and Music to the ear,—
These are the builders of the bridge that springs
From earth's dim shore of half-remembered things,
To reach the spirit's home, the Heavenly sphere
Where nothing silent is and nothing dark.
So when I see the rainbow's arc
Spanning the showery sky, far-off I hear
Music, and every colour sings:
And while the symphony builds up its round
Full sweep of architectural harmony
Above the tide of Time, far, far away I see
A bow of colour in the bow of sound.
Red as the dawn the trumpet rings,
Imperial purple from the trombone flows,
The mellow horn melts into evening rose.

Blue as the sky, the choir of strings
Darkens in double-bass to ocean's hue,
Rises in violins to noon-tide's blue,
With arrows of quivering light shot through and through.
Green as the mantle that the summer flings
Around the world, the pastoral reeds in tune
Embroider melodies of May and June.
Yellow as gold,
Yea, thrice-refinèd gold,
And purer than the treasures of the mine,
Floods of the human voice divine
Along the arch in choral song are rolled.
So bends the bow complete:
And radiant rapture flows
Across the bridge, so full, so strong, so sweet,
That the uplifted spirit hardly knows
Whether the Music-Light that glows
Within the arch of tones and colours seven,
Is sunset-peace of earth, or sunrise-joy of Heaven.

X

Music, I yield to thee;
As swimmer to the sea
I give my spirit to the flood of song:
Bear me upon thy breast
In rapture and at rest,
Bathe me in pure delight and make me strong;
From strife and struggle bring release,
And draw the waves of passion into tides of peace.

Remember'd songs, most dear,
In living songs I hear,
While blending voices gently swing and sway
In melodies of love,
Whose mighty currents move,
With singing near and singing far away;
Sweet in the glow of morning light,
And sweeter still across the starlit gulf of night.

Music, in thee we float,
And lose the lonely note
Of self in thy celestial-ordered strain,
Until at last we find
The life to love resigned
In harmony of joy restored again;
And songs that cheered our mortal days
Break on the coast of light in endless hymns of praise.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT WITH SATAN

By John Fox, Jr.

Illustrations by A. I. Keller

NO night was this in Hades with solemn-eyed Dante, for Satan was only a woolly little black dog, and surely no dog was ever more absurdly misnamed. When Uncle Carey first heard that name, he asked gravely:

"Why, Dinnie, where in h——," Uncle Carey gulped slightly, "did you get him?" And Dinnie laughed merrily, for she saw the fun of the question, and shook her black curls.

"He didn't come f'um *that place.*"

Distinctly Satan had not come from that place. On the contrary, he might by a miracle have dropped straight from some Happy Hunting Ground, for all the signs he gave of having touched pitch in this or another sphere. Nothing human was ever born that was gentler, merrier, more trusting or more lovable than Satan. That was why Uncle Carey said again gravely that he could hardly tell Satan and his little mistress apart. He rarely saw them apart, and as both had black tangled hair and bright black eyes; as one awoke every morning with a happy smile and the other with a jolly bark; as they played all day like wind-shaken shadows and each won every heart at first sight—the likeness was really rather curious. I have always believed that Satan made the spirit of Dinnie's house, orthodox and severe though it was, almost kindly toward his great namesake. I know I have never been able, since I knew little Satan, to think old Satan as bad as I once painted him, though I am sure the little dog had many pretty tricks that the "old boy" doubtless has never used in order to amuse his friends.

"Shut the door, Saty, please," Dinnie would say, precisely as she would say it to Uncle Billy, the butler, and straightway Satan would launch himself at it—bang! He never would learn to close it softly, for Satan liked that—bang!

If you kept tossing a coin or marble in the air, Satan would keep catching it and putting it back in your hand for another throw, till you got tired. Then he would drop it on a piece of rag carpet, snatch the carpet with his teeth, throw the coin across the room and rush for it like mad, until he got tired. If you put a penny on his nose, he would wait until you counted, one—two—*three!* Then he would toss it up himself and catch it. Thus, perhaps, Satan grew to love Mammon right well, but for another and better reason than that he liked simply to throw it around—as shall now be made plain.

A rubber ball with a hole in it was his favorite plaything, and he would take it in his mouth and rush around the house like a child, squeezing it to make it whistle. When he got a new ball, he would hide his old one away until the new one was the worse worn of the two, and then he would bring out the old one again. If Dinnie gave him a nickel or a dime, when they went down town, Satan would rush into a store, rear up on the counter where the rubber balls were kept, drop the coin, and get a ball for himself. Thus, Satan learned finance. He began to hoard his pennies, and one day Uncle Carey found a pile of seventeen under a corner of the carpet. Usually he carried to Dinnie all coins that he found in the street, but he showed one day that he was going into the ball-business for himself. Uncle Carey had given Dinnie a nickel for some candy, and, as usual, Satan trotted down the street behind her. As usual, Satan stopped before the knick-knack shop.

"Tum on, Saty," said Dinnie. Satan reared against the door as he always did, and Dinnie said again:

"Tum on, Saty." As usual, Satan dropped to his haunches, but what was unusual, he failed to bark. Now Dinnie had got a new ball for Satan only that morning, so Dinnie stamped her foot.

"I tell you to tum on, Saty." Satan never moved. He looked at Dinnie as much as to say:

"I have never disobeyed you before, little mistress, but this time I have an excellent reason for what must seem to you very bad manners—" and being a gentleman withal, Satan rose on his haunches and begged.

"You're des a pig, Saty," said Dinnie, but with a sigh for the candy that was not to be, Dinnie opened the door, and Satan, to her wonder, rushed to the counter, put his forepaws on it, and dropped from his mouth a dime. Satan had found that coin on the street. He didn't bark for change, nor beg for two balls, but he had got it in his woolly little head, somehow, that in that store a coin meant a ball, though never before nor afterward, did he try to get a ball for a penny.

Satan slept in Uncle Carey's room, for of all people, after Dinnie, Satan loved Uncle Carey best. Every day at noon he would go to an upstairs window and watch the cars come around the corner, until a very tall, square-shouldered young man swung to the ground, and down Satan would scamper—yelping—to meet him at the gate. If Uncle Carey, after supper and when Dinnie was in bed, started out of the house, still in his business clothes, Satan would leap out before him, knowing that he too might be allowed to go; but if Uncle Carey had put on black clothes that showed a big, dazzling shirt-front, and picked up his high hat, Satan would sit perfectly still and look disconsolate; for as there were no parties or theatres for Dinnie, so there were none for him. But no matter how late it was when Uncle Carey came home, he always saw Satan's little black nose against the window pane and heard his bark of welcome.

After intelligence, Satan's chief trait was lovableness—nobody ever knew him to fight, to snap at anything, or to get angry; after lovableness, it was politeness. If he wanted something to eat, if he wanted Dinnie to go to bed, if he wanted to get out of the door, he would beg—beg prettily on his haunches, his little red tongue out and his funny little paws hanging loosely. Indeed, it was just because Satan was so little less than human, I suppose, that old Satan began to be afraid he might have a soul. So the wicked old namesake with the Hoofs and Horns laid a trap for little Satan, and, as he is apt to do, he began laying it early—long, indeed, before Christmas.

When Dinnie started to kindergarten that autumn, Satan found that there was one place where he could never go. Like the lamb, he could not go to school; so while Dinnie was away, Satan began to make friends. He would bark, "Howdy-do?" to every dog that passed his gate. Many stopped to rub noses with him through the fence—even Hugo the mastiff, and nearly all, indeed, except one strange-looking dog that appeared every morning at precisely nine o'clock and took his stand on the corner. There he would lie patiently until a funeral came along, and then Satan would see him take his place at the head of the procession; and thus he would march out to the cemetery and back again. Nobody knew where he came from nor where he went, and Uncle Carey called him the "funeral dog" and said he was doubtless looking for his dead master. Satan even made friends with a scrawny little yellow dog that followed an old drunkard around—a dog that, when his master fell in the gutter, would go and catch a policeman by the coat-tail, lead the officer to his helpless master, and spend the night with him in jail.

By and by Satan began to slip out of the house at night, and Uncle Billy said he reckoned Satan had "jined de club"; and late one night, when he had not come in, Uncle Billy told Uncle Carey that it was "powerful slippery and he reckoned they'd better send de kerridge after him"—an innocent remark that made Uncle Carey send a boot after the old butler, who fled chuckling down the stairs, and left Uncle Carey chuckling in his room.

Satan had "jined de club"—the big club—and no dog was too lowly in Satan's eyes, for admission; for no priest ever preached the brotherhood of man better than Satan lived it—both with man and dog. And thus he lived it that Christmas night—to his sorrow.

Christmas Eve had been gloomy—the gloomiest of Satan's life. Uncle Carey had gone to a neighboring town at noon. Satan had followed him down to the station, and when the train started, Uncle Carey had ordered him to go home. Satan



Satan would drop the coin and get a ball for himself.—Page 673.

took his time about going home, not knowing it was Christmas Eve. He found strange things happening to dogs that day. The truth was, that policemen were shooting all dogs found that were without a collar and a license, and every now and then a bang and a howl somewhere would stop Satan in his tracks. At a little yellow house on the edge of town he saw half a dozen strange dogs in a kennel, and every now and then a negro would lead a new one up to the house and deliver him to a big man at the door, who, in return, would drop something into the negro's hand. While Satan waited, the old drunkard came along with his little dog at his heels, paused before the door, looked a moment at his faithful follower, and went slowly on. Satan little knew the old drunkard's temptation, for in that yellow house kind-hearted people had offered fifteen cents for each dog brought to them, without a license, that they might mercifully put it to death, and fifteen cents was the precise price for a drink of good whiskey. Just then there was another bang and another howl somewhere, and Satan trotted home to meet a calamity. Dinnie was gone. Her mother had taken her out in the country to Grandmother Dean's to spend Christmas, as was the family custom, and Mrs. Dean would not wait any longer for Satan;

so she told Uncle Billy to bring him out after supper.

"Aint you 'shamed o' yo'self—suh—?" said the old butler, "keepin' me from ketchin' Christmas gifts dis day?"

Uncle Billy was indignant, for the negroes begin at four o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve to slip around corners and jump from hiding places to shout "Christmas Gif'—Christmas Gif'"; and the one who shouts first gets a gift. No wonder it was gloomy for Satan—Uncle Carey, Dinnie, and all gone, and not a soul but Uncle Billy in the big house. Every few minutes he would trot on his little black legs upstairs and downstairs, looking for his mistress. As dusk came on, he would every now and then howl plaintively. After begging his supper, and while Uncle Billy was hitching up a horse in the stable, Satan went out in the yard and lay with his nose between the close panels of the fence —quite heart-broken. When he saw his old friend, Hugo the mastiff, trotting into the gaslight, he began to bark his delight frantically. The big mastiff stopped and nosed his sympathy through the fence for a moment and walked slowly on, Satan frisking and barking along, inside. At the gate Hugo stopped, and raising one huge paw, playfully struck it. The gate flew open, and with a happy yelp Satan leaped into the street. The noble mastiff hesitated as though this were not quite regular. He did not belong to the club, and he didn't know that Satan had ever been away from home after dark in his life. For a moment he seemed to wait for Dinnie to call him back as she always did, but this time there was no sound, and Hugo walked majestically on, with absurd little Satan running in a circle about him. On the way they met the "funeral dog," who glanced inquiringly at Satan, shied from the mastiff, and trotted on. On the next block the old drunkard's yellow cur ran across the street, and after interchanging the compliments of the season, ran back after his staggering master. As they approached the railroad track a strange dog joined them, to whom Hugo paid no attention. At the crossing another new acquaintance bounded toward them. This one—a half-breed Shepherd—was quite friendly, and he received Satan's advances with affable condescension. Then another came and another, and little Satan's head got quite confused. They were a queer-looking lot of curs and half-breeds from the negro settlement at the edge of the woods, and though Satan had little experience, his instincts told him that all was not as it should be, and had he been human he would have wondered very much how they had escaped the carnage that day. Uneasy, he looked around for Hugo; but Hugo had disappeared. Once or twice Hugo had looked



They were in sore need of a shepherd now.—Page 679.

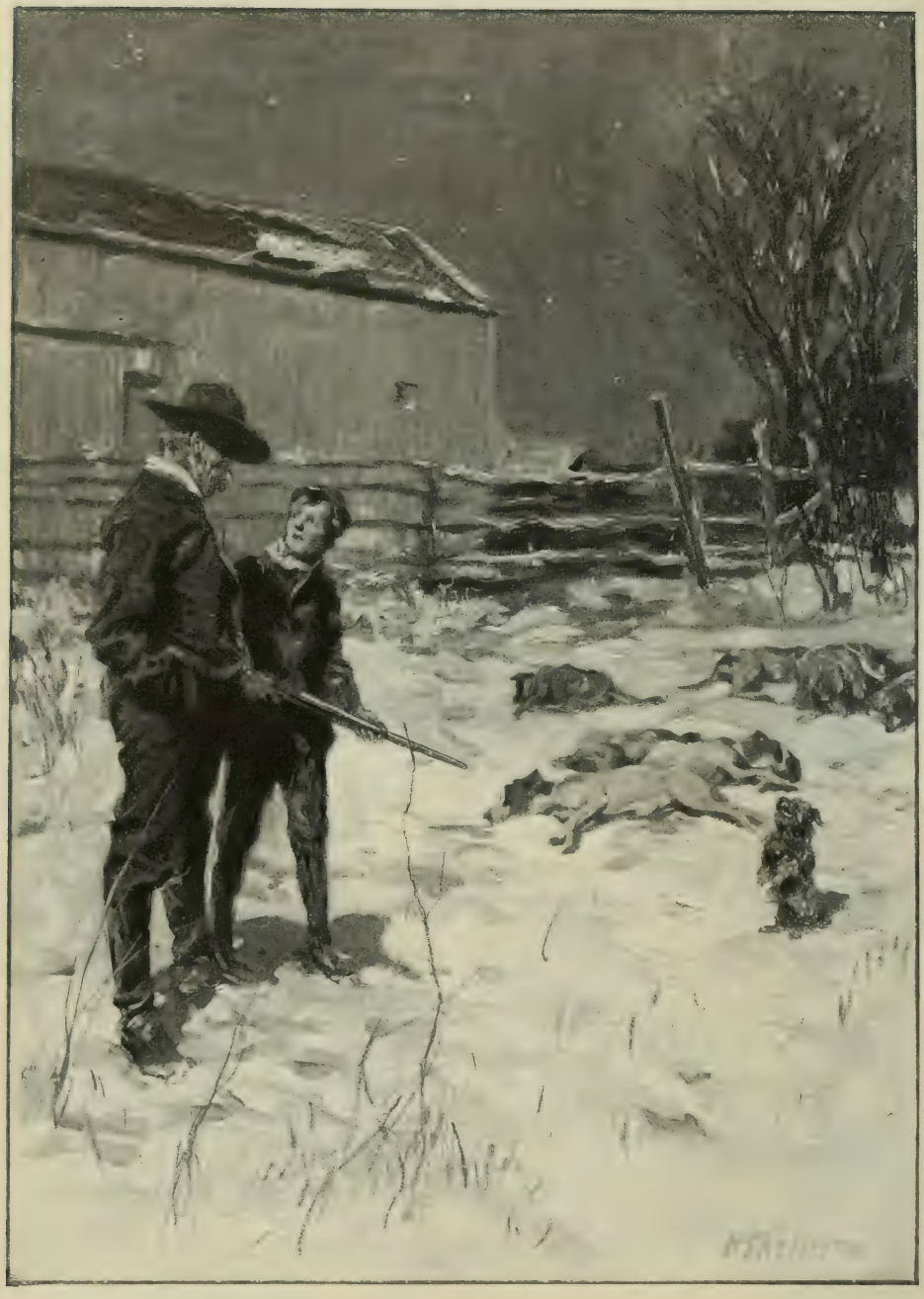


around for Satan, and Satan paying no attention, the mastiff trotted on home in disgust. Just then a powerful yellow cur sprang out of the darkness over the railroad track, and Satan sprang to meet him, and so nearly had the life scared out of him by the snarl and flashing fangs of the new-comer that he hardly had the strength to shrink back behind his new friend, the half-breed shepherd.

A strange thing then happened. The other dogs became suddenly quiet, and every eye was on the yellow cur. He sniffed the air once or twice, gave two or three peculiar low growls, and all those dogs except Satan lost the civilization of centuries and went back suddenly to the time when they were wolves and were looking for a leader. The cur was Lobo for that little pack, and after a short parley, he



He did not understand that sneaking.—Page 679.



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Papa, I can't shoot that dog."—Page 681.

lifted his nose high and started away without looking back, while the other dogs silently trotted after him. With a mystified yelp, Satan ran after them. The cur did not take the turnpike, but jumped the fence into a field, making his way by the rear of houses, from which now and then another dog would slink out and silently join the band. Every one of them Satan nosed most friendlily, and to his great joy the funeral dog, on the edge of town, leaped into their midst. Ten minutes later the cur stopped in the midst of some woods, as though he would inspect his followers. Plainly, he disapproved of Satan, and Satan kept out of his way. Then he sprang into the turnpike and the band trotted down it, under flying black clouds and shifting bands of brilliant moonlight. Once, a buggy swept past them. A familiar odor struck Satan's nose, and he stopped for a moment to smell the horse's tracks; and right he was, too, for out at her Grandmother's, Dinnie refused to be comforted, and in that buggy was Uncle Billy going back to town after him.

Snow was falling. It was a great lark for Satan. Once or twice, as he trotted along, he had to bark his joy aloud, and each time, the big cur gave him such a fierce growl that he feared thereafter to open his jaws. But he was happy for all that, to be running out into the night with such a lot of funny friends and not to know or care where he was going. He got pretty tired presently, for over hill and down hill they went, at that unceasing trot, trot, trot! Satan's tongue began to hang out. Once he stopped to rest, but the loneliness frightened him and he ran on after them with his heart almost bursting. He was about to lie right down and die, when the cur stopped, sniffed the air once or twice, and with those same low growls, led the marauders through a rail fence into the woods, and lay quietly down. How Satan loved that soft, thick grass, all snowy that it was! It was almost as good as his own bed at home. And there they lay—how long, Satan never knew, for he went to sleep and dreamed that he was after a rat in the barn at home; and he yelped in his sleep, which made the cur lift his big yellow head and show his fangs. The moving of the half-breed shepherd and the funeral dog waked him at last, and Satan got up. Half crouching, the cur was leading the way toward the dark, still woods on top of the hill, over which the Star of Bethlehem was slowly sinking, and under which lay a flock of the gentle creatures that seemed to have been almost sacred to the Lord of that Star. They were in sore need of a watchful shepherd now. Satan was stiff and chilled, but he was rested and had had his sleep, and he was just as ready for fun as he always was. He didn't understand that sneaking. Why they didn't all jump and race and bark as he wanted to, he couldn't see; but he was too polite to do otherwise than as they did, and so he sneaked after them; and one would have thought he knew, as well as the rest, the hellish mission on which they were bent.

Out of the woods they went, across a little branch, and there the big cur lay flat again in the grass. A faint bleat came from the hill-side beyond, where Satan could see another woods—and then another bleat, and another. And the cur began to creep again, like a snake in the grass; and the others crept too, and little Satan crept, though it was all a sad mystery to him. Again the cur lay still, but only long enough for Satan to see curious, fat, white shapes above him—and then, with a blood-curdling growl, the big brute dashed forward. Oh, there was fun in them after all! Satan barked joyfully. Those were some new playmates—those fat, white, hairy things up there; and Satan was amazed when, with frightened snorts, they fled in every direction. But this was a new game, perhaps, of which he knew nothing, and as did the rest, so did Satan. He picked out one of the white things and fled barking after it. It was a little fellow that he was after, but little as he was, Satan might never have caught up, had not the sheep got tangled in some brush. Satan danced about him in mad glee, giving him a playful nip at his wool and springing back to give him another nip, and then away again. Plainly, he was not going to bite back, and when the sheep struggled itself tired and sank down in a heap, Satan came close and licked him, and as he was very warm and woolly, he lay down and snuggled up against him for awhile, listening to the turmoil that was going on around him. And as he listened, he got frightened.

If this was a new game it was certainly



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Billy, but I des got to whoop you a little."—Page 682.

a very peculiar one—the wild rush, the bleats of terror, gasps of agony, and the fiendish growls of attack and the sounds of ravenous gluttony. With every hair bristling, Satan rose and sprang from the woods—and stopped with a fierce tingling of the nerves that brought him horror and fascination. One of the white shapes lay still before him. There was a great steaming red splotch on the snow, and a strange odor in the air that made him dizzy; but only for a moment. Another white shape rushed by. A tawny streak followed, and then, in a patch of moonlight, Satan saw the yellow cur with his teeth fastened in the throat of his moaning playmate. Like lightning Satan sprang at the cur, who tossed him ten feet away and went back to his awful work. Again Satan leaped, but just then a shout rose behind him, and the cur leaped too as though a bolt of lightning had crashed over him, and, no longer noticing Satan or sheep, began to quiver with fright and slink away. Another shout rose from another direction—another from another.

"Drive 'em into the barn-yard!" was the cry.

Now and then there was a fearful bang and a howl of death-agony, as some dog tried to break through the encircling men, who yelled and cursed as they closed in on the trembling brutes that slunk together and crept on; for it is said, every sheep-killing dog knows his fate if caught, and will make little effort to escape. With them went Satan, through the barn-yard gate, where they huddled in a corner—a shamed and terrified group. A tall overseer stood at the gate.

"Ten of 'em!" he said grimly.

He had been on the lookout for just such a tragedy, for there had recently been a sheep-killing raid on several farms in that neighborhood, and for several nights he had had a lantern hung out on the edge of the woods to scare the dogs away; but a drunken farm-hand had neglected his duty that Christmas Eve.

"Yassuh, an' dey's jus' sebenteen dead sheep out dar," said a negro.

"Look at the little one," said a tall boy who looked like the overseer; and Satan knew that he spoke of him.

"Go back to the house, son," said the overseer, "and tell your mother to give you a Christmas present I got for you yesterday." With a glad whoop the boy dashed away, and in a moment dashed back with a brand-new .32 Winchester in his hand.

The dark hour before dawn was just breaking on Christmas Day. It was the hour when Satan usually rushed upstairs to see if his little mistress was asleep. If he were only at home now, and if he only had known how his little mistress was weeping for him amid her playthings and his—two new balls and a brass-studded collar with a silver plate on which was his name, Satan Dean; and if Dinnie could have seen him now, her heart would have broken; for the tall boy raised his gun. There was a jet of smoke, a sharp, clean, crack, and the funeral dog started on the right way at last toward his dead master. Another crack, and the yellow cur leaped from the ground and fell kicking. Another crack and another, and with each crack, a dog tumbled, until little Satan sat on his haunches amid the writhing pack, alone. His time was now come. As the rifle was raised, he heard up at the big house the cries of children; the popping of fire-crackers; tooting of horns and whistles and loud shouts of "Christmas Gif', Christmas Gif'!" His little heart beat furiously. Perhaps he knew just what he was doing; perhaps it was the accident of habit; most likely Satan simply wanted to go home—but when that gun rose, Satan rose too, on his haunches, his tongue out, his black eyes steady and his funny little paws hanging loosely—and begged! The boy lowered the gun.

"Down, Sir!" Satan dropped obediently, but when the gun was lifted again, Satan rose again, and again he begged.

"Down, I tell you!" This time Satan would not down, but sat begging for his life. The boy turned.

"Papa, I can't shoot that dog." Perhaps Satan had reached the stern old overseer's heart. Perhaps he remembered suddenly that it was Christmas. At any rate, he said gruffly:

"Well, let him go."

"Come here, Sir!" Satan bounded toward the tall boy, frisking and trustful and begged again.

"Go home, Sir!"

Satan needed no second command. Without a sound he fled out the barn-yard, and,

as he swept under the front gate, a little girl ran out of the front door of the big house and dashed down the steps, shrieking:

"Saty! Saty! Oh, Saty!" But Satan never heard. On he fled, across the crisp fields, leaped the fence and struck the road, lickety-split! for home, while Dinnie dropped sobbing in the snow.

"Hitch up a horse, quick," said Uncle Carey, rushing after Dinnie and taking her up in his arms. Ten minutes later, Uncle Carey and Dinnie, both warmly bundled up, were after flying Satan. They never caught him until they reached the hill on the outskirts of town, where was the kennel of the kind-hearted people who were giving painless death to Satan's four-footed kind, and where they saw him stop and turn from the road. There was divine providence in Satan's flight for one little dog that Christmas morning; for Uncle Carey saw the old drunkard staggering down the road without his little companion, and a moment later, both he and Dinnie saw Satan nosing a little yellow cur between the palings. Uncle Carey knew the little cur, and while Dinnie was shrieking for Satan, he was saying under his breath:

"Well, I swear!—I swear!—I swear!" And while the big man who came to the door was putting Satan into Dinnie's arms, he said sharply:

"Who brought that yellow dog here?"

The man pointed to the old drunkard's figure turning a corner at the foot of the hill.

"I thought so; I thought so. He sold him to you for—for a drink of whiskey."

The man whistled.

"Bring him out. I'll pay his license."

So back went Satan and the little cur to Grandmother Dean's—and Dinnie cried when Uncle Carey told her why he was taking the little cur along. With her own hands she put Satan's old collar on the little brute, took him to the kitchen, and fed him first of all. Then she went into the breakfast-room.

"Uncle Billy," she said severely, "didn't I tell you not to let Saty out?"

"Yes, Miss Dinnie," said the old butler.

"Didn't I tell you I was goin' to whoop you if you let Saty out?"

"Yes, Miss Dinnie."

Miss Dinnie pulled forth from her Christmas treasures a toy riding-whip and the old darky's eyes began to roll in mock terror.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Billy, but I des got to whoop you a little."

"Let Uncle Billy off, Dinnie," said Uncle Carey, "this is Christmas."

"All wite," said Dinnie, and she turned to Satan.

In his shining new collar and innocent as a cherub, Satan sat on the hearth begging for his breakfast.

THE BIRDS' LOVER

By Edith M. Thomas

HE has conned the speech of birds
And can give it human words;
He has every call by rote,
And can answer note for note.
On the forest edge he stands;
Palm to palm he lays his hands,
And with whistled challenge clear
Bids the forest folk appear!
Many a shy, dark-loving sprite
Then will leave its greenwood night,
Flitting on from spray to spray,
Into unaccustomed day:
Fluttering wings and answering song
Follow, follow him along!

HE has conned those legends old
By the birds' own brothers told
(Brothers of the birds are they,
Who the Muses' call obey!);
He can tell you why the swallow
New, oblivious joys would follow;
Why the nightingale is fain
With sweet Sorrow to remain;
Why by streams that greet the sea
Ever stays Alcyone!
These dim legends he can tell;
Later lore he knows as well:
He hath news from lands afar,
Where the chosen havens are,
Of the redbreast and the thrush,

When the winter here saith "Hush!"
Least and greatest bring him word,
From the crane to humming-bird;
This, from mild Floridian shore,
That, from sun-gilt Salvador!

TIME of nests and time of broods,
Singing-tides, and songless moods,
These he marks in order due;
And he marks the season, too,
When the goldfinch casts away
Winter-coat of ashen gray.
He the snowy owl hath found
Shedding slumber all around,
And the oven-bird's low nest
'Mid the shadows it loves best;
And when wild fowl southward go,
Dark across the afterglow,
He the hieroglyph can read
Which they trace as on they speed!

TO the birds he is akin;
More and more his thought they win:
Birdlike are his motions light,
Birdlike are his glances bright,
Birdlike is his voice—ah, well!
He some day with birds may dwell
(Changed, as in those fables old,
That the birds' kinfolk have told);
On some autumn eve unknown,
Far with them he will have flown,
And immortal will be crowned—
Since no dead bird have we found!



THE·CHILD·IN·A·GARDEN·

DRAWN BY · JESSIE·WILLCOX·SMITH·



The Green Door


Five O'clock Tea



The Garden Wall



Among the Poppies



The Lily Pool



The Spruce Tree



A MASTER OF COBWEBS

By James Huneker

I

ALIXE VAN KUYP sat in the first-tier box presented to her husband with the heavy, accustomed courtesy of the *Société Harmonique*. She went early to the hall that she might hear the entire music-making of the evening—Van Kuyp's tone-poem, "Sordello," was on the programme between a Weber overture and a Beethoven symphony, an unusual honor for a young American composer. If she had gone late it would have seemed an affectation, she reasoned. Her husband kept within doors; she could tell him all. And then, was there not Elvard Rentgen?

She regretted that she had invited the Parisian critic to her box. It happened at a *soirée*, where he showed his savage profile among admiring musical lambs. But he was never punctual at musical affairs. This consoled Alixe.

Perhaps he would forget her impulsive, foolish speech—"without him the music would fall upon unheeding ears—he, who interpreted art for the multitude, the holder of the critical key that unlocked masterpieces." She had felt the banality of her compliment as she uttered it, and she knew the man who listened, his glance incredulous, his mouth smiling, could not be deceived. Rentgen had been too many years in the candy shop to care for sweets. She recalled her mean little blush as he twisted his pointed, piebald beard with long, fat fingers and leisurely traversed—his were the measuring eyes of an architect—her face, her hair, her neck, and finally, stared at her ears until they burned like a child's cheek in frost time.

Alixe Van Kuyp was a large woman with a conscientious head and gray eyes. As she waited, she realized that it was one of her timid nights, when color came easily and temper ran at its lowest ebb. She had begged Van Kuyp to cancel the habit of not listening to his own music except at rehearsal, and annoyed by his stubbornness, neglected to tell him of the other invitation. The house was quite full when the music began. Uneasiness overtook her as the "Oberon" slowly stole upon her consciousness. She forgot Rentgen; a more disquieting problem presented itself. Richard's music—how would it sound in the company of the old masters, those masters who were newer than Wagner, newer than Strauss and the "moderns"! She envisaged her husband—small, slim, with his bushy red hair, big student's head—familiarly locking arms with Weber and Beethoven in the hall of fame. No, the picture did not convince her. She was his severest censor. Not one of the professional critics could put their fingers on Van Kuyp's weak spots—"his sore music," as he jestingly called it—so surely as his wife. She had studied; she had even played the violin in public; but she gave up her *virtuosa* ambitions for the man she had married during their student years in Germany. Now the old doubts came to life as the chivalric tones of Weber rose to her sharpened senses. Why couldn't Richard——

The door in the ante-room opened, her guest entered. Alixe was not dismayed. She left her seat and closing the curtains greeted him. The overture was ending as Rentgen sat down beside her in the intimate little chamber lighted by a solitary electric bulb.

"You are always thoughtful," she murmured.

"My dear lady, mine is the honor. And if you do not care, can't we hear the music of your young man—" he smiled, she thought, acidly—"here? If I sit outside the world will say—we have to be careful of our unsmirched reputations—we poor critics and slave-drivers of the deaf."

She drew her hand gently away. He had held it, playfully tapping it as he slowly delivered himself in short sentences. He was a Dane, but his French and English

were without trace of accent; certain intonations alone betrayed his Scandinavian origin.

Alixe could not refuse, for the moment he finished speaking she heard a too familiar motive, the ponderous phrase in the brass choir which Van Kuyp intended as the thematic label for his hero, "Sordello."

"Ah, there's your Browning in tone for you," whispered the critic. She wished him miles away. The draperies were now slightly parted and into the room filtered the grave, languorous accents of the new tone-poem. Her eyes were fixed by Rentgen's. His expression changed; with nostrils dilated like a hunter scenting prey, his rather inert, cold features became transfigured; he was the man who listened, the cruel judge who sentenced. And she hoped, also the kind friend who would consider the youth and inexperience of the culprit. To the morbidly acute hearing of the woman, the music had a ring of hollow sonority after the denser packed phrases of Weber.

She read "Sordello" with her husband until she thought its meaning was as clear as high noon. By the critic's advice the subject had been selected for musical treatment. Sordello's overweening spiritual pride—"gate-vein of this heart's blood of Lombardy," appealed to Van Kuyp. The stress of souls, the welter of cross-purposes which begirt the youthful dreamer, his love for Palma and his swift death when all the world thrust upon him its joys—here were motives, indeed, for any musician of lofty aim and sympathetic imagination.

Alixe recalled the interminable arguments, the snatches of poetry, the hasty rushes to the keyboard; a composer was in travail. At the end of a year, Rentgen professed his satisfaction; Van Kuyp stood on the high road to fame. Of that there could be no doubt; Elvard Rentgen would say so in print. Alixe had been reassured——

But sitting now within the loop of her husband's music it suddenly became insipid, futile, and lacking in those enchantments for which she yearned. Her eyes dropped to the shapely hands meekly folded in her lap, dropped because the bold, interrogative expression on Rentgen's face disturbed her. She knew, as any woman would have known, that he admired her—but was he not Richard's friend? His glance enveloped her with piteous mockery.

The din was tremendous. After passages of dark music, in which the formless ugly reigned, occurred the poetic duel between Sordello and Eglamor at Palma's Court of Love. But why all this stress and fury? On the piano-forte the delicate episode sounded gratefully; with the thick riotous orchestration came a disillusioning transformation. There was noise without power, there was sensuality that strove to imitate the tenderness of passion, and she had fancied it a cloudy garden of love. Alixe raised an involuntary hand to her ear.

"Yes," whispered the critic, "I warned him not to use his colors with a trowel. His theme is not big enough to stand it." He lifted thin eyebrows and to her overheated brain was an unexpected Mephisto. Then the music whirled her away to Italy; the love scene of Palma and Sordello. It should have been the apex of the work.

"Sounds too much like Tschaïkowsky's 'Francesca da Rimini,'" interrupted Rentgen. She was annoyed.

"Why didn't you tell Van Kuyp before he scored the work?" she demanded, her long gray eyes beginning to blacken.

"I did, my dear lady, I did. But you know what musicians are——" He shrugged a conclusion with his narrow shoulders. Alixe coldly regarded him. There was something new and dangerous in his attitude to her husband's music this evening.

Her heart began to beat heavily. What if her suspicions were but the advance guard of a painful truth! What if this keen analyst of other men's ideas—— she dared not finish the thought. With a sluggish movement the music uncoiled itself like a huge boa about to engulf a tiny rabbit. The simile forced itself against her volition; all this monstrous preparation for a—rabbit! In a concert-hall the poetic idea of the tone-poem was petty. And the churning of the orchestra, foaming hysteria of the strings, bellowing of the brass—would they never cease! Such an insane chase after a rabbit! Yes, she said the word to herself and found her lips carved into a hard smile, which she saw reflected as in a trick mirror upon the face of Elvard Rentgen. He understood.

Of little avail "Sordello's" frantic impotencies. She saw through the rhetorical trickeries of the music, weighed its cheap splendors, realized the mediocrity of this second-rate poet turned symphonist. Image after image pressed upon her brain, each more pessimistic, more depressing than its predecessor. Alixe could have wept. Her companion placed his hand on her arm. His fingers burned; she moved, but she felt his will controlling her mood. With high relief she heard the music end. There was conventional applause. Alixe restlessly peered into the auditorium. Again she saw opera-glasses turned toward the box. "Our good friends," she rather bitterly thought. Rentgen recognized her mental turmoil.

"Don't worry," he said, soothingly. "It will be all right to-morrow morning. What I write will make the fortune of the composition." He did not utter this vainglorously, but as a man who stated simple truth. She gazed at him, her timidity and nervousness returning in full tide.

"I know I am overwrought. I should be thankful. But—but, isn't it deception—I mean, will it be fair to conceal from Richard the real condition of affairs?" He took her hand.

"Spoken like a true wife," he gayly exclaimed. "My dear friend, there will be no deception. Only encouragement, a little encouragement. As for deceiving a composer, telling him that he may not be so wonderful as he thinks—that's impossible. I know these star-shouldering souls, these farmers of phantasms who exist in a world by themselves. It would be a pity to let in the cold air of reality—anyhow Van Kuyp has some talent."

Like lifting mists revealing the treacherous borders of a masked pool, she heard this speech with its ironic innuendo. She flushed, her vanity irritated. Rentgen saw her eyes contract.

"Let us go when the symphony begins," she begged, "I can't talk to anyone in my present bad humor; and to hear Beethoven would drive me mad—now."

"I don't wonder," remarked her companion, consolingly. Alixe winced.

The silver-cold fire of an undecided moon was abroad in the sky and rumors of spring filled the air. The pair parted at a *fiacre*. He told her he would call the next afternoon, and she nodded an unforgiving head. It was her turn to be disagreeable.

In his music-room, Van Kuyp read a volume of verse. He did not hear his wife enter. It pained her when she saw his serious face with its undistinguished features and dogged expression. No genius this, was her hasty verdict, as she quickly went to him and put a hand on his head. It was her hand now that was hot. He raised eyes, dulled by dreams.

"Well?" he queried.

"You are a curious man?" she said, wonderingly. "Aren't you interested in the news about your symphonic poem?" He smiled the smile of the fatuous elect. "I imagine it went all right," he languidly replied. "I heard it at rehearsal yesterday—I suppose Thelème took the *tempi* too slow!"

She sighed and asked:

"What are you reading a night like this?" His expression became animated.

"A volume of Keltic poetry—I've found a stunning idea for music. What a tone-poem it will make! Here it is. What color, what rhythms. It is called 'The Shadowy Horses.' 'I hear the shadowy horses, their long manes a-shake'——"

"Who gave you the poem?"

"Oh, Rentgen, of course. Did you see him to-night?"

"You dear boy! You must be tired to death. Better rest. The critics will get you up early enough."

Through interminable hours the mind of Alixe revolved about a phrase she had picked up from Elvard Rentgen: "Music is a trap for weak souls; for the strong as the spinning of cobwebs . . . "

II

It was pompous July and the Van Kuyps were still in Paris. They lived near Passy—from her windows high in the air Alixe caught the green at dawn as the sun lifted level rays. Richard was writing his new tone-poem, which the *Société Harmonique* accepted provisionally for the season following. "Sordello" had set the town agog because of the series of exhaustive articles by Rentgen it brought in its wake. He was a critic who wrote brilliantly of music in the terms of painting, of plastic arts in the

technical phraseology of music, and by him the drama was discussed purely as literature. This deliberate and delicate confusion of æsthetics clouded the public mind. He described "Sordello" as a vast mural fresco, a Puvis de Chavannes in tone, a symphonic drama wherein agonized the shadowy Æschylean protagonist. Even sculpture was rifled for analogies, and Van Kuyp to his bewilderment found himself called "The Rodin of Music"; at other times, "Richard Strauss II", or a "Tonal Browning"; finally, he was adjured to swerve not from the path he had so wonderfully hewn for himself in the virgin jungle of modern art, and begged to resist the temptations of the music-drama.

Rentgen loathed the music of Wagner. Wagner had abused Meyerbeer for doing what he did himself—writing operas stuffed with spectacular effects. This man of the footlights destroyed all musical imagination with his puppet shows, magic lanterns, Turkish bazaars, where, to the booming of mystic bells, the listener was drugged into opium-fed visions.

Under a tent, as at a fair, he assembled the mangled masterpieces of Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and to a gullible public sold the songs of these music-lords—songs that should swim on high like great swan-clouds cleaving skies blue and inaccessible. And his music was operatic, after all, grand opera saccharine with common-place melodies gorgeously attired—nothing more. Wagner, declared the indignant critic, was not original. He popularized the noble ideas of the masters, vulgarized and debased their dreams. He never conceived a single new melody, but substituted instead, sadly mauled and pinched thematic fragments of Liszt, Berlioz, and Beethoven, combined with exaggerated fairy-tales, clothed in showy tinsel and theatrical gauds, the illusion being aided by panoramic scenery; scenery that acted in company with toads, dragons, horses, snakes, crazy valkyrs, mermaids, half-mad humans, gods, demons, dwarfs, and giants. What else is all this but old-fashioned Italian opera with a new name? What else but an inartistic mixture of Scribe libretto and Northern mythology? Music-drama—fudge! Making music that one can *see* is a death-blow to the lofty idealizations of art.

Puzzled by the richness of Rentgen's vocabulary, by his want of logic, Alixe asked herself many times whether she was wrong and her husband right. She liked to be loyal. His devotion to his work, his inspiration springing as it did from poetic sources, counted for something. Why not? All composers should read the poets. It is a starting-point. Modern music leans heavily on drama and fiction. Richard Strauss embroiders philosophical ideas, so why should not Richard Van Kuyp go to Ireland, to the one land where there is hope of a spiritual, a poetic renascence? Ireland! The very name evoked dreams!

When Rentgen called at the Van Kuyp's it was near the close of a warm afternoon. The composer would not stir, despite the invitation of the critic or the pleading of his wife. He knew that the angel wings of inspiration had been brushing his brow all the morning, and such visits were too rare to be flouted. He sat at his piano and in a composer's raucous varied voice, imitated the imaginary *timbres* of orchestral instruments. Sent forth, Mrs. Van Kuyp and Rentgen slowly walked into the little Parc of Auteuil, once the joy of the de Goncourts.

"Musicians are as selfish as the sea," he asserted, as they sat upon a bench of tepid iron. She did not demur. The weather had exhausted her patience; she was young and fond of the open air—the woods made an irresistible picture this day. The critic watched her changing, dissatisfied face.

"Shall we ride?" he suddenly asked. Before she could shake a negative head, he quickly uttered the words that had been hovering in her mind for hours.

"Or, shall we go to the Bois?" She started. "What an idea! Go to the Bois without Richard, without my husband?"

"Why not?" he inquired, "it's not far away. Send him a wire asking him to join us; it will do him good after his labors. Come, Madame Van Kuyp, come Alixe, my child." He paused. Her eyes expanded. "I'll go," she quietly announced —"that is, if you grant me a favor."

"A hundred!" he triumphantly cried.

III

To soothe her conscience, which began to ring faint alarm-bells at sundown, Alixe sent several despatches to her husband, and

then tried a telephone; but she was not successful. Her mood shifted chilly, and they bored each other immeasurably on the long promenade vibrating with gypsy music and frivolous folk.

It was after seven o'clock as the sun slowly swam down the sky-line. Decidedly their little flight from the prison of stone was not offering rich recompense to Alixe Van Kuyp and her elderly companion.

"And now for the favor!" he demanded, his eyes contentedly resting upon the graceful expanse of his guest's figure.

She moved restlessly: "My dear Rentgen, I am about to ask you a question, only a plain question. *That* is the favor." He bowed incredulously.

"I must know the truth about Richard. It is a serious matter, this composing of his. He neglects his pupils—most of them Americans who come to Paris to study with him. Yet with the reputation he has attained, due to you entirely"—she waved away an interruption—"he refuses to write songs or piano music that will sell. He is an incorrigible idealist and I confess I am discouraged. What can be our future?" She drew the deep breath of one in peril; this plain talk devoid of all sham mortified her exceedingly.

She was thankful that he did not attempt to play the *rôle* of fatherly adviser. His eyes were quite sincere when he answered her:

"What you say, Alixe—" the familiarity brought with it no condescending reverberations—"has bothered me more than once. I shall be just as frank on my side. No, your husband has little talent; original talent, none. He is mediocre—wait!" She started, her cheeks red with the blood that fled her heart when she heard this doleful news. "Wait! There are qualifications. In the first place, what do you expect from an American?"

"But you always write so glowingly of our composers," she interjected.

"And," he went on as if she had not spoken, "Van Kuyp is your typical countryman. He has studied in Germany. He has muddled his brain with the music of a dozen different nations; if he had had any individuality it would have been submerged. His memory has killed his imagination. He borrows his inspiration from the poets, from Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, Richard Strauss. Anyhow, like all musicians of his country, he is too painfully self-conscious of his nationality."

"You, you alone, are responsible for his present ambitions," retorted the unhappy woman.

"Quite true, my dear friend. I acknowledge it."

"And you say this to my face?"

"Do you wish me to lie?" She did not reply. After a grim pause she burst forth:

"Oh, why doesn't he compose an opera, and make a popular name?"

"Richard Wagner Number II!" There were implications of sarcasm in this which greatly displeased Mrs. Van Kuyp. They strolled on slowly. It was a melodious summer night; mauve haze screened all but a few exquisite large stars. Soothed despite rebellion, Alixe told herself sharply that in every duel with this man she was worsted. He said things that scratched her nerves; yet she forgave. He had not the slightest attraction for her; nevertheless, when he spoke, she listened, when he wrote, she read. He ruled the husband through his music; he ruled her through her husband. And what did he expect?

They retraced their way. A fantastic bridge spanning the brief marshland, frozen by the moonlight, appealed to them. They crossed. A coachman driving an open carriage hailed confidentially. Alixe entered and with a dexterous play of draperies usurped the back seat. Rentgen made no sign. He had her in full view, the moon streaking her disturbed features with its unflattering rays.

They started bravely, the horses running for home; but the rapid gait soon subsided into a rhythmic trot. Rentgen spoke. She hardly recognized his voice, so gently monotonous were his phrases.

"Dear Alixe. It is a night for confessions. You care for your husband, you are wrapped up in his art work, you are solicitous of his future, of his fame. It is admirable. You are a model wife for an artist. But tell me frankly, doesn't it bore you to death? Doesn't all this talk of music, themes, orchestration, of the public, critics, musicians, conductors, get on your nerves? Is it any consolation for you to know that Van Kuyp may be famous? What is his fame or his failure to you? Where do you, Alixe Van Kuyp, come in?

Why must your charming woman's soul be sacrificed, warped to this stunted tree of another's talent? You are silent. You say: he is trying to make me deny Richard! You were never more mistaken. I am interested in you both; interested in you as a noble woman—stop! I mean it. And interested in Richard—well—because he is my own creation . . ."

She watched him now with her heart in her eyes; he frightened her more with these low, purring words, than if he declared open love.

"He is my own handiwork. I have created him. I have fashioned his outlines, have wound up the mechanism that moves him to compose. Did you ever read that terrifying thought of Yeats, the Irish poet? I've forgotten the story, but remember the idea: 'The beautiful arts were sent into the world to overthrow nations, and, finally, life itself, sowing everywhere unlimited desires, like torches thrown into a burning city.' There—'like torches thrown into a burning city!' Richard Van Kuyp is one of my burning torches. In the spectacle of his impuissance I find relief from my own suffering."

The booming of the Tzigane band was no longer heard—only the horses' muffled footfalls and the intermittent chromatic drone of hidden distant tramcars. She shivered and shaded her face from him with her fan. There was something remote from humanity in his speech. He continued with increasing vivacity:

"Music is a burning torch. And music, like ideas, can slay the brain. Wagner borrowed his harmonic fire from the torch of Chopin"—— She broke in:

"Don't talk of Chopin! Tell me more of Van Kuyp. Why do you call him *yours?*" Her curiosity was become pain. It mastered her prudence.

"In far-away Keltic legends there may be found a lovely belief that our thoughts are independent realities, that they go about in the void seeking creatures to control. They are as bodiless souls. When they descend into a human being they possess his moods, his very existence——"

"And Richard!" she muttered. His words swayed her like strange music; the country through which they were passing was a blank; she could see but two luminous points—the nocturnal eyes of Elvard Rentgen, as he spun his cobwebs in the moonshine. She did not fear him, nothing could frighten her now. One desire held her. If it were unslaked she felt she would collapse. It was to know the truth, to be told everything! He put restraining fingers on her ungloved hand; they seemed like cold, fat spiders. Yet she was only curious, with a curiosity that murdered the spirit within her.

"To transfuse these shadows, my dear Alixe, has been one of my delights, for I can project my futile desires into another's soul. I am denied the gift of music-making, so this is my revenge on nature for bungling its job. If Richard had genius my intervention would be superfluous. He has none. He is dull. You must realize it. But since he has known me, has felt my influence, has been subject to my volition, my sorcery, you may call it—" his laugh was disagreeably conscious—"he has developed the shadow of a great man. He will seem a great composer. I shall make him think he is one. I shall make the world believe it, also. It is my fashion of squaring a life I hate. But if I choose to withdraw——"

The road they entered was black and full of the buzzing shadows of hot night, but she was oblivious to everything but his hallucinating voice:

"And if you withdraw?" Her mouth echoed phrases without the complicity of her brain.

"If I do—ah, these cobweb spinners! Good-bye to Richard Van Kuyp and dreams of glory." This note of harsh triumph snapped his weaving words.

"I don't believe you or your boasts," remarked Alixe in her most conventionally amused manner. "You are trying to scare me, and with this hypnotic joke about Richard you have only hypnotized yourself. I mean to tell Mr. Van Kuyp every bit of our conversation. I'm not frightened by your vampire tales. You critics are only shadows of composers."

"Yes, but we make ordinary composers believe they are great," he replied, acridly.

"I'll tell this to Richard."

"He won't believe you."

"He shall—he won't believe *you!* Oh, Rentgen, how can you invent such cruel things? Are you always so malicious? What do you mean? Come—what do you

expect?" She closed her eyes, anticipating an avowal. Why should a man seek to destroy her faith in her husband, in love itself, if not for some selfish purpose of his own? But she was wrong, and became vaguely alarmed—at least if he had offered his service and sympathy in exchange for her friendship, she might have understood his fantastic talk. Rentgen sourly reflected—despite epigrams, women never vary. For him her sentiment was suburban. It strangled poetry. But he said nothing, though she imagined he looked depressed; nor did he open his mouth as the carriage traversed five or six avenues of processional poplars before arriving at her door. She turned to him imploringly:

"You must come with me. I shall never be able to go in alone, without an excuse. Don't—don't repeat to Richard what you said to me, in joke, I am sure, about his music. Heavens! What will my husband think?" There was despair in her voice but hopefulness in her gait and gesture when they reached the ill-lighted hall.

A night-lamp stood on the composer's study table. The piano was open. He sat at the keyboard, though not playing, as they hurriedly entered the room.

"You poor fellow! You look worn out. Did you think we had run away from you? Did you get the wires, the telephone messages? Oh, why did you keep us expecting you, Richard! We have had a wonderful time and missed you so much! Such a talk with Rentgen! And all about *you*. *Nicht wahr*, Rentgen! He says you are the only man in the world with a musical future. Isn't that so, Rentgen? Didn't you say that Richard was the only man in whom you took any interest? Say what you said to me! I *dare* you!"

The musician, aroused by this wordy assault, looked from one to the other with his heavy eyes, the eyes of an owl rudely disturbed. Alixe almost danced her excitement. She hummed shrilly and grasped Van Kuyp's arm in the gayest rebounding humor.

"Why don't you speak, *Maestro?*"

"I didn't join you because I was too busy at my score. Listen, children! I have sketched the beginning of 'The Shadowy Horses.' You remember the Yeats poem, Rentgen? Listen!"

Furiously he attacked the instrument, from which escaped accents of veritable torture; a delirium of tone followed, meagre melodies fighting for existence in the boiling madness of it all; it was the parody of a parody, the music of yesterday masquerading as the music of to-morrow. Alixe nervously watched the critic. He stood at the end of the piano and morosely fumbled his beard. Again a wave of anxious hatred followed by forebodings, crowded her alert brain. She desperately clutched her husband's shoulder; he finished the music in a burst of sheer pounding and brutal roaring. Then she threw her arms about him in an ecstasy of pride—her confidence was her only anchorage.

"There, Elvard Rentgen! What did you tell me? I dare you to say that this music is not marvellous, not original!" Her victorious gaze, in which floated indomitable faith, challenged him, as she drew the head of her husband to her protecting bosom. The warring of exasperated eyes endured a moment; to Alixe it seemed eternity. Rentgen bowed and went away from this castle of cobwebs, deeply stirred by the wife's tender untruths. . . . She was the last dawn illuminating his empty, sordid life—now a burnt city of defaced dreams and blackened torches.

THE BATHERS

By H. G. Dwight

THE painter laughed as he splashed into the shallows. A million crabs were idling in the linked gold of the sun, and they scurried away or burrowed frantically into the sand at his irruption among them. He waded on, catching his breath delightedly at the freshness of the rising water. The fancy came to him that he was entering a new world by this downward path: he wondered how the clouds would look from the bottom of the sea—and the stars, and the scudding *bragozzi*. He glanced back a moment, to the world from which he had fled. The Alps filled the horizon with pale outlines of shadow. Between them and the long spit of the Lido were shining lagoon spaces, out of which the clustered towers seemed to look wistfully over into the unpent sea. With the vividness of mirage he recalled a placid water avenue winding green between its lines of awninged palaces. Then he turned from it all, in sudden hatred of his artificial life, of the restlessness to express. He envied the fisherfolk under their butterfly sails out there where the Adriatic swept bare and blue to the east. There were the true creators! They did not copy those colors to hang on a wall. They made them—to blow in the open sea, to toss unspoiled in the rains of heaven! They did not watch: they lived.

The painter threw himself forward with a great splash, opening wide his arms and ducking his head as if in homage. He laughed as he came up. Blinking and sputtering, he swam lazily to the full extent of his limbs in the joy of finding himself in a new element, untrammelled by the last conventionality of clothes. The joy of it filled him. As he moved over green abysses, somehow hanging miraculously as he chose, he seemed to be free from even so dogging a burden as Gravity. And his whole body—not merely hands and face—was alive to poignant sensations, to the freshness and rhythm of the sea.

A long time he drifted in the slow swell, jealous to take in the full *volupté* of sea and sun and sky through every pore. And as he idly floated there a shout suddenly startled him from behind, and a great dash of water half choked him. Then someone began to laugh, but stopped short. When at last he could breathe and see, he found a young man of his own age regarding him out of smiling eyes that tried to look grave.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, who spoke in the slow dialect of the lagoon—so different from the slippery talk of the Venetians—"I thought you were my brother. He is of the *dazio* here at Alberoni, and I meant to surprise him. I would not have disturbed you if I had known."

"No matter," replied the painter. "There is room in the sea for both of us."

The other laughed, regarding the painter curiously.

The painter returned the gaze as frankly. With the skilled eye of his craft, yet almost as if his fancy were realized and this were the first met of a new race, he admired the clear brown skin, the set of the neck, the turn of the sinewy arm. He wondered how they would understand each other, forgetting that they had already spoken.

"You are not from Chioggia," said the stranger; "I know almost everybody there, and then you do not speak their language. I know the Pellestrina dialect too, and the Venetian, and the one they speak at Burano; but yours is different from them all. Where is your country? I am from Malamocco."

The painter smiled.

"Venice is my country now," he answered, "but I speak the Florentine dialect." Although he had picked up the speech of the lagoon his foreign accent always betrayed him.

"Ah, *Fiorenza!*" exclaimed the stranger, using the beautiful old name which the Florentines themselves have discarded. "That is on the mainland, isn't it? I have been only to places on the lagoon, like Campalto and La Rana. But I would like to

see Florence, too. . . . You swim differently there, as well as talk differently," he added, watching the painter's stroke. "This is the way we swim." He struck out hand over hand, throwing his body from one side to the other with great splashes. He made such headway that the painter could not keep up with him. "If you swam that way I think you would go faster," he said politely.

"I am afraid not," returned the painter. "I don't swim very well."

"Can you dive?" asked the stranger. "Let's see who can bring up something first." He turned a somersault and disappeared glimmering into the green depths, whence presently he shot up waving a streamer of seaweed. "Didn't you get anything?" he asked, noting his companion's empty hand.

"I didn't even try," smiled the painter. "You swim much better than I."

"*Mah!*" exclaimed the other. "I have probably had more practice." He paused, half embarrassed. "I think I will swim out a little. Will you come?"

"Thank you, but perhaps not," replied the painter. "I have been out a good while. I am going in now."

"Well, have you forgiven me for drowning you?" laughed the stranger. "*A rivedersi!*"

The painter watched till the black head was a mere dancing speck in the water.

"That was amusing," he thought. "He wouldn't have called me 'thou' if I had had my clothes on. And he is a better man than I. . . ."

Back on the beach the painter abandoned himself anew to the joy of sensation. He did not think. He scarcely remembered. He simply felt in every nerve the glow of the sun, the caress of the air, the pulse of the sea lapping softly at his feet. As he lay there, happy and languid in the warm sand, the sound of splashing in the shallows came like an intrusion. But opening his eyes he saw the young man of Malamocco come up from the water, his whole shapely brown body glistening in the sun. It might have been a young sea god rising from the waves. The painter smiled as he watched the dripping apparition, so in keeping did it seem with his humor. The youth caught the smile and answered it. He came and threw himself down in the sand beside the painter. They looked at one another, the smile still in their eyes.

The painter was glad he had hidden his clothes. He felt how absurd were those distinctions in the world from which he came, of nationality, of belief, of rank. They could be laid aside with one's coat. This was another world, with other standards. He and the young man beside him —by what different roads had they travelled to this beach! But what influence in their lives had wrought upon them like that secret pre-natal influence which on different continents, among different races, had moulded them to identical form of limb? Here lay the two of them together by the sea, children both of Nature, without distinction or preference between them— unless that most ancient preference of Nature for the fit.

"How white you are!" exclaimed the stranger. "I am all black from the sun." He lifted his leg to notice how the darkness of the lower tan shaded into a tone but a trifle paler. "When we fish in the lagoon we often go like this. But even on the sea the sun burns through our clothes. I have always been black. I never saw anybody so white as you are—except perhaps women, and sick people, and the *signori* at the Lido."

Shame filled the painter—shame, and a passionate envy. He looked admiringly at the young fisherman stretched out beside him, followed all the curves of the sunburned muscular body, without a line of excess in its supple youth, and without one of deficiency. Then he glanced at his own lank white limbs. He felt the cut of being classed with women and sick people and *signori!* This was the only shame of nakedness, to have a body not worth looking at. Instinctively he took up handfuls of the fine sand and poured it over himself. The life he had fled from that morning surged back over him. How he hated the imprisonment of houses, the absurdity of ambition, the mockeries of pleasure, that had made him what he was! How he envied this fisherman his life of sun and sea, and his untroubled youth, and his unspoiled body!

"You take too little at a time," laughed the fisherman. He sat up to scoop out great handfuls of sand, which he threw

over the painter's body until it was quite buried. Then he heaped a mound over himself, and looked inquiringly at the painter. "I know by your skin that you are not of my *mestiere*. But people in Venice do many things. What is your trade?"

The painter felt more comfortable under the sand, and the unsuspecting "*ti*" of the dialect touched him again.

"My *mestiere* is to paint," he said. "I make pictures."

"Ah, that is a nice trade! My cousin is on one of the Chioggia steamers, and he makes pictures of the *bragozzi* when he has taken the tickets. You should see how beautiful they are. Do you paint *bragozzi?*"

"Yes, and some other things: houses, and gardens, and people."

"It must be very difficult. Did you have someone to show you how?"

"Yes," answered the painter gravely. He thought of New York, and Paris, and the months in the great galleries.

"Ah! That is different. My cousin says people are very hard, unless you have a master. But he does *bragozzi* well because he knows all about them—his father builds them. He sold one once for ten francs. Do you sell yours?"

"Sometimes. But I make a great many more than I sell."

"So does my cousin. He gives them to people to hang in their houses. And in the shops he buys more cheaply if he gives a *bragozzo*. Do you do anything else?"

It was evident that the fisherman's conception of the picture market was based on the sale effected by his relative, and that his deductions regarding the painter's income were therefore not dazzling. The painter was pleased. He had feared lest a breach separate him and his companion too early in their relations.

"But who knows?" pursued the fisherman, encouragingly. "If you do nothing else perhaps you will come to paint big pictures with gold frames—like the ones under the *procuratie* in the Piazza San Marco. My cousin says the artists who paint those are *signori*. Then it will be a trade! I shall never be a *signor* at mine. Do you know how long it takes me to earn ten francs?"

The painter remembered how often he had seen fishermen in their long brown stockings and wooden shoes before the brilliant windows of the Square. Never before had he conceived of them otherwise than as a picturesque foil to the glitter of civilization.

"No," he replied. "But your *mestiere* is better than mine. It keeps you out of doors, and what you do is necessary to people more than what I do."

"*Mah!* It is a pleasure to be on the sea in a good wind. I would not like to be shut up in a shop, or anything like that. But we make so little. And the winter! Sometimes we do not even catch enough to eat. You can make a picture whenever you want, but I can't catch a fish whenever I want!"

"Yes, but you can eat your fish when you get him, while my picture is no good to me unless I sell it. I can't eat it, and it isn't the kind of thing that everybody wants to buy, like a fish."

"That is so. But if people don't like your picture you can ask them what they do like, and sit down and paint it for them. *Ecco!* And in the winter you can stay comfortably by the hearth in the kitchen and make your pictures of boats and flowers and summer and what else do I know, while outside it snows. But I have to go into the sea to get my fish, if I get shipwrecked for it."

The painter smiled, still envying the strong brown body buried in the sand beside him. And then he suddenly asked:

"Have you ever been shipwrecked?"

"Only once," answered the fisherman, as if it were an every-day matter.

"Tell me about it," demanded the painter eagerly, turning on his elbow to look at this creature who had been through shipwrecks and thought nothing of it.

"*Mah!* I was small then," began the fisherman apologetically, as if he would be less awkward now. "It was in my grandfather's *bragozzo*, one night in March. We were blown on to the Punta dei Sabbioni, and the boat broke in two." He stopped as if there were nothing more to say.

"Well, what happened? How did you get ashore?"

"God knows," replied the fisherman. "We fell into the water, and after a while I woke up with men rubbing me. My grandfather was there, too. My father and my brother were drowned."

"And then?"

"What was there to do then? We went home."

The picture of this common little coast tragedy flared up in the painter's imagination. He was impatient that it should be told him so barely. He wanted a hundred dramatic details, and he could not think how to bring them out.

"What did your mother do?" he asked, desperate.

"What do women do? She cried."

"Did they find your father and brother?"

"My father, yes, but not my brother. This makes one feel sleepy after being in the water, doesn't it?" He closed his eyes, turning a little his head from the sun.

The painter stared in amazement. In the life back there among the sculptured palaces these were things read, things far away as Olympus and Troy—not things seen. He felt like a child in the presence of one who has come back scarred from the wars.

Feeling the power of eyes upon him, the isherman finally opened his own.

"How warm it is here, eh? It is better than that time at the Sabbioni. Ee-ee that was cold!" He drew up his shoulders as if to shiver, and the sand ran from him in rivulets. "I love the summer. I wish it would never end. We often come to this same place to pull in the nets, but it is not always so nice as this."

The painter was full of curiosity about a life to him so romantic.

"Do you come here in a *bragozzo?*" he asked, with the respect due to a superior, fearful of offending by too many questions.

"Oh, no," answered the fisherman. "It is too shallow. We come in a *caorlina*, about ten of us, and plant the nets, and afterwards pull them up on the sand."

"Oh, yes!" cried the painter. "I have seen it at Sant' Elisabetta—three or four men pulling at each rope, and then the net squirming with fishes! And afterwards they beach the boats, and build fires on the sand and have their breakfast." He had often sketched the bare-legged men and boys tugging at the ropes, and had thought how good their fresh fish and *polenta* must be in the morning air on the edge of the sea.

"Yes, we go there often. But the nets are not always squirming with fish. Sometimes we get nothing but crabs, cast after cast."

"Do you do anything else besides go in the *caorlina?*" asked the painter.

"Hoo-oo!" exclaimed the fisherman in a high singing interjection, with an amused smile. "I go oftener in my uncle's *bragozzo*. We have none, because ours was lost when my father was drowned and we have never been able to get another. They cost more than the painted ones! We generally leave in the afternoon and stay out all night, so as to get the fish to Rialto early in the morning. That is nice—to lie on the deck after the nets are down, and watch the stars playing behind the sail and the light-houses here and at Cavallino winking their eyes. And then to run in when the sun comes up all wet and cool out of the sea, and the wind begins to blow! But in winter it is another affair, and when there are storms. Two or three boats are lost in every *burrasca*."

The painter's humility grew, as he inwardly compared the vicissitudes of studio life with this adventuring upon the deep.

"But you would rather live on the water than in a shop, didn't you say?"

"*Mah!* Now, yes—when the nights are a *delizia* and we have enough to eat. But in winter! Then it is another story." He propped himself up on his elbows and began excavating a reservoir, into which the water rose slowly. "No, I would not like to be in a shop. But I would like to be a *signor*, and have plenty of money without working, and eat meat every day, and in the winter always have a fire in the kitchen, and go as often as I liked to the *osteria*. And I would like to go to other places, to see Florence, and all the countries of the world. That is what I would like the best of all. Sometimes the steamers pass us in the sea at night, with all their little round windows full of lamps, and people singing on the deck—high over the top of our mast—and it makes me want to go with them. They pass so quickly, with the water white behind them, and their lights grow small and small in the dark, and disappear. Where do they go, the ships? I would like to know, and travel to the countries at the end of the sea." He looked across the painter toward the breakwater, where the sails of a pilot boat were bobbing up and down

and where, far away, the sea ran blue to the sky. "But I never shall. I have to catch fish for my family. They would not have enough if I went away. . . . A boy I knew went to America, and now he sends home money to his mother—a great deal. He won a *terno* at the lottery,enough to pay for the steamer and then to keep him till he found a place. But I am not lucky. And even if I could go I could not take my wife, and my mother might have nothing to eat long before I could send her money. They speak another language there—and many things. Have you been to America?" He asked it nonchalantly, tracing arabesques in the damp sand of his reservoir, much as one might inquire, "Have you been to the moon?"

"Yes," answered the painter, absently, "I have been to America." He lay on his back, his hands under his head, looking into the sea. The gleam of its blue was curiously watered by ripples of shadow sweeping across it in shades from purple to the pallor of the sky. He wished that all evils were so calculable as winter, and he was touched by the simplicity of these ambitions, by the poetry of the lighted ships. He had not thought of a wife, the fisherman was so young. Discontent seemed inexplicable in such a case.

The fisherman turned instantly, forgetting his arabesques.

"You have been to America?" He sat up, edging nearer the painter and looking down at him with a strange and new curiosity. "You have been to America! Why didn't you tell me before? What is it like?"

The painter was sorry. But he looked up at the eager face bent upon him, and smiled.

"Oh, it is very much like this. There are fields and trees, and rivers run into the sea, and there is a sun every day, and sometimes there is a moon at night."

"A sun every day!" broke in the fisherman. "Sometimes there is none for a month here! I would like that. Is it like Venice, with *palazzi*, and gondolas, and the *campanile?*"

"No," answered the painter, "it is not like Venice. There are no gondolas and no *campanile;* and the *palazzi* are all new; and they don't have four, five, six floors, but fifteen, twenty, twenty-five."

"They must be as high as the *campanile*, then! And new! In Venice all the houses are so old. I like new things. Don't you?"

"Well—not so much," replied the painter. "It is hard to tell which of them will last. Old things are the ones that were good enough to last."

"Oh!" said the fisherman. "What are the people like?"

"The people? They are like you and me. Only perhaps they don't like to lie all the afternoon in the sun, the way you and I do," he added, stretching his arms out wide in the sand and following a gull into the sky.

"Are they good?" pursued the fisherman. Goodness as applied to character has come in Italian to mean complaisance rather than the sterner moral qualities expected in the North.

"Well, perhaps they are more apt to be 'bad,' if one is from another country. I think it is because they do not understand. They speak another language, you know."

"Can you understand it?"

"M-m-m, generally."

"Say some!" demanded the fisherman. And after it he required a translation of the painter's phrase. "It is curious," he commented. "When you say those words I can understand nothing, but you are saying the same things that we say in Italian!"

"Yes," said the painter. "They do not tell you new things in other countries. At first it sounds different, and then you find out that it is really the same. . . ."

"Why, have you been to many of them?"

"I have been to some others."

"Tell me about them. Were they like America?"

"Most of them were."

The fisherman edged a little closer, his eyes fastened on the painter as if to win the secret of his strangeness and his fortune.

"If you have been so far you must have been on a ship," he uttered slowly.

"Yes."

"I would like to go on a ship, especially at night. Did you ever put your head through one of the little round windows where the lights are, and look down at the dark sea, and find a *bragozzo?*"

"Yes," answered the painter, "and I have seen the light from the little windows

touch the sails, and the faces of the men looking up."

"And then you passed and left them in the night. How I wish I could have done that! But I was down in the *bragozzo*, and you were up in the great lighted ship, going to the countries at the end of the sea."

The wistfulness in his face hurt the painter, to whom the sense of the superiority of that superb body, and of the simple life from which it had won its beauty and its power, was keener than ever. He had meant only to entertain his companion, not to sharpen in him the sharpness of desire. How could he put convincingly what he really felt? But the fisherman went on, his face hanging almost over the painter's.

"Have you been to all the countries in the world?" he asked.

"Oh, no! Only to a few of them. And I don't care to see the rest."

"Why not? If I were like you, and had no one else to think about, and could do my trade in any country, I would go to see them all."

"Why? You do not see new things when you travel. It is not worth while going on long journeys to see people who wear different clothes from ours, or have a different skin. They are always really the same. They are all born in the same way, and they all love and hate in the same way, and they all work to get bread and fish, and then they all die. These are the real things, the old things that people hide under their customs and their languages. You can see them here as well as anywhere else."

"It will be so," said the fisherman humbly. "You know better than I. But one gets tired of just the same thing every day, every week, every month, every year. It is like a week without Sunday. You have had your *festa*, but I never had mine."

"What you call *festa* was every day to me, and it did not make me happy."

"Then I wish I could have had your every day." He glanced out to sea a moment, where the fishing boats were tacking about as if to no purpose but to show off their butterfly wings. "Have you ever been hungry?" he asked, looking down at the painter again.

"No." The painter crushed a temptation to play with *double entendre*, and was ashamed to count the few dinners deferred that he could remember.

"I have," said the fisherman. "I have gone back to Malamocco on a winter morning after a night in the *bragozzo*, and I have had to show my empty hands to my wife who was waiting at the door. And I have seen the Porto di Lido white with *cavalloni*, when we tacked up and down outside, afraid to run in, until we were so cold and tired that I hoped the boat would go down. And I have seen my father's dead body washed up by the sea. These are the things that I have seen. But you——"

The painter sprang out of his lazy posture and put one hand on the other's knee, looking into his eyes.

"What are the things I have seen to these!" he cried, passionately. "What do I know of the world, compared to you? You have seen more of life there in Malamocco than I ever did in all the great cities I have lived in! It is nothing to know how men say 'Good-morning' in different languages and how they look in their *festa* coats, if you know what they say on the decks of sinking ships and how they look when they are washed up by the sea!"

For a moment the fisherman was silent, surprised by the other's vehemence. Then he said:

"Perhaps so. But what good does it do me to know these things? I would rather have your *mestiere*. It is not so monotonous. It is not so hard. It is not so sad——"

The painter leaped impatiently to his feet. He wanted to prove in some palpable way the inferiority of his manner of life, so that the fisherman could not help being convinced.

"Get up!" he cried. "Wrestle with me!"

"What shall I wrestle with you for?" asked the fisherman in astonishment, sitting back with his hands propped behind him in the sand. "I want to talk about these things."

"You shall talk about these things afterward," laughed the painter. "Now I want to see how easily I can throw you. Get up!"

The fisherman obeyed slowly and stood, loose-jointed, waiting to see what the other would do. The painter suddenly clinched him, at which the fisherman's muscles leaped instinctively into play. There was

a short sharp tussle, and the painter found himself on his back in the sand, panting, the other's knee on his chest.

"You see?" demanded the painter.

The fisherman rolled down in the sand beside him.

"Excuse me," he said. "When I felt you catch me I didn't think, and I put you down."

The painter laughed.

"Do you see how much better your trade is than mine?"

"No. What have trades to do with it? One of us had to go under. Another time you would probably beat me. Let's try again. Come!"

He started to get up, but the painter pulled him back.

"You know perfectly well that I couldn't beat you if I tried all day! Look at that!" He held out his arm and made the fisherman do the same. "And look at that!" He stretched a slim white leg beside the fisherman's full brown one. The comparison made him wince, as in the frame beside him he noted again how toil and peril had only wrought like surpassing sculpture. He went on: "There is no reason why I should not be as strong and as *bello* as you. I am not much older, and I am not ill, and I have never been hurt. Then why are we so different? It is just this very thing, the difference between our *mestieri*. For when you were pulling up nets on the sand I was sitting in the house making little paper sunsets for people to buy—when they could have new and better ones every day for nothing by looking out of the window! And when you were watching the stars play behind your sail I was shut up in hot drawing-rooms. Lamps are not so good for one as stars! And when you were fighting the sea in storms, I was running about the world trying to find some new thing. And so you are what you are, and I am this!" He looked down at himself and laughed bitterly.

"That may be," said the fisherman, puzzled and a little embarrassed. "But what if I am strong? You are strong enough. You have not been prevented from enjoying. Was it worth while for me to do all those things just to be able to put you down? What difference does it make to me? I would rather have been in your place."

"No! Outside things cannot make you happy, unless they fit with something inside. And they are so few and so common that the smallest room in the world can hold them. They are the old, old things of the earth, the few necessary things that anyone can have anywhere. That is all the good my travels have done me—to teach me this. I know these things, but you have them." He stopped abruptly.

The fisherman looked at him a long time saying nothing. When finally he spoke it was humbly, as one lower to one higher.

"What you say must be true, because you understand and I do not. Still—I wish I could be once on a lighted ship at night, and go to one of the countries at the end of the sea. I have never been, and you have. . . ."

At first the painter did not answer, his eyes on the bronzed figure beside him. But then he smiled, curiously.

"Look!" he said. "We are all covered with the sand of the sea. We must brush it off and go back into the world."



THE EARTH'S REMEMBRANCE

FOUR SONNETS

By Anne O'Hagan

In those still places dear to thee of old
The Spring, all tremulous, is waiting thee.
The willows fringe with frail green tracery
The winding river marges. Fold from fold
The maples blush to leafage, and in gold
The tasselled locusts deck them gallantly.
With song the woods are bannered, tree to tree,
The young year's nuptial hymn, ecstatic, bold.

O little heart, that loved this beauty so,
What lure has caught thee that thou comest not?
The tender Spring awaits. Hast thou forgot
Her loveliness—the green, the gold, the glow?
Hast thou forgot her wilding melodies?
What sounds enthrall thee, far away from these?

There fell a day of grief in thy green haunt,
And Spring, whose tryst thou wouldst not keep, slipped by.
Now Summer hails thee with a surer cry,
Full-bosomed Summer whom thou canst not daunt
With unresponsiveness. Her joyous vaunt
She makes that thou wilt not her call deny—
Her clarion call, blown to the wide-arched sky
Through rose-lipped trumpets, that the thick vines flaunt.

But to her round hallo of bloom and bird
Thou makest never answer ; and the breeze
Brings back but echo through the dark-leafed trees.
Oh, wherefore art thou mute? Hast thou not heard?
Dost not thou know thine own place waits for thee,
Resplendent, lone, in June's rich blazonry?

Since glamour and since glory both in vain
Besought the praising of thine eyes, her last
Appeal thy comrade makes, and wealth amassed
She flings thy brethren. All the tawny grain
And russet fruitage that they count for gain,
Are but a little bribe from out her vast
Desire of thee, that, grateful, thou mayst cast
Thy silence off, forbear thy strange disdain.

See with what beauty she bestows the gift—
What veils of woven amethyst enfold
The teeming fields, what ruby and clear gold
Are piled across the hills in evening drift,
What pungent wines are spilled upon the air.
Dost thou deny her still, benign and fair?

Then said the earth, when the last hope was sped,
"All, all is vain ; my comrade comes no more,
The one who loved me, whom I lovéd sore.
Die, all ye futile things, since she is dead.
Turn stone, my breasts ; breed not as ye have bred.
Fall, foolish leaves, and bitter rains, downpour.
Rage thou a flood, slight brook, efface the shore,
Efface the paths that she no more will tread."

So was it done, and now, O little heart,
The place that thou didst love lies desolate
From far-rimmed hill to glade most intimate.
And yet—is it more lovely where thou art?
Does deeper silence fold thee there? Do snows
More wide and white enwrap thy soft repose?

THE SUB-MASCOT

By Alden Arthur Knipe, M.D.

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe

MANY an alumnus, if he thinks back to the early days when the foot-ball games were played on the old field, will remember a small boy of six marching sturdily up and down the side-lines, holding tightly to the chain of a pure white bulldog. It was often a question between these two which was master, for sometimes the dog became aggressive and a pair of short legs, clad in the most diminutive of trousers, were taxed to their utmost to keep pace with this four-footed companion. When the days were warm the boy was dressed in a blue sailor's blouse with a red scarf, but usually he would appear in a man's sweater, rolled up at the bottom and sleeves, the collar of which came quite to his bobbed-off blond hair and pushed it out in a halo about his head. He made a queer little figure in this sweater with the 'Varsity initial nearly as large as himself; and at first the grand-stand, knowing nothing of the occult duties of a mascot, laughed at him: but in time these two were looked upon as a part of the regular accompaniment to every game. Down below,



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Holding tightly to the chain of a pure white bulldog.

where the coaches and "subs" sit nervously watching each play, there is a very different feeling. The care and devotion lavished upon the mascots is conclusive evidence of the faith the teams have in them; and never was there a more speckless bulldog nor a small boy with such abject slaves at his beck and call. Now and then, during the game, when the dog became wholly unmanageable, a big "sub-guard" would walk over to the boy to help hold it or, late in the afternoon, when the shadows lengthened across the field and it grew colder, he would wrap him in a blanket, pick him up very carefully and carry him to the bench. To this day Lawrence, who is a practising physician of more than local reputation, will tell you that the success of the team in those years was due entirely to the sub-mascot and, although the other members of the foot-ball squad may not be so willing to admit their superstitious beliefs, they are known to have excused one defeat because of the illness that kept the small boy in the house.

The dog became the property of the team quite naturally; he belonged originally to Burton, but soon gave evidence of superior endowments as a mascot and was at once appropriated by the athletes in need of his special gifts.

The boy came upon the scene abruptly. His name was Phil, and big Bob Struthers, he who pulled stroke on the Eight, had the honor of being his uncle. Struthers was a Junior "Medic" when Phil first appeared, and he came over from an afternoon lecture to find the boy alone in his rooms, seated on the floor absorbed in the colored illustrations of a text-book on anatomy. Struthers halted abruptly and looked down upon his nephew in utter surprise.

"Hello, Uncle Bob!" said Phil with a glad smile of welcome, "I've come to college."

"Oh! you have?" answered Struthers recovering his presence of mind, "I'm glad to see you; but where's the rest of the family?"

"Gone away on the train," answered Phil, soberly.

"Gone where?" asked his uncle.

Phil carefully placed the book on the floor, leaving it open at a lurid picture, and then rising, went to the table.

"Here's a letter Mover left for you," he replied, holding out a white envelope, "she said you were to tell her as soon as you found me. I've been waiting a long time and I'd like a drink of water."

Struthers produced the "drink" and while Phil returned to the book, read the following note:

DEAR BOB: I am nearly worried to death—Have just received a telegram calling me to Baltimore—Mother is ill and as absolute quiet is necessary I can't take the baby—He's an angel but *so* noisy—George is in Chicago and he can't stay alone with strange servants and the cook is going away on Friday—I thought of leaving the nurse with you too, but perhaps you would not have room for her to sleep and really Lena is the only person I can depend on to help me nurse Mother—I do hope you will understand and the baby is no trouble—He has his bath (temperature 90 degrees Fahr.) and goes to bed at seven-thirty—Give him only a light supper, of course but you'll know that without being told—I've put in heavy underwear in case it gets cold—Do be careful for he is such a delicate child—Be sure to get registered milk and don't take him through any crowds. There is much sickness around and he has never had a thing the matter with him in his life—You might consult your professor on babies about him perhaps he should be on a stricter diet—George thinks that I imagine things but I tell him one cannot be too careful—There are so many queer diseases now-a-days—Do put on his rubbers if it is damp also leggings—I'm so sorry that I did not think of bringing you Miss Winslow's "Advice to Young Mothers"—It is a most valuable work—The doctor thinks Mother is getting typhoid but he can't tell yet which seems to me very stupid—If I find that he is incompetent I'll telegraph you to let me know who to get in his place—You had better ask your professor on typhoid fever so as to be ready to answer promptly—Don't let Phil over heat himself but if he does he must cool slowly—Remember this is very important—*Cool Slowly!* And do be careful of what he eats, give him variety because he tires of the same things but—above everything—no mixtures! He takes a tea-spoonful of the medicine that you will find in the dress-suit case at ten minutes after eight in the morning and at quarter to five in the afternoon—He hates it but I'm sure he needs it—This is a volume but it's your own fault for not being in when I came—I have barely time to catch my train—I am disappointed not to have seen you—I could have explained so much better—Now I must go. Lovingly, your sister,

HELEN

P.S. The baby has found some picture books so he will be good till you come—Don't forget his bath before he goes to bed and put clean flannels on him to-morrow—also don't try to correct his baby talk; we want to keep him a baby as long as we can and Miss Winslow says "don't force the mind."

Had the boy not been sitting there in front of him, absorbed in medical litera-



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

He held out a small hand to each of the men.—Page 712.

ture, Struthers would have pinched himself to make sure it was not all a dream.

"Well, I'll be——" he began, and then Phil, at the sound of his voice, looked up and Struthers stopped in time.

Here was an unique situation, for it was not to be denied that the boy had been very carefully brought up upon the approved plans that enlightened mothers have adopted. Several volumes on nursery hygiene, two works on the psychology of children, not to mention the valuable contribution by Miss Winslow, formed the groundwork for an elaborate theory that as yet had failed to ruin Phil's rugged constitution. But it looked serious to Struthers.

"How did you get here?" he asked after finishing a second reading of his sister's letter.

"Mover brought me in a hansom with Lena. I'm going to college."

"It looks very much as if you were," laughed his uncle. "Where are your things?"

Phil pointed to the dress-suit case behind a chair.

"They are all in *it*," he replied, "and Mover said I was to do just what you tell me and to be a good boy."

"All right," said Struthers, "but you'll have to take 'pot luck' here. Your 'Mover' has been treating you like an infant long enough. You're a man now."

"Yes," answered Phil, "college man. Is that where I sleep?"

Then began a series of questions that continued until they were interrupted by the arrival of Maitland and Taylor, who halted at the door in utter astonishment.

"Why! we didn't know," Maitland began, "you never said a word about it, you know."

"Where have you been keeping him all this time?" put in Taylor.

"Where's his mother?"

"How old is he?"

"What's his name?"

"Don't be foolish, if you can help it," was Struthers's only reply to this string of questions.

But Maitland had entered into the spirit of the thing with his usual enthusiasm.

"Hey there! you fellows!" he called down the hall at the top of his voice. "Come see what Struthers has. He's been deceiving us."

There were sounds of hurried footsteps all over the house and they came crowding in, laughing and shouting, to the huge delight of Phil.

"Ho! ho!" sang out the irrepressible Forbes, "he looks like his dad."

"Come, Phil," said Struthers, "you'll have to know these idiots some time, so get up and shake hands with them."

Phil arose deliberately, lugging the big text-book with him as he held out a small hand to each of the men in turn, who, noting the sober way he went about it, stopped their laughter and the ceremony was conducted with due formality.

"Well," said Taylor, when this was over, "we can't afford to harbor suspects in this house. Tell us who he is?"

"He's my sister's baby," Struthers began, but Phil interrupted.

"I am'nt a baby," Uncle Bob, "I'm a man."

"Right you are," exclaimed Forbes, "and the youngest Freshman in the bunch."

"What's that book you're dragging about?" Struthers asked.

Phil came over to him and opened the book on his knees, displaying a colored anatomical picture of the muscular distribution in the human animal.

"It looks just like rabbits when the cook takes its feathers off," he explained, pointing to the page.

"But these books are not for Freshmen," his uncle told him.

"I like 'em," answered Phil, "they're so awful."

Amid the general laugh that followed this remark the men filed out of the room with a nod and a wink at the boy. But Struthers called Forbes back.

"Billy," he said, "I want you to read this letter."

Forbes began by chuckling, then, when he came to the reference about registered milk, he grinned broadly and at the end burst into a hearty laugh.

"On the square!" said Struthers, "isn't that the Tommyest rot you ever saw?"

"Thomas rot," echoed Phil, proudly.

Forbes instantly became grave.

"Miss Winslow says, 'Don't force the



"Kick to me! Kick to me!" he would call.—Page 717.

mind,'" he quoted with a meaning glance at the boy.

"That's right," said Struthers suppressing his mirth, "we'll have to be careful."

"Let's get out of this, anyway," suggested Forbes, "and take a look at the foot-ball practice. Come on, Kid, get your coat."

From this time on the education of Phil progressed with startling rapidity, and there was hardly a minute in which his receptive baby mind was not impressed by a new experience. The letter containing the instructions was speedily forgotten, in fact, disappeared utterly, although Struthers suspected Forbes, and the only mandate remembered was the final caution by Miss Winslow which was referred to upon the slightest provocation.

At dinner that night the men vied with one another in their attentions to the boy. His plate was heaped with edibles that would have shocked his mother into hysterics and, although "Uncle Bob" made a mild protest against more than

six pickles, he was out-voted promptly by the others, so that Phil had what he liked, and his heart was glad. Then he was taken to Struthers's fraternity house, where he was seized upon and made much of by the irresponsible youths who infest such places, and was at once pledged to membership when he grew a bit older. After many strange happenings, they returned to Struthers's rooms long after the boy's bed-time, with Halladay and Forbes, both of whom were now rivals for Phil's favor.

"Are you having a good time?" his uncle asked.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Bob!" he answered sleepily.

"Want to go to bed?" questioned Forbes.

"No!" said Phil, positively, "I'm not tired." And he straightened up with an effort.

Phil did not know how he happened to get to bed that night; he had a hazy idea at the time, but there was no memory of it in the morning. The men about him began talking of things he did not understand and their voices became more and more indistinct as he slid down in the chair for greater comfort. An hour later Halladay discovered him sound asleep and the three, speaking in whispers and going from place to place on tip-toe, took off his clothes and covered him up in the big bed. Then Halladay and Forbes went out, leaving Struthers alone.

"Don't forget," cautioned the latter in an undertone, as he closed the door softly, "that Miss Winslow says 'don't force the mind!'"

The next morning, after a vain effort to arouse his drowsy uncle, Phil slipped out of bed, put on a diminutive pair of slippers and began a tour of inspection all over the house. He renewed the acquaintances of the previous day and Forbes, who roomed on the same floor, soon had everybody up, whereupon they repaired in a body, clad in pajamas, to see Struthers. That individual awoke promptly when they filed in, headed by Phil.

"Uncle Bob's very sleepy," he said, "and I want my breppy."

"Want your what?" exclaimed two or three of the men at once.

"Want my breppy," Phil repeated.

"He wants his breppy," Forbes said with conviction. "Why don't you give it to him, Bob? Where is it, Kid? I'll get it for you."

"It's downstairs," answered Phil.

"Do you mean breakfast?" asked Struthers.

"Yes, of course, *breppy*; I'm hungry."

"But it isn't brep——"

"Hold on," interrupted Forbes, violently, "Miss Winslow says, 'don't force the mind.'"

"Sure," laughed Struthers, "I almost forgot. Come and get dressed and we'll all go to breppy."

"Yes, we'll all go to breppy," echoed the rest.

After shaking dice to see who would take the first bath, a performance that made Phil forget all about being hungry, they turned in and put on his clothes. Phil maintained he could dress himself; adding, so as to clinch the matter,

"I can put on my stockings, anyhow!"

Buttons and button-holes were finally fitted to the satisfaction of everyone, but it was not so easy as it seemed. Phil, pink and rosy after his bath, was tumbled about by these good-natured friends, twisted this way and that in their efforts to make things meet and, when two of them struggled to put a right shoe on an unresisting left foot, his merry laugh rang out heartily in pure joy. Then he waited until the others put on their clothes and they all went to "breppy," having adopted that word after repeated warnings by Forbes, who continued to quote Miss Winslow.

"If his mother could have seen that breakfast he ate," said Struthers on their way back from the dining-room, "she'd have a fit."

"What's a fit?" asked Phil, looking up.

"For Heaven's sake," exclaimed Forbes, "how many times must I tell you that Miss Winslow says, 'don't force the mind?'"

"For Heaven's sake," repeated Phil, stolidly.

"You'd better look out, yourself," Struthers retorted, "Miss Winslow says ——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Forbes, "we'll have to look out what we say every minute."



"It's mine ball and I want it."—Page 719.

That morning Phil went to his first and only lecture with "Uncle Bob." He was a bit awed by the noise and confusion that always precedes the advent of the professor, and he held tightly to Struthers's hand, who, being a Junior, sat down with him in the front row. Now there is a law, written in bruises upon the bodies of unknowing underclass-men, that the first six rows of seats are reserved for the Seniors and Juniors. The process of maintaining this rule is simple, for if by any chance a Freshman wanders into the forbidden territory, he is gently (provided he is non-resistant) but firmly removed and passed over the backs of the benches to the top of the room amid the derisive cries of all present. He may sometimes resist, but he always goes. Therefore, when a cheerful student yelled, "Pass the Freshman up!" every eye in the big amphitheatre soon rested on Phil.

This cry was repeated and Struthers, seeing the good-nature in it all, let them have their way.

"Hold on, Phil," he told the boy as they picked him up and, with never a suspicion of fear, he was passed from one group of men to another group higher up until he arrived at the top hugely pleased himself and keenly admired by the entire class.

"Pass him down, he's a Special!" was the next cry, so down he came by the same process, too much delighted to notice that the room suddenly became very silent and that the last men to carry him had been rather hurried in their movements.

"Uncle Bob," exclaimed Phil, and in



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

The University cheer was given again and again.—Page 719

the quiet room everyone could hear, "it's fun, isn't it?"

Struthers, however, was very red and paid no heed.

"But, Uncle Bob," persisted Phil, "I like lectures, it's fun. Please tell 'em to do it again."

Everyone laughed, even the white-haired professor, whom Phil finally discovered when he looked about him for an explanation of this burst of merriment.

He kept quiet for a long time vainly trying to make out the words; then the professor began to draw rude pictures on the blackboard to illustrate his lecture, and this was distinctly interesting. He watched the outline of a man being rapidly sketched in, amid the absolute stillness of the room. Presently the lecturer put down the chalk and turned to the class.

"Such a funny man, Uncle Bob," Phil's voice broke in, "he hasn't any eyes!"

The class laughed uproariously, while the professor obediently indicated the neglected eyes with a few strokes. Naturally Struthers was embarrassed, and he told Phil emphatically to keep quiet. By the end of the lecture the boy was fast asleep, and the professor in closing looked at the sleeping child and said with a twinkle in his eye:

"I hope you gentlemen don't envy that small boy; but many of you look as if you did, especially Mr. Struthers."

"Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob!" burst from every corner of the room and Phil awoke to find his big uncle very popular, or at least so it seemed, and for many a day Struthers was greeted as "Uncle Bob" wherever he appeared.

"Never again do I take you to another lecture with me," said Struthers on their way out, and he kept his word, for thereafter Phil was left in charge of a nurse at the hospital, where he promptly won every indulgence that the institution afforded.

So far the boy's career at college had been in the nature of a triumph. His manliness appealed at once to the students, who, after all, were older only in years, and this human plaything that had come among them was a novelty in the way of amusement. Within two or three days he was as well known about the University as any intercollegiate champion, and the foot-ball players, very great heroes in his eyes, adopted him outright. Every afternoon he went to the athletic grounds, and his education in the game was begun under the most expert teachers. Halladay, the captain of that year, was soon his obedient slave, while the two guards, quite the biggest men on the team, followed him about abjectly, running to get the ball after an erratic attempt of his to kick, or punting back to him very carefully, so that he might be able to catch it.

"Kick to me! Kick to me!" he would call, and his baby voice sounded strangely out of place on that field of battle wholly unaccustomed to the more gentle play of children. Nor was his cry ever unheeded, for when the coaches summoned the men to regular practice there was always a cripple or substitute willing to devote himself to Phil. They did everything possible to spoil him, showering attentions upon him morning, noon, and night, but he was a single-minded little chap, very intent on the matter in hand, and never realized that his own winning personality had anything to do with his great popularity.

"Say, fellows," said Halladay one evening during dinner at the training table, "Phil ought to be the mascot of this team. He's a lot better than a dog."

It is a fact that every man on the team was an ardent admirer of the boy, but this suggestion dealt with an element that did not allow of personal likes or dislikes, so Halladay's announcement met with no response. The dog had been tried for several seasons—seasons of almost unbroken victories—and it was not meet that any change should be made.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Halladay asked after waiting patiently for one of them to second his motion.

"He's an all-right Kid," Lawrence drawled, "but you can't change a mascot during the season unless your luck's so bad it couldn't be worse, and even then it's risky."

"That's right," put in Williams, "it won't do. We don't know anything about the Kid's luck and we do know about the dog's."

"Better let well enough alone," Miles growled.

"You're all too superstitious," Halladay replied in a disappointed tone.

"Humph!" grunted Lawrence, "when it comes to photographs you're worse than any of us."

"Photographs are different," Halladay tried to explain. "I never knew a team yet that had a picture taken during the season that didn't lose. Look at last year's team up at Boston!"

"Oh! you're too superstitious," chuckled the silent Mathews, and they all laughed.

"I'll tell you what to do," said MacLellan, the manager with many schemes, "you've got substitutes for all the other positions, why not have a sub-mascot? Send the Kid out with the dog till he learns the business."

This arrangement met with instant approval, and at the end of dinner Halladay hurried over to Struthers's room to inform the candidate. Struthers had misgivings when he thought of his sister's letter; but Phil, although he had no notion of what a mascot was, hailed with delight the prospect of taking care of the dog during the games, and his uncle's feeble protests were useless. It was while they were talking it over that the irrepressible Forbes burst into the room.

"Thought you were at a quiz?" Struthers said in surprise.

"Let me tell you all about it," laughed Forbes. "I've just come from there."

"It can't be over yet," put in Halladay.

"Will you please let me tell my little story?" begged Forbes. "Doc Peters is giving us special lectures and, of course, I wasn't paying any attention; just sitting there sort of dreaming, not listening to a word he said, and maybe I had my eyes shut. At any rate, Pete yells out, 'Mr. Forbes, what is the first instruction given to nurses?' Now what do you think I told him?"

"Couldn't ever guess," Halladay answered.

"Well, I was rattled," Forbes went on, "and before I knew it, I blurted out, 'Miss Winslow says, Don't force the mind.' Oh! but Peters was sore. 'Who's Miss Winslow?' he growled. I had to make my bluff good, so I said something about 'Miss Winslow's Advice to Young Mothers,' and he fired me out of the class."

The sub-mascot began his official career the following Saturday. It was only a practice game and the coaches "laid off" all but four of the 'Varsity players in order to give the subs a much-needed "workout." The teams, therefore, were very evenly matched; more so than was appreciated by the partisan "rooters" in the grand-stand. Phil, wholly enveloped in Halladay's big sweater, held tightly to the chain of the bulldog and, as the game progressed, was soon forgotten by the men on the side-lines. Except for the yelling of the spectators, this game was much like the regular daily practice to Phil, so he devoted himself to the dog. Unnoticed, the two drifted about the field until the dog found a suspicious hole in the ground behind the goal-posts which he insisted upon investigating and refused to go farther.

The teams had come to a standstill not far from them and Phil saw Halladay standing irresolutely behind his line, facing him. Impulsively, the boy ran out on the field and, in the momentary hush, everyone inside the enclosure heard his voice:

"Kick to me! Please kick to me!" he called.

Now at that particular instant Halladay was sorely perplexed. The unexpected strength of the visiting eleven made it wellnigh impossible to gain ground, and in the game thus far (the first half was nearly ended) there had been a continual exchange of punts with no advantage to either side. By a fumble the ball was now in their possession on the opponent's thirty-five yard line, but two attempts to rush had netted little gain and Halladay hesitated, not knowing what signal to give. It was at this period of uncertainty that Phil came upon the field, and the big athlete saw the little figure standing alone in front of the coveted goal-line holding out his hands appealingly.

It was an inspiration. Halladay gave the signal for a drop-kick, the men settled down in their places, and the next moment the ball was sailing between the posts amid the cheers of the onlookers. "Halladay's got a great head!" was the general comment in the grand-stand.

But Phil paid no heed to the cheering that followed. The ball had gone high over his head but, knowing that it had been kicked to him, he proposed to get it. The misgruntled full-back of the other team, however, was ahead of him, and Halladay, who ran up to take the sub-mascot out of harm's way, heard his voice raised in angry protest.

"You're dirt mean," Phil proclaimed, looking up at his grimy opponent. "It's mine ball and I want it."

"Get off the field, Kid," was the ungracious reply.

"I want mine ball!" Phil reiterated. "He'll make you give it to me!" he added, as Halladay came running up.

"Oh! I don't think he will," was the answer. Then he turned to Halladay, "You'd better take your coach off the field."

"Pretty good coach, don't you think?" returned Halladay, laughing.

"He told you what to do that time, any way. We all heard him."

"You bet he did," Halladay answered gayly.

"I want mine ball!" persisted Phil.

"Let us have it to finish the game," Halladay begged, "you may have it then."

"You'll have to win it first," put in the other man.

"Oh! we'll do that. Don't you worry." Halladay retorted as he led Phil off to the side-lines.

"You'll have to play a whole lot better than you have been doing. We're going to score right now."

"Fire away," answered Halladay,"you'll find us waiting for you—and the mascot, also," he added.

But Phil was not to be put off, and to satisfy him a sub was appointed to find another ball and the two exchanged kicks until his little leg became too tired for further effort.

Between the halves Halladay explained that his signal for a drop-kick was due entirely to Phil's intervention.

"I'd never have thought of it at that time," he told the coaches. "I wasn't at all sure it was the best thing to do even then; but there the Kid stood waiting for us to kick to him, and it seemed as if we ought. I tell you he's the kind of a mascot to have."

This being the story of a sub-mascot there is no need to detail the play that followed. The second half was a repetition of the first, except that there was never again a chance to make even a fieldgoal, for Halladay and his men were kept on the defensive throughout. Neither team scored, and as soon as the referee had blown his whistle to end the game, Halladay seized the ball and ran over to Phil. The score was five to nothing, and a good share of the credit of winning belonged to Phil.

The part he had played in the events of the afternoon had been whispered about and when the crowd saw the little chap perched on Halladay's broad shoulder with the ball clasped in his arms, an echoing cheer burst from the grand-stand.

"What's the matter with the sub-mascot?" shouted Halladay, and a thousand voices gave answer.

"He's all right!"

"Who's all right?"

"The sub-mascot!"

The University cheer was given again and again with the unrestrained enthusiasm that took possession of everyone. A large crowd pushed and jostled them as they moved slowly toward the exit from the grounds, laughing, cheering, crowding about Halladay to get a closer view of the diminutive hero, while Phil, perched high above the throng, his face radiant with pleasure and excitement, cheered with the good-natured students around him, never realizing that he was the centre and cause of all this demonstration. Up the street they went, the crowd gathering in size as they marched along, the University slogan resounding continuously, bringing the inmates of the houses to their windows, while people on the streets halted, wondering who this little boy with the yellow head might be, that all this noise should be made in his honor. Thus they proceeded across the campus, hemmed in by several hundred yelling undergraduates, toward Struthers's rooms.

Suddenly Phil's legs began to kick in Halladay's arms. At the same time there was a commotion on the outskirts of the crowd, and presently a woman with a flushed and anxious face forced herself into the centre.

"Mover, Mover!" cried Phil in ecstasy, "I'm the mascot!"

"Oh! my boy, my boy, what has happened? What are they doing to you, and where did you get that awful thing you have on? Please put him down," she pleaded, turning to Halladay.

"No, no!" exclaimed Phil. "I don't want to go down. I'm the mascot."

At which the crowd gave another cheer that turned the trembling woman pale.

"He's all right," said Halladay reassuringly.

"You bet he's all right!" echoed the throng.

"But isn't there anything the matter?" she asked. "I was so frightened when I saw him being carried, with all these people about. Where is his uncle, Mr. Struthers?"

That individual had by this time forced his way in and answered for himself.

"Here I am," he said, weakly. "Don't get rattled. He's all right, and we're going up to the rooms now."

Which they did as expeditiously as possible under the circumstances, and his mother at last took her small boy in her arms, feeling him over to make sure he was still intact.

Four days later Struthers received the following letter, which he and Forbes read with unsuppressed mirth:

DEAR BOB:—Of all the absurd things I ever heard of the absurdest is the idea that your silly foot-ball nine can't win a game without my baby running the risk of taking cold and getting hydrophobia from that awful dog! It was bad enough to send him out there when I had to—and that he survived shows what early care does for even the feeblest constitutions. He only weighed ten pounds when he was born, and I've asked dozens of men and they all weighed fourteen so you can't dispute the fact that he was puny. And the things he has learned! His father nearly choked to death over something about "Jack Potts," a man I never heard of, that my innocent lamb said to him. He won't take his bath at night, and when I said "but Papa has his bath in the morning," he replied "We could shake dice to see who gets the first one." And Bob—I hate to mention it and I know it really does no good—but do be advised for once and stay away from the hospital except in pursuit of your profession. It seems that you left Phil at the hospital (which was certainly running a great risk) while you were at lectures and he made this remark. "She isn't a very good nurse but awful pretty," evidently a quotation about a Miss Regan whoever she may be. Beside, Bob, it's all in the uniform and cap. She's probably a frump in her everyday clothes. I shall throw my vote against your becoming a resident doctor at any hospital; it's such a foolish risk for young men to run. But as I said before you must see that the baby can't possibly be at the games. He coughed this morning and it really sounded almost croupy. And he says you gave him three sausages every morning for breakfast—but this I cannot believe because he looks so well and really I think I ought to thank you for being so careful of his diet and I feel sure now, for the first time, that you have chosen your profession wisely. Three sausages! Think of it and he's only six! I'm sorry, and I hope you'll not think me disobliging but his going out there is all superstitious nonsense. Lovingly, your sister, HELEN.

P.S. George says the boy is to go. I certainly disapprove but if his father insists I shall always go with him myself to see that he is not killed. I was impressing it upon him just now that if he did go out there he was not to sit on the damp ground with that awful dog.

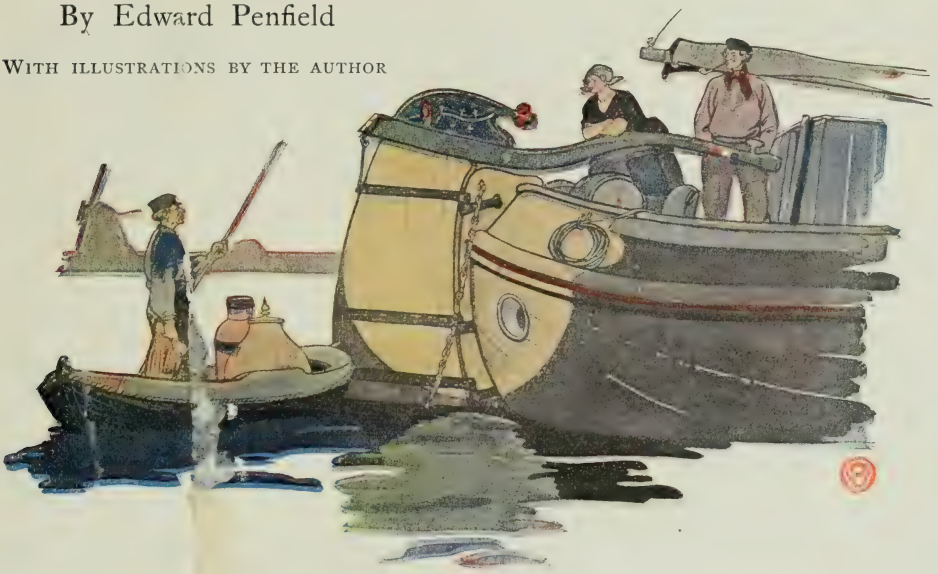
"Now remember, Phil," I said to him, and what *do* you suppose he said? "Oh Mover, Miss Winslow says to 'don't force the mind.'"

P.P.S. He says it's an eleven.

HOLLAND FROM THE STERN OF A BOEIER

By Edward Penfield

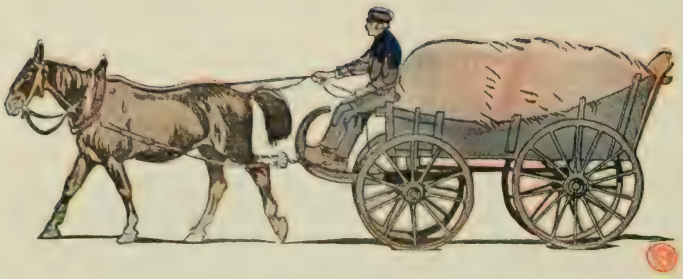
With illustrations by the author



ALONG the quay in the busy harbor of Rotterdam, the quaint Dutch boats are crowded, creaking rhythmically with the rise and fall of the water, side by side, stern to rudder-post, jostling one another in a great confusion of picturesque lines and gay carvings. At all the little cabin windows are clean lace curtains, and on the deck, brass and copper pots are drying in the sun. Hanging from spars and ropes, the family wash flutters its many hues against the windy sky. Chubby, red-cheeked children climb in and out of the cabin doors, or press their round noses against the tiny window panes. The women gossip in the sun, or clatter around in pursuit of their household duties, while the men lounge about, their hands in the pockets of their baggy breeches, and through clouds of tobacco smoke survey this scene of nomadic housekeeping with phlegmatic content.

My object was to find a boat to take me through the canals and across the Zuyder Zee to Friesland. Certainly here were boats enough for an invading army; but how, in the name of Neptune, was I to strike the bargain, with barely enough Dutch with which to order breakfast? As I stood pondering this weighty matter, the quaintness and charm of the scene was becoming more and more insistent, so that finally I began to jot down a few notes at random, like a greedy boy in a jam closet taking a hurried taste of each preserve. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," thought I, "the potter to his wheel," and the artist to his mooning; with which sage musing I gradually forgot my troubles and rested my full weight on Providence.

The sound of many sabots coming nearer and nearer soon warned me of a deepening interest on the part of the loungers, and on looking about I saw a semicircle of stolidly curious faces, each face wreathed with tobacco smoke and each pair of steel-blue eyes fixed intently upon my note-book. There may be some heroic souls who enjoy that sort of thing. However, I assumed a look of sweet-tempered complacency, and went to work again. Soon I felt a warm breath at my ear and then a chin was rested confidingly on my shoulder. At this critical juncture my Muse mocked me and fled, and I turned with a wooden smile and saw a weather-beaten old face, with a fringe of sparse whiskers around it. A kindly face, too, and so far as it could express anything whatever, there was admiration and consuming curiosity. "Mooi! mooi!" he said, and as that means "good" in Dutch,

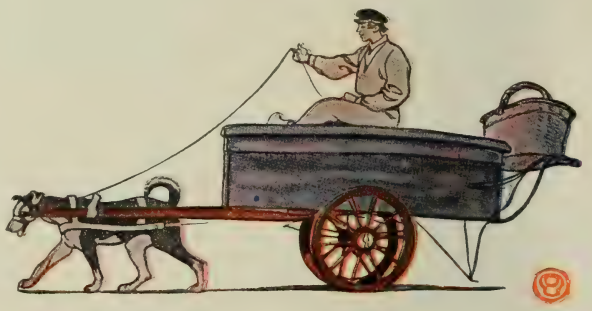


Quite a nautical arrangement.—Page 724.

I felt myself growing a little stronger. Then, praised be the Patron Saint of Travellers! he spoke to me in English. A very quaint and Gothic English, it is true, but infinitely better than my Dutch. It soon developed that he had picked up his English on his frequent trips to London with cargoes of eels; that it was his boat which I had been trying to hand down to a doubtful posterity, and that she was now loaded with a cargo of clay bound for Friesland. "Yes, there was room for a passenger," and "we sail any time to-day." "Any time to-day!" How delightfully Dutch! Every one has time to talk and smoke, and no one is ever in a hurry. For a life of elegant leisure, commend me to Holland.

Early that afternoon the great brown sail was hoisted and our tubby boat waddled through the lock, into the placid canal, and out into the country. How fresh and clean and flat it was, and how vividly green was the grass! It usually rains twenty days in the month, but this was one of the bright exceptions, and there was a brisk wind blowing fresh from the rim of the ocean. The canals, little and big, ran in every direction, one moment sparkling brilliantly in the sun and the next obscuring under the soft gloom of a racing cloud-shadow. Here and there in the distance, the arms of a windmill were silently whirling, and occasional red-tiled roofs made a lovely note of color above their encircling trees.

A brick roadway ran along by the canal that we travelled, and I was constrained to make an occasional note of the people and traffic that passed to and from the town. I don't know why, but all the men seemed preternaturally grave. They were dressed —in many instances it would be more correct to say that they were patched—



Patient little slaves.—Page 724.



We were sailing through the heart of the dairy country.—Page 725.



Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Taking toll.—Page 725.



A perfect adjustment of space and proportion,

in blue and brown, with an occasional admixture of red. Holland is certainly the land of artistic patches. Take, for instance, our very worthy captain; a thrifty man, and prosperous, with a neat sum tucked away. Yet, see his shirt! Patched and re-patched—and patched again, in varying shades of red and brown, until it has been completely metamorphosed. As to the original color, no man knoweth, but here is a wonderful mosaic of soft tones, put together with infinite skill and patience. It is, moreover, still in a state of evolution, for the process may go on indefinitely. I take it that the purchase of a new shirt is a solemn rite, and not to be entered upon with indecent haste or thoughtlessness. Here is a prospective heirloom, and one's children's children may gaze with pride upon it. And yet Barney O'Toole, whose specialty is mortar, and who possesses nothing save a numerous progeny and a very doubtful insurance policy, would flee in terror at the thought of wearing it.

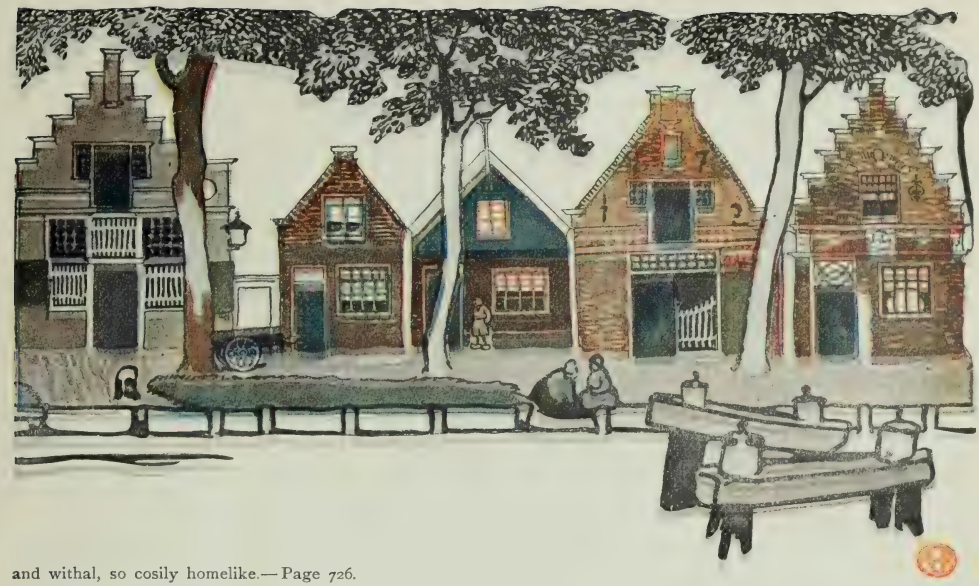
The women are not nearly so solemn, or so be-patched as the men, and they seem to be waging an incessant warfare against dirt and rust. Scrubbing pots and pans at the backs of the quaint little houses, scrubbing the door-sills and steps in front; and we passed one over-zealous soul, scrubbing a weather-beaten fence as if it were the one ambition of her life.

Here comes a cart at a brisk pace, drawn by a dog so small as to be ridiculously out of proportion to his burden. Patient little slaves and too often abused! Not infrequently the driver perches himself on the top of an already heavy load and uses his whip with an animation that would much better be employed elsewhere.

Occasionally we passed curiously fashioned wagons drawn by heavy, slow-moving horses. These wagons have no shafts. In their stead is a big rudder-like affair in front, with which the driver steers. Quite a nautical arrangement, this, and suggests a possible recourse to the water, when the roadbed grows irksome.

So through the bright afternoon we sailed, and on through the lingering purple twilight, until we seemed to be the only moving things in all the wide landscape. The traffic on the roadway had ceased; the restless arms of the windmills were stilled; the herds of cattle were contentedly chewing their cuds in the home fields, or lowing softly through the dusk, while a belated milkmaid, as she finished her evening task, crooned a sweetly simple folk-song.

We moored for the night beside the roadway, and I lay on the deck, industriously burning tobacco, and listening to the sibilant noises of the wind in the grass and the rigging. I saw the twinkling lights in the farm-houses disappear, one by one, and I



and withal, so cosily homelike.— Page 726.

felt the indescribable hush that settles over a sleeping country. But hark! what is that softly musical gurgle, from the direction of the companionway? It is the captain, pouring a libation to the Great God Neptune and, incidentally, guarding against malaria. Oh! All-wise captain! I will haste and follow thy example.

I was aroused next morning by the clattering of the sabots on the deck above my head, and turned out just in time to see a man in a stubby little boat, deliver our morning supply of milk. He made quite a picture in his faded blue coat and baggy brown breeches; with his milk-pans in the bow of the boat; one white with wide blue bands about it, and the other copper, of a most beautiful design.

It was another fine day, and we were soon under sail, with a cracking breeze at our backs. Everything glistened with dew, the roofs of the farm buildings shining in the early sun as if freshly rained upon. The great sail bellied in the wind and the water curled merrily back from the blunt nose of the "Boeier." We were sailing through the heart of the dairy country, past the wide fields, whose insistent greenness was now broken by great patches of buttercups, shining like gold in the freshness of the morning; past herd upon herd of black-spotted cattle grazing; past groups of milk-maids, whose rosy freshness was good to look upon, and brawny picturesque chaps, carrying pails of foamy milk suspended from yokes across their big shoulders. A boat loaded down with sweet-smelling cheeses was towed slowly by, against the wind. And always the same flat distance, with little clusters of red roofs and wind-blown limes. The farm buildings, almost without exception, have high pyramidal-shaped roofs, the main building serving the double purpose of dwelling and barn. But as the stable is kept immaculately clean, this is not as unpleasant as it would seem at first glance.

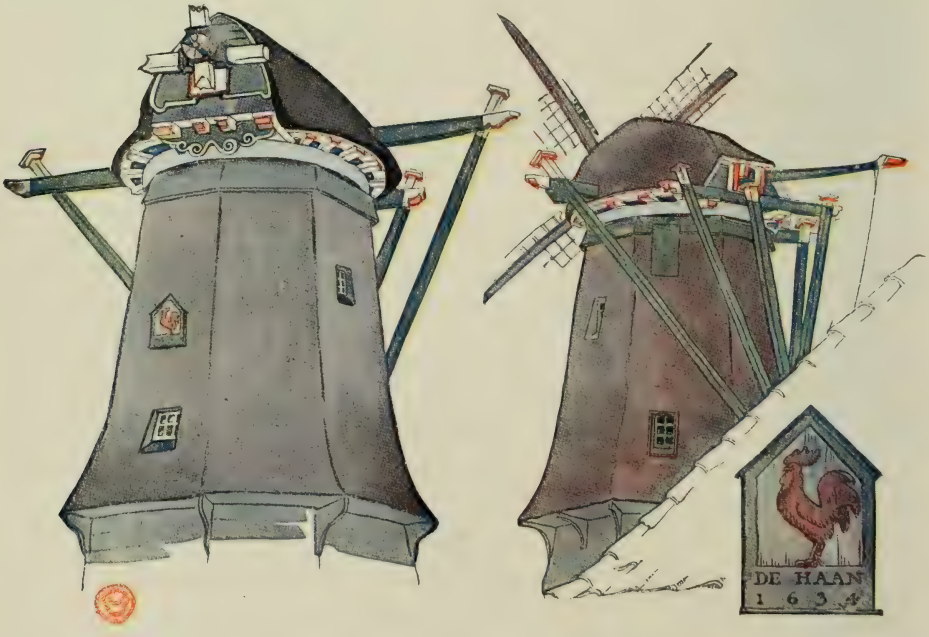
Presently, away up the shining canal a town appears, its red roofs and church spires nestling in the trees. We soon approached one of the many little bridges that span the canals in the towns, and the captain inflated himself and blew a fierce blast upon a tin horn. The bridge was raised by the stolid keeper, who, as we passed, lowered a green sabot, attached by a string to a short fish-pole, into which quaint receptacle we dropped our toll. The bridges are worked by an ingenious arrangement of weights, and when we were past, the keeper simply climbed upon the slanting structure, and by the addition of his own weight, brought it back in position. This was a beautiful little town, and as we stopped there several days, I had a good opportunity to study its quaint charm.



They stood crowded together on the canal banks.—Page 727.

Many of its buildings were very old, the tablet upon one of them being dated 1628, and I have no doubt that some were older still. One cannot but admire these beautiful examples of brick-work, the lines and colors of which have been so deftly softened by time: nothing jars, nothing is out of harmony; a perfect adjustment of space and proportion, and withal, so cosily homelike. The early Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam undoubtedly built in this fashion and it takes little imagination to picture Broadway at the Bowling Green as it was 250 years ago.

By reason of my clothes, I attracted considerable attention from the small boys, who mistook me for an Englishman. They followed me about in pestiferous little groups, occasionally enlivening the tedium of things by singing, "Long live the Boers."



The detailed study of the "De Haan" mill.—Page 727.



On through the lingering twilight.—Page 724

Now I have no special objection to the Boers living to a ripe old age, but I did most decidedly object to having publicity forced upon me; so I straightway purchased a little Dutch cap and a pair of "Klompen" (sabots). These I donned, together with a sadly patched shirt which I bought from the captain, and went my way unmolested. The sabots are most sensible things to walk in, by the way, much cooler than leather shoes, and quite "dry."

At about this time, in a fervor of patriotism, I purchased an American flag—at least it was sold to me as such. They must have been pretty nearly out of stripes when they made it, for it was "shy" several, and the lovely azure in the corner was liberally sprinkled with four-cornered stars. This masterpiece I finally persuaded the captain to hang, after a heated argument.

I was beginning to feel quite at home in the little town, when we again got under sail, and beneath a leaden and threatening sky made our way slowly towards the north. We had passed a great many windmills, little and big, on our previous voyaging, but now we came into the windmill country, where they stood crowded together on the canal banks, so close that their great arms almost touched as they revolved. Sawmills and grist-mills and mills for pumping the water; old mills and new, and mills that have gone out of commission and have been superseded by the ugly brick powerhouse with its towering chimney.

In the construction of these mills, they generally hold to one pattern—the original one, evidently. The dull thatched body is relieved by green woodwork and striped with red and white. They are most beautiful in their lines, and on the front of each, where the arms attach, there is usually some fanciful carving, gaudily painted. Some of the mills bear tablets, showing that they were built in the seventeenth century. I made studies of one in particular, called "De Haan" (the cock), dated 1634,



Drawn by Edward Penfield.

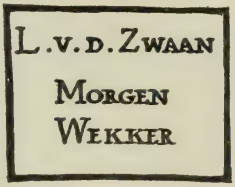
We passed many boats.—Page 729.

which is a very good average example. The sails that are stretched over the wings or arms are generally stained some soft red, or green or brown, to preserve them from the weather. In the detailed study they have been purposely omitted, so as to show the decorations around the upper part.

At last we sailed out of the canal into the muddy, brown waters of the Zuyder Zee; the wind, which was blowing half a gale, drove a fine mist before it, and after contemplating the white-capped tumult of the "Zee," which stretched out before us, vast and menacing, I turned and looked longingly at the fast-receding shore, on which a solitary windmill loomed huge and ghostly through the mist. We passed many boats laden with merchandise, close reefed and with glistening decks. The fishing boats all bore a number and the initial of the home port on their patched canvas, and the sailors were the most picturesque beings I had seen in all Holland.

We arrived in Friesland wet, but happy, and at Leeuwarden, the destination of our cargo of clay, I packed my cap, sabots, and patched shirt, and bade the captain farewell.

In passing through the narrow, crooked little streets of Leeuwarden I chanced upon a sign that held my attention and compelled thought. It read:



This is faultless Dutch for Morning Waker, and it signifies that L. v. d. Zwaan will, for a paltry sum, leave his bed in the frosty hours of early morning, and putting sweet sleep behind him, arouse his slumberous clients. Truly, a worthy calling! Yet, tell me, you who are versed in occult things, who or what, in this somnolent land, wakes the Morgen Wekker?

NABOTH'S VINEYARD

By Robertson Trowbridge

My neighbor hath a little field,
Small store of wine its presses yield,
And truly but a slender hoard
Its harvest brings for barn or board.
Yet though a hundred fields are mine,
Fertile with olive, corn, and vine;
Though Autumn piles my garners high.
Still for that little field I sigh,
For ah! methinks no otherwhere
Is any field so good and fair.
Small though it be, 'tis better far
Than all my fruitful vineyards are,
Amid whose plenty sad I pine—
"Ah, would that little field were mine!"

Large knowledge void of peace and rest,
And wealth with pining care possest—
These by my fertile lands are meant.
That little field is called Content.

THE JADE TEAPOT

By Ralph D. Paine

Illustrations by W. Sherman Potts

PRIVATE SAUNDERS, of the Ninth Infantry, was flushed and dazed with fever, but able to walk from the ambulance up a stone stairway into what looked to him like a huge and gilded warehouse. At first glance, he did not see the long rows of cots whose gray blankets blended with the carpet of dusk and shadow in the late winter afternoon. Monstrous golden dragons seemed to writhe and flicker against the roof beams far above him, or twist in play on lines of massive columns. Saunders dropped his kit and leaned on his rifle while he rubbed his eyes with a trembling hand. If this was the hospital of the American army in Pekin, he wished that someone would turn out the guard and capture the menagerie that had taken possession. Sliding uncertain feet across the flagged floor, he fell over a cot and gripped a protesting leg, whose owner sputtered:

"Get off o' me, you left-footed lobster. Ain't there no chance for a man to be sick without the roof fallin' on him? Why, hello, Jim, what in blazes is the matter with you? Brace up and holler for the orderly. He's somewhere down at the end of the line, packin' up what's left of Chase of P Company, who just passed in his checks."

Saunders sat on the edge of the cot and wept with the whimper of a tired child:

"Is it the hospital sure enough, Shorty? All them ten-foot dragons makin' faces at me in the dark ain't comfortin' to a man with wheels in his head. Guess this must be the Emp'ror's private temple. Why, here's a dozen o' my pals spraddled around over the floor. I've hit the right place, all right. Lead me to my bunk, an' get me bedded down."

The over-worked hospital corps private who was nurse and orderly for the ward, picked up the accoutrements of Saunders, and helped him crawl under the blankets of the cot alongside "Shorty" Blake. The contract surgeon, delaying to question a group of convalescents in the court-yard, came in to examine the new patient, and said "pneumonia" to the nurse. Saunders heard nothing of the consultation, for he was looking up into the gloom of the distant rafters, and trying to count the racing gilded dragons that would not be still and made his head ache intolerably. When lanterns were lighted at the ends of each aisle, the shadows danced worse than before, and to fevered eyes the great temple was populous with glittering shapes in terrifying agitation.

This, the largest of the clustered buildings in the park of the Temple of Earth, was an extraordinary hospital, even in daylight. Sacred to the annual pilgrimage of the Emperor in his worship of the Supreme Deity, these temples had been inviolate for many centuries until profaned by the conquering foreign allies. The walled park became the camp of the American forces, and one of the most sacred shrines of the land was used as a field hospital. A regiment could have been drilled on the marble pavement without crowding, and the two hundred sick soldiers scattered in the vastness of it, were bitten with a sense of chilling desolation.

Between flights of delirium, through his first night in hospital, Saunders heard the groans and restless muttering of many men, and his fancies magnified them into an army. There were neither screens nor walls to divide the wards, only the rows of cots between the carved pillars that marched across the temple floor, so that all individual suffering and the tenacious struggle of dying became common property. The soldiers who passed away in the night-time did not trouble their comrades so much as when death came in daylight, and the end was a spectacle thrust upon those in surrounding cots.

A little after midnight the tramp of stretcher bearers punctuated a thin and

wailing outcry, coming from that which they bore, and the temple floor awoke with weary curses. Those near the doorway learned that a Chinese coolie, caught in the act of stealing coal from the quartermaster's corral, had been tumbled off a wall by a sentry's shot. The lamentations of the victim rasped sick nerves beyond endurance, and the hospital held no sympathy in its smallest crevice. The coolie was an old man and badly hurt. Opium had made him impervious to customary doses of morphine, and after he had been drugged in quantities to kill four men, he was no nearer rest. From a far corner of the temple the wounded coolie wailed an unending

"Ay oh"—"Ay oh"—"Ay oh!"

Soldiers rose in their blankets and made uproar with cries of—

"Kill him!"

"Smother the brute!"

"Give him an overdose!"

"Now, ain't this an outrage!"

"Hi, there, One Lung, give us a rest, for God's sake!"

"Throw him out in the yard."

Daylight brought to Saunders infinitely grateful respite from a world through which he had fled from flaming dragons that shrieked, as if in torture,

"Ay oh"—"Ay oh"—"Ay oh!"

The grip of his delirium weakened in a few days, and the surgeon called him a "mild case." At the end of a week, Saunders was able to sit up a little and talk with the men around him. But the violence of these early impressions in hospital had unstrung a system drained by long service in the Philippines, and by the contrasting hardships of the cold winter in North China. The gloomy temple frightened the soldier, for sometimes the private has nerves, but he kept his fears to himself, thinking them womanish. He fell to brooding too much of home, and the more he dwelt upon the distance between Pekin and those who loved him, the more insistent became his morbid fear that he would not go back with his company.

It happened almost daily that the Ninth Regiment band trailed through the hospital compound, playing a dead march. There was always a halt in front of the stone stairway, and after a few moments the dragging music sounded fainter and farther away. A little later those in the temple could barely hear the silvery wail of "taps" floating from a corner of the outer wall, where a line of mounds was growing longer week by week. Then the band returned, playing a Sousa march or a "rag-time" medley. The listeners in hospital filled in the gaps between the music, and the mind of Saunders was busiest of them all in picturing the routine of a soldier's funeral in Pekin.

The surgeons looked him over in morning inspection rounds, and said there was nothing the matter to prevent his recovery. "Shorty" Blake and "Bat" Jenkins of P Company strove to make Saunders take some interest in life, and would have been cheered if he had even sworn at the rations and the lack of hospital comforts. They bought him jam and condensed milk from the commissary-sergeant, which he refused to eat; they assembled around his cot the most vivacious convalescents, selecting as entertainers those valiant in poker and campaign stories. Finally Saunders was persuaded to overhaul his haversack and show his slender store of souvenirs gathered in Pekin. Blake and Jenkins moved over to pass opinion on the riches, and Saunders welcomed them tremulously:

"I was plannin' to take some things home to mother and sister," he began, "but I didn't have a chance to get much while the lootin' was busy. Wouldn't have done me any good if I had, when the captain had the tents searched and collared most of the company stuff. I ain't sorry I missed it on the loot, for the old lady 'ud throw out o' the window all the stuff I sent her, if she thought it wasn't paid for. She's fierce in backin' foreign missions, an' the Chinamen is her purticuler pets."

Shorty broke in with an oath: "Yes, I know all about P Company's captain and his hair-trigger conscience. He swiped all our loot, but he sent home forty-seven mail packages, duty free. I got that from the postal clerk. What you got left, Saunders?"

The invalid spread an embroidered panel of crimson satin and a roll of blue silk on the edge of his cot, and threw a handful of silver ornaments and a cloisonné snuff-box on the blankets.

"I didn't loot even this stuff," he said, with an apologetic air, "but bought it along

the Chien Men road, so it could go to the home folks with a clean bill of ladin'."

The spectators sniffed incredulously, but with unexpected tact hid any livelier display of doubt.

"Why don't you mail the goods home with a letter, and send a good jolly?" said Jenkins. "We'll get 'em off for you. There's a mail wagon goin' to Tientsin early to-morrow mornin'. Tell the old lady you're fat an' sassy. She'll call in the whole village to show 'em the presents from her brave soldier boy out among them poor, benighted, gentle, murderous Chinese heathen."

Saunders rallied for the afternoon, scrawled a letter, and sent his gifts. Then he buried his head in the blankets and wept, the effort having stirred new depths of hopeless homesickness. Through the following week he failed to gain in strength and spirits, and the surgeon mentioned "nostalgia" once or twice in chatting with the nurse.

"He may lie there and flutter out, with no disease worth a diagnosis," said the "medico." "The poor idiot thinks he would die on the way if he was shipped across country to Taku, to connect with a transport; and he's sure he'll be buried if he stays here. If we can get a little strength in him, I'll see what I can do to get him started home."

Saunders was not yet a dying man, but the natural process of recovery seemed at a standstill. There came a sharp turn for the worse after "Shorty" Blake limped in with a letter, which he tossed to the languid private with a cheery shout of—

"Wake up, Jim; here's the latest news from home. Hurry and tell us the price of butter an' eggs at the corner store."

But Saunders read the letter in silence, and while he read, his thin young face twitched, tears came, and the helpless length of him moved in little jerks that rippled the blankets.

The chaffing queries of his comrades were unanswered, and the patient seemed to be asleep through the afternoon and evening. When the light of the next morning filtered through the latticed windows of oiled paper, "Shorty" Blake saw Saunders grope for the letter under the blanket roll that served him for a pillow, and read it again. His voice was weaker than before, as he beckoned Blake and Jenkins to the cot, and said:

"Here's what comes of my leavin' home to be buried in this muck-heap of a town—an' my folks turned out to starve. You might as well read it, tho' you can't do any good."

Shorty saw a woman's handwriting, and he took the closely written sheets with singular gentleness. The spelling was imperfect in spots, and there were many erasures, but he stumbled through the uncertain lines, which said:

My dearest Son—

No letter has come from you since you left the Phillipines, but I'm sure you are all right, because no notice has come to me from the War Department as your next of kin. All I know is that your regiment is in Pekin, and I hope and pray you are with it, all safe and sound. Sister Mary and me are pretty busy, as there has been no one to help us with the place since your brother died last spring. I know your enlistment ain't up for another year, and it's wicked to desert, and they would shoot you for it anyhow, and whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; but it does seem kind of hard when we want you so much at home that you have to be fighting them poor Chinamen when I've been sending money for their souls these thirty-seven years. But as long as we all have our health there ain't any real troubles I suppose. I don't mean to find fault and you mustn't worry about us. I'm as active as a cricket and Mary hasn't been ailin' any to speak of. It's been a good long spell of dry weather, and that's good for my rheumatism, but it wasn't very encouraging for the crops. The mortgage on the house and farm is due in six weeks, and I can't get a renewal, tho' it's only six hundred dollars, as you know. The bank people is that haughty about the thing that I don't exactly see how we can get around them. But where there's a will, there's a way, and the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and if we ain't got any cash, there's others worse off. Your uncle Joseph is breakin' up fast, and he's ten years younger than me. He's the last of the tribe that's left on either side, and his family won't have anything to spare when he's gone. Of course it's hard to think of losing our old place, but I'm still pretty spry, and my black silk is good as new. I can't just quite tell where Mary and me will be if we leave home so soon, but you write just the same and the postmaster will know. You remember him, that stumpy, light-haired Jameson that married one of the Martins.

God bless you, my poor wandering boy.

Your loving

Mother.

Jenkins was reading over "Shorty's" shoulder, and several hairy faces framed in gray blankets had edged silently nearer.

"Well, what do you think of that?" said a Sixth Cavalry corporal. "And here's



Drawn by W. Sherman Potts.

Up a stone stairway.—Page 730.



It was a flawless bit of carving.—Page 735.

Saunders been givin' up the ghost without havin' any real troubles. Now it's time for you to brace up, and beg, borrow, or steal the dough and shoot it along to the old homestead. That letter was written more'n a month ago."

But Saunders had turned his face away and was a useless member of the ways and means committee, which convened with "Shorty" Blake as chairman. A praiseworthy burst of philanthropic ardor subsided when it met the cold fact that the paymaster had not visited camp in two months, and was not expected in Pekin before three weeks later. Investigation revealed also that nearly all the available cash in P Company had passed into the hands of three expert poker players, who were reported as being "hard as nails, and wouldn't give a dollar to save their own mothers from the poorhouse."

Saunders showed no symptoms of interest in these endeavors, largely because he foresaw their magnificent futility. He was in a condition of hopeless apathy, and beyond rereading the letter from home now and then, made no effort to rally. He kept a tally of the days remaining before the foreclosure of the mortgage, with a series of thumb-nail scratches on the frame of his cot.

There were twelve days to be marked off when "Shorty" Blake, who had been discharged as cured, clattered into the ward, and yelled as he leaned over Saunders:

"I lost track of my dates while I was in this gold-plated asylum, and my discharge is due to-day, and I was figurin' my enlistment wasn't up for another week. There's a squad of discharged men goin' down to Tientsin in a wagon-train to-morrow, and I've drawn my travel pay, got my papers, and I'm off for little old New York. Here's where I drop off on the way an' do what I can for your old folks in Kansas. Got anything you want to send them?"

Saunders became almost animated as he rolled over and tried to speak in a fluttering whisper:

"I ain't got any money for 'em; but tell 'em I was doin' well when you left me, and to keep their nerve, an' I'll get back as fast as I can. But speakin' between us, Shorty, there's nothin' doin' for me, and I'll be planted before you get to 'Frisco. Maybe I've got some little trick to send along. Wait a minute. Fish around

under the cot and find me a roll of rubber blankets."

The uproarious "Shorty" opened the bundle and disclosed a jade teapot, in a wrapping of wadded silk. It was a flawless bit of carving, fashioned from a solid block of imperial green jade, no more than a pretty toy to the soldiers who examined it indifferently and wondered why Saunders wished to send it to his mother.

"It's the last thing I've got," he explained, "and the last present they'll ever get from me. I think they'd like to know I wasn't so blamed forgetful at the finish. Just lug it along, Shorty, an' if it don't get broke on the way, you can mail it when you cross the country."

The wish and the token were a sick man's whim to Blake, but he wrapped the jade teapot and tucked it in a soft corner



"If I didn't forget all about Jim Saunders and his teapot.—Page 737.

of his haversack when he packed his kit late that night. He was vaguely aware that his purpose of finding the distressed family of Saunders would not survive the journey home, yet he meant it when he made the promise. He believed Saunders as good as dead, because he had seen men die of homesickness in the field hospitals of the Philippines.

"I'll send his silly teapot to his folks," he told another discharged private of P Company, as they climbed into a four-mule wagon next morning; "and I'm sorry I can't help him out, same as you are. If the doctor would pack the poor fool in a wagon and ship him to the sea, he couldn't any more than die on the way, and there 'ud be a fightin' chance he'd brace up."

With this farewell tribute of sympathy, the fortunes of Private Saunders slipped into the background among the varied interests which occupied the attention of the late Private Blake along his route to Taku Bar.

In the hospital, Saunders continued to let go his grip on life as gently as possible. Tangible woe and regret had become active agents in assisting the passive manner of his fading away. A new major-surgeon came up from Tientsin to assume charge of the hospital, and he was angry when he examined Saunders and heard the history of the case. "That man is dying of homesickness and worry," he growled to the hospital corps private in the ward; "and now he hasn't enough vitality left in him to risk moving in an ambulance. He'd snuff out like a candle on the way to Tientsin, and you can't keep him alive more than two weeks longer. He may as well die in some comfort as be jolted to death."

Much of the time in the following week, Saunders hovered along the border-land of dreams which were not wholly disquieting, for he had become on friendly terms with the gilded dragons on the shadowy rafters, and now and then they talked to him. The sick men of P Company had been sent back to duty, and Saunders did not know those who had taken their places along his aisle of the columned temple. When he noticed them, it was to whisper little inconsequential memories of home, and to tell passers-by of some new discovery gleaned from an intimate familiarity with numberless gilded dragons that never slept. He still noted the tally marks on the frame of his cot, and when he was too weak to reach them, the man in the nearest cot scratched a cross for him until only seven marks remained. The letter was no longer read, but the tragedy it told was woven through much of the delirious talk of the patient.

Meantime "Shorty" Blake had been routed with heavy loss among the canteens and other diversions of Tientsin, and, greatly the worse for wear, made his way to Taku and boarded a Japanese transport bound for Nagasaki. He went ashore in that entertaining port with three Mexican dollars as the melancholy remnant of his pay and travel allowance "to the place of enlistment," and presented his papers to the American quartermaster stationed in Nagasaki, who gave him an order for transportation on the next United States transport sailing for San Francisco.

Discharged Private Blake was much disconcerted when he was informed that no Government vessel was to stop en route from Manila in less than two weeks, and that he was stranded "on the beach," with several other recent losses to the fighting strength of the army in the Orient. A bundle of looted silk had been exchanged in Tientsin for bottles of astonishing Scotch whiskey made in Shanghai, and there was nothing else of cash value in the light marching order of ex-private Blake. He hired a room in a toy-like Japanese hotel, and late that night returned without his three Mexican dollars, but with the perverted energy of a runaway automobile. Charging headlong through the dainty paper walls of the hotel, rather than be annoyed by trying to find the door, mobilized a small army of Japanese policemen, and memory came back to Blake when he was dragged into the street, his haversack hurled at his head by the agitated landlord.

Daylight found him, very thirsty and nervous, wandering along the edge of the bay, waiting for a glimpse of a blue army blouse and the tenuous hope of a small loan. He leaned against the stone wall of the Hatoba, with his haversack under his tortured head, and twisted as his cheek rubbed a hard lump beneath the canvas. Ramming his hand into the haversack with a peevish curse, "Shorty" pulled out a package wrapped in wadded silk, and unrolled a teapot of green imperial jade. A stocky



"Don't you want to buy a prime jade teapot?"—Page 738.

manakin of the Nagasaki police was standing near, and the soldier addressed him and the sleeping harbor without partiality:

"If I didn't forget all about Jim Saunders and his teapot, I'm a liar. An' he must be dead an' planted by this time, an' the old homestead gone to hell, an' nothin' left but this looney little teapot as his last will an' testament. I'll surely send it to Kansas all right, tho' it ain't goin' to cheer the old lady very much. The teapot must be worth as much as a dollar and a half."

Then the demon of thirst gripped Blake by the throat, and the effort of swallowing fairly shook him. He slipped the teapot into his haversack, and to his credit it must be told that he struggled with temptation for several minutes. Then he muttered weakly: "I ain't goin' to sell it. The teapot will be all safe in hock till I can send for it or make a strike. Who's goin' to know the difference, anyway? Saunders had no business to pass away like a sick chicken, an' load me up with this billy-be-damned piece of bric-a-brac."

But shops and saloons were not yet opened, and "Shorty" Blake walked heavily along many blocks of silent streets, his thirst more raging and insistent as he found himself thwarted. Every scruple vanished and he was ready to sell the teapot for the price of a pint flask of anything searching and fiery.

The rattle of rickshaw wheels made him suddenly alert, and he stumbled toward the sound. As he turned a corner there was a collision, and the racing coolie in the shafts slid on his head, while the passenger barely saved himself from an ugly backward fall. The Japanese officer so nearly upset, accepted the awkward apologies of the soldier derelict and politely asked whether he had been hurt. "Shorty" pulled himself together and saluting instinctively, he spoke with breathless haste:

"No, sir, no damage done, and I hope you wer'n't shook up; but don't you want to buy a prime jade teapot, and help out an American soldier who's broke, an' ain't got no other means of support? I know it ain't worth much, bein' nothin' but a toy, but I need the price, whatever it is."

The officer bowed as if honored by the confidence, and replied: "It is not customary to sell jade teapots in the street so early in the morning, and I am in the hurry to arrive with my duty. But Japan and America are so great friends since Peking, eh? Is it not? A-h, is th-a-at the jade, and from Peking, eh? I do not know everything about jade, but there are many good times for you in that teapot; ha, ha! I think so. I am not so mean to rob the honorable soldier. You will make a borrow of this two yen—two dollars—all right, eh? And you will take my card and the teapot will come with you at my house at noon hour, eh?"

Before the beclogged brain of "Shorty" Blake had caught up with these directions, the rickshaw was whisking around a curve of the hillside, and the derelict was left staring after, the jade teapot in one hand, and two one-yen notes in the other. Visions of wealth made him tingle, and he rewrapped the treasure with reverent deliberation. Then began another battle with a battered fragment of a conscience, and the voice of Saunders was so distinct in his ear that he turned suddenly more than once to mutter to the empty street:

"I'm on the edge of the shivers. It's a bad sign when you hear voices as plain as that. It's that baby whine of his, always cryin' 'Ten days more an' the folks will be homeless and starvin', an' I can't do nothin'.'

"Holy smoke! I've heard that string of dates often enough to keep track of 'em. An' there's three more days leeway or I've missed my count. An' me with a fortune in this little monkey-doodle teapot, if that Jap wasn't stringin' me."

From stories told later to his "bunkie" on the transport, it is probable that "Shorty" Blake passed through great mental stress during the forenoon of his second day in Nagasaki, but that this ordeal was nothing compared with his torments after an interview with a wealthy dealer in curios at the home of a major of Japanese infantry on the hill. There is reason to believe that the discharged private of the China Relief Expedition kept his appointment in a fairly sober condition, although much shaken and easily startled. An hour later, the Japanese officer accompanied "Shorty" Blake to the telegraph office and the branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, with an air of anxious guardianship, as if determined to see a wavering project through to the finish. Shorty skipped references to his escort in subsequent narratives, as if the topic were painful, dismissing his interview with the sweeping summary:

"I had to go an' put that little Jap wise to the whole hard-luck story of Jim Saunders. Then he talked to me like a Dutch uncle, and had me on the mourners' bench in no time. Them Japs is strong on filial duty, and he never let up on me till the job was done."

Twenty-four hours later, the Signal



"Then he talked to me like a Dutch uncle."—Page 738.

Corps operator at the American army station in Pekin copied a message addressed to "J. Saunders, P Company, Ninth Infantry, Field Hospital No. 1.

"Sold teapot for eight hundred dollars gold. Have cabled six hundred to old lady to bust mortgage. Will bust Nagasaki wide open with balance. If not dead, brace up.

(Signed) "SHORTY."

It seemed indecent to carry this telegram to the bedside of Private Saunders. He had lost all interest in the world of men and things, yet was inexplicably lingering, as if caught in an eddy as he drifted out. Fantasies had fled, and his mind was clearing, as if to pay some heed to the important business of ceasing to be. The message was first read by the major-surgeon, and there was more than professional interest in his tone, as he said to the nurse of the ward:

"Give that man ten drops of digitalis and a dose of brandy, and try to wake him up enough to understand this telegram. It's the only thing on earth that may pull him through. He told me his troubles, and this ought to be his salvation."

The powerful stimulants stirred a current of life in Saunders, and he heard and comprehended the tidings from "Shorty" Blake, and the heroic compromise of that distressed soul who had saved the home of his "pal," but could not let go his grip on the remainder of the windfall. The invalid gulped and there was almost the shadow of a grin in his stammering whisper:

"That b-b-blamed fool Shorty is a —— angel, ain't he? I-I don't b-believe I'm d-dead yet. Say, can I go home if I'll get strong enough to stand the hike?"

This effort exhausted Saunders and he slept awhile. The surgeon was taking his pulse when he awoke, and the friendly nurse holding a cup of beef tea to his lips.

"You seem to have quit making an ass of yourself," said the surgeon; "and I've seen your company commander this afternoon. If you can work up enough

strength to stand the trip to the coast, I'll see that your discharge papers are made out. You'll be no more good to the army."

The same inducement had previously failed to interest Saunders, but now he had determined to live, in the mighty inspiration of joy and hope renewed. He drank beef tea and begged for more, and when he flashed a feeble sputter of profanity because he was not allowed a bit of bacon, the ward became noisily cheerful. The captain of P Company was not a hard man, but he had suspected Saunders of malingering until the major-surgeon told him the private's hospital history, and how he had been saved from death by the miraculous intervention of the departed and flagrantly notorious "Shorty" Blake.

"Saunders isn't a bad soldier," said the captain, "but he's always been a bit too sentimental and broody. And if he's decided to save another funeral in the company, you'd better ship him home before he changes his mind. We can't feed him on another batch of such stimulating news if he slumps again. I'll look after his discharge papers, if you will certify him for disability."

It was three weeks later when Saunders, very thin and somewhat wobbly, waited in Nagasaki for the next transport homeward bound from Manila. He met a discharged corporal of Riley's Battery whom he had seen in hospital, and the gunner was eager to tell a highly colored tale whose peroration ran:

"And I was just in time to see the finish of 'Shorty' Blake's bombardment of Nagasaki, and it must have been a wonder all the way. They took him off to the transport in a sampan, with four little Jap policemen sittin' on his head and chest, and him kickin' holes in the cabin roof. The only night I was out with him he was playin' a game of turnin' rickshaws upside down, and sittin' on the axle, with the passenger yellin' murder underneath until Shorty got ready to move on. I asked him where he got all his money for rum and police-court fines, and he was that twistified with booze, he says:

"'I ripped the mortgage off the old homestead like the hero in a play, and took my commissions like J. P. Morgan reorganizin' a railroad. If you don't believe it, ask the Jap whose name begins with a jade teapot.'"

GOD'S HOUR

By Julia C. R. Dorr

O RESTLESS soul, canst thou not wait God's hour?
"Let there be light!" He said, and lo! the day
Gilded the mountain-tops, and far away
The dimpled valleys thrilled beneath its power,
Claiming the glorious sunlight as their dower.
A myth, a fable, that the wise gainsay—
An idle tale for children at their play.

Yet fable is fair truth's consummate flower!
Earth waited long till Day, unheralded,
Unsung, unprophesied, in splendor swept
A radiant presence through the Orient gates
Not unto us shall the last word be said;
Yet one sure secret have the ages kept—
Light breaks at last on every soul that waits!



BILL THE TRAPPER

By Mary R. S. Andrews

Illustrations by Henry Hutt

THE long ribbons of Bill the Trapper's smart sailor hat blew against his face, and he shook them aside as he tightened the snaffle rein, and looked up anxiously to his big cousin's face.

"This is a very objectional horseback hat," he remarked. "I wish Mamma wouldn't make me wear it. And I wish Sir Galahad wouldn't always trot when I want to talk." Then he hastened on to the gist of the conversation. "Of course I know that dragons aren't a common thing. I suppose if there are any they're most extraordinary and unsuspected." Large words were a pleasure to Bill the Trapper, but he was not always fortunate in their use. "What I believe is that there may be just a few, just a very little few, of dragons left in the deepest wildernesses, that hardly anybody knows about. Don't you believe there might be just about that, Bob?"

The smooth forehead was wrinkled with earnestness and the innocent blue eyes were at once dreamy and keen; eyes from which looked out a buoyant soul that would see and seize joy and adventure in every dim place of childhood and of life.

"Don't you believe there are some dragons left, Bob?" The voice was of such tremulous eagerness that the cousin of fifteen hoary winters had not the heart to turn the hose of education on the fire of enthusiasm.

"It is hard to tell what there is in the world, Max," he said, and shook his head wisely. "Those big forests in South Africa, you know."

"Yes," assented the Trapper, with deep gratification. "In darkest Africa—that's where I hope to illuminate them. I'm going to—my plan is, you know, to go there when I'm big enough, and trap them. I shall invent monstrous traps of an entirely new kind—I've got the idea in my mind." The tense small face relaxed into a radiant smile, and the bow of his mouth puckered between dignity and pleasure. "That's why I call myself 'Bill the Trapper.' I wrote a poem about it—about dragons. Would you like to hear it?"

"Of course. A lot."

The little chap settled into his saddle happily, and his knees pressed Sir Galahad's fat sides as if caressing them. This was worth while. This new cousin was an immense improvement on John the groom, who knew nothing about dragons and touched his hat and said "Very good, sir," when Max recited poems. They walked their horses slowly through the sunshine and shadow of the bridle-path of Central Park, under the trees that were misty with the first golden leafage of spring, unconscious that other riders, trotting down the woodland way, all cast a second glance, or shifted in the saddle to watch admiringly the two handsome boys sitting so well their handsome mounts, and so prettily absorbed in each other.

"I call my poem 'The Fearful Night,'" Bill the Trapper announced, and turned his blue gaze inquiringly on his cousin. He was a trifle uncertain as to the title. But Bob's eyes were seriously attentive and

reassured him, and as the words rolled unctuously from his mouth, he lost himself in the delight of authorship, and in the genuine swing of the rhythm.

"In the fearful night,
When the dragons in flight
Did frolic and dance in the tree-tops,
A hunter skulked low
With his trusty cross-bow.
And once he did turn
But could scarcely discern
The form of a dragon behind him.
The wind it was howling—
The dragon was growling,
But an arrow it sped
At the dragon's huge head,
And the big beast fell dead
While fangs fell from its head."

"Did you really write that yourself, Max?" asked the older boy, with a most satisfying astonishment. It was so long since he had been eight that he had almost forgotten what chaps of that age could do. The little cousin was an intelligent youngster, an agreeable surprise to Bob. He expected to find this ride rather a strain, and conversation with a mere baby an effort; but behold! he was enjoying it. Like the gentleman that he was, he set himself to furnish his part of the entertainment.

"Up in the club in Canada, where we camp in summer, you see lots of traps. All along the portages there are lines of different sorts. Little ones for the musk-rats and the mink, and others under the water for the otter, at the foot of their sliding places, their 'roulades,' as the guides call them. And there are traps for lynx and martin, and sometimes you run across a whopper for caribou. I saw a place once where a caribou had been trapped and a bear had gotten at him. They had a big battle—the ground was all torn up. But the bear won; the caribou's bones were thick around."

Bill the Trapper's soul thrilled with delicious horror and his eyes were intent and wide. Here was a man who had seen life! It was honor indeed to ride along through the Park on equal terms with an elderly, experienced person, a very perfect, gentle Knight of adventure, who talked to him without condescension on subjects of deep import to both. John the groom, who knew nothing at all of trapping, always talked down to his level as if he were a baby to be humored. When one is eight nothing is more exasperating than this intangible talking down.

"Will you tell me about some of the traps—how they are made?" he asked respectfully, yet with exhilaration of soul in the comradeship of the tall and all-wise cousin.

And Bob's boy face, as innocent, as clear-eyed as Max's own, lighted with interest, and with pleasure in the homage offered like incense to his prowess. It is the only compliment a normal boy cares for, one paid to knowledge and power that he has gained with effort. Bob had worked patiently over the lore of the woods, and he knew it for his own. So the fresh young voice rolled on smoothly with clear and simple descriptions that yet carried, for all their bareness, the breath of the hills, the sweet loneliness of the forest, the wild shy life—seen in glimpses through dim windows of waving leaf walls—of the creatures which are the inhabitants of that quiet house of God. And Max listened, fascinated, and punctuated the easy sentences here and there with the staccato of an eager question. Bob stopped with boyish abruptness.

"Those are about all the kinds of traps I know. Let's trot a bit."

The ribbons of the displeasing hat fluttered in the breeze; Sir Galahad, the fat pony, tossed his head with glee and threw out his short legs with pretence of high action, as they rode fast through sun and shade, around the Reservoir, under the bridges, down the long slanting curves of the bridle-path. Across Bob's cheeks lay a stain of color, his cap was in his pocket, his thick, fair hair blew free, and his dark eyes shone with joy of exercise. His horse broke into a canter, and Sir Galahad dashed after him with a mad gallop. But Bill the Trapper, sitting easily as a young trooper, never stirred the firm little hands that held the reins. His eyes were introspective and absent; he was far away from Central Park and Sir Galahad, in the heart of the fairy-land where imaginative children spend much of their happy lives. On that scene of romance he saw himself, a mighty hunter, strong and wise, stealing through thickets of unknown greatness and difficulty toward the dim, terrible forms of great beasts, scaled and gleaming and mighty, spouting fire and roaring hor-



Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"You see the stone slab across it?"—Page 744.

ribly, but doomed to fall before him. The grandeur of facing peril, the rapture of victory over fearful odds, was burning in his blood, was shaking the slender little figure, and his rapt look was bright with the imagined action of his dream.

Bob pulled in his excited horse with a long sigh of contentment. "Wasn't that a bully canter? Didn't they go well?" he demanded breathlessly, and Max came back slowly from the distant country of his vision. He patted Sir Galahad's arching brown neck thoughtfully.

"Don't you know any rather enormouser traps, Bob?" he asked. "Something big enough to catch a—a loathly beast?" His mind was still with the dragons in their lair.

Bob considered. He too had been nourished on fairy-tales and poetry; his own feet had but just emerged from the dewy stillnesses of the Enchanted Forest, the fragrance of its airs still wafted, its sweet uncertain shadows still played at times about his head. He knew a little what Bill the Trapper meant.

"Let's see," he ruminated. "Did I tell you about the trap where you bend over the branch of a tree, and have a slipnoose?" Max's eyes, with their curious mixture of keenness and dreaminess—an Edison expression as it might be—were glued on his cousin's face. "If you get a big enough branch, you know, you could catch an awfully big animal in that," said Bob, throwing himself into the question with abandon. "It's this way you make it." He looked about him searchingly, then stopped his horse, Sir Galahad following suit. "You see that gutter by the side of the path?" Max nodded, intent. "You see the stone slab across it? Well, suppose you cut a stick just long enough to fit under the edge, between the edge and the ground. Not tight, you know—just easy—but firm. You chop a notch in the stick and tie a cord—clothes-line, anything—around the notch, and then you bend over the sapling and fasten the tip of it—so it's taut—to the loose end of the line, whose other end is tied to the stick. Do you get all that?"

There was a pink spot in each of Bill the Trapper's cheeks. His eyes shone. But his voice was business-like. "Yes, I do."

Bob went on. "Then, out of more clothes-line, you make a good big slipnoose, and lay it foxily across the path, and the loose end of that is tied to the rope that holds the sapling. Then——"

But the Trapper cut in, gasping with eagerness. "I see it. It's lovely. The animal walks into the noose—that jerks the stick from under the slab—that frees the cord that holds down the sapling—and the sapling springs up bang! and throws down the dangerous beast, the slipnoose runs tight, and his paw is caught upward, and—and there you are!"

The executive side of the baby brain had fastened on Bob's description. With a question or two straight to the point, he understood exactly the making of the old woodsman's invention. Then he retired into the recesses of his mind and pondered, while the horses trotted steadily side by side and the older boy regarded the hands and seats and equipments of riders as they passed. In a moment Max spoke.

"I would like to set that trap about there." He nodded gravely where the footpath near the Seventy-second Street gate sinks into a shady hollow, and the shrubbery crowds thick about it. "There's a good big branch on that tree that would do, and I could hide in the bushes and watch—like other trappers. I wouldn't so much care what I caught—it would be magnificent practice."

Bob turned and stared at him for a moment with astonished eyes, and then broke into an untrammelled shout of high boyish laughter. It rang out with gay distinctness across the decorous shades of Central Park, but, with his bare head thrown back, his bright eyes half closed, he was as unconscious of himself as a young squirrel chattering on a branch. He did not see at all the girl and the man who, abreast of him at the moment, looked up sharply with curious interest that softened into a smile of friendliness, at the happy children. The smile died almost instantly on the man's face.

"What handsome boys!" the girl said, and he answered her with a moody word, and went back to what he had been saying. It meant much to him, and the boys meant nothing—or he thought so.

"What can I do, Suzanne, if you are not going to believe in me at all? Why can't you take something for granted? It was business—as I told you—and you know



Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"What can I do, Suzanne, if you are not going to believe in me at all?"—Page 744.

how I have been trained, like a religion, not to neglect business."

"I think—" the girl stopped.

"What?" demanded the man eagerly. "Say it—say it, Suzanne."

"You needn't urge me—you won't like it when I do say it."

The girl's face was cold, almost hard. "I was wondering if you meant always to neglect me, rather than business."

The man turned his eyes on her with a worried, indignant look. "It isn't like you to be unjust and unreasonable," he said. "I did only what I thought was right—what I thought I must do. You must know I would rather be with you than work till seven in the office."

"You might at least have sent word. I waited. I hate to wait for a man. It's insulting."

"I did try to telephone you," he said. "I couldn't get you."

"Why couldn't you telegraph?"

"I never thought of it," he said simply.

The girl's slim figure sat still more erect in the saddle, and the beautiful curve of her lips was not gentle. The man looked at her hopelessly—at the pure profile, the heavy braided gold hair that shone between black ribbon and black habit as if mica dust had been powdered over it. Every line of her was perfect, charming, and in every line he read uncompromising anger.

"I'm very tired of it all," she said at length, and her tone was quiet and cool. "It isn't the first time. If you really cared, you would take the trouble not to hurt me; you would think how it lowered my dignity to sit and wait for you without a word."

"I didn't know you would wait. I thought you would understand," the man answered in a low voice, a little too reserved, a little too effortless. "I thought you would know nothing would keep me unless it was important."

It was hard for him to explain. The words seemed to come stiffly, without feeling; he could not believe that a little thing such as this could be even a dark spot on the sunlight of his love for her—much less that it could mean an eclipse. When she knew the main fact, and that it meant his whole being, how could small, inevitable bothers of this sort count? But he could not find the words to say the thoughts that burned him, and he only stared on at her, every inch of her dear to him, in wretched silence.

The girl's even, soft voice began again.

"I can't wrangle with anybody—you or anybody. It has come near that once or twice lately. You can't care as I thought you did, or you wouldn't place me in such positions. It had better all end."

The man started as if at a blow, but quickly controlled himself. "You can't mean that, Suzanne. You know it's nothing—it's just my way—a different view of things. You can't mean you don't—you don't love me any more, Suzanne?" His voice lowered as he said the words.

The girl, her gray eyes shining with a deep-sea color and light under their delicate black brows, looked straight ahead at the vista of the shadowy bridle-path, and was a moment in answering. Her voice came with an effort, but unhesitatingly.

"I do mean that. I thought I—loved you, of course. But I don't feel anything of the sort for you now. You have killed it. I can't go on forgiving and making excuses for you always. And besides, I think—I am sure—I don't want to. I don't care enough for you."

The man's wide look shone on her a long minute as if uncomprehending, then his forehead contracted and his dark eyes smouldered beneath with the gleam of dull coals.

"If that is so," he said, "I have nothing more to say." He lifted the snaffle with a quick word to his horse, and they broke into a fast trot.

The leafy alley of the bridle-path seemed to the girl afterwards, as she remembered that day, the setting of a bad dream. As fast as one may ride and not be arrested they rode, but it was a little, heart-breaking eternity. To ride with him this way, the last time! With obstinate pride she repeated to herself that she did not love him, that she was glad—but it was queer that gladness should make her heart ache with this restless, sick impatience. Would they never come to Durland's? Could she never get out of his sight, crawl into her own quiet room and be free to—to what? Why should she cry if she were glad? It was merely to be away from him that she wanted—the sight of him was hateful.



Drawn by Henry Hutt.

As man to man, Max addressed the scum of the earth.—Page 750.



Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"Look at me! Larry! Please look at me—I love you!"—Page 752.

And she stole a glance, as his horse forged ahead, at the broad shoulders, the ease and mastery of his riding—she used to be so proud of his beauty and his horsemanship, in that old time, an hour ago, when they were engaged.

The five minutes at Durland's were over, and they came out of the big cavern into the gentle spring sunset—almost twilight it was now, for they had ridden a bit late.

"Are you going to walk? You will let me see you home?" he asked, with no inflection in the words, and looked at her with a curious, pent-up something in the calmness of his manner.

She had not thought of that, and her spirit blazed up in an agony of impatience. She must be alone—the strain of being with him was more than she could stand.

"No," she said; "*no*. I will not. I want to go alone."

He lifted his hat and stood aside.

But suddenly it flashed across her what he meant to do. He lived in the street next hers. He must be going home to dress for dinner. He would follow her, guard her, through the Park. She could not and would not bear the feeling that he was there, just behind her all the way. It would be unendurable.

"No," she said again, and her face, that tried to be cold and restrained, was pathetic. "No—please. I can't have you back of me. You go on first, and I can come as I choose."

He lifted his hat again without a word, and started, and neither of them cared or knew that they were being absurd. It was almost as bad this way, to walk through the well-known ways and see that familiar figure which seemed—only by force of habit, of course—still dear, still hers, swinging ahead always as she went. It was comfort to know that nothing would make the straight-set head turn; it was luxury to drink in his strong grace, his assured movement—no, it was not. She forgot—it was nothing to her—she did not love him now. But her eyes followed him as if they could see nothing else in the world, and if he disappeared around a curve her pace quickened anxiously till her glance caught him again. Suddenly—but something had happened in the meantime.

Bob and Max had turned from the Park after passing the lovers, and in five minutes more the doors of the stable of the big gray stone house on Riverside Drive had opened to them, and John the groom had received Max's curt refusal of assistance with a grin of admiration. He took Sir Galahad's head as the youngster threw a small leg across the pony's back and then stood with russet-booted feet wide apart and hands in his pockets, contemplating his pony.

"Rub him down particularly to-night, John," he ordered. "He's had a rather contaminating ride," and turned on his heel and swung off up the short driveway with a manly air, the man's eyes following him with smiling pride.

Bob, a born horseman, with a horseman's interest in detail, stayed about the stable fifteen minutes longer, helping to unsaddle, watching the quick, expert care of the animals. When at length, with a guilty thought of dinner-time, he dashed into the house, he was met by a maid.

"Didn't Master Max come in with you, Mr. Bob?" she asked. "We saw the horses down the street and I have his supper waiting for him upstairs, but I can't find him anywhere."

"He must be hiding in his room for a joke," said the boy. "I'll get him," and he flew up the stairway two steps at a time.

At the first landing the little boy's mother came out of her room. "Bob, is that you? Where's Max? Nobody seems to know what has become of the child. It's most extraordinary."

In ten minutes more the household was a search party. As in the case of Ginevra,

> In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
> They sought him wildly, but found him not.

And Max's mother was on the verge of hysterics, and Max's baked potatoes and steak were growing cold in the day nursery, and from attic to cellar maids and men were looking and calling for the young hope of the house, but no hope was found.

Half an hour, three-quarters passed swiftly, and suddenly Bob had a thought. With no word to anyone, as children do things, he fled down the stairs, and the great front door with its iron grill swung shut behind him, and as he ran lightly through Seventy-second Street, he knew, by the instinct of a boy, of a woodsman, that Bill the Trapper had passed this way

before him. He was right, for not an hour ago, still in his riding-clothes, with a coil of clothes-line slung over his arm, a stout stick a foot long in his hand, the dignity of a great purpose in his soul and in his legs, the hero had pressed the stones of Seventy-second Street on the way to win his spurs and his name.

It seemed queer to be going through the streets like this, at twilight, without Antoinette, or John, or anybody. He knew quite well that he would not be allowed, if he had asked, but he kept his mind off that side of the question. How, indeed, might a person be a Knight of Romance and have a nurse go with him? Perish the thought! Such conventions are for the young, and Bill the Trapper, by this day's act, was taking his place with the mature, the responsible ones of the earth. He was going to do a deed—such was his thought—and in truth he was. Straight to the spot he had marked near the Seventy-second Street entrance, he went, down the dip of the shady path, quiet and lonely now, for the city was mostly at dinner. There was the fine young sapling he had chosen, there was the gutter with its convenient stone crossing at just the right distance—it was ideal. A man passed him, going down, and looked curiously at the handsome child in his smart riding-clothes, all alone at that hour in the Park. But Bill the Trapper, though he saw him, was engaged in thought, and paid no attention. He whipped out a glittering knife-blade and in two minutes had notched the stick and fitted it under the edge of the slab of stone. He climbed on a bench that stood near the young tree, and caught its upper trunk near the top. The bench tipped over and the conspirator bit the dust. It was a hard knock, but he was not daunted. He set up the bench and started again—with the same result.

Suddenly he realized, bitterly, that he was not strong enough to set the trap alone. He was a very young trapper and very ardent, and the blow was well-nigh mortal. It had all seemed so near accomplishment —so great a glory so close within his reach —there were tears in the adventurer's large blue eyes! It was cruel, impossible to give it up. If only there were someone to help him—some strong muscles to be the tool of his strong brain! In a flash he thought of the man who had just passed; he could see him now slouching dimly under the trees on his slow way down the Park. Without a second's hesitation Bill the Trapper, applying his handkerchief fiercely to his tears, ran after him. He looked a little like Morgan the coachman, he thought as he neared him—big and strong, but not as clean as Morgan, and—something. He bent his shoulders more, perhaps. But Max hailed him confidently as he drew on.

"Hi! You there!" he called.

The man wheeled sharply and looked at him with a snarl, and words that Bill the Trapper had never heard were ready to fall from his tongue—but they did not come. Max's quick eyes caught instantly the misery of the face, and his first instinct was sympathy. Before the man could speak, the little clear voice went on with a caressing accent.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked solicitously. "I'm afraid you've got a headache." Max's father had headaches, and he knew they were bad things. "Is it very severe? I was going to ask you to help me, but of course I won't disturb you if you are feeling under the leather." That sounded well, it seemed to him. The man regarded him a moment with sullen, bewildered eyes.

"What ye want o' me?" he brought out finally in a growl; but Max heard only suffering humanity in the slovenly accent, in the drink-hardened face saw only a man in pain. It may well be that the guileless eyes, looking to the soul of things, past accidents of birth and breeding and environment, saw the truth. As man to man, Max addressed the scum of the earth, and out of the bruised ruin a spark of human dignity rose up surprised and met the child—as man to man.

"I wanted you to help me in a—in a adventure. But I won't disturb you, you know, if you are going home to rest."

"Going home to rest!" The man laughed, and the child missed the bitterness of the sound.

"Oh!" he said eagerly, "aren't you so very bad? Do you think you could spare the time? Are you busy? Maybe it would assist—assem—assist your headache to stay in the air a little of a while longer. I'd be a thousand times obliged."

The man stared at Bill the Trapper. Here was a queer thing. Someone was considering his feelings—treating him—he hardly knew how—like a gentleman. He could not remember that in his stormy, sordid life he had ever been spoken to in this way before. A little swell, too—he glanced at the miniature riding-breeches and boots, at the belted jacket and the despised sailor hat, and a half smile stole mistily over his heavy features. To look at him no one would have guessed that somewhere in Jemmy Slaggin's make-up lurked a liking for smartness. Bill the Trapper's well-set-up, well-groomed little figure was a luxury to him to gaze upon.

"I ain't so busy this minute," he said, and the sarcasm was lost on Max. "Whatcher want me to do for ye?"

"Now you're a good chap," said the lad heartily. "I knew you must be nice because you look like Morgan, our coachman, and he's lovely."

He put up his slender, brown little hand and patted Slaggin on his shoulder, and never knew that a thrill shook the dirty, greenish-black old coat. Then he slid his fingers into the great fist with a happy indifference as to cleanness and started back down the path, and the man followed on like a dog. As they went along, Max explained. As the plan filtered through Jemmy Slaggin's brain, he almost jumped, as Bob had done, with astonishment. Then fear, born of experience, took its place. This was matter for arrest if he were caught. Max talked on earnestly, excitedly, and Slaggin listened and weakened. The child had no thought of hurting anyone, and, after all, if anyone were hurt, it would be a joke that to Slaggin seemed ideal. He could never have planned it himself, but it appealed to his sense of humor. The world was against him—here was his chance to deal a kick to one at least of that cold, indifferent lot. And that it was the child's project appeared in some vague way to make it right. Before the two reached the appointed spot, Max's case was won. The big strength drew down the sapling and fastened it in short order; the slipnoose, artfully propped by little sticks so that a careless foot would be sure to catch, lay across the walk, an innocent-looking bit of rope, hardly visible in the dim light under the arching elms. Max stepped back and surveyed their work and found it good. The quaint, constrained smile of gratification that tried to conceal itself, worked at his mouth. He slipped his arm fraternally through the man's, cocked his head sidewise, and together they contemplated.

"It's very experiencedly done," Max gave opinion. "You must be a very good workman. *I* think you're one of the nicest men I've ever seen—ever."

Praise, confidence, friendliness—little of these had come into Jemmy Slaggin's checkered career. His soul drank them as baked earth drinks rain; he felt a bit dizzy; it seemed to him that he felt as he did sometimes when only a trifle drunk; there was the same gentle happiness of yielding to an influence. Only the influences had mostly been different from this. He did not want to lose the feeling of that friendly little arm against his side; he wanted to keep it close, to clutch it tightly, so that he might through it draw near to decency and cleanliness, and the unknown somethings of life that help a man to hold up his head and to look other men in the eyes—all that, vaguely, painfully working in Slaggin's brain, seemed quite possible while Bill the Trapper's brotherly hand lay against his own. All the things that—he glanced up toward the Seventy-second Street gate—the things that were not for him. The gleam of brass buttons on a large blue coat was visible through the leaves. What foolishness had he been dreaming? and all because a kid had treated him kindly. He had better be gone, and that quickly, or he would find himself in trouble, and he did not need more trouble. He dropped the electrical little arm with a pang of effort, and put out his hand with shy awkwardness.

"Gotter go," he remarked. "Would ye mind puttin' it there?"

For a second Max did not understand the idiomatic English; then he slapped his fingers into the man's with an eager heartiness that sent a shiver of pleasure through the hulking figure; but, unlooked for, suddenly, there came a wave of reaction. What was this child to him—the son of one of the hated class of millionnaires—the men who ground him and his like to the earth? Why should he have done the boy's bidding for the charm of the pleasant ways that an

easy life had taught—a life that Slaggin had never tasted, never known how to dream? In a flash of bitter, bullying spirit he was angry that he had worked under orders from this princeling. For nothing, too—why should he? Why shouldn't he get something out of him if he could?

"Got any money? Got the price of a drink on ye?" he demanded roughly—but Max did not criticise a friend's manners.

"A drink?" his treble tones repeated. "Are you thirsty? That's too bad. I know how uncomfortable it is—I'm thirsty about half the time myself, you know. John said I was a tank one day. Are you a tank, too?" Max was pulling away under his Norfolk jacket. "It's funny you have to buy water," he remarked, as his hand broke into the trousers pocket. "But perhaps you're particular like Mamma—she won't drink Croton. Now where is that quarter? Uncle Tom gave me a quarter, and I'll give it to you—here!" He brought out the silver with a radiant smile. "Is it enough for a drink? I hope you'll get a good big one with it—it's so refreshive."

In Jemmy Slaggin's mind was going on a struggle such as that undisturbed gray matter had never known before. A fight for abstract honor, for gratitude, was holding its own with unexpected power over the accustomed ugly cupidity.

"I'll be danged if I turn the kid's money into whiskey," he growled half aloud, and suddenly, with a furtive look about the lonely Park, a glance at the policeman's back up on the bridge, he bent over, and guiltily, like a thief, he caught the ribbon that floated from Bill the Trapper's sailor hat and kissed it. Then he had turned and was shuffling away rapidly down the path, while the silver quarter still shone in Max's fingers and his eyes gazed widely after his friend. He could not know that a glow of aching self-respect was lighting the dark ways of a heart; he never guessed that, like the touch of a fairy's wand, the magic of his childhood had turned an animal to a man.

A few minutes later, to Bill the Trapper, lurking in ambush, his soul thrilled with the joy a dynamiter may know, came the sound of footsteps. His eyes stared out from the bushes like a deer's eyes from covert at the man in riding-clothes who, with unseeing gaze, marched down the asphalted way. Steadily he came, looking always sternly ahead, and Max tried to choke back the breath, coming fast between hope and fear, as the game neared the snare of the hunter. He was only twenty feet away when a snort of excitement got the better of the Trapper's breathing arrangements, but the man did not hear him. Ten feet—the swinging stride had made it six—three—snap-bang—whack—it was done! Bill the Trapper had won his spurs.

A shriek of rapture blew out from the bushes as if a safety-valve were forced open by steam, but the man did not hear. Queer. It had worked perfectly: one quick foot had stepped over the rope, had caught the edge; the catch stick had snapped out with the pull, the noose had slipped, the freed sapling had bounded up, and there was the prey with both boots five feet in air and his head and shoulders on the path. But why didn't he kick? Bill the Trapper wondered. What a stupid man to lie there as if taking a nap! Wasn't he going to gnaw himself loose, for example? It is etiquette, when caught in a trap, to try at least to gnaw one's self loose. Suddenly the situation was complicated. Rapid steps came up the path, the swish of skirts—there was a lady—running! Now what was the good of this? She dropped on her knees and caught the prostrate head in her arms.

"My dear! my dear! Are you hurt? Look at me! Larry! Please look at me—I love you! Larry, won't you open your eyes? I love you, dear!"

Bill the Trapper was disgusted. Why should loving make you open your eyes? A very foolish person. Suddenly she had laid the man's head gently on the pavement, and, springing up, was working at the knot about his feet. Max was worried. She would go and spoil everything. Couldn't she see that he ought to gnaw himself loose? But to the satisfaction of the ambushed plotter, she could not free the boot. The rope was strong, the knot drawn tight, and her fingers trembled. Her efforts only bumped the man's head slowly along the asphalt, and she stopped with a groan. As she looked down, the closed eyes opened and she knelt quickly again and lifted the helpless head.

"Larry! Do you know me—are you hurt? Larry dear!"

But the man's eyes were fixed on his own feet, hung high in the foreground.

"Those boots! Is it me? What—" a vigorous kick resulted in a brisk lurch of the attached body, and the girl holding his head lurched with it and almost went over.

"Don't, Larry. I tried to unfasten it, but it can't be done. You'll have to bear it, dear. Only tell me——"

"Bear it!" His eyes stared at her indignantly from the pavement. "Do you think I'm going to spend my life with my feet dangling—with my head dangl—Suzanne, for heaven's sake don't twist me!" Then another perilous kick. "I can't get loose. What does it mean?"

"I don't know." The girl was half sobbing. "I only saw you—" a sound that was laughter and tears cut the sentence in two—"kick up your heels and—and they stayed up. And I ran, and you were lying—your head was lying—on the walk, and your feet were—" she turned her eyes upward, as a kneeling saint may look at an image of holiness.

The man stared up at her and in his eyes were pain, disgust, impatience; but fusing these there broke through suddenly a light, that was love.

"Suzanne," he said softly, and the swaying legs clicked together as he put his hand to her face, "you said you didn't care."

All times and all places are possible for true love, for with her sweetheart's boots swinging above her, with his head balancing precariously against her strained arms, the girl forgot for a second everything but their reconciliation. Swiftly, and somehow without upsetting, her mouth was on his, and the question in his voice was answered.

"I was horrid—unreasonable—I know it. I'll try to believe in you always. I'll remember you're not like other men and I'll never doubt you again. Only—if you'll telegraph! Oh, Larry, anyway, don't ever believe me if I say I don't love you!"

The wandering sentences made heavenly sense to the recumbent lover, and his eyes gazed up at her in a mist of happiness, while the blood rushed to his head and his legs swayed on high.

But the plot was growing uninteresting to Bill the Trapper. This man acted as if his mind was on something else—as if he didn't know he was trapped. What, for instance, was the object of kissing? It wasn't good-morning or good-night, that was plain. Bill never desired to kiss except on such occasions, though Mamma—but Mamma was exceptional. It was time that the master's hand took up the reins. Out of the bushes with a rustle stepped the *deus ex machina*, and the lovers clung, and stared at him.

"Gnaw!" ordered the Trapper. The girl flashed a puzzled glance at him.

"Run, little boy, run!" begged the man, seeing hope in this apparition. "Find a policeman; be quick!"

Bill the Trapper stood with his feet wide apart, his hands clasped behind him, and, regarding them thoughtfully, considered.

"That's not the way it happens most generally," he said, and his suggestions of eyebrows were drawn together with disapproval.

"The way what happens? What are you talking about?" demanded the man impatiently. "Don't you see I'm caught? My feet are tight in that rope. I want a policeman—I want to get loose."

"Yes, of course," assented the Trapper heartily; "but you know you ought to gnaw yourself loose. That's always the way with animals what's trapped. You'll enjoy it a great deal more if you gnaw a little."

Patrick Flannigan, Park policeman, at that moment stopped his majestic progress across the bridge to gaze down where voices ascended from the hollow. The animal that was trapped, his gaze being of necessity upward, caught the light on brass buttons adorning an expanse of chest.

"Officer! Officer there! Help!" And Max's argument was ended.

Three minutes later, as the man in riding breeches scrambled to his feet, as Patrick Flannigan sheathed carefully the big knife that had cut the rope, as the girl, half dignified, half shy, looked with shining eyes at her recovered lover, a tall fair lad, rosy-cheeked and breathless from running, stopped short on the slope of the path where, ten feet from the group, it came out from the shrubbery.

"I'd like to know who done this trick, that's all," he heard the policeman remark menacingly. The rescued victim was handling the rope curiously. Max

turned his alert, sweet little face up to the massive guardian of the Park.

"You mean who set the trap, Officer?" he inquired proudly. "I did. It did work nicely, didn't it? I'm glad you like it." And again the happy, gratified smile flickered on his face, as he tried to hold his lips in restraint, and gazed down proudly at the ruins of his success.

There was a startled silence for a moment. Bob took a step toward his little cousin, but stopped again as the man in riding clothes spoke.

"Who are you?" he asked gently. "Who are you, my lad?"

Max looked about the circle of intent faces doubtfully, hopefully. It was a great moment. Would they feel its importance? Would they grasp the reality of Make-Believe? Would they know the intoxicating sweetness of the air one breathes in the land of May-Be? That wonderful game of "Let's Pretend," the beginning and the end of romance—would they play it fairly? His whole soul wanted this consummation of a beautiful, a successful effort. He would risk it. In grave silence they waited, these grown-ups, so hard to please, so hard to understand, and Max's hope grew in the stillness. With his legs wide apart, with his brows drawn anxiously together and the blue, innocent search-light of his gaze playing over them, with a seriousness that trembled to solemnity, he spoke.

"I'm Bill the Trapper," said Max.

A HOUSE OF MERCY

By Jennette Lee

Illustrations by F. W. Taylor

I

"AUNT MERCY, what are you thinking of?" The young man turned his head a little on the pillow to look inquiringly toward the door.

It was the door of Room 24 leading into the men's ward. Aunt Mercy had been standing there for five minutes, gazing intently before her into space. The serene face framed in the white muslin cap had a rapt, waiting look. It reminded the young man of a German Madonna that he had run across last summer in an old gallery corner, whose face had haunted him. "Aunt Mercy, what are you thinking about?" he repeated gently.

She turned slowly toward him, the placid look breaking into twinkles. "I was thinking I'd better turn Mr. Ketchell's mattress t'other end to, and put a bolster under the upper end. It kind of sags."

For a moment the young man on the pillow looked a little bewildered. Then he lay back and laughed till the iron bedstead rang and the men in the ward pricked up their ears and smiled in sympathy.

Aunt Mercy smiled too, stepping leisurely toward him.

"There, there," she said as she adjusted the sheet and lowered his pillow a trifle, "I dunno's I'd laugh any more 'bout that. 'Tisn't so very funny to change a mattress t'other end to."

He raised a hand and wiped the laughter from either eye. "But you looked as if you were thinking of angels and cherubims and things, Aunt Mercy."

She nodded placidly. "I gen'ally do," she responded, "but that don't hinder knowing about mattresses and bolsters. . . . I wouldn't laugh any more for a day or two if I was you. The bandages might get loose." She slipped a careless hand along his forehead, gathered up a cup and plate from the stand beside him, and slid plumply from the room.

His eyes followed her through the door, down the long ward as she stopped here and there for a word or a question. Once she raised her hand sternly at a bed and sniffed. The cap-strings bristled fiercely.

"He's catching it," muttered the young man from the private room, "I knew he would. You can't keep a baccy pouch in the same room with Aunt Mercy." He sighed a little and glanced, without turning his head, toward the window where the spring clouds sailed and filled with swelling whiteness. A breath of freshness stole in softly. On the sill was a bowl of pansies. He lay looking at them idly. His lids fluttered and closed—and lifted again and fell shut.

Out in the ward the men were laughing and talking. Sanderson, robbed of his baccy pouch, was sullen and resentful, and the men were chaffing him. Aunt Mercy drifted through the swing door at the end of the ward. She placed the cup and plate on a dumb waiter and crossed the hall to the women's ward. A nurse met her as she came in at the door. "Mrs. Crosby is worse. Temperature a hundred and four," she said in a low voice.

Aunt Mercy nodded. She went slowly down the ward. White faces on the pillows greeted her and followed her. Aunt Mercy beamed on them. She stopped beside a young girl and bent over to speak to her. The girl's face lighted. It lost its fretted look. Aunt Mercy had told her that she was to have a chop for her dinner if she was a good girl, and that there was a robin out in the apple tree. She turned her gaunt eyes toward the window. Her face listened. Aunt Mercy went on. . . . A nurse coming in handed her a slip of paper. She glanced at it and tucked it into her dress. It was a telephone message from Dr. Carmen, asking to have the operating-room ready for an appendicitis case in ten minutes.

The girl with the gaunt eyes called to her.

"Aunt Mercy." The voice was weak and impatient.

Aunt Mercy turned slowly back. She stood by the bed, looking down with a smile.

The girl thrust an impatient hand under her cheek, "Can I hear him in here?" she demanded.

Aunt Mercy glanced toward the window. "The robin? Like enough, if he flies this way. I'll go out and chase him 'round bime-by when I get time."

The girl laughed—a low pleased laugh. Aunt Mercy's tone had drawn a picture for her: The robin, the flying cap-strings in swift pursuit, and all out-doors—birds and trees and sky. She nestled her face on her hand and smiled quietly. "I'm going to be good," she said.

Aunt Mercy looked at her with a severe twinkle. "Yes, you'll be good—till next time," she said.

The nurse by the door waited, impatient. Aunt Mercy came across the room.

"Get 15 ready. . . . Find the new nurse. . . . Send her to the operating-room. . . . Send Henry to the ambulance door. . . . Tell Miss Staunton to have things hot and put out the new ether cones. It wants fresh carbolic and plenty of sponges." The nurse sped swiftly away.

Aunt Mercy looked peacefully around. She gave one or two instructions to the ward nurse, talked a moment with one of the patients, smiled a kind of general benediction on the beds and faces and sunlit room, and went quietly out. . . . At the door of the operating-room she paused a moment and gave a slow, comfortable glance about. She changed the position of a stand and rearranged the ether cones.

The next minute she was standing at the side door greeting Dr. Carmen. The ambulance was at the door.

"It's a bad case," he said. "Waited too long."

"Woman, I suppose," said Aunt Mercy. She was watching the men as they put the trestles in place.

"He looked at her. "How did you know?"

"They're 'most always the ones to wait. They stand the pain better'n men." She stepped one side with a quiet glance at the litter as the men bore it past. "She'll come through," she said as they followed it up the low stairway.

"I wish I felt as sure," responded Dr. Carmen.

Aunt Mercy glanced back. A man was standing at the door, his eyes following them. She looked inquiringly toward the Doctor.

"Her husband," he said. "He's going to wait."

Aunt Mercy spoke a word to a nurse who was coming down the stairs, with a motion of her hand toward the man waiting below.

The little procession entered the operating room, and the door was shut.

II

The man in the reception-room was waiting. He was thick-set, with dark hair and eyes and an obstinate chin. He looked up with a doubtful flash as Aunt Mercy came in.

"How is she?" he demanded. He had sprung to his feet.

Aunt Mercy descended into a creaking chair and folded her hands quietly. "Sit down, Mr. Dalton," she said, "I'm going to tell you all about it."

The words seemed to promise limitless details.

He sat down, chafing a little, and looking at her eagerly.

She smiled on him. "Hard work waiting, ain't it?" she said.

His face broke a little.

"Did she get through all right."

Aunt Mercy nodded. "Yes, she got through." She rocked a little in the big chair. "She's standin' it pretty well, considering," she added after a pause.

"Will she get well?" The question burst at her.

She looked up at him slowly—at the dark eyes and obstinate chin. "I don't know," she said. She waited a minute. "I suppose you'd rather know the truth," she asked.

"Yes,—yes."

"I thought so." The muslin strings nodded. "When my husband died they didn't let us know how sick he was. I've always thought we might 'a' saved him—between us—if we'd 'a' known. They wanted to spare my feelings." She looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes." He waited a little less impatiently. The world was a big place. Everybody died. . . . Would Edith die? . . . He looked at her imploringly.

She returned the look with one full of gentleness. "I don't see how she's going to live," she said slowly. The face under its white cap took on a trance-like look. The eyes were fixed on something unseen. She drew a quick breath. . . . "But I guess she will," she said with a tremulous laugh.

The man's lips parted.

She looked at him again. "If I was you, Mr. Dalton, I'd go home and feel pretty big and strong and well, and I'd hope pretty hard."

He looked at her, bewildered.

She was on her feet. She ran her eye over his face and person. I'd wear the cleanest, freshest clothes I could get, and I'd look so 'twould do her good just to set eyes on me."

He flushed under the two-days' growth of beard, and ran his hand awkwardly across his chin. "But they won't let me see her?" he said.

"Well, I don't know," responded Aunt Mercy. "It'll do her good—whether she sees you or not," she added energetically.

He rose with a smile, holding out his hand. "I believe you 're right," he said. "It gives me something to do, anyway, and that's worth a good deal."

"Yes, it's something to do," she responded, "and I don't suppose any of us knows just what cures folks."

"Could I see her to-morrow, perhaps?" he asked, watching her face.

She shook her head emphatically. "Not till I think best," she replied with decision.

His face fell.

"And not then," she said, "unless you're feeling pretty well and strong and happy."

He gave a little abrupt laugh. "Oh, you've fixed that all right. I sha'n't sigh—not once—in a dark room—with the lights out."

Aunt Mercy smiled serenely. "That's good." At the door she paused a moment. "I wouldn't reckon too much on seeing her," she said. "I sha'n't let anyone see her till she asks. She won't pay much attention for three-four days yet."

A peculiar look crossed the man's dark face. "That's all right," he said. "I can wait."

"Outside the door he lifted his face a little to the fresh breeze. His eyes stared absently at the drifting sky. "Now, how did she know Edith wouldn't want to see me?" he said softly, "how did she find that out?"

III

Everything connected with the hospital was under the absolute control of Aunt Mercy. Each member of the white-capped corps of nurses looked to her for



She ran her eye over his face and person.—Page 756.

direction, and the cook and the man who ran the furnace refused to take orders from anyone else. It was no unusual sight for the serene, white-framed face, with its crisp strings to appear among the pipes and elbows of the furnace-room, and leave behind it a whiff of common sense and a series of hints on the running of the hot-water boiler. Even Dr. Carmen himself never brought a patient to the House of Mercy without asking humble and solicitous permission of Aunt Mercy.

There was a current belief that the Berkeley House of Mercy belonged to Aunt Mercy herself; and I am not at all sure that Aunt Mercy did not think so—at times. The hospital had been endowed twelve years before by a rich woman in gratitude for her recovery from a painful disease. She had wished to reward the surgeon who had cured her. And when Dr. Carmen had refused any payment beyond the usual fee, she had established the Berkeley House of Mercy over which he was to have absolute control. He, in turn, had installed Aunt Mercy as matron of the

hospital—not with the understanding that she was to have absolute control, but as being, on the whole, the most sensible and reliable woman of his acquaintance.

The result of the arrangement was as has been stated. It was not known that Aunt Mercy had ever refused him, point-blank, permission to bring a patient to the hospital. But she sometimes protested, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye, "Oh, I can't have that Miss Enderby here. She's always wanting to have her own way about things!" Then Dr. Carmen would laugh and bring the patient. Perhaps he gave her a hint beforehand. Perhaps the fame of Aunt Mercy's might had reached her. Perhaps it was the cool, firm fingers. . . . Whatever might be the reason, it is safe to say that Miss Enderby did not once have her own way from the day that she was carried into the wide doors of the House of Mercy, a sick and querulous woman, to the day when she left it with firm, quick step, and turning back at the door to fall with a sob on Aunt Mercy's neck, was met with a gentle little push and a quick flash from the white-capped face. "There, there, Miss Enderby, you run right along. There's nothin' upsets folks like sayin' good-by. You come back some day and say it when you're feeling pretty well."

IV

Aunt Mercy was thinking to-day, as she went back along the wide corridor to Room 15, that the new patient was not unlike Miss Enderby. There was the same inflexible tightening of the lips and the same contracted look of the high, level brows. The lips had not opened except for low moans, and the eyes were closed. As Aunt Mercy stood looking down at them, they fluttered softly. They opened for a moment and closed again with a dull look.

Aunt Mercy bent her head and listened to the heavy breathing. Then she spoke softly to the nurse in charge, who listened obediently and went away. It was not an unusual thing for Aunt Mercy to assume control of a case at any moment. Perhaps she was most likely to do this about three or four o'clock in the morning when all the hospital was asleep and a chill had crept into the air. The nurse in charge of a critical case would look up to find Aunt Mercy standing beside her, fresh from a cold bath, with a smile on her big, restful face and a whispered command on her lips that sent the tired nurse to bed with a clear conscience.

The patients that Aunt Mercy assumed in this peremptory fashion always recovered. Perhaps they would have recovered in any case. This is one of the things that no one knows. It may be noted, however, in passing, the patients themselves as they came into the new day, holding fast to Aunt Mercy's hand, cherished a belief that had it not been for that firm, plump hand, the new day would not have dawned for them. . . . They had no strength and no will of their own. But through the cold and the darkness, something held them; and when the spirit came creeping back with the morning, the first thing that their eyes rested on was Aunt Mercy's face.

V

The woman's eyes opened suddenly. They looked for a moment, dull and unseeing, into Aunt Mercy's. Then they fell shut. Aunt Mercy's fingers noted the pulse and passed once or twice across the high, fretted brow. Slowly a look of sleep passed over the face and the strained lines relaxed. Aunt Mercy, watching it, gave a nod of satisfaction. Out in the orchard the robin sang his twilight song, slow and cool and liquid, with long pauses between, and the dusk crept into the white room, touching it.

Aunt Mercy sat passive, waiting, the eyes under her white cap glowing with a still, deep look. All the threads of life and death in the hospital gathered up and centred in the quiet figure sitting there. Not a pulse in the great building beat, or flickered and went out, that Aunt Mercy did not know it. But she sat waiting while the twilight deepened, a look of restfulness in her big face. Now and then she crooned to herself, half humming the lines of some hymn and falling silent again, watching the sleeper's breath.

The night nurse paused outside the door, and a little rush of gaslight flickered in. Aunt Mercy rose and closed the door and shifted a screen noiselessly to the foot of the bed. The long night had settled down for its sleep. And Edith Dalton's soul was

keeping watch with death. Slowly it sank back into the grim hold . . . only a spark left, with Aunt Mercy keeping guard over it. . . . So the night passed and the day, and another night and another day . . . and the third day dawned. Edith Dalton would have said, as the spark glowed higher and blazed a little and lighted her soul, and her eyes rested on Aunt Mercy's face, that the figure sitting there had not left her side for the three days. Down through the deepest waters, where death lulled her and heaven waited, she had felt a touch on her soul, holding her, drawing her steadily back to life; and now she opened her eyes and they rested on Aunt Mercy's face and smiled a little. Then the lids fluttered together again and sleep came to the face, natural and sweet.

Aunt Mercy's eyes grew dark beneath the white cap. She touched a bell and gave the case over to the day nurse that came. "She will be all right now," she said. She spoke in the low, even voice that was not a whisper and not a tone. "Give her plenty of water. She has been very thirsty. But there is no fever. Don't call me unless there is a change. . . . Then send at once." She departed on her rounds.

No one would have guessed, as the fresh, stout figure moved in and out among the wards, that she had not slept for two nights. There was a tradition that Aunt Mercy never slept and that she was never tired. Dr. Carmen laughed at the tradition and said that Aunt Mercy slept as much as anyone, more than most people, in fact, only she did it with her eyes open—that it was only a superstition that made people think they must shut their eyes to sleep. The Hindus had a trick worth two of that. Aunt Mercy knew the trick, and she might tell other folks if she would, and save the world a lot of trouble.

But Aunt Mercy only shook her head, and smiled, and went her way. And when the fight with death came, she went with each one down into that other world, the world of sleep and faith and unconscious power, on the borderland of death, where the soul is reborn, and waited there for life. She had no theories about it, and no pride; and if she had now and then a gentle, imperious scorn of theorists and bunglers, it was only the touch of human nature that made the world love her.

VI

It was the sixth day, and Edith Dalton was doing well—that is, the wound was doing well. As for the woman, she lay with indifferent eyes looking at the white wall of her room and waiting recovery. The only time that the look in the eyes changed was when Aunt Mercy appeared in the doorway for a moment, or sat by her bed. Then it would deepen to a question and flicker toward hope.

"Doing well?" Aunt Mercy would say. "They give you good things to eat, don't they?"

The woman smiled faintly. "Yes."

"That's right. Eat and sleep. And hope don't hurt—a little of it."

"Aunt Mercy?" The voice had a sharp note. It was the tenth morning, and the invalid was resting against the pillows that had been raised on the bed.

"Yes?" Aunt Mercy turned back.

"Hasn't he been to see me—once—my husband?" There was a shamed, half-imperious note in the words.

Aunt Mercy sat down comfortably by the bed and looked at her. Then she shook her head, chidingly. . . . "I've never seen a sick person yet that wa'n't unreasonable," she said.

The woman's face relaxed. "I know," she said, apologetically, "but when one is sick the days are long."

"You told me—that was four-five days ago," said Aunt Mercy, "that you didn't want to see him or hear his name mentioned. At least, that's what I understood."

The woman was not looking at her.

"So when he's been here, time and again—three times a day, some days—I've told 'em you couldn't see anybody—not even your husband. . . . I thought that was what you wanted?"

"Yes," said the woman, faintly.

Aunt Mercy nodded. "And now you're acting hurt and keeping yourself from getting well."

The woman flushed a little. "I don't think I am."

"Yes, you are," said Aunt Mercy, comfortably. "Of course it don't make any real difference. You'll get well some time. . . . Only it seems foolish. Well, I must be going on my rounds. Keep up

good courage." She stood up and moved toward the door.

"Aunt Mercy."

"Yes."

"You haven't time to stop a few minutes?"

"Why, yes. I've got plenty of time, if you want me. There's two operations this morning, but everything's ready."

"Two operations?" The woman's lips grew white.

"One's a man with five children. Got to lose his leg. . . . His wife's plucky. She's gone right to work earning money. But she's coming this morning to be with him for the operation. She said he'd stand it better. I guess she's right. They seem pretty close together. . . . That's the only thing I really envy in this world," said Aunt Mercy, slowly, . . . "having a husband that loves you and cares." She sat quietly watching the locust leaves outside the window. They shimmered in the light.

The woman raised a hand. "You don't understand," she said.

"Like enough not," said Aunt Mercy. "It's hard work understanding other folks' feelings. I don't more'n half understand my own. . . . I suppose you were kind of disappointed in him . . . ?"

"I don't know——" The words faltered.

"They be, mostly."

"Is everyone unhappily married?" the voice flashed at her.

"Well, I didn't say just that. But most of 'em find it different from what they expected—men being men. . . . Women are women, too. I'll have to go, now. It's time for the man, and she'll be waiting in the parlor. I told her to wait there." She rose slowly. "You don't want to see him, if he should happen to come to-day?"

"No." The lips trembled a little and closed over the word.

"All right," said Aunt Mercy, soothingly. "Take plenty of time to get well. He can wait. He's a good kind to wait, I can see that." She had drifted out.

The woman's eyes followed her eagerly with a question in them. She put up her hands to cover them. When she took them down the eyes were filled with tears and a gentle light glowed in them. "Dear old Tom," she said, softly, "he can wait."

As Aunt Mercy opened the parlor door he sprang to his feet. He was radiant with a look of courage, and his eyes glowed as he came toward her.

She shook her head, smiling a little. Then she turned to a young woman waiting by the door. She was strong and fresh and a look of purpose gleamed in her face. Aunt Mercy looked at her approvingly. Go down to Room 20, Mrs. Patton, on the left-hand side. I've told Dr. Carmen you're to be there. It's all right."

As the young woman left the room she turned to him again.

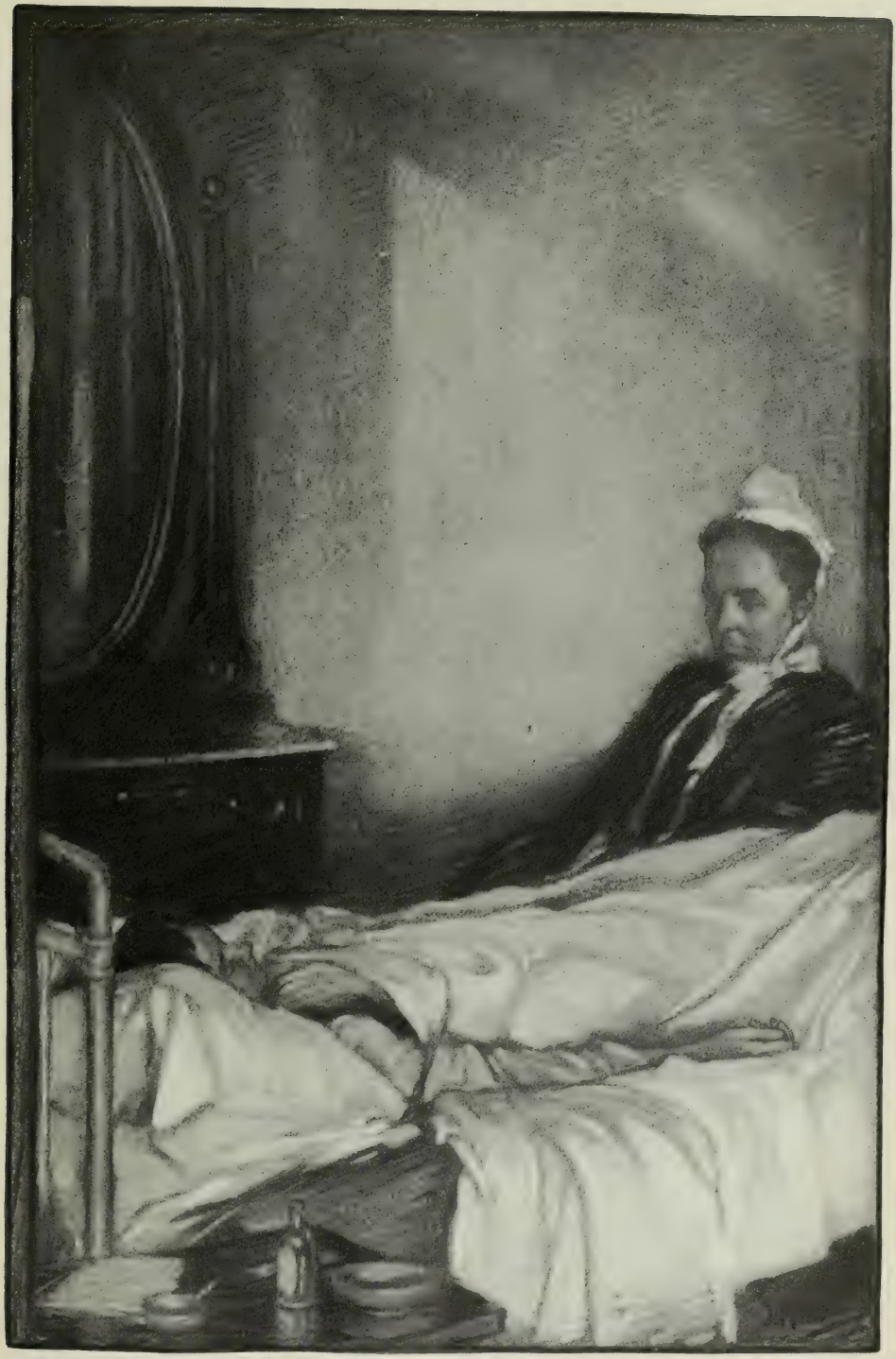
"Won't she see me?" he asked.

"Come to-morrow about ten o'clock," she said, slowly, "she'll be wanting to see you then."

"How do you know?" He reached out a hand.

"I don't know, but I seem to feel it in my bones. She's most well. . . . She's well all through."

And she left him standing there, a glad light in his eyes, while she went down the corridor to the man waiting in Room 20.



Drawn by F. W. Taylor.

She sat waiting while the twilight deepened.—Page 758.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THEY are telling us that our great wave of prosperity has about rolled by, and that nobody is likely to leave any more unexpected bags of gold on our doorstep for some time to come. They do not predict anything very dreadful—merely a return to the normal, a lull in conditions which have made us for a time a people envied for our astonishing commercial success. No doubt the crops will still grow and we shall still sell wheat and oil and cotton to our neighbors, and still wear clothes and shoes and live in houses, and eat and drink, and educate our children. A great many of us will hardly know the difference between flush times and duller times, and many of us whose incomes are fixed, will profit by the decline in prices. Still, it tries the nerves a little to be told that things seem to be on the down grade, and to see the winnings of the stock market thrown month after month to the bears.

A Grace After Meat

But there are great compensations for so much of a tumble as we have had so far, and probably for all the discipline there is in store for us. We needed discipline; needed it badly. We had so much prosperity that it was making serious trouble in the family. A newspaper that comments dolorously on the situation has declared that our good times have engendered neither rest nor content; that the increase of wealth among all classes, and the general betterment of our people, has had quite the contrary result from what might have been expected, and that instead of universal goodwill, we have universal unrest, mistrust, and hostility. There is an appearance of truth about that, for with a great treasure to divide, there has been much strife over the terms of division. Corporation has fought corporation, capital and labor have both tended, each for itself, to combine for the elimination of competition. The unions have striven to control all labor and fix the price of it and the terms on which it should be furnished. The multiplication of trusts and railroad combinations has been the sign of a like thrifty purpose on the part of the employers of labor. The trust idea, mishandled and carried to extremes, has brought woe on its victims in the stock market, and the kindred excesses of the labor trusts will quite as surely bring their punishment. And the worst of it is, that many of the victims in both cases will be personally blameless, and will atone vicariously for other people's sins. But it does not appear that the prosperous farmers of the West, who have sold crops and paid off mortgages with honest money, are suffering ill effects from the late good times. They have been less pestered with the disconcerting problems of division. They have sold their crops and got their money, paid their debts and accumulated balances, and the resulting improvement in their circumstances has probably sweetened their tempers and improved their spirits.

Happy are the farmers, in that they do not have to be organized! We have had somewhat overmuch of the organization of labor. It has long been preached to us as a panacea for tyrannies and iniquities of all sorts; and now we have got it, and it bids fair to be the most galling tyranny and the biggest iniquity of all. Organization of labor means the submission of the many workers to the leadership of the few. It means, to be sure, the rule of majorities, but often of majorities that cannot think, and are controlled and driven by a few energetic spirits. No doubt its legitimate ends are worthy and its legitimate uses vastly important. No doubt it has come to stay; but it has not come to override law, flout justice, and put shackles on arms that should be free. We seem to have been so prosperous that we could better afford to bribe than to resist. Our time has been so valuable that we could not spare enough of it to enforce the laws, and especially those laws which should protect every man in earning his bread in any honest way that suits him.

Yes, in some, in not a few particulars, we

have been more prosperous than was good for us; and though the country is the stronger because the western mortgages are paid and the railroads reconstructed, and because we have bought back our securities from Europe, it will not hurt us if there is enough of a lull in money-making to leave us due time to attend to the pursuit of righteousness and the training of our great family.

The love of money being the root of all evil, perhaps if for a time there is somewhat less money in sight for all of us to covet, and to make the on-looking world envious of our lot, there may come to be some cessation of clashes and some timely growth of good-will. The scramble for fat purses is more intense than the scramble for lean ones. The purses our people have scrambled for have been fat. "It has been a glorious period for riches," says a newspaper, "but a disastrous one for morals;" and it adds: "The insane rush for wealth, with every scruple thrown to the winds, cannot show itself and boast itself in the stock market and in dazzling schemes of promotion, without firing the imagination and reducing the integrity of people all over the country." Its effect reaches even to the young. A schoolmaster, discussing why some boys cared little for scholarship, said the other day: "When sons of well-to-do parents see wealth no longer caring for recognition from culture, but culture paying court to riches, it is not surprising that they should attend our best schools and colleges for other than scholastic ends."

Almost all of us find money so useful, and need so urgently a little more of it than we can get, that there is always danger that speech in derogation of the pursuit of it may degenerate into cant. But it is absolutely true that the price of money may be put too high, and the pursuit of it may, under special circumstances, be far more eager than is consistent with sane living and the common welfare in the long run. And it seems virtually true that if our flush times had lasted until every American family had a forty-horse-power devil-wagon standing at its door, they would have left us all organized into predatory groups seeking what we might devour.

Let us praise the Lord, then, for His mercy in implanting in some diseases the seeds of cure; and while we diligently strive as heretofore to earn our livings honestly, and to make our incomes coextensive with our wants, let us put a part of our minds on something else than money-getting. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Seek what? Truth, fair-dealing, honesty, justice, good-will. Seek the liberty of the individual in obedience to the law. Seek a fair application of the golden rule in world politics. Seek not only to live, but to let live; not to engross, but to share; not to find a profit in another's loss, but in his welfare. There is no such thing as being beyond the reach of want. Riches and righteousness are not the same, and though some measure of riches commonly rewards righteousness, it is by no means safe to expect that righteousness will follow riches. When it doesn't, and there is riches in store and righteousness to seek, that is a state of want, pressing and grievous. That that may not be our case is for every one of us to provide, doing what he may to insure that whether riches wax or diminish, righteousness shall still abound.



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Sargent's new wall painting (Boston Public Library).

THE FIELD OF ART

SARGENT'S NEW WALL PAINTING

As seen by the Decorative Architect and the Portrait Painter

I

EIGHT years ago the first "decoration" by Sargent was put up in the Boston Public Library. It covers one end of the long gallery at the head of the stairs, in the third story above the sidewalk.

During the winter of 1902–3 the second decoration by this artist was put up, filling the wall at the extreme opposite end of the same gallery. This hall, which is properly named from the artist whose work is to adorn all its walls and its vaulted roof, is twenty-three feet wide and twenty-six feet high to the top of the barrel vault, and the length between the walls which enclose it on the extreme ends is eighty-four feet. The large well-hole of the main staircase occupies perhaps a quarter of the floor-space, and a heavy parapet of stone separates this opening from the solid stone floor. The walls themselves are covered below with the same gray stone, and it is above this dado that the Sargent paintings are ultimately to fill the whole surface of the wall and roof. The hall in question is not very successfully lighted. Small and unarchitectural sky-lights in the curve of the vault above succeed one another throughout the length of the gallery, and the result is a somewhat confused series of lightings from different points, the rays impinging upon the painted wall at very different angles, while none directly from the sky can reach the upper part of the picture, in either case. The reflection from the as yet unpainted walls and from the floor is counted on for much: and how the pictures can be seen at all when the walls are painted throughout is at present left in doubt. As things are to-day (September, 1903), on a brilliant day and with a good opera glass of no great power, a person with normal vision can see the paintings fairly well in all their parts; but it is only the lower frieze, limited at top by the chord of the vault at the height of about fourteen feet from the pavement, that can be seen as such paintings should be seen. It is so much a matter of course in the study of architectural decorations that the paintings should *not* be well lighted, that the reader is advised not to lay too much stress on the above statements of fact. Few are the important frescos of the Italian prime, fewer still are the culminating works of the Venetians on the flat ceilings of church and palace, which can be seen with such choice of relative position and such abundance of light as one would desire if a favorite picture of his own were in the course of examination.

II

THE display of painting at the north end is more complete than the newer one in that not only is the end wall covered with the decoration, but also the first and rather narrow bay of the side wall. That is to say, the flat painting of the end wall is accompanied by, and as it were framed in, the broad painted band formed by the adjoining (the northernmost) division of the barrel vault, and the corresponding panels of vertical wall space. In the newer decoration, that at the south end, the band of the roof and walls, formed by the adjoining bay, has not been painted as yet; but studies for it are in an advanced state.

Now to compare the two decorations even under these untoward conditions, it is to be noted that the more complete one—that first put into place—that which has excited so much interest and curiosity as embodying a theory of the Jewish religious belief, in which monotheism and polytheism are at odds and struggle for the mastery—is painted in the brilliant, swift, vigorous, dashing way which students of Sargent's portraits know well and would hardly fail to understand. It happens by the most fortunate circumstance that some twenty of the latest portraits by this artist were for three months

exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts, not five hundred feet away from the hall where these decorations had been newly placed; and one who would study the style associated so generally with Sargent's portraits, would see it still farther developed in those recent works. Still, the general character of the treatment, in the portraits and in the decoration at the north end, is the same. Consider the simplest part of the older library decoration, the Frieze of the Prophets, whose strong horizontal lines tie together the vast composition which fills the lunette and the vault above. Every one of these figures of the prophets is in a way a separate study. Each is an interesting personality, a human being in expression, in gesture, even in the wearing of the voluminous drapery which the composition required. Of course it is not a picture of subject—not a descriptive picture at all; the prophets of the frieze are not addressing one another, nothing is going on among them, they are not engaged in sympathetic or in antagonistic action. Each one appeals to or addresses the public of spectators, and therefore the conditions of mural decoration are not even in thought violated by any too great introduction of incident and narration. On the other hand, the frieze is so far lacking in unity that these figures draped in dark gray, in what passes for black, in what is assumed to be white—the gray, the black, and the white of a master of painting who gives to each hue in his art those mellow gradations which, though different from the gradations of Nature, are as attractive as hers—each figure stands by and for itself, is in a way disconnected with the other figures of the frieze. It is, indeed, a Frieze of Prophets: but anyone who supposes that it is therefore a frieze of continued or united action, like the frieze of the Parthenon, or that of Phigalia, or that of Gjölbaschi, will be mistaken. The very presence in the middle of this frieze of the magnificent Moses modelled in relief, resting his hands upon the two great Tablets of the Law, and endowed with the cherub wings which the people of Palestine evidently got from Babylonia in the origin, even as the Assyrian artists did—even that single introduction of the powerful figure named, supported as it is by the figures of Elijah and Joshua, each in a pose of vigorous action, suffices to remind the spectator of the essentially individual character of the figure subjects and the lack of a common character uniting the whole. There is of course no lack of a common character—no lack of unity—in the technical treatment of the composition.

Sargent's superb technique unites the whole composition into one splendid Painting; and if a picture like this were glorious in color, the student might ask no more. One takes a Paul Veronese wall or a Correggio cupola without too much inquiry as to the inner significance of the design. But in any work of art less favored in that supreme glory of the colorist we ask for the inward significance of the work and turn gladly from that which seems less consummate in its intellectual achievement to that which answers all requirements.

III

THIS is what the student will do who enters Sargent Hall now that both the end walls have received their decorations. He will go with the delight of a satisfied lover of mural painting from the north end to the south, from the older work to the newer, from the more informal and swift technique to the compact and severe design, the pervading harmony of thought, and the unsurpassed decorative sense, which are embodied in the newer decoration. It is impossible to go on with this discussion without the statement of that impression which it makes at first glance, during the first ten minutes of eager searching, upon the experienced student of what Europe possesses in the same class of art production. And when the student feels that the composition is suffused with thought, it is not that he cares very much for the ecclesiological way of regarding art or that he is of necessity an ardent believer in the supreme importance of religious enthusiasm to the most glorious achievements of painting. The thoughts here summoned up are those which are not the exclusive property of the devout, of believers, even of the religiously inclined. We are in front of a composition which embodies the mediæval view of Christianity. It exists for us in a thousand tomes and in hundreds of works of graphic art painted on the vellum of the codex, on the wet plaster of the Italian wall, worked in tesseræ on the vaults of Venice and Palermo, as well as in Constantinople and throughout the Byzantine East. The doctrines, and more than the doctrines, the

point of view of the mediæval world; the conviction that the physical and visible world was of minor importance in view of the fact that the spiritual world was close at hand, believed in without dissent, accepted as an almost tangible reality, assumed to be efficacious in the daily lives of men — these convictions, otherwise inexpressible in graphic art at all, took the form of a lofty symbolism understood by all men of all degrees and, with scarcely an exception, of all the nations of Europe. Indeed, there are no symbols which would not have been readily understood in the East as in the West, except only those concerning which there was direct issue taken between the East and the West. Then indeed, as hostility blinds and deafens, so the symbol which expressed the hostile doctrine would be misunderstood and abhorred.

The photograph, page 764, is partly explicatory of the composition before us. The figures of the Saviour on the cross and of the progenitors of mankind are in very high relief, almost as if modelled in the round, and there is perhaps a certain excess in this, for the cold gray of the painted plaster limbs is in a way out of harmony with the glow of color about. The fault, if it be taken as a fault, is a slight one, and no one but an eager lover of color-harmonics would object to it. The harmony of color is there indeed. Nothing can exceed the splendid effect of the solemn blue firmament which fills the lunette and seems to grow more intense in color toward the top, upon which as upon a background are relieved the manifold reds of the drapery and the broken-up patterns of the borders and the uprights of the seat. So in the frieze of angels below: a technician in painting would say that this work is hardly "painted" in the highest sense. It is stained rather; the large surfaces of plaster are colored as if by some other process than the slow manipulation of the brush. The draperies are extremely large in their treatment, the folds never exaggerated in depth of shade or glitter in the high-lights; and this comparative flatness of treatment is emphasized by the extremely rich bordering of their robes, in tracery of a metallic appearance like embroidery in silver and in gold, and in some cases an obvious metallic affix. These rich patterns too are emphasized in a way, and their importance in the composition insisted on by the very-well-designed border which surrounds the whole lunette. It is a marvel, by the way, to see this dexterous and dashing portrait painter enjoying himself in the invention of conventional patterns wrought in the flat. The pose of the angels is altogether severe and deliberate—architectural, one is inclined to say. The figures, in short, are abstract and decorative in exactly the same way that the symbolic figures of a sixth-century mosaic, of a fifteenth-century fresco, of a sixteenth-century painting would be; and as for the technical treatment of the whole, there was never anything seen more attractive than this subduing of the swift and dexterous hand, the almost unrivalled freedom of touch, to the conditions of a mural decoration. RUSSELL STURGIS.

IF one who is sensitive to the fine things of art, one who has kept in touch with its examples in the great ages of the past, and with its multiform expressions in the present, mounts the staircase leading to the hall in the public library, which is in the course of embellishment by Mr. Sargent, he will doubtless become conscious of a distinct sensation of satisfaction as he catches a glimpse of the latest and recently placed decoration by that painter. Although it is only half revealed in thus approaching it, this sensitive person will feel confident that he is about to confront a work that it will be of interest to study, and perhaps before he has reached the top and taken a position for the proper viewing of a panel of its dimensions, he will recognize that here is something in mural art and mural fitness that he has never before, in this country at least, been called upon to consider. For mural it certainly is, and no less surely is this sober and restrained production decorative. A constructive surface of a wall has been ornamented; a picture has not been painted here, but a thought, an idea, has here been expressed by a painter, within the limitations and in obedience to the demands of conditions previously imposed by the finished work of the architect who has preceded him. With all the restrictions that have been indicated in the paper which precedes these comments on this recent decoration by Sargent, the inadequacy of lighting, accidental reflections from sidewalls and pavements, lighting perhaps the most serious handicap, the painter has in this panel accomplished a task from which little future vicissitude can detract.

The mind that conceived and carried out this page of decoration has without doubt anticipated the effect of the completed hall. As an instance of splendid mental detachment from the things and life of to-day, the production of this mural surface for a public hall seems, in this period of art, unexampled. This artistic abstraction is more noteworthy still when we remember it is found in a painter possessed of an almost unequalled fidelity of vision and obedience of hand in reproducing the material things of sight. This subservience, therefore, of a marvellous technical address to the requirements of another and most rigid form of art expression is one more quality that stimulates our interest in the study of this wall. To verify this intimation that Mr. Sargent has, in this instance, suppressed this skill in order to comply with the exigencies of the problem, one has only to turn to the other extremity of the hall and to compare the treatment of, let us say, the Frieze of the Prophets with that of the corresponding passage in this later work. In the earlier design the figures are swept in with much the same *bravura* touch that has always characterized the painting of Mr. Sargent's portraits; the result is real, corporeal, and physically fine; but the mind is not so satisfied with this skilful work done upon a wall, as it is when its declared purpose, as in a portrait, is to vividly represent a human being and a human character. Consequently, as a mural painting the Frieze of Prophets is less successful than this later row of angels, whose immobility and archaic treatment are in perfect keeping with the symbolic significance of the theme. And yet, it is not that Mr. Sargent has not employed the methods and the science of the present—he has made use of them, but he has subdued them. Nor has he become slavishly archaic. There is indeed little that is primitive in the splendid modelling of the pelican at the foot of the cross, nor in the sinuous manipulation of the serpent, as modern as Barye, nor in the beautifully designed borders of the various robes—these, archaic in sentiment, are, in execution, "felt" with the freedom of to-day.

Let us look at the sculptural features of this work. The cross with the framed panel back of it, which encases the crouching figures of fallen man, typified by Adam and Eve, bound to the crucified Christ by a broad band of red drapery—this cross, gilded to relieve the ornament of this human group, which it supports, dominates majestically the entire pictured surface of the wall. All the other gilded portions—borders, wings, or ornaments—lead to this centre of interest, so that its dominion and significance are supreme. And in the sculpture we remark the happy union of early elemental feeling with later craft; done with such judgment that nothing disturbs the spirit, nor the sentiment, nor the purpose of the work. The rigid and pathetic Christ and the crouching figures are modelled with knowledge, but with no obtrusive skill. It is this well-judged use of the resources of modern means which contributes so much to the nobility of the work as a whole. For there is nothing startlingly grotesque in its primitiveness, such as would stamp it a copy, or at least an attempt to revive the methods of the past. All is harmonious, all is reverent, all seems "felt" to a degree which surprises one in a work of art produced in this doubting age. The justness of feeling, then, on the part of the painter when engaged upon a theme of this nature, in conjunction with its very effective workmanship, has made of this panel one of the great treasures of our art.

The rather colossal figures forming the upper portion of the lunette, representing the Godhead, are robed in dull red bordered with gold, and relieved against a background of a noble quality of blue. The angels in the lower part of the panel, that below the string-piece, are clothed mainly in a subdued green, relieved by the same blue that exists in the upper half. These, toning in with the nimbus-crowned heads, and the prevailing incidents of gold throughout the composition, give the whole a kind of quiet splendor—Byzantine, if you will. It all seems far removed from a creation of to-day. The marvel, then, to the sensitive man is this projection upon the wall of a twentieth-century library, of a work which breathes a love of art for its own sake—a cherishing of form, a delight in pure design that recalls the training of the Guilds of Florence, and an ardor of spirit which inspired the icons of Ravenna.

FRANK FOWLER.

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